71262
Legislative Library Ontario

BLACKWOOD'S Edinburgh MAGAZINE.

7662

VOL. CLIV.

JULY—DECEMBER 1893.

Legislative Library Ontario

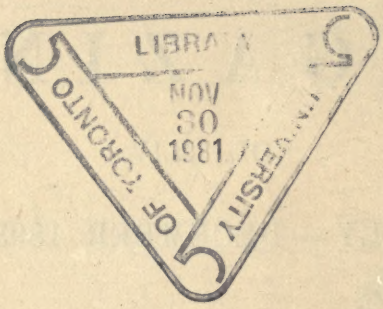
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH;

AND

37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

1893.

All Rights of Translation and Republication reserved.



AP
4
B6
V.154

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCCXXXIII. JULY 1893. Vol. CLIV.

THE RELIGION OF LETTERS, 1750–1850.

When we seek to understand what may be called the spirit of any age in matters of religion, it is not in the sayings and writings of professed theologians and divines, and still less in the utterances of religious disputants and leaders of parties, that we shall most surely discern it, but rather in the attitude of mind of thoughtful men outside the arena of controversy—men of letters perhaps, but men of diverse interests and varied aims, who have no personal ends to be served, no wavering disciples to conciliate, no law of edification to be observed.

It is true that those who for practical purposes are most opposed to one another have frequently most in common. Times of great religious disturbance are fruitful in instances of men who would have sent one another to the stake as the almost necessary expression of an equally fervent faith and an equally deep-seated intolerance—conscience striking, as it were, the same note, though on minds of different metal. Nevertheless it is true that the temper of the religious enthusiast is that of a protest and a revolt, and it cannot be regarded as a reliable interpretation of the spirit of his times. If the history of a nation is found in its national songs, the history of its religion is written in no misleading character in dialogue and anecdote, in epistolary literature, in poetry and fiction.

At this end of the nineteenth century, when religious activities are absorbing men's minds, and to some extent usurping the place of contemplative piety, it may not be uninteresting to cast our eyes back to a period not as yet too far removed from our own—to the days of Dr Johnson and Goldsmith, of the Coleridges and Charles Lamb, of Wordsworth

and Southey, of De Quincey and Miss Austen,—a period beginning with the publication of the first portion of the 'Rambler' in 1750, and ending in the religious and literary revolutions of the early decades of this present century. Glancing at some pages of biography and fiction, and selecting some familiar figures from the crowded canvas, let us see what they can tell us of the way in which religion was regarded, since they are to some extent imbued with the same spirit—the spirit of their age. It is not from the professed theologian, as we have before said, that we have most to learn. Seminarists, students, and ministers of religion of whatever creed, must needs be more or less guided by class prejudices and governed by class interests. They may instruct, exhort, and convince, but they cannot give that unconscious impression, that casual revelation of a prevalent taste, which, like some old portrait in an antiquated dress, recalls the manners and transports us into the society of a bygone age.

In 1760-80 Methodism had not spent its first fervour. Wesley was preaching up and down the country, and Newton and Cowper were writing their hymns at Olney. It was a flame, however, which, like a heath fire, spread most rapidly in the open; it leapt from hamlet to hamlet, it was kindled in the hearts of cottagers and artisans. But though here and there this new religion numbered the rich and influential amongst its converts, it was for the most part despised or distrusted by the more highly educated members of the community; it affronted the orthodoxy of a political episcopate, and scandalised the sober-minded Anglicanism of the day. Evangelicalism within the Church was as yet confined to a small minority, and the prevalent religion was that of cushioned pews, didactic discourses, and comfortable divines; for the most part too well content with this present world to awaken any enthusiasm demanding personal and probably inconvenient sacrifices. Of many of the parochial clergy Crabbe probably drew a faithful portrait when he wrote of his "Vicar"—

> "Mild were his doctrines, and not one discourse
> But gained in softness what it lost in force.
> If ever fretful thought disturbed his breast,
> If aught of gloom that cheerful mind oppressed,
> It sprang from innovation; it was then
> He spake of mischief made by restless men.
> Habit with him was all the test of truth:
> It must be right; I've done it from my youth."

Sir Walter Scott, that magician of the past, was indeed, at the opening of the nineteenth century, to fire the imagination of the young by his vivid presentations of a bygone faith; but though no writer has more forcibly portrayed the temper of the religious enthusiast, and the powerful influence which passionate self-sacrificing devotion to a creed may exercise upon the minds and fortunes of men, he was averse (almost to the point of intolerance) to any strong manifestation of religious feeling. "I have been always careful," he writes in his diary, "to place my mind in the most tranquil posture it can assume during my private exercises of devotion." He purposely refrained from indulging his imagination on spiritual subjects, and his religion has been described as cold and conventional, but it was of a nature which could

well withstand the repeated strokes of adversity. It triumphed alike over bodily weakness and failing mental powers, and found its truest expression in his last conscious words of leave-taking to Lockhart. "My dear, be a good man, be virtuous, be religious,—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

In his romances he had painted Catholicism in some of its attractive aspects, but it was with the pencil of the artist, not the pen of the disciple, and in his diary he expresses a hope that "unopposed the Catholic superstition may sink into dust." In Great Britain, at least, it would have seemed not impossible that his wish might be fulfilled; so far as practical use was concerned, it was as yet as much a thing of the past as the ruined abbeys scattered about the country, or the discarded suits of armour which had hung upon their walls. We find, it is true, that General Tilney talked of preserving the Gothic forms of the windows in Northanger Abbey with reverential care, and Catherine Morland went so far as to wish to discover painted glass and cobwebs; but such anticipations were naturally doomed to disappointment at a time when an old oak chest was the only relic of antiquity allowed within the house, and that had been put away in a corner of the spare bedroom. Medievalism, whether in architecture or religion, had given way to a desire for utility and convenience. Whitewash had done its work both literally and metaphorically. A sense of propriety restrained religious impulses, and the Methodist revival was condemned by contemporary divines writing from the precincts of rectories and orthodoxy, as a "spiritual influenza" which could not but be repugnant to all reasonable persons. We may well feel sure, as we turn over the voluminous pages of these long-forgotten sermons, that they were in no danger of catching the complaint. It was a common belief, not uncharacteristic of the times, that poor Cowper was driven mad by too much religion; whereas, to those who knew him best, it was evident that it was to the consolations of religion alone he owed his intervals of peace and sanity. But a life spent in good works, in prayer and psalm-singing, would not improbably strike an unawakened conscience as inconsistent with the rational occupations of an educated man.

Hannah More, whom we are perhaps rather too apt to think of merely as a writer of tracts and a Sunday-school teacher, was at first almost as much afraid of Methodism as if she had been a bishop. She was naturally fond of society, an agreeable woman, the friend of Johnson, Garrick, Horace Walpole, and Sir Joshua Reynolds; and she began her literary career by writing *vers de société* and dramas, brought out with success upon the stage under Garrick's supervision. It is true that, even in those days, she had scruples as to following some of the customs of the fashionable world. When there was to be music on Sunday evening, Garrick called her "a Sunday woman," and advised her to retire to her room—he would recall her when the music was over; and when Horace Walpole was ill he sent her a book as a peace-offering, and said, "I am sorry I scolded poor Hannah More for being so religious; I hope she will forgive me." But it is clear that her religion was not of a character to cause any constraint between herself and the friends from whom

she differed. She could bear to be scolded and laughed at, and could lightly wrest her critics' weapons from them in self-defence. Though so often deprived of the social life and surroundings most congenial to her, passing her summers amongst the rough miners of Cheddar and stocking-makers of Axbridge, writing tracts with unprepossessing titles, 'The Two Shoemakers,' 'Black Giles the Poacher,' &c., she yet never got out of touch with the culture and society of her day; and though Sydney Smith might find easy subjects for ridicule in many pages of her last secular literary effort of any importance, 'Cœlebs in Search of a Wife,' it went through no less than thirty editions before her death, and was eagerly read not only by those members of the fashionable world against whose habits of life and modes of thought it was principally directed, but also by influential critics and leaders of public opinion, who, many of them, authoritatively confirmed the popular verdict. That a woman with so many social gifts, and wielding so facile a pen, should give herself up to the work of reclaiming the vicious and teaching the ignorant, is a strong testimony to the force of religious principle, all the more remarkable since Hannah and her sisters were neither fanatics nor enthusiasts. Indefatigable workers, they took up the task which was being left undone with relentless energy, and they carried it on with unabated zeal and perseverance. They defended the excesses of their followers without acrimony, and blamed, without exaggeration, the apathy of those who should have been their chief supporters. "Can the possibility that a few should become enthusiastic," Hannah writes to the bishop in defence of her converts, "be justly pleaded as an argument for giving them all up to vice and barbarism?" To do him justice, the bishop appears to have been able to contemplate the dangerous possibility which she feels honestly obliged to put before him, without alarm. Indeed, at a time when many parishes had no resident curate (though, as Hannah remarks, the livings were worth nearly £50 a-year), one would have imagined that the bishops might have had greater difficulties to contend with than a superabundance of zeal.

Clerical activity was, generally speaking, at a low ebb. And yet when we go outside what may be called the "profession"—leaving out of account also those many devoted and saintly characters who pursued their calling untouched by the worldliness and Erastianism of the day—what truth and simplicity of faith, what unaffected piety, do we not find blossoming spontaneously in unexpected places! It wears indeed a sober livery which is somewhat out of date; it expresses itself in more or less sententious language, but it obtains the respect even of those least likely to put it into practice. It may be somewhat ponderous, but it is never contemptible; and we are not at all surprised to be told, for instance, that the Vicar of Wakefield did not preach to his fellow-prisoners in vain, but that "after less than six days some were penitent and all were attentive."

Religion was not, in fact, treated even by worldly people with superficial levity; it was not lightly attacked or defended, and with a certain quiet dignity it took the first place, as of right, in the minds of serious men. Not of those only especially dedicated to

its service (such dedication, as we shall see further on, was often of but little account), but rather as the supreme principle acknowledged if not obeyed even by "those ingenious persons called Wits," in which, as Vaughan says in his day, the kingdom "did abound." To take one familiar example: Dr Johnson as we know him, says one of his biographers, was a man of the world, though a religious man of the world. His feelings, at once deep and fervid, were wholly penetrated by a sense of awe and reverence which forbade any suspicion of levity, even when his mode of approaching religious subjects may strike the modern reader as somewhat grotesque. His profound constitutional melancholy was mitigated but hardly lightened by a piety which quickened his affections, regulated in some important particulars his manner of life, and brought into active operation all the latent tenderness of his nature.

It was at Oxford that, after reading Law's 'Serious Call,' he wrote in his diary: "This was the first occasion of my thinking in earnest of religion after I became capable of rational inquiry." But doubtless the soil was well prepared; he had a devout nature and a religious mother, and the impressions which precede rational inquiry have not infrequently a more tenacious hold upon the character than those which come after. Dr Johnson, we may well believe, might have moralised in the nursery, and to the end of his life he retained more of the heart of the child than the spirit of youth. Indeed the period between boyhood and manhood was so clouded by misfortune and embittered by privation that he was from the first a stranger and a pilgrim, ever reaching forward to the point upon which his ambitions were centred, with no inclination to snatch at legitimate distractions or dally by the way. "Ah, sir, I was mad and violent," he said of himself, referring to his college days. "It was bitterness which they mistook for frolick. I was miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and wit; so I disregarded all power and all authority." And when, after leaving Oxford, he sought to earn his bread by the drudgery of teaching, during the period of precarious and apparently hopeless struggle for a modest competency in Birmingham and in London, he had little opportunity to indulge in the lighter amusements or pleasures of youth. Looking back, we catch but casual glimpses of his individuality at this time, and he seems to us to have passed almost at once from the season of raw ungainly boyhood to the seat of the social lawgiver and moralist.

For any religious sentiment degenerating into sentimentality he had indeed, even in his youth, an especial abhorrence. He viewed it with somewhat of the same spirit in which he heard Boswell describe his sensibility to certain strains of music, as being so great as to make him ready to shed tears. "Sir," he replied, "I should never hear it if it made me such a fool." Indeed, unless his own heart were touched, he was intolerant of what he was inclined to consider an affectation of feeling in others. When Miss Monkton, for instance, declared herself affected by the pathos of Sterne's writings, he made the well-known rejoinder, "Why, that is because, dearest, you are a dunce." Yet his personal piety, and the tenderness of his nature, break through

the laws of self-restraint, and give a pathetic and individual character not only to his many acts of charity, but to his private meditations and devotions.

His strong prejudices, indeed, were vented in many outbursts of religious intolerance, of which one of the most characteristic is reported by Mrs Knowles, who declares that, on hearing a certain young lady had become a Quaker, he exclaimed, "Madam, she is an odious wench." And when a hope was expressed that he would meet with her in another world, he replied that he was not fond of meeting fools anywhere. But the outward asperities of speech could not disguise the goodness of his heart, and Edmund Burke's verdict upon him finds a ready echo in the minds of those who knew him best. "It is well if, when a man comes to die, he has nothing heavier upon his conscience than having been a little rough in his conversation."

In his writings upon religious subjects he is often didactic and commonplace, but he is never otherwise than earnest and sincere. The adjuncts of a hardly won celebrity had endangered neither the purity of his motives nor the simplicity of his faith. To the last he religiously kept the anniversary of his wife's death as a day of self-examination and prayer, and his thoughts and supplications followed her with believing fidelity into another world. This very simplicity of heart forbids the reticence natural to more complex characters. It never occurred to him to avoid an open profession, or to lower his standard, lest it should be the occasion of surprise or contempt. Though not apt to parade either a weakness or a virtue, he was ready enough to acknowledge either the one or the other when opportunity served. When Boswell lamented that he was troubled by occasional inclinations to narrowness, there came at once the rejoinder, "Why, sir, so am I, but I do not tell it." Nor was he shy of bringing his religion to bear openly upon the ordinary transactions of life. When he found it intolerably irksome to redeem his literary pledges, he did not hesitate to pray earnestly against the sin of sloth; and whenever he received the Sacrament, he made a fresh resolution against trifling away his time. When a deputation of booksellers came to treat with him on Easter eve, he confessed to them that he had a scruple about doing business on that day. When he left Mrs Thrales's house at Streatham, of which he had been so long an inmate, he read a chapter of the Greek Testament in the library, and in a solemn prayer invoked a blessing upon the house and its inhabitants. There is something in these formal and yet simple acknowledgments of belief and dependence which strikes one as essentially unmodern. It is hardly too much to say that intimate contact with a person to whom such proceedings were so natural as to be matters of course, would be apt to cause the ordinary Christian of the present day some embarrassment. We talk a good deal upon religious subjects, but we are careful to discuss them more or less superficially. We should feel it an indelicacy to disclose our deeper feeling even to intimate friends. "Let us talk of these things," says a lawyer upon his deathbed in a work of modern fiction—"let us approach the subject as men of the world." And though he may speak of death and hell and judgment, we find it for

the most part easy to follow his advice. But though a man of the world, it would not have been possible to Dr Johnson.

To the last his deepest feelings were concerned with things eternal. He made three requests to Sir Joshua Reynolds—that he would read the Bible, forgive a debt of thirty pounds, and never paint on Sundays. He met death, of which he had so often confessed his fear, with the calmness and courage of a Christian. He had desired the presence of a minister of God, and with characteristic energy directed the form of ministration which he desired; a curious sense of his own importance mingling with the reverence with which he approached the gate of immortality. "Pray louder, sir," he said to the clergyman—"pray louder, *or you pray in vain;*" and shortly after, he faintly uttered his last words, "God bless you, my dear," to the daughter of an old friend who knelt beside his bed. They were a touching and appropriate close to a life based upon religious principles, and abounding in human sympathies. He may have been, as Boswell says, "a majestick teacher of moral and religious wisdom;" but it is not from his writings, nor even from his authoritative speech upon such subjects, that we have most to learn, but rather from those chance revelations of a true and noble nature which are so thickly scattered upon the pages of his biography.

His religion had been throughout his life intensely personal. We may say that he was a Tory and a Churchman, but the one assertion would convey about as little definite meaning as the other to those who in these days call themselves by the same names. His conceptions of church membership would probably shock the modern Anglican as much as his charities would have affronted the notions of the modern philanthropist. To squander undeserved benefits upon the drunken and ungrateful has, to our enlightened common-sense, a certain flavour of immorality; whilst we may well believe that the sight of the uncouth figure wandering about London streets to thrust pennies into the hands of sleeping vagrant children, would have roused the righteous indignation of the Charity Organisation Society had it been in existence. But philanthropy had not as yet been systematised. Think of the excellent Vicar of Wakefield, for instance, as he describes in a few lines the daily life of an exemplary country clergyman: "The year was spent in moral or rural amusement; in visiting our rich neighbours and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, no fatigues to undergo! All our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown." What a placid and peaceful existence! Undisturbed by religious controversy; without any parochial machinery needing to be directed; with no temperance societies and soup-kitchens, no mothers' meetings and men's clubs, which now break in upon the leisure of the most phlegmatic parish priest. Incidentally, what a curious insight do we also obtain of the same clerical and rural life in later times from Miss Austen, herself a rector's daughter! Take the description, for example, of Charles Hayter's living in 'Persuasion': "In the centre of some of the best preserves in the kingdom, surrounded by three great proprietors, each more careful and jealous than the other; and to two of the three, at least, Charles Hayter might get a special recom-

mendation. Not that he will value it as he ought; Charles is too cool about sporting. That's the worst of him." It is true that the clergy could not always avoid professional calls, for "even the clergyman," says Mrs Clay—"even the clergyman, you know, is obliged to go into infected rooms, and expose his health and looks to all the injury of a poisonous atmosphere;" but it would appear as if such unpleasant avocations occupied but a small portion of their time. Henry Tilney certainly did not let them stand in the way of more agreeable engagements, and though he was reluctantly compelled to interrupt his courtship to pass a Sunday at his living, we are not surprised to find that the old frontispiece to 'Northanger Abbey' represents him as rushing up the stairs brandishing a riding-whip, in a costume which is a mixture of the brigand and the jockey. Miss Austen, again, would seem to have had no fault to find with the way in which Mr Elton passed his mornings in a lady's drawing-room, reading poetry and making charades, provided only he had been in love with the right young lady.

Yet though the clerical standard was in many instances so low, the general tone in regard to the highest subjects was one of grave responsibility and unimpassioned but serious interest. It was the key-note both of Coleridge's mysticism and Wordsworth's philosophy. And without entering into those wide subjects, which are both above and beyond our scope, let us take at hazard one or two indications of a like spirit animating a brother poet. Think of Southey with his vivid imagination and all the visions of youth before him, and the fever of authorship working in his brain: Southey, who already as a schoolboy had some idea of continuing Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' and planned six books to complete the 'Faery Queen': Southey, already at nineteen the author of elegies and heroic epistles, and of 'Joan of Arc,' an epic in twelve books, written in six weeks; with a high and yet withal modest conviction of his poetic mission and literary gifts; and still, when there is a question of his entering the Church of England ministry, he cries, "God knows, I would exchange every intellectual gift which He has blessed me with, for implicit faith to have been able to do this." There is an impressive deliberation about such faithful utterances which one would rather have supposed to be the result of a judgment sobered by experience, a fancy chastened by disappointment. When Coleridge, writing a little later of a friend's death, observes that in consequence, "We are all more religious than we were. God be ever praised for all things,"—we feel as if the presence of death were hardly needed to deepen the spiritual influences which made the unseen world to them an ever-present reality. Wordsworth's "We are Seven" was but a familiar illustion of their creed. "I have five children," Southey wrote in 1809, "three of them at home, and two of them under my mother's care in heaven." And already at thirty-five he could write, "No man can be better contented with his lot. My paths are paths of pleasantness. Still the instability of human happiness is ever before my eyes; I long for the certain and the permanent." And at forty, "I doubt whether the strictest Carthusian has the thought of death more habitually in his mind."

We might indeed say that these

are merely the expressions of a mind as unusually rich in pure spiritual perceptions as in high poetic gifts; nevertheless there is an atmosphere, moral and religious, which insensibly affects persons of very different orders and diverse or inferior gifts. It is not in the nature of a violent revolutionary awakening, and it has a more limited influence, but within a slowly widening circle it does a work of a deeper and more permanent character. When we read of little Hartley Coleridge, for instance, calling himself, whilst still in the nursery, "a boy of a very religious turn," we feel as if there must have been some unseen springs at work, or some hereditary predisposition, to account for this unusual precocity; especially when we hear that with his nurse by his side he prayed extempore every night—not, we may observe, until he was safely and comfortably tucked up in his bed, thus curiously foreshadowing at once the piety and the self-indulgence of his later years. What unfulfilled promises cluster about his life from the moment of his birth, when, though his mother called him "an ugly red thing," his father took him in his arms and said, "There is no sweeter baby anywhere than this"! Happy perhaps if it had been with him as with those infant twins of whom he afterwards wrote!—

"Their very cradle was the hopeful grave,
God only made them for His Christ to save."

Poor Hartley! with his unstable will, his recurrent and unavailing remorse, perhaps because of his very imperfections, he lets us, more intimately than a wiser or a better man might have done, into the secrets of his spiritual life. What a pathetic interest attaches to his hopes and his failures! Wasted by disease, pursued by remorse, at last relinquishing the faith with which it is perhaps most dangerous to part—the belief in his own possibilities for good—how vividly he paints his own sense of unworthiness in the well-known lines on the fly-leaf of one of the books of his boyhood!—

"When I received this volume small,
My years were barely seventeen,
When it was hoped I should be all
Which once, alas! I might have been.

And now my years are thirty-five,
And every mother hopes her lamb,
And every happy child alive,
May never be what now I am."

There is no trace of the popular self-delusion of the morbid penitent. His life is, in his own eyes, an unsightly ruin of "things incomplete and purposes betrayed;" he can see no beauty in the wild flowers which have sprung up about it. In his boyhood he had already written of himself as fearing to nourish "a self-love already too strong, and the worst of self-love, a respect for the faults of self;" but we may truly say it was an error into which he never fell among all the melancholy failings of later years. Indeed, even in his youth he seemed occasionally to reach a vantage-ground, some spot of solid earth on which to plant his wavering feet, from whence he could look down upon the temptations and lapses of his past with a severe but dispassionate judgment. "You must be aware," he writes to his father upon one of these occasions, "that the pain arising from the contemplation of a life misspent is often the cause of continuance in misdoing." And there is a flavour of matured wisdom in the observation which ill accords with our preconceived ideas of an ungoverned youth.

There is, indeed, an elaborate formality about the religious aspirations of these young people which is part of the manners of a bygone age—an age in which, we must remember, people did not find it unnatural to make love in faultless English and well-turned phrases. Passion did not walk abroad in tatters; in public, at least, it most often wore a correct and sober habit, which sometimes had the air of deliberate disguise. So when Southey writes, "I shall unite myself to a woman whom I have long esteemed as a sister, and *for whom I now indulge a warmer sentiment*," we can hardly believe that these are the words of an undergraduate lover; and when the little De Quincey, fretting against the tedium and restraints of school, writes to ask how a person can be happy "in a situation which deprives him of health, of society, of amusement, of liberty, of *congeniality of pursuits*," we feel as if some middle-aged and justly dissatisfied scholar had crept into his schoolboy-jacket and taken up the pen. And in matters of religion there is the same tone of just and deliberate conviction, of prudence and foresight, and of well-balanced judgments and firmly established principles—a tone of somewhat high-flown morality, savouring strongly of the pulpit, an elevated position in which Hartley Coleridge, for instance, seems somewhat out of place. But if practice in some respects fell lamentably short, at least they did not lower their standard so as to bring it into harmony with personal derelictions. And in Hartley we see perhaps, as plainly as we are ever permitted to see in another human being, the dual nature in perpetual conflict. He shows us his best and his worst — his high aspirations, his disastrous falls, his sins and his remorse. And through it all we feel the curious attractiveness of a character which, in spite of its inherent weakness, awakens pity but not contempt. The imaginative child of whom Wordsworth wrote in his lines "To H. C., six years old," beginning—

> "O thou whose fancies from afar are brought,"

still survives in the man who to the last cherished a faith in goodness, a love for nature, and a tenderness of heart which better men might well have envied. Here is a characteristic memorandum, dated 1827, at the end of some college note-book :—

> "It was begun," he writes, "when I stood high in the world, proud but not glad of academic honours, with all the material, but, alas! without the moral of happiness. Its conclusion finds me a beggar, bankrupt in estate, in love, in friendship, and, worst of all, in self-esteem. Yet the faith with which it was commenced has ripened into certainty, and the sad knowledge of what I am, feelingly informs me what I might have been.
>
> "This day, too, I beheld the first snowdrop, the earliest primrose. Nature begins to revive, and why should not I begin a new year from this day?"

One may wish, indeed, that his good resolutions had rested upon a surer foundation than the blossoming of a primrose, but at least the fancy recalls the fair visions of his boyhood, and shows a mind still open to the sacred impressions of the spring.

He never sought to justify his own derelictions from duty by a lowering of the Christian standard, nor would he shut himself off from religious ministrations and observances lest he should incur the censure of the Pharisee or lay himself open to any suspicion of hypocrisy. He did not hesitate to give free expression to his opinions upon reli-

gious questions, and held strong views upon Erastianism and other Church questions of the day.

"His Bible and Prayer-book," his brother writes, "the same which he possessed when a boy, and which he took with him to church as long as he lived, bear the marks of careful and habitual use. The Book of Job, of Isaiah, and the Psalms in particular, show the traces of constant perusal."

Here, for instance, is his own account of a summer Sunday as it lies before us jotted down in his journal:—

"And now the day of rest draws to a close. The weather has kept the Sabbath. The morning was the very perfection of stillness. No gay sunshine, no clamorous wind, no drenching rain; the sky wore one sober grey veil, and the mist hung upon the hills as if it paused on its journey; the vapours were gathered up; no light detachments foraged along the mountain-sides to catch the flying sunbeams, but the thick masses formed an even line like an army drawn up for a decisive engagement, and only halting till the truce of God was passed. . . . The vale was clad in deepest green, and fancifully resembled the face of one who is calm and patient after long weeping. . . . Some time before nine I arose, found the twin, two dear innocent little girls whose shining faces are a far better refutation of Calvinism than Dr Tomline's, in their blue stuff frocks (as pretty a dress as a little rustic can wear), prepared for the Ambleside rush-bearing. Found also my own breakfast ready—read part of the Life of Barry—deliberated whether to go to church—saw J. W., hailed him from the window—determined to hear him—set forth with Bible and Prayer-book—called into the Sunday-school, found the two nuns surrounded with good little men and women, bright with the beauty of benevolence—how sweet even a plain woman can look when engaged unaffectedly in doing good!—found myself thirsty—called at the Red Lion and took a sober potation of John Barleycorn—got into church (*mirabile dictu*) in time. John does duty very respectably. First lesson, David's politic getting rid of Saul's family; second, a truly heavenly chapter, 13th of John, admirably calculated to remove the unsafe impressions of the first. Singing rather out of tune. Resolved to write a poetical address to the Supreme Being. . . . Clouds dispersed with the congregation. . . . Drank glass of wine with F. Corrected my political views of the beer-tax. . . . Now will I read a chapter, smoke a pipe, and so to bed, for it is Monday morning."

What a curious medley we have here! He begins his day like a country curate, with his Bible and Prayer-book and a visit to the Sunday-school. Then comes the call at the Red Lion, which, however, does not hinder him from pursuing his way to church. Nor is his attendance upon the service a perfunctory one. He is affected by the heavenly beauty of the second lesson, and determines to write a religious poem. After which he goes home to a glass of wine with F., feels himself fitted to correct his views upon the beer-tax, and finally brings his Sunday to an end with a chapter of the Bible and a pipe on Monday morning.

His religious inclinations, indeed, at one time had been so strong that he thought of taking holy orders; but fortunately, he too plainly recognised the force of evil habits and his own infirmity of purpose to venture upon such a step, and some ten years afterwards he wrote: "Every man who enters the ministry without a call, becomes a worse man than he would have been had he remained a layman. Thank God, I have not that sin to answer for." But he never ceased to take an interest in the religious movements of his day, nor did he affect an indifference to matters from which

the life he was leading in his remote cottage between Ambleside and Grasmere might well have estranged him. It is interesting to find him writing of Frederick Faber's sermon in September 1837:

"He is High Church to the very verge of Romanism. I have heard him but once; he is evidently a man of genius. He has the pale face, wild eye, and self-oblivious manner which evinces sincere enthusiasm. He is not the man to fling brimstone at the heads of an unoffending congregation, and then go and dine with the worst sinner that will give him a good feed. Of his sincerity there can be no doubt. Of his Christian sanity I have my suspicions."

But though he might dissent, he never sought to depreciate those from whom he differed, and when speaking of Newman, Keble, and Pusey, he observed—

"I do not join the vulgar pack in hunting down these poor Oxford divines. I reverence them as I reverence the noble and the honest. Their aim is not preferment, it is not popularity, but what they look upon as truth, and truth too for truth's sake. They court not the great, and what is better still, they court not the many."

There is no need to dwell upon the darker side of the picture; the many shortcomings, the repeated lapses of this erring child of genius, are too well known to need comment; but even in the unhappy seasons when, shunning the society of those who loved him, he went forth as a wanderer amongst the hills, he never failed to breathe something of their majestic spirit—the spirit of noble aims and high aspirations, the spirit which found a voice in the poetry of the Lakes. And it is surely not only an indication of individual character but of the religious temper of the day, to find a life in many respects so faulty so rich in reverence and frequent in prayer, so full of that deep humility and affectionate piety which we are apt to regard as the attributes of the saint rather than of the sinner.

We cannot wonder that those who were most painfully sensible of his failings loved him best, and that his old friend, the aged poet Wordsworth, himself selected his grave close by that of his daughter, where a place was also reserved for himself and Mrs Wordsworth, in Grasmere churchyard. "Let him lie by us," he said. "He would have wished it."

In selecting another familiar figure from the group of which Hartley Coleridge was a younger member, we turn from Grasmere with its many associations, to Christ's Hospital and Newgate Street, to the India House and the Templars' Walk, to the suburbs of Islington and Enfield, and to the corner of the Edmonton graveyard where Charles Lamb lies buried; and the contrast of the bustling streets of the town with the shadowed valley and the lonely mountain-side, to some extent typifies the difference between the humourist and the fugitive poet, the man of the world and the recluse.

Charles Lamb, indeed, was all his life at heart a citizen. Even in writing to Wordsworth he is not afraid to confess—

"I don't now care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have found as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, waggons, play-houses, all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden, the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles—life awake, if you awake, at all

hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavement, the fruit-shops, the old bookstalls, parsons cheapening books, London itself a pantomime and a masquerade,—all these things work themselves into my mind and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night walks about her crowded streets, and *I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life.*"

It is true that all this is not incompatible with the most affectionate regard for far other scenes associated with the dearest memories of his earlier years, the Hertfordshire lanes and hedgerows, Amwell and Blakesware and Mackery End; to these he looks back with regretful tenderness, as with his faithful and graceful pen he once more paints for us the haunts of his boyhood. He has an appreciation of the "pretty pastoral walks," and of what Nathaniel Hawthorne calls the "decorous restraint" of an English landscape; but it is a cultured appreciation, perhaps more natural to the foreigner than the native. Many a "green thought in a green shade" strays across his pages; as Hazlitt said, "his affections revert to and settle upon the past; but even this must have something local and personal in it to interest him deeply and thoroughly."

It was a temper of mind to which the vivid realisation of the far future and of the unseen was most difficult. In both Dr Johnson and Hartley Coleridge religion seems to strike a deeper note; in the one of awe and reverence, in the other of an intermittent but lifelong penitence. In Charles Lamb there is more of the modern spirit, he takes life and the world to come more lightly. Yet his seasons of self-reproach and his struggles against his besetting sin were born of a higher feeling than the fear to lose the world's respect or his own. In spite of the divergencies between him and Hartley Coleridge, which at first sight strike us so forcibly, we shall discover a very curious similarity in their way of approaching religious subjects. It is not a question of formulated beliefs, of creeds and dogmas—upon such points they would have differed widely enough; the likeness goes deeper into regions of the conscience and the heart, producing those sympathies which are the result of temperament rather than of doctrine, and much less easily defined. With both the affections played a large part in the field of spiritual effort and experience; each had a true fellow-feeling, born of their own infirmities, for the poor, the sinful, the unfortunate, and in each a sincere penitence was, in one respect at least, singularly fruitless in real amendment of life. In Lamb's case, indeed, repentance was hardly tinged by remorse, and his humour, like a wandering sunbeam, lighted up every incident in his history and every phase of his character; but at times it served, as if by contrast, to deepen the shadows.

The Unitarianism of his early years was rather, as has been said, "the accident of education than the result of conviction." In later life he rarely spoke upon doctrinal subjects.

"Such religion as I have had," he writes of himself, "has always acted on me more by way of sentiment than argumentative process. I am for 'comprehension,' as divines call it," he wrote in 1828; "but so as that the Church go a good deal more than half-way over to the silent Meeting-house. I have ever said that the Quakers are the only *professors* of Christianity as I read it in

the Evangiles. I say *professors;* marry, as to practice, with their gaudy hot types and poetical vanities, they are much as one of the sinful."

But the sober and contemplative religion in which he had been brought up had left its impress, not only upon his inner spiritual life, but upon his mode of giving it expression. His early letters to Coleridge abound in pious reflections which to our modern ideas seem hardly natural in so young a man. At the age of twenty-one he writes: "I sometimes wish to induce a religious turn of mind, but habits are stubborn things, and my religious fervours are confined to some fleeting moments of occasional solitary devotion." Here again is an appreciative verdict upon Walton's 'Complete Angler' which one might hardly have expected from one of his years: "It breathes the very spirit of innocence, purity, and simplicity of heart; there are many choice old verses interspersed in it; it would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it; it would Christianise every discordant passion; pray make yourself acquainted with it."

Already the criticism foreshadows the delicacy of his own style, his aim being well exemplified in a letter of about the same date: "Cultivate simplicity, Coleridge, or rather, I should say, banish elaborateness; for simplicity springs spontaneous from the heart, and carries into daylight with it its own modest buds, and genuine sweet and clear flowers of expression. I allow no hotbeds in the garden of Parnassus."

If it was true of his writings, it was still more true of his religion. The theological hotbed was above all an abomination to him; but through all the twisted strands of his life, and most closely intertwined with its friendships and affections, runs the single thread of a personal trust and faith in God, like the instinctive clinging of a child to its father. "God love you and yours." "God love us all, and may He continue to be the Father and the Friend of the whole human race." "God love you, Coleridge!" Such are some ordinary endings of his familiar letters; and if it were so in cases of casual intimacy, still more did the religious sentiment guide and govern the tender and absorbing passion of his life—his lifelong devotion to his sister. "God love her, may we never love each other less;" and through all the strain of drudgery and disappointment, of failing health and clouded intellect, that prayer at least was fully granted.

To his peculiar love for what was near and familiar—for the haunts of his boyhood, and a lingering fondness even for his desk at the India House, from which he had longed to be released—he joined a deep sense of the obligations, or what he calls the "kind charities of relationship." "What would I not give," he writes of his mother, "to call her back to earth for *one* day; on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper which from time to time have given her gentle spirit pain? and the day, my friend, I trust will come; there will be time enough for kind offices of love if heaven's eternal year be ours." It is very characteristic of Lamb to feel as if the family circle in heaven would not be broken, but that the demands of filial affection should there be met and answered; characteristic of the man who upon the threshold of a literary career, and with all the possi-

bilities and the dreams of youth before him, could write: "I am wedded, Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father."

His affection for his friends was hardly less enduring. Amid all his pleasantry he wings no shaft which bears a sting in their direction; the one exception is in a letter to Southey, whom he considered had condemned him unjustly in a recent paper on Infidelity. This letter is indeed full of a subtle fire of indignation not unmixed with bitterness, and there is an unwonted venom in his wit as he writes in self-defence under a sense of the injustice done to him:—

"If in either of these papers, or elsewhere, I have been betrayed into some levities not affronting the sanctuary, but glancing perhaps at some of the outskirts and extreme edges, the debatable land between the holy and profane regions; . . . if I have sported within the purlieus of serious matter,—it was, I daresay, a humour —be not startled, sir—which I have unwittingly derived from yourself. You have all your life been making a jest of the devil. . . . I acquit you of intentional irreverence; but indeed you have made wonderfully free with, and been mighty pleasant upon, the popular idea and attributes of him. . . . You have flattered him in prose, you have chanted him in goodly odes. You have been his jester, volunteer laureate, and self-elected court poet to Beelzebub."

This is carrying the war into the enemy's country with a vengeance. It is hard upon Southey, whose temperate comment was: "I was very much surprised and grieved, because I knew how much he would condemn himself." And he was right. He proposed, being in London during the following month, to pay the Lambs a visit, and received the following eager and penitent acknowledgment, tendered with a generosity as free as his own:—

"The kindness of your note has melted away the mist which was upon me. I have been fighting against a shadow. . . . I wish both magazine and review at the bottom of the sea. I shall be ashamed to see you. . . . My guardian angel was absent at the time. . . .—Your penitent C. Lamb."

It is certainly remarkable to see how, in all his writings, a sense of the fitness of things keeps his humour in check. The present generation may often fail to see the point of the jokes which were so keenly relished by his contemporaries, but they cannot condemn them as indelicate or profane. Though his laughter may sometimes be ill-timed, there is no ribaldry in it. "I am going to stand godfather," he writes. "I don't like the business. I cannot muster up decorum for these occasions. I shall certainly disgrace the font. I was at Hazlitt's marriage, and had like to have been turned out several times during the ceremony. Anything awful makes me laugh. I misbehaved once at a funeral." And yet we have a notion that his conduct, however reprehensible, arose rather from a sense of the inadequate representation in the drama of life of ideas which to him truly were full of awe, than from any mere levity of mind. It is true that his humour has exorcised the spirit of profound seriousness which we find in some of his literary contemporaries—a spirit of which we catch glimpses even in the weird dreams and rapt visions of De Quincey; here again it is observable that neither in riotous excess nor hideous nightmare does the opium-eater conjure up images dishonouring to God and purity. Take a little sentence, for instance, out of

one of the dreams which he has himself recorded :—

"I thought it was a Sunday morning in May, that it was Easter Sunday, and yet very early in the morning. . . . I said aloud (as I thought) to myself : 'It yet wants much of sunrise, and it is Easter Sunday, and that is the day on which they celebrate the first-fruits of the Resurrection. I will walk abroad, old griefs shall be forgotten ; for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to heaven; and the forest-glades are as quiet as the churchyard ; and with the dew I can wash the fever from my brow, and then I shall be unhappy no longer.'"

What a fragrance there is in the picture, an innocent fragrance as of dewy lawns and early blossoms, but hardly powerful enough, we might have feared, to overpower the noxious fumes of his drugged imagination ! It reminds one of Charles Lamb's own description of an empty village church :—

"Wouldst thou know the beauty of holiness ? Go alone on some week-day, borrowing the keys of good Master Sexton, traverse the cool aisles of some country church, think of the piety that has kneeled there ; the congregations, old and young, that have found consolation there ; the meek pastor, the docile parishioner. With no disturbing emotions, no cross conflicting comparisons, drink in the tranquillity of the place till thou thyself become as fixed and motionless as the marble effigies that kneel and weep around thee."

It is very remarkable, we think, to see what a strong hold such tranquil scenes and memories had upon the literary men of this period. "*Eccovi !* look at him," cried Carlyle, when he saw De Quincey ; "this child has been in hell." And he was right ; nevertheless the ghastly experiences which he had gained there had not obliterated the peaceful images still treasured in the recesses of his bewildered brain ; nor had the horrors of physical and mental disease banished the pure emotions and sympathies which such memories evoked. And the reverence for innocence and infancy which breathes in the writings of such different men as De Quincey and Southey, Charles Lamb and Hartley Coleridge, is no fictitious sentiment assumed for the purposes of art. It had been put to a severe practical test which many genuine lovers of children might not have withstood. The necessities of small households and straitened means had brought them into close and daily contact with the nursery. Southey wrote his history of Portugal keeping watch at the same time over the baby seated in her chair at his side. De Quincey, at an age when young men take little notice of children, was the favourite companion of the little Wordsworths, and when little Kate died his grief passed all the limits of ordinary mourning. In after-years his love for his own children, — gentle, diffident, almost deferential in its expression—was joined to a feminine and tender regard for their needs and pleasures. At any moment he would break off from his writing at the cry of a child upstairs, and carry it down to sit in his arm-chair and be comforted. Nor was such tenderness merely parental. Like Wordsworth's love for Nature, it was part of his religion ; and it was joined to that love for the weak and helpless which is a characteristic note of the Christian creed. It is one of the most lovable traits in these men of letters. It inspired some of their most felicitous writings ; it irradiated even the black abyss in which De Quincey was so often plunged ; it constituted the deep, though in later years, after death had visited it, the trembling hap-

piness of Southey's home; and it made Charles Lamb in his old age once more the playfellow of his "dream children."

Childhood was an Eden to which in fancy they wandered back, and to which the fruits of the tree of knowledge had brought no disenchantment.

It was with the same sympathetic and serious and tranquil spirit that they regarded existing religious systems, and the doctrines upon which they were founded. They may ponder and discuss a question, but there is no feverish restlessness in the inquiry. De Quincey lived in a mystery which he had no desire to solve; as his biographer affirms, he went through the world "wrapt in a general religious wonder." He looked upon Christianity as the one divine revelation, and no Biblical criticism had power to trouble his faith. "The Bible," he says, putting aside all scientific objections — "the Bible must not teach anything that man can teach himself." Southey, slowly but surely working his way onwards from the Unitarianism of his youth, has, as Hazlitt said, "missed his way in Utopia and found it in Old Sarum." Charles Lamb touches upon such matters in a lighter vein; even when he venerates an idea he has a natural disregard for its outward forms and symbols, yet he has no desire to controvert or disturb existing beliefs. "Credulity," he says, "is a man's weakness but a child's strength," and he is quite ready to extend to it that affectionate toleration which he has for childish things. But the great realities of life and death, and love beyond the grave, are more and more to him as the world grows emptier, and friends never to be replaced are taken from him. "Coleridge is dead," he would say irrelevantly in the midst of conversation, as if the cry of his heart must make itself heard before he could go on to speak of other things. The calamities he had suffered haunted and oppressed his solitary hours. In the "surfeit of time" of which he speaks at Enfield, he is sometimes "serious to sinking almost"; and though he rises buoyant, by the sweetness of his nature and the energy of his spirit, above the troublesome waters, there is ever a pathos underlying his merriest moods and his wittiest sayings, born of the tragic cloud which hung over his dearest affections and his home. To the last his wandering thoughts found a resting-place in the eternal verities; and he who so unaffectedly loved his sister whom he had seen, has found, we may humbly trust, the Giver and Object of all love.

In the fly-leaf of his copy of Lamb's 'Life and Letters' there is a note in Sir Henry Taylor's handwriting.

> "Wordsworth, at the instance of Charles Lamb's friends, wrote his epitaph. As he originally wrote it the first line was—
>
> 'To the dear memory of a frail good man.'
>
> The more foolish of Lamb's friends objected to the word 'frail,' and it was rewritten without that word—the only word in it which was individualising."

At this distance of time we are wiser. We no longer fear to dishonour the dead by the remembrance of human weakness, but are well content to leave them to that merciful judgment which, reversing so many earthly verdicts, has lifted them

> "Above the world and sped the passing life
> Across the waters to the land of rest."

THE ROMANTIC MARRIAGE OF MAJOR JAMES ACHILLES KIRKPATRICK, SOMETIME BRITISH RESIDENT AT THE COURT OF HYDERABAD.

In the house of Captain Phillipps at Torquay there is a life-size picture of a boy and girl, apparently of the ages of four and three respectively. The artist was evidently English, and the faces of the children have an English look; but their dress is Indian: they have flowing robes of red or green, their naked feet are in embroidered slippers, and their curly hair shows under their tightly fitting caps braided with gold — caps which Indian children wear till the one is exchanged for the turban, and the other for the shawl and veil. At the end of ninety years the story of these children, or rather of their father and mother — the handsome young Englishman, whom they called Hushmat Jung (Glorious in Battle), and the beautiful lady, Khair un Nissa (Excellent among Women)—is still remembered in Hyderabad. The story is so curious and romantic that I have thought it worth while to tell something of it as it really happened, and as it is known from our family papers and family traditions; and if I only had the story-telling powers of Scheherezade, I believe that the romantic loves of Hushmat Jung and Khair un Nissa would rival many of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

In the eighteenth century the great Mogul empire, which in the days of Akbar could compare in civilisation with the contemporary England of Elizabeth, fell to pieces. The Viziers, Subadars, Nawabs, and other great officials of that empire, possessed themselves of the provinces which their predecessors had administered, with only an occasional pretence at recognising the authority of their nominal sovereign, who still held a shadowy Court at Delhi. Whether one or other of these Muhammadan princes, or an adventurer like Hyder, should restore the Muhammadan supremacy throughout India; whether the rise of the Mahratta power foretold the recovery of India for the Hindoos, or whether the ultimate power was to fall either to the French or the English,—this was the question still unsolved when Lord Mornington, better known by his later title of Lord Wellesley, went out to India as Governor-General in 1798. The English Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies had acquired the sovereignty of several Indian provinces in spite of itself; and while it was still protesting with sincerity that it only desired to carry on its trade without any employment of its soldiers other than that of self-defence, and had even embodied this declaration in an Act of Parliament, they were obliged by the Ministers at home to put their government in India in the hands of a young statesman who soon showed himself possessed of the grandest schemes of political ambition, unchecked by any scruples about the expenditure of money or of life, or the rights of princes and peoples. He went out to India, no doubt, with such grand schemes of policy in his thoughts; but the necessary information as to the facts with which he had to deal was first given him, as he himself has told,[1]

[1] Letter of January 15, 1807, from the Marquis Wellesley to the Right Hon. Henry Addington, President of the Board of Control.

by Colonel William Kirkpatrick, whom he found on sick-leave at the Cape, and whom he made first his military and then his political secretary; and who was always his chief adviser, as he was his chief defender when he was in danger of impeachment after his return from India. The plans of Tippoo for taking vengeance by aid of the French on the English, and his or their relations with the Mahrattas at Poonah, and with the Nizam at Hyderabad, made this last-named Court a centre of diplomatic and military action at this time. Colonel William Kirkpatrick had been the British Resident at the Court of Hyderabad, but had now been succeeded by his younger brother, James Achilles, who, like himself, was in the Company's military service.

The young Englishman and diplomatist, warm-hearted, generous, and friendly, ever open-handed and munificent, and a real lover of oriental pomp and splendour, won the esteem and affection of the old Nizam, Ali Khan, and of his minister, Azim ul Omrah, to whom he mostly left the affairs of state. And to these sentiments of personal regard was added the respectful deference which could not but be felt for the able representative of that Power which, with the unintelligible name of "the Company," had during the last fifty years more and more established its new and strange rule in India. The State of Hyderabad was not strong enough to maintain itself without foreign aid — it had hitherto been protected by a large military contingent with French officers and discipline; but the sagacious minister advised his sovereign that the English would be his best allies, and James Achilles Kirkpatrick was able to negotiate three important treaties with the Nizam, by one of which a British subsidiary force was to take the place of the French Contingent, which was to be disbanded and its officers arrested. But at the last moment the Nizam and his minister wavered, and Kirkpatrick, with the judgment of a statesman and the prompt action of a soldier, himself ordered the advance of the British sepoys, who had been already assembled, and arrested the French officers, who were well treated and sent back to France.

The name and even the personal looks of the handsome young Englishman could not remain unknown to the ladies of the Court, who could see and hear, though they could not be seen in the seclusion of their zenanas. Among these was the young Begum, Khair un Nissa (Excellent among Women), whose ancestors were of Persian descent, while claiming relationship with the family of the Prophet. Both her grandfathers — Bakar Ali Khan and Akil ud Dowlah — were men of rank at the Court of Hyderabad, and held appointments in the administration of the Subsidiary Force. Her mother, many years after, related that Major Kirkpatrick had heard of her daughter's beauty from one of the English ladies who used to visit them. Be this as it may, we have his own account of the affecting tale, as he truly calls it in his letters to his much-loved brother William, from whom he had no reserve, even when, as he says, such reserve might have been demanded for the sake of others. He was sitting alone one evening when an old woman came in. She told him how Khair un Nissa had seen him and loved

him, and prayed him to listen to her suit. He refused; and more than once or twice the messenger came again, and was again sent back. At last, as he sat alone in his house one evening, a veiled figure entered the room. So far I follow the account of those who have seen a first letter from Kirkpatrick, unhappily now lost; but in a second letter he says:—

"By way of prelude it may not be amiss to observe that I did once safely pass the fiery ordeal of a long nocturnal interview with the charming object of the present letter. It was this interview I alluded to as the one when I had a full and close survey of her lovely person. It lasted during the greater part of the night, and was evidently contrived by the grandmother and mother, whose very existence hang on hers, to indulge her uncontrollable wishes. . . . I, who was but ill qualified for the task, attempted to argue the romantic young creature out of a passion which I could not, I confess, help feeling myself something more than pity for. She declared to me again and again that her affections had been irrevocably fixed on me for a series of time, that her fate was linked to mine, and that she should be content to pass her days with me as the humblest of handmaids. These effusions you may possibly be inclined to treat as the ravings of a distempered mind; but when I have time to impart to you the whole affecting tale, you will then at least allow her actions to have accorded fully with her declarations."

Some days later there came another messenger praying him to come to the ladies' house. He goes on:—

"I went there, and when I assure you—which I do most solemnly—that the grandmother herself intimated the design of this meeting, and the granddaughter, in faint and broken accents, hinted that my listening to her suit was the only chance (as she fondly persuaded herself) of avoiding a hateful marriage, I think you cannot but allow that I must have been *something more or less than man* to have held out any longer."

We think of Elaine and Lancelot:—

"And innocently extending her white arms,
'Your love,' she said, 'your love—to be your wife.'"

And then to his grave remonstrances and reasonings:—

"'No, no,' she cried, 'I care not to be wife,
But to be with you still, to see your face,
To serve you, and to follow you thro' the world.'"

Or we may compare and contrast Khair un Nissa with Shakespeare's Juliet. The Persian cannot have been older than the Italian maiden, who was not quite fourteen; and while both alike felt and gave themselves up to the passionate love of womanhood, the girl brought up in the seclusion of a Muhammadan zenana must have been far more a child as to all ideas of morals and marriage and self-control than Juliet, accustomed to the free social European life, with its higher Christian standards. In the lost letter it was said that the hateful marriage of which the young girl spoke was an intended marriage with a cousin, and that she had attempted her life by poison, and that her mother and grandmother feared she would do so again. The family of Khair un Nissa were willing to postpone, and some of them even to dispense with, the sanction of a legal marriage with Kirkpatrick, not consonant with their customs, and which would bring serious consequences to the Resident, when it should become known to the

Governor-General. But when a child was born of the union, Kirkpatrick resolved, in spite of whatever opposition, to give his wife and son a home in the Residency, where he provided her with a zenana or household, in accordance with oriental manners, and befitting her rank and his own. He "hearkened to the voice of nature, pleading eloquently in the engaging form of an helpless infant," to quote his own words from a letter in reply to Lord Wellesley's severe censures on his conduct, in which, while submitting entirely to the will of the Governor-General as to retaining or resigning his office of Resident, he justifies the marriage and declares that no public scandal had been caused by it.

I am not able to give the exact order of time of the incidents in the storm which rolled up and broke at intervals during two years over the city of Hyderabad. The Court and camp were fluttered with rumours that the English Resident had turned Muhammadan; that the Nawab had declared that he should be allowed to choose a wife from the honourable family of Bakar Ali; that the ladies of the Nawab's household were interesting themselves in the matter, and had gone to the house of the young lady to talk it over; and that the Nizam himself had said that Kirkpatrick was his adopted son, and that he would represent his father at the marriage, while the minister should represent the deceased father of the bride. But Kirkpatrick had enemies as well as friends at the Court, and also among the English in the camp of the Subsidiary Force. While the mother and grandmother and paternal grandfather of Khair un Nissa favoured, her mother's father, Akil ud Dowlah, opposed the union, and declared that Kirkpatrick was using force and violence in pressing his suit. From a letter written early in this time of excitement by Bakar Ali Khan, father of the young lady's father, it appears that his son, Mahmood Ali Khan, had died from the effects of the bursting of a gun, and that a malicious story had been spread about that the young man had killed himself on hearing the reports of Kirkpatrick's violence. He declares that these reports were entirely false; that they had never reached the ears of his son, who had assured him that the accident was caused by his habit of playing with firearms. He denied that the Begum (his wife) had ever made any suchlike charges against the Resident, and he curses the inventors of such calumnies in this world and in that which is to come. Akil ud Dowlah professed himself to be in danger, and applied for leave to withdraw within the battalion lines, or else to be allowed an escort of sepoys to take him into the protection of British territory. And meanwhile he told his grievances to the officers of the force, of which he was the paymaster. There was a person of importance named Mir Alum, who had formerly represented the Nizam with the British Government, but had now fallen into disfavour, and was living in practical, if not formal exile, at some distance from Hyderabad. He was an old enemy to Kirkpatrick, whom he had once insulted with the offer of a bribe. He is in one place called a brother of Akil ud Dowlah; but in another I find a formal declaration that there was no relationship, or, if any, only of the most remote kind. To Mir Alum he went, and by his desire Mir Alum reported the whole matter according to their version of it to the Governor-General.

Kirkpatrick tells his brother

that he had thought it right to mention the matter in a public despatch of March 20, 1800, the date of which I give for possible future reference, as I have not myself found it. The Government of the Company had always looked with disapproval on marriages of their servants with native ladies of rank, lest such marriages should bring them under undue native influences; and while the personal affection which Kirkpatrick expressed, and no doubt felt, for the Nizam Ali Khan, and for his minister, is warranty for the like sentiments on their side, it is not improbable that they may have seen possibilities of political advantages to come from the proposed marriage. Lord Wellesley, however, seems at first to have been satisfied with Kirkpatrick's communication, because he did not suppose that the matter was to end in marriage; while Kirkpatrick considered it to have no political importance, and that he need report nothing more of his own conduct in it. But when Lord Wellesley heard Mir Alum's story he was very angry, and was still further exasperated by an anonymous letter with the Hyderabad post-mark, in which the writer defended Kirkpatrick, denounced the scandal-mongers among the English officers, and treated the Governor-General himself with sarcasm and contempt. The letter is a pamphlet in bulk, filled with Latin and English quotations in prose and verse, and the style reminds us at once of Dr Johnson and of the Persian Sa'di. "His Excellency," — so Lord Wellesley was pleased, without right, to call himself—"his Excellency" dictated his commands that an inquiry should be made through Kirkpatrick himself into the truth of Mir Alum's report, and into the authorship of the anonymous letter. I have before me the report of Kirkpatrick's *munshi*, or Persian secretary, with the minutes of his interviews with several personages, including the minister Azim ul Omra, who after reading the minutes certifies their accuracy with his own hand. I have already quoted from these minutes, which are curious and amusing, as when the *munshi* gravely reports a story that the ladies of the Nawab's house had gone to that of Khair un Nissa's mother, "and after talking of many things, as is the custom of women," had got to the subject of the marriage; how Akil ud Dowlah had drawn his sword on the women in his own house, and so frightened them that they had invented the story that the ministers' ladies had threatened them if they did not agree to the marriage; how the Nawab had called the man an idiot for such behaviour, and said that his name should have been "The Supreme in Folly," instead of "The Supreme in Wisdom," as it was; and how one of the interviews was ended by the Nawab going to his cock-fighting. The Nawab said that such a man deserved imprisonment or exile; but he was contented with Akil ud Dowlah's admission that all that he had said was untrue, and his declaration that though he would not be present at the marriage, which he repeated ought not to take place without the consent of the brother of the deceased father, he would go away leaving his seals for them to affix to the contract as they pleased. These official reports were sent to Calcutta, but the writer of the anonymous letter remained undiscovered, and Kirkpatrick objected to being called on to pursue

the inquiry. He had now resolved on marrying the beautiful and charming creature who had given herself to him with such self-abandoning love. The Nizam and his minister were afraid of involving themselves in the displeasure of the Governor-General if they carried out the original intention of a public marriage. The legal form of a Muhammadan marriage is that of a civil contract before proper witnesses; but in India the Hindoo custom of a public procession and other ceremonies had been adopted by the Muhammadans in addition to *their own forms;* and *these public ceremonies* the Nizam now thought it expedient to omit. I give the account of the wedding as it was given to Captain Duncan Malcolm, the then Resident at Hyderabad, some forty years later, by Shirf un Nissa, the mother of the bride, for the information of her English granddaughter:—

"*Translation of a Statement in Persian sent to me by Shirf oon Nissa Begum.*

"The following is an account of the marriage of the late Khair oon Nissa Begum Sahibah, the daughter of Shirf oon Nissa Begum Sahibah, who is the daughter of Akil ood Dowlah, with Colonel James Kirkpatrick, 'Hushmat Jung' (the Renowned in War).

"Akil ood Dowlah, my father, was the *bukshie* (paymaster) appointed by the Nizam's Government to attend the English gentlemen (Hyderabad Subsidiary Force); and in consequence of the appointment which he held, several of the English gentlemen were in the habit of coming to entertainments at his house. On one occasion, when an entertainment was given to Colonel Dallas, about twenty gentlemen and their ladies came to my father's house. Colonel Dallas's lady came to the inner (zenana) apartments and visited us women. She greatly admired my daughter, and said she reminded her strongly of her own sister. After this, on her return to her own house, she praised the beauty of my daughter to Hushmat Jung Bahadur.

"About this time my daughter was attacked with smallpox, and as I was in a state of great anxiety on her account, I asked my father to consult with an English physician. My father did, and was told that everything would turn out well.

"Colonel James Kirkpatrick sought my daughter from Nizam Ali Khan, on whom the mercy of God has been shown, as also from Aristojah[1] (the Prime Minister). Nizam Ali Khan and Aristojah communicated this request to my father, who at last, after much demur, gave his consent that the ceremony of *Nikah* (marriage) should take place, and expressed his willingness that the rites should be performed according to the customs of our tribe: to this also Nizam Ali Khan assented, and honoured Colonel James Kirkpatrick at the same time with the designation of his son. His Highness also desired that he should stand as father (in the approaching marriage) to Colonel James Kirkpatrick, whom he styled his son united to him in the bonds of love, and that Aristojah (his Prime Minister) should take the place of my daughter's father.

"While this was going on, Mir Alum, the Nizam's agent with the British Government, wrote a letter to the Lord Sahib (the Governor-General Lord Wellesley) to the effect that his brother Akil ood Dowlah had not given his consent to the marriage of his granddaughter, but that Hushmat Jung had taken her by force. The Lord Sahib wrote to Nizam Ali Khan to know how this had occurred. His Highness, on the receipt of this letter, ordered a declaration to be prepared under his own private seal and those of his minister Aristojah and other noblemen of his Court, to the effect that everything had been done with the free will and consent of all parties,

[1] Also called Azim ul Oomra.

and that whoever had made a contrary representation to the Governor-General was in error. This document was in my possession for a long time. In consequence of these discussions the marriage ceremonies were not performed in the usual manner, though the marriage contract was gone through according to Muhammadan rites. In proof of this, a learned man named Meer Ahmed Ali Khan attended on the part of Aristojah, and two of his confidential servants were also present in the capacity of witnesses. Seyed ood Dowlah was my representative on this occasion when they all assembled in my house, and performed the ceremony of the marriage contract.

"D. MALCOLM."[1]

There is a family tradition, believed to rest on a now lost or mislaid document, that there was also a Christian marriage. I have myself found no reference to such a marriage, and Kirkpatrick gives as the reason why his children had not been christened, that there was no chaplain at Hyderabad; but at Hyderabad, as elsewhere in India, a valid English marriage could no doubt have been contracted, as in later times, in the presence of an English magistrate. In any case, the Muhammadan marriage was valid in English law, as Sir H. Russell, the Chief Justice of Bengal, told his son, who was Kirkpatrick's assistant, and eventually successor, at Hyderabad.

The report of the *munshi* is dated January 8, 1801, and was probably sent to Calcutta with other documents soon after. I presume that the marriage, as described by Shirf un Nissa, then followed, but that it was not known to Lord Wellesley till some time later; for the storm continued to rage for at least eighteen months longer—though, I rather think, with intervals. Lord Wellesley wrote by the hand of his secretaries more than one letter censuring the Resident's conduct, both for acting in a manner injurious to the public interest, and also for his concealment of what he had done. In a letter of May 1802 he declares his final resolve to remove Kirkpatrick from his office; and he is said—though I do not find it in our papers—to have sent Captain (afterwards Sir John) Malcolm with a commission to supersede Kirkpatrick, if he thought fit, after a further inquiry on the spot. But Malcolm, on his arrival at Masulipatam, was met there by the captain of Kirkpatrick's cavalry escort, with a remonstrance from Kirkpatrick as to the inconvenience to the public service of such an inquiry, and Malcolm returned to Calcutta. Kirkpatrick told his brother that he believed that Lord Wellesley wished to get rid of him because he opposed the Governor-General's policy when he thought it wrong, and to put a more pliant agent in his place; and if it was true, as one of his friends wrote, that James Achilles Kirkpatrick was the only man who dared to oppose that policy, there may have been grounds for his suspicion. But it can hardly be denied that there was some ground for the censure in both respects. Lord Wellesley was, however, an able statesman, and could be cool and calculating as well as insolent and overbearing. He understood the value of Kirkpatrick's public services too well to be willing to lose them at a place where his personal influence was so great, and which was at this time one of the centres of the Governor-General's policy. The still more important services of the elder

[1] This is signed by Captain Malcolm as translator.

brother William might be lost with those of the younger; and if, as is not unlikely, Lord Wellesley saw the first signs of a possible impeachment on his return to England, he may have judged it imprudent to alienate men of so much weight and influence both in India and at home. And the event showed that it was largely to his defence by Colonel William Kirkpatrick that Lord Wellesley was saved from impeachment. The threats of removal were withdrawn, with handsome expressions of the Governor-General's sense of the great public services of Major Kirkpatrick, and the promise that the King should be asked to give him the honour of a baronetcy.

Sixty years afterwards there was published a version of the story, the gross and palpable figments of which evidently rest on some tradition of the lying and credulous scandal-mongers of the city and the British cantonments, and which are plainly shown to be false by the contemporary documents from which the present account is taken.

Kirkpatrick, like his chief Lord Wellesley, loved oriental magnificence, and, like his chief, persuaded himself that such magnificence gave real importance to the Englishmen with the native courts and people. He planned and built a Residency outside the city of Hyderabad, and he sent to Madras for an "architect acquainted with all forms of European architecture," and for skilled masons and carpenters, who could instruct and direct the Hyderabad workmen, and he showed his own practical knowledge by his specifications as to brickwork and the framing of very large beams. This palace—for such it was, and which still preserves its main features—had a hall sixty feet long, thirty wide, and forty high: it was approached by a terrace with thirty-two granite steps leading up to a portico. He describes it as standing in a park a mile in circumference, with a lake round which was a gravel walk with a row of lamps; a garden with all the fruits of Hindostan and of Europe, and a paddock filled with deer. And besides the apartments in the Residency allotted to his official "family," there were well-built houses in the park for his escort and his band, and also for natives who there took refuge under British protection. The zenana, in which his wife and children lived in oriental seclusion, was decorated with paintings and made cool with fountains; and I remember my uncle, Richard Strachey, who was either a visitor of the Resident or on his staff, saying to me, "We never saw the lady, but we used to see Hushmat Jung crossing the Residency court and going into his zenana."

Kirkpatrick's official income was large, but could not have provided for the cost of these buildings; and he mentions, in a letter describing these magnificent works, that the cost had been defrayed by the liberality of the Nizam Ali Khan, his father by adoption. But his own expenditure in keeping up such an establishment was lavish, as is shown in his instructions to his friends or his agents, at home or in Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta. While he hesitated whether to make his great hall fifty or sixty feet by thirty, he ordered a Wilton carpet of the lesser size, and then on deciding for the greater length of the hall, ordered a second carpet for the larger floor. He requests his brother William, now in England, to lay out £500 on a reflecting telescope of twelve or fourteen feet in length as an ornament to his terrace, and in the use of which

he expects to be sufficiently instructed by one of his staff, who is son of the Professor of Astronomy in Edinburgh. He sends for chemical and electrical apparatus of large dimensions for the amusement of the grown-up children here. He gives a commission for one hundred of the largest Chinese lamps and several thousand smaller ones, for illuminations such as native princes still delight in, and with no limitations but that the cost shall not ruin him; he sends for the finest kinds of European orange-trees, which he thinks will be those of Portugal; he desires a friend to find and engage an English bandmaster for him; he acknowledges the gift of an elk and an Abyssinian goat as welcome additions to his paddock. Of this magnificence, as it was seen by Mountstuart Elphinstone and Edward Strachey, described by Kirkpatrick as "two superior young men passing through Hyderabad on their way to Poonah," we have a record in Elphinstone's diary of September 1801: "Went to the Durbar. Major Kirkpatrick goes in great state. He has several elephants and a state palanquin, led horses, flags, long poles with tassels, &c., and is attended by two companies of infantry and a troop of cavalry." [1]

This magnificence must have stood in great contrast to the simplicity of the two young Englishmen, one of whom was to fill a larger place in Indian history than Kirkpatrick himself. And it is worth noting, that so far as I have examined Kirkpatrick's letters, there is no mention of his sending for or reading any European books, ancient or modern, while the journals and letters of Elphinstone and my father are full of their reading and discussing every kind of book, old and new, brought from England or sent out by the last ship.

Kirkpatrick was a man of warm heart; and his practical generosity in private life was as great as his public magnificence. He never heard of a relation or a friend in straitened circumstances without giving liberal and often permanent help. When his much-loved brother William was compelled to leave India from bad health, he insisted on his accepting £1000 a-year from him. His letters constantly mention the presents he was sending home to his nieces and to their or his lady friends—shawls, necklaces of opal and of onyx, and strings of garnets. Lord Clive (the second of that name) was puzzled by receiving a box of toys when he was expecting a box of ammunition; the toys were meant for the children of Kirkpatrick's friend, Dr Thackeray, and so may possibly have been among the playthings of the author of 'Vanity Fair.'

Kirkpatrick's letters make frequent reference to his "dear little children" and "dear little ones," and especially to his boy, who was learning to "prattle readily," and in whom he attempted to trace a likeness to his own father. As I have already mentioned, he says that as there was no chaplain at Hyderabad they had not been christened; but he gives careful directions by letter and in his will that this should be done either before they leave Madras or on their arrival in England, for it was arranged with their mother's consent that they should go to England, to his father, to be brought up. At a time when the voyage from India to England took about six months, and the fleet of merchantmen ran

[1] Life of the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone. By Sir T. E. Colebrooke, Bart., M.P. Vol. i. p. 35.

the danger of falling in with French men-of-war, from which even their convoy might not be able to protect them, the sending the children to England was not so easy a matter as it would be now, and the arrangements were many months in making. It was at this time, in 1804 or 1805, when the boy was four and the girl three years old, that the picture which I mentioned at the beginning of my story was painted. It is by Chinnery, who had long been a distinguished miniature-painter in India. This was one of his first life-size pictures; and Wilkie, when he saw it some years afterwards, said that he had not believed that any living English artist could have painted such a picture. It remained with the mother till her death, when it was sent to her children in England.

Of Khair un Nissa Begum herself, in the Eastern seclusion of her zenana, we get but glimpses. Kirkpatrick in his will, made six months before his death, calls her "a Mahomedan lady of birth and distinction," and the "excellent mother of his children," and adds, that although her own ample fortune, hereditary and acquired, and her large amount of jewels, make it needless for him to provide further for her, yet he leaves her a bequest "by way of proof" of his "unbounded love and affection," and as "a last token of his esteem and remembrance."

The children were to go home, and no doubt did so, under the charge of Mrs Ure, the wife of the English surgeon at Hyderabad, and with an English nurse, Mrs Perry, wife of one of the Resident's band. The father and mother were to take them to Madras, where they were to embark, and thence Kirkpatrick was to go for a short sea-voyage to recruit his now failing health. Seventy years afterwards, the daughter—then Mrs Phillipps—told her children that she remembered her mother's grief at parting with her. I nowhere find it stated whether she did actually go with them to Madras; but if so, she returned to Hyderabad, whence she sends a message to her husband at Madras through his secretary, who writes: "I have sent to ask the Begum if she has any message, and she sends you her salaam, and hopes you will take care of your health."

But Kirkpatrick was not merely going on a sea-voyage for his health, but proceeding from Madras to Calcutta among other principal political agents of Government to give Lord Cornwallis, who was now Governor-General, personal information as to the policy of Lord Wellesley, which he had been sent out to restrain if not to reverse. But Kirkpatrick's work was done. He died at Calcutta, October 15, 1805, and was honoured with a public recognition of his services.

The children found an English home in the house of their grandfather at Holydale, near Bromley, in Kent, and afterwards with Lady Louis, the eldest daughter of their uncle, Colonel William. The fond names which their mother had given them in her zenana, and which may be translated as "the Lord of the World," and "our little Princess and English Lady," were exchanged for William George and Catherine Aurora; and in after-years the daughter told her own children how long she and her brother pined for the father and mother whom they remembered, and longed to get away from the cold of England to Hyderabad, and were sad at hearing that they were not to go there again, which was all they could

understand of their father's death. There is here a blank. I cannot find how many years the wife outlived her husband, nor what their future life was intended to be, if he had lived. I seem to remember hearing that Mrs Charles Buller saw the Begum Khair un Nissa in Calcutta, but I cannot discover what correspondence may have been carried on between the mother and her children during the remainder of her life. When they were grown up there was such a correspondence for many years between them and their grandmother, who lived to a great age at Hyderabad. Her letters are in very fine Persian writing (not of course her own), on paper sprinkled with gold-leaf, and enclosed in bags of *kincob* or cloth-of-gold. The Resident, through whom they were sent—Sir Henry Russell—or Captain Duncan Malcolm, accompanied them with a translation, and other interesting news of, and from, the old lady.

When her grandson was grown up she was anxious that he should pay her a visit (no holiday trip in those days), and offered to pay his expenses; and he would have done so, had he not been disabled by the effects of the terrible accident in his boyhood—the falling into a copper of boiling-water—which led to his early death. In one of her letters the Begum Shirf un Nissa complains that she had been reduced to poverty by the non-payment of her *jaghir*, or yearly charge on the state revenues; but this wrong was redressed by the help of the good offices of Captain Malcolm; and her letters are for the most part the outpourings of affection. Of these I give the following specimen :—

Translation of a letter addressed by Shirf oon Nissa Begum to her granddaughter "Sahib Begum Beeba Sahib."

"My child, the light of mine eyes, the solace of my heart, may God grant her long life!

"After offering up my prayers that her days may be lengthened, her dignity increased, let it be known to my child that by the mercy and goodness of God her representation, arrived after a long time, and having brought happiness with its presence, imparted happiness to my heart and light to my eyes, and occasioned such joy and delight that an account of it cannot be brought within the compass of the tongue or pen. The letter written by my child is pressed by me sometimes to my head, and sometimes to my eyes. It is written in it that my child has married the nephew of Sir John Kennaway, Delawar Jung.[1] The receipt of this news, replete with gladness, has added joy upon joy to me.

Verse.

If my life had been the sacrifice for this
Good news, it would be of no consequence!

"I also derived unmeasurable joy from having such good tidings of the children of my child and those of the late Sahib Alum.[2] The Almighty, who confers greatness and dignity, keep them long in health; and God is my witness that I keep my child in my remembrance even to a greater degree than she has done me. No minute or second passes by in which I do not think of her.

Verse.

The recollection of you is night
And day with me.

"May the pure and exalted God speedily lift up the veil of separation from between us and gladden us with a meeting!

Verse.

May this petition be granted to me
And to the world!

---

[1] "The Courageous in Battle," his title at Hyderabad.
[2] "The Lord of the World."

"My heart cannot contain the joy it feels in learning that the daughter of Sahib Alum is about to visit Hindostan with her husband, and I will, without fail, cherish that child as the apple of my eye. If I can procure a female artist, I will send my child my portrait. My child must send me her likeness and those of her children. In compliance with my child's request, I am sending a lock of her mother's hair; a portion of it is plain, and the rest is made up. I formerly received accounts of the welfare of my children from Sir William Rumbold; but since Colonel Doveton left this, I have received no further accounts. Mahomed Darak is dead, and also his son; he has, however, a daughter still living. His son has left six sons and two daughters.

"My nephew Mahomed Ali Khan and niece Lootf oon Nissa Begum send their salutations. My grandsons Hubeeboolah Khan and Shoolam Ali Khan and my granddaughter Khoodezah Begum likewise desire their salutations to be given to you."

The poetical language of this letter, like the beautiful Persian character of the original, may be attributed to the Court letter-writer; but everything shows that it expresses the real love of the grandmother for her grandchild, while she made its thoughts and images her own. And to the reader of the 'Arabian Nights,' and the 'Gulistan' and 'Bustan' of Sa'di, it will be pleasant to see with what little change the poetry of sentiment goes on in Eastern life.

William George Kirkpatrick was a young man of great promise, but he died young, as I have said. He left a widow and three daughters. His sister, Catherine Aurora, was married to Captain James Winsloe Phillipps, of the 7th Hussars, and died in 1889 at the age of eighty-seven. She is the Kitty Kirkpatrick of Carlyle's 'Reminiscences,' and the Blumine of his 'Sartor Resartus.' She was ten years my elder, but I remember her from girlhood to old age as the most fascinating of women.

Such is the story of Hushmat Jung (Glorious in Battle) and Khair un Nissa (Excellent among Women), so far as I can give it. But I have been unable, from failing eyesight, to make complete examination of the papers, and some further facts and fresh light may possibly be still found in them.

EDWARD STRACHEY.

A TALE OF TWO STUDIOS.

"The craft that createth a semblance and mocketh the heart's desire."

I.

Mrs Palgrave had won a great share of the world's regard. Well born and highly accomplished, she had been early left a widow, in poor circumstances, with one child —a boy. She had many friends, but from friends it is hard to accept the necessaries of life, be they never so freely offered. One friend there was who would fain have given her his all—one who had loved her almost from her childhood,—loved without hope.

It was to the credit of both of them that she had succeeded in keeping his friendship even while she gave her heart to a man whom she knew to be less worthy than he, but whom, nevertheless, she loved. For hers was the fervid nature in which the heart and not the head is leader.

When Mr Palgrave died he took with him to the grave the love of the woman whom he had worshipped and ill-used. For a while George Heaton, Florence Palgrave's best friend, had hoped that his strong patient affection would be rewarded. He had hovered near her, helping her with good counsel, and in every possible way lightening her burdens. By degrees he grew to perceive that her heart was buried with the man whose love had been so unlike the steady helpful love which he bore her; but none the less, while he accepted his situation with sad courage, did he continue his friendship and his support. Nor, though she could not love him as he wished, did she fail to appreciate his untiring service, to admire his great qualities, and to reverence his judgment. So that her affection for him grew to be a scarcely less earnest feeling than her love of her dead husband, only it was different,—it was less selfish: it was, in truth, a higher feeling; and, such as it was, he accepted it with gratitude, and took it as his mission to watch over her and be by her side in all difficulties.

Happily he had a means by which he could aid her, materially and without offence. He was a man of small but sufficient fortune, who had followed no profession, but had given his life to the pursuit of art, not as a means but as an end in itself. He had studied hard, as a young man, but had early convinced himself that he was lacking in the manual skill to produce great work; and with the renunciation of which his nature again showed itself capable in the matter of his love, he had practically abandoned all effort of production, and contented himself with adding to his great stores of knowledge, and in studying the elementary principles of art until they began to assume for him the exactness of a science. In the whole art world no opinion was more valued than that of George Heaton, no judgment was given with a graver sense of responsibility nor with more perfect honesty. When, therefore, he began to speak of Mrs Palgrave as a sculptor whose work merited attention, her fame and her fortune—so far as fortune can be made by any ordinary suc-

cess in art—were secure. She in no way belied his praise; for so soon as her affairs had been put in some order after her husband's death, she set herself to a severe course of work for two years or so at the study of structural form, and thus laying a solid foundation for the skill and manipulation which previous practice had given her, was competent to execute the orders which Heaton's commendation brought plentifully to her. Her works were in many of the best houses of England, her name was mentioned among the leading artists, and in society she was spoken of with an affectionate admiration as a woman of its own set, to whom circumstances, at the first, had been adverse, but who had conquered them all, not by the charm of person, with which Nature had plentifully endowed her, but by the power of her genius, which had placed her high among contemporary sculptors.

II.

The light in the studio was growing very dim. The bronzes stood out like black guardians, and the marbles and plaster figures were ghostly. The men who worked on the marble had gone home, and the measuring-bow and the chisels were laid aside; but Mrs Palgrave's fingers still flew feverishly over the shaping mass of clay before her, as if she feared to lose a moment of the remaining daylight. George Heaton stood near her, watching her with eyes of grave affection, as she worked. The dark braids of her hair showed few lines of silver where the small widow's cap did not cover them. Her cheeks were still aglow with the light of young health, and her beautiful dark eyes with the fire of eager purpose. George Heaton, with his strongly cut composed face and grizzled beard, looked nearly a score of years her senior, though he was so but by half that number.

"You *are* clever," he said at length, admiringly.

"Clever!" she echoed, and a note that was almost a cry of pain sounded in her voice. "Clever! What is it to be clever? A monkey is that."

She laid down her modelling-tool, and with tears standing in her dark passionate eyes looked up at him.

For him, he was so greatly surprised at the effect upon her of his remark that he was unable to reply for a moment.

"I said you are clever," he repeated—"clever. I was admiring your cleverness."

"Yes," she said, impatiently. "Yes, you always tell me I am clever. Will you never have anything to tell me but that?"

"What is your meaning, Florence?" he asked. "Surely you are not dissatisfied with what I say,—with your work, with your success?"

"My success!" she echoed with a mocking laugh. "Success do you call it?"

"Well, but, my friend, see—is it not success? Have you not orders more than you can execute? Have you not fame—praise?"

"Praise—whose praise?"

"Universal praise."

"The praise of fools!" she cried, bitterly. "Oh, George, I am so sick of it. I get their praise, and I get their money, and I am grateful for it. I am grateful to you, my dear friend, for it—for it is to you that I owe it all; but it

would be ten times more grateful to me to hear once from your lips that I had done good work."

"But you have. I tell you now, and always. You do do good work."

"Oh, good work, yes—good in its way, I suppose; but great work, never. Can I never do great work?"

"Florence, you surprise me so much! I had always thought that you were pleased, satisfied, with your success."

"Again my success! Oh, George, no. I have kept it so long to myself, for I felt it ungrateful to you to complain, owing everything, as I do, to you. But it withers me with self-contempt when these people praise me—those who know nothing; while you!—yes, you praise—you praise my *cleverness*."

Heaton was sore put to it, but his loyalty to her and his own best self forbade him to delude with a lie the woman he loved.

"Shall I *never* do anything great?" she asked, as he was silent—and gazed into his eyes, as a prisoner into the eyes of his judge.

"Florence," he said, tenderly, "can you, a sculptor and a woman—one, therefore, who looks sometimes in her glass—ask me this question seriously? Or, rather, can your glass not answer that question for you? God gives but very few of us so many gifts as He has given you. You have all the quickness of apprehension, all the manual dexterity, for a great artist, besides all your social and personal gifts. But this great creative faculty—look in your glass and ask it—does that consist with the quickness which every line and feature of your face shows so vividly, and which makes its charm? Do you not know that creation resides in those slow rounded forms which lack the qualities which light your face? You have the love, the instinct, the appreciation, and the manipulation; but the creation ——! How few have ever had it! Above all, how few of your sex—in its highest sense! Sappho, perhaps, alone—and she is little more to us than a myth. Forgive me, dear, if I pain you. But you wanted the truth, did you not?"

"Yes," she said, slowly. "Yes, yes," she repeated again. "I wanted the truth." And she threw her modelling-tool from her upon the floor, and, rising, left him alone in the dim studio.

"By heaven!" he exclaimed to himself, "is it well to tell the truth? Is it worth the pain?"

III.

For a whole week Mrs Palgrave did not come to the studio. The workmen who chipped at the marble had never known her so long away. But they were quite competent to progress with their work in her absence, and gave themselves the explanation that her boy had just returned from Eton for his holidays.

The intensity of her affection for this boy sometimes almost frightened her. Her fierce pagan love of his father seemed to have burnt itself down into the purer but scarcely less deep maternal affection. In the boy she saw all the lovableness of her husband's nature, but (yet, at least) none of his vices. Gerald resembled his father rather than his mother, in face as in disposition, with feelings slumbering deep and hot under a calm surface. She had

watched the boy grow in mental and physical stature with something of the delight, ten times intensified, of her pleasure in her artistic productions. Her pride in him was so great that she felt that all the best of her own being was wrapt in him, and she feared lest God should punish her for her too great love by taking him from her, as He had taken her husband.

But no such calamity befell, and now he had come back to her from school for a while, a tall strong lad in his sixteenth year. All the fifteen years of his life she had done her best to spoil him, but still he was unspoilt—a sweet strong nature, loving his mother with all his heart, and with a deeply rooted faith and pride in her genius.

Gerald had been home about a fortnight when next George Heaton called at the studio. Mrs Palgrave met Heaton with slight embarrassment in her greeting. "Forgive me, dear old friend," she whispered to him, "for the manner of our last parting." His brown cheek flushed at her words, and the pressure of his hand spoke the fulness of his pardon. Then he turned to Gerald. "What!" he exclaimed, as the boy came to him with hands white with clay. "Have you turned sculptor too?"

Gerald shook his head and laughed. "I am afraid he is not exactly what we should call artistic,—are you, Gerald?" his mother said, joining in his laugh.

"Not much. It's jolly stuff to muddle with, though."

Heaton examined Mrs Palgrave's work, and spoke encouragingly of its progress since he had last seen it. Then, as she resumed it, he strolled across the studio to watch the marble work. In so doing he stopped before the turntable at which Gerald was amusing himself, and gave an exclamation which made Mrs Palgrave look up.

"Did you do that?" he asked the boy.

"Yes; it's Gunn 'cutting.'"

"Who? Doing what? It's cricket, isn't it?"

"Yes; Gunn, you know, 'cutting.' Oh, I say, you don't mean to say you don't known who Gunn is?"

"No," Heaton said. "I'm ashamed to say I don't."

"Why, he had the head average in Notts, all but Shrewsbury."

"I didn't even know that Shrewsbury was in Notts," Heaton replied helplessly; "but tell me, did you do this thing—all alone?"

Mrs Palgrave had laid down her modelling-tool, and was looking up amazed at Heaton's tone. Any possible amusement at the colloquy between Heaton and the boy was lost in this surprise. She knew so well his ordinary tone of charitable tolerance in art matters—she had felt its sting so often. This tone was quite different—one she did not know.

"Yes, I did it, of course," Gerald said, in answer to his question—he too looking up surprised.

Heaton was about to speak when his glance chanced to light on the face he knew and loved so well. He looked with a swift study at it, and the words he was about to speak died on his lips. He said nothing, and the boy went on with his cricketer. After watching him a few seconds longer Heaton went to the marble-workers.

"I say, Mr Heaton," Gerald called out directly, "you don't know, I suppose, whether Gunn generally wears two gloves or one?"

"Unfortunately," he said, "I

have not the honour of Mr Gunn's acquaintance."

"No; but you might have known that, I should have thought, all the same," said Gerald, reproachfully. "Wait; I think there's a picture of him in the Badminton cricket-book. I'll go and look."

"Florence," Heaton said, coming across the studio to her as Gerald left it, "the boy has power. Have you seen his work?—it has 'go.'"

"No," she said, rising; "let me look at it. I have not seen it—only just glanced at it." Her voice sounded strangely, both to Heaton and to herself. She too had found a new tone to-day.

She looked at the boy's work in silence. "Well?" Heaton said.

"Well," she echoed. "Is it good, do you think?"

"Why, there is life in it—it moves," he answered, almost as if irritated by her lack of appreciation. "Don't you see? Look at the lines. Is there one you could alter, or that I could wish altered?"

"Look at the right leg."

"Oh, of course!" he replied. "The anatomy is impossible. How could it be otherwise? There is absolutely no knowledge. But there is something better."

Then Mrs Palgrave laughed, a little forcedly. "What an absurd idea it is!—the sort of thing a boy *would* choose to model. Ah, what Philistines they are!"

There was something in her tone which jarred upon Heaton. He could not analyse it, but he was conscious of it; and when Gerald came back he took his leave, and went away whistling softly, which was his habitual aid to meditation.

Ten days later he chanced to meet Gerald, and asked, "Well, how is the cricketer getting on?"

"Oh," the boy said, "I have not been working at him any more. Mother does not care for me being much in the studio. She says it distracts her from her work."

IV.

Gerald had been back at school some while when George Heaton, after a prolonged period of meditative whistling, made his way one day to Mrs Palgrave's familiar studio. She was just finishing work for the day, and led him with her to the drawing-room and to five o'clock tea. After a little talk there fell a pause; and then Heaton, with masculine abruptness, asked—

"Have you settled definitely at all on Gerald's profession?"

"I want him to choose his own line," Mrs Palgrave said. "I believe he is inclined to the Bar."

"Don't you think," Heaton said, rather confusedly—"don't you think you ought to give him a chance?"

"A chance?"

"At that," he explained shortly, nodding his head towards one of Mrs Palgrave's own works standing in an alcove.

"At sculpting!" she exclaimed, flushing a little and laughing. "Oh, I don't think he has the slightest turn that way."

"Ah, I fancied he had," Heaton said, drily.

"Oh, you mean that ridiculous cricketer! He has done nothing since."

"He told me that you said—that he thought—his presence in the studio distracted you."

"Did he?" and again the slight

flush came to her cheek. "So it does," she added, quickly. "It—yes, it distracts me."

"There is no reason, is there," he asked, gently, "that he should not work in another studio? I mean, of course, if he learned he would have to learn under some one."

"Of course," Mrs Palgrave replied, coldly.

"Oh, forgive me!" he said, bitterly, perfectly construing her tone. "I know I have no right—I know I am presuming! It is none of my business; and I am impertinent——"

"No, no, no, you are not," she said, with quickly changing mood, speaking with impetuous vehemence—"you are not. You are good, kind — everything that is good, as you always are to me. Do—will you, George?—you who have done so much—everything—for me, — will you do this too? Find out from the boy—try him—see if he can be any good. And if he has any bent that way, arrange it — arrange it for me. Will you? Arrange for having him taught, and so on. I *cannot.*"

"You *cannot!* Florence, what do you mean?"

"Oh, I cannot—don't ask me why! And yet I love him with all my heart and soul. Only, manage this for me—as you ever have managed my difficulties—and spare to ask me why I beg this of you."

She seemed strangely moved—so deeply that the tears stood in her great dark eyes. Heaton had the tenderness to forbear from further questions, only promising to do as she wished. But for days and weeks and months her mood was a source of wonder to him; for even when Gerald's school-time was finished, and he was making arrangements for the boy's instruction in the studio of a friend —into all which Gerald entered with enthusiasm — Mrs Palgrave would listen to no discussion of the plans. She had left all to Heaton,—the good angel of her life, she said, with a short laugh, when the subject was mentioned between them. And when Gerald came to her with news of his progress, and all he was doing and learning, she listened with a strong effort of self-repression and forced interest which the boy could not comprehend, and which made him secretly unhappy. They had been in such perfect sympathy, and yet in this, in which it would have seemed that his mother could have entered more fully than in any former interest of his young life, she would take no part!

But Heaton, whose praise was hard to win, spoke highly of Gerald, expressing great hopes of him; and at length a day came on which it was made known to Mrs Palgrave that Gerald had a subject of his own imagining which Heaton thought him competent to enter upon, and that he was about to set up the supports and work out the plans in a studio of his own. Even then she would not come to see his studio, nor did she wish the subject of his first original work to be told to her.

"Do it all by yourself," she had said to Gerald, by way of putting him off. "Do not tell me a word about it until it is finished; then on the day on which you tell me it is finished, let me go to the studio and find it complete."

Gerald was, perforce, content with this, and pictured it to himself as his mother's pretty affectionate fancy.

So the two worked away in their separate studios, Heaton coming often to Gerald's help, and speaking to him of the form of

Phidias, the weight and dignity of Michael Angelo, the grace of Praxiteles; and as Gerald drank in all the inspiration, his own conception took shape. By slow degrees, out of the shapelessness of the lump of clay, it grew to the semblance of living form. It was with him day and night—had full possession of his dreams even—was ever between him and all sights of sense. He worked upon it with a fury of creation which made him regardless of cold hands and feet and burning head, and of meal-times and bedtime. It seemed, vampire-like, to be sucking the life-blood from him while he gave it life, and he grew pale and hollow-eyed, but still he was sustained by the fever of creation. Once or twice his mother was moved to reason with him on his excess of zeal; but though it was sweet to him to hear her speak on this subject, which sometimes seemed to him to lie like a dead thing between them, he could not obey. She, too, was ill, though she would not admit it—torn by an inward struggle.

At length there came a day when he burst into her studio with a flush of triumph on his face, and a look of fierce joy in his eyes.

"It is done!" he cried. "It is finished! There is the key, mother. Go and see it before it gets dark."

He would not go with her. His thoughts were in a turmoil as he rushed out again into the still, frosty evening. The setting sun hung like a great red ruby in the haze. He laughed to it as he sang it good-night. He was almost like a madman with delight. "I don't believe it—I don't believe it," he kept saying to himself aloud, "what Heaton tells me, that soon I shall grow dissatisfied with it and hate it. I think it is good, good, good. I believe in it."

v.

Mrs Palgrave remained standing as he had left her, with the key of the studio in her hand. The blood came hotly to her face as she gazed at the innocent little steel thing with the fascination of horror which harassed Macbeth's vision of the dagger. Her pulses throbbed fiercely through her worn nervous frame, and her breath came thickly. Then moving like one in a dream, she climbed upon a chair, and, reaching to her full height, placed the key on the top of the old clock upon the mantelpiece.

She sighed with relief, as one who has gained the victory in a hard fight with self, and threw herself in her arm-chair. "I dare not go and see it—I dare not," she murmured. "Especially alone."

Then she sat and began to read. The book she was reading was one of the old mythical sagas of the Scandinavian gods and heroes. She read of the wondrous sword of Sigurd—Odin's gift, named the Wrath—which rang in the day of battle before the peace-strings were broken. She laid the book upon her knee, with her finger at the page which she was reading, and mused. And in her musing a queer fancy came to her overwrought mind. For it seemed to her that the key upon the clock began to hum with a weird song of battle—even as the Wrath of Sigurd had done. The fancy grew upon her as she fought against it, until the whole room was filled with the eerie hateful humming. She threw down the book and covered her ears with her hands,

but still the pagan song rang home to her with a force that grew and grew till it seemed to fill the world. She could resist its appeal no longer. She mounted quickly on the chair again, seized upon the key, and hurriedly putting on her things, went swiftly through the streets to Gerald's studio.

At the door she stood with parted lips and wide eyes agaze. "Ah," she exclaimed, with a snatching of the breath, her involuntary tribute of admiration to Gerald's beautiful work. But it was no loving admiration,—rather it was of the nature of the tribute which the wife of Antony might have paid the fatal loveliness of Cleopatra. She gazed at the beautiful figure with an intensity of admiration which grew and grew, and as her admiration grew her hate grew with it, until she could bear the sight of the thing no longer. Her mind was filled with pagan stories of the fierce vengeance of white-armed Signy and Brynhild. The blood rushed to her white set face, the world grew red before her eyes, as when the berserk fit came upon the fighters of whom the saga told, and, with a cry that was fraught with insanity, she rushed like a mad thing upon the clay statue and fought it, dragging this way and that till it bowed itself and fell crashing to the floor. After the first cry she had fought in silence, but now, as her foe fell, she gave another cry, strangely different, which had in it more of a sob than of triumph, and falling forward, lay senseless, with her dark head pillowed upon the white shoulder of clay.

VI.

Now that his beautiful work was finished, Gerald could not bear to be long away from it. It attracted him magnetically; and while his heart sang to him a song of triumph he returned from his walk, almost running, to his studio. There was yet a glimpse of daylight by which he might see the fair god of his handiwork. He gave a glad call to his mother, as the studio door yielded to his hand, showing that she was still there.

On the threshold his word died on his lips unfinished. His feet froze to the ground. His heart stood still in the revulsion of feeling. He stared wildly through the dimness of the studio. His lips opened with uncertain sounds. Then he went feebly forward. The beautiful form which he had left so nobly posed, now lay a shattered ghost upon the floor. Upon the white heap — as ghostly and unlifelike — lay the black draped figure of his mother prone, her head pillowed on the clay.

"My God!" Gerald exclaimed, and for a full minute stood helpless—stunned. Then the need of action roused him. He approached his mother, but she neither spoke nor moved. She was deeply unconscious.

Gerald rushed from the studio for help.

When he had borne a hand in carrying his mother home, and was awaiting, down-stairs, the doctor's verdict, he mused or walked up and down the little room by intervals. A fever of mental and physical restlessness pursued him.

"It is grave, but she will recover," the doctor said, when he came down.

"Where did it strike her?" Gerald asked.

"Strike her! Nothing struck her."

"Yes, it did," Gerald declared, fiercely. "The statue fell on her and carried her down with it."

"She has suffered no serious blow that I can discover," the doctor repeated.

"It *must* have been a heavy blow—it was a big thing."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. It was his professional duty to humour people.

"What is it, then?" Gerald asked.

"I should say it was prolonged mental strain culminating in a crisis," the doctor said; "that is, unless you want it in Latin."

"No, thanks, that will do. I wonder where it struck her."

For nearly a week Mrs Palgrave lay between coma and delirium, but the temperature did not rise to a great height. At length Gerald had the joy of seeing her look forth from her pillow with serene intelligence in her dark eyes. All day she said very little, but lay thinking, as it seemed—as though some trouble still weighed upon her.

In the evening, when she and Gerald were alone together, she stretched out her poor thin hand to him.

"Tell me," she said, "is it true, or is it all an ugly dream?"

"What, mother?"

"What I have dreamed about your statue — that — that it is broken."

Gerald paused a moment. "Yes, mother," he then said. "By bad luck it is true. It fell on you as you were looking at it, and brought you to the ground. Don't you remember? I did not support it properly."

"Oh yes," she said, with a cry of pain in her voice. "It is true then. Oh!" She groaned, and turned her head down on the pillow from him. "But no, Gerald," she resumed, in a voice firm with purpose. "You are wrong. It did not fall on me."

"Yes it did," he said, quickly and vehemently. "It fell on you as you were looking at it. We know it did—George Heaton and I."

"No, my boy, there you are wrong, both of you. It did not fall on me. I pushed it—pushed, dragged, ever so hard, to pull it down."

"Mother!"

There was a dead pause; the mother, with her head down on the pillow, listening agonisedly for her son's verdict on her sin—the son wandering in search of charity amongst his lost faiths.

"I know," he said quickly; then, "You destroyed it. Yes, you were quite right, because it was not good; as Flaubert did to the early work of Balzac."

He listened with intense eagerness for an affirmation. But a negative came, with a pitiful cry from the poor sinful woman on the bed.

"No, no, no, my dear generous boy," she cried; "you cannot spare me. It was I who dragged down your beautiful conception and destroyed it. I could not bear it. Oh, Gerald," and as she spoke the tears came coursing off her face like rain — "oh, Gerald, if you knew how I had fought you would pity me. But no—I ought to ask no pity. I deserve none. For years I have been trying to fight out of my heart the jealousy of this great genius which God has given you. For that has always been the cross of my life—since I took up the modelling—that I could do nothing great; and here you——! Oh, Gerald! and I could not bear it. The life you had created was so good, so glorious, I could not bear it. I

murdered it. Oh, God forgive me, forgive me, forgive me!"

"Mother, mother, mother!" Gerald cried, with a world of pity and love. "Oh, don't, don't, don't, please. I forgive you, dearest, if there were anything to forgive. George Heaton is right. I should have been dissatisfied, and hated the thing long ago if it had lived."

"Gerald," said his mother, "please don't say any more. You will *kill* me if you are so generous. Even at the first, when George said you had genius, I could not bear you to learn, but I fought down my jealousy so far as to ask him to see about your learning. But when I saw the beautiful thing, and how good it was, then I could not endure it, and a fearful impulse took me. Oh, Gerald!"

"Mother, mother," he said, and he bent and found the poor sorely penitent face on the pillow, and caressed it again and again. "Mother, let us never speak of it between us again. It is done, gone, buried."

VII.

More than a month elapsed before Mrs Palgrave was able to leave her room, and many months before she had altogether recovered from her nervous crisis. During this while Gerald was unremitting in his kind tenderness and care. It was only on his mother's earnest entreaty that he could be prevailed on to spend a few hours of each day in the studio. Mrs Palgrave, so soon as she was able to make the necessary arrangements, dismissed her workmen and shut up her studio altogether, declaring that she did not mean to touch clay again. Nor, though both Gerald and George Heaton endeavoured to combat her decision, could they shake it. But it was her earnest hope that some day Gerald would take possession of the studio in which she had worked, and would use it as his own. In the meantime, however, Gerald had again entered upon an original conception—an entirely new one, having nothing in it akin to that one which had been so cruelly destroyed. His mother longed to question him of it, but she could not bring herself to open the subject to him, and Gerald forbore it.

As the weeks went on, and Mrs Palgrave gained strength, Gerald grew to spend more and more time in the studio, till at length he was working as steadily and eagerly as of old. His eagerness grew and grew as his subject approached completion, and again the fierce fever and delight were with him. Again he worked on regardless of cold and hunger and sleep, and the fire burned in his hollow eyes, ever brighter and brighter till the glorious day of the accomplished triumph, when he could cry aloud in his joy, "It is perfect!"

Then he hurried home along the streets, seeing nothing but the splendid clay which he had made live, brushing against passers-by and begging no pardons, till he came to his mother's house and said, "It is finished, mother—at last. Here is the key. Will you go and see it? I must go for a walk."

Mrs Palgrave grew pale, and trembled in the intensity of her joy.

"What!" she exclaimed in amazement. "Will you trust me with it—after——?"

"Trust you, mother!" he inter-

rupted with quick earnestness, —"with my life!"

"Gerald, Gerald, you are too good to me—you are too good." Then a blinding mist came over her eyes as she threw her arms about his neck and rained on him her kisses and her blessings.

Gerald went for a long, long walk. His excitement was less delirious, more assured of success, than at the completion of his first great work. He could bear to be away from it a while, and he would do nothing to make his mother think that he had a suspicion of her. At length he turned homewards, but, passing the studio, thought he would look in, on the chance that she had not yet left it.

The door was unlocked. Again, as after the completion of his first work, a cry broke from him as he stood on the threshold, but a cry of most different tenor. The noble figure that he had created rose aloft in the studio, with the afternoon summer sun bearing full upon it, and before it his mother knelt, with rapt eyes, as if to the image of a god.

"Why, mother!" he exclaimed.

"My boy," she answered, rising from her knees, "I was thanking God for His great gift to you of your genius, and for His great gift to me of you."

Gerald was too moved to speak.

"But you have made a better thing in God's eyes than that statue. You have made, I hope and trust, a good woman of one who was a very jealous, selfish, wicked one!"

Mrs Palgrave held to her determination never again to touch clay. People praised her as a woman whose own talent and power were sacrificed to the genius of her son. Others, less kindly, said that her nature had lost something of its fire; but if ever, in these latter days, that quick temper to which she had been prone was seen to glow, it was when any in her hearing spoke of her son having received from her a portion of his inspiration in his art, or in any way suggested a comparison between his genius and her own.

EVENINGS WITH MADAME MOHL.

On turning over the leaves of an old note-book which has been unopened for years, we come upon the name of Madame Mohl. To her we were indebted for great kindness, and the mere mention of her name presents vividly to one's mind that remarkable personality—that quaint, gifted little woman, who so many years presided over the brilliant gatherings at 120 Rue du Bac. Although our recollections of one who filled so prominent a position in Paris society are very fragmentary, they may not be unacceptable to those who never enjoyed the privilege of her friendship. And to her friends—and they were many—perhaps we may be able to recall some trait of our warm-hearted countrywoman, who was so highly original, so full of kindness, and who exercised a magnetic attraction for all who came in contact with her.

The name also revives the memory of M. Jules Mohl, "the husband of Madame Mohl," as one who was on brotherly terms sometimes jokingly addressed him, and who can never be forgotten by those who had the honour of calling him friend. Sainte-Beuve's description of him was so true: "A man who was the very embodiment of learning and of inquiry; the oriental *savant*—more than a *savant*, a sage—with a mind clear, loyal, and vast; a German mind passed through an English filter—a cloudless, unruffled mirror, open and limpid; of pure and frank morality; early disenchanted with all things; with a grain of irony devoid of all bitterness, the laugh of a child under a bald head, a Goethe-like intelligence, but free from all prejudice." German by birth, and one of a band of brothers, all of whom rose to distinction, the great-hearted, thoughtful student was a pillar of strength to his more mercurial wife. Strange that the unpretending home of two foreigners on a third floor in a Paris thoroughfare should have been so brilliant a centre for all that was intellectual. Men who were foremost in science, in literature, and in political life, were *habitués* of Madame Mohl's *salon*, where they came in contact with men and women who had risen to fame as dramatists or artists. Rank and fortune were themselves in her estimation of no account; only individual merit or personal distinction gave the *entrée* to her drawing-room, with the exception that to her own and her husband's old friends, whether distinguished or not, a warm welcome was always accorded.

In the one work we have from Madame Mohl's pen—'Madame Récamier, with a Sketch of the History of Society in France'—the words in which she describes the *salon* of Madame de Rambouillet exactly apply to her own: "She did not inquire into the pedigree of those whose society she preferred: wit and intellect ensured a perfect welcome. The most illustrious persons in every line met in her rooms, and each gained by contact with the others." Again: "She had that independence of mind that led her to prefer merit and intellect to all other distinctions, added to great discrimination in finding them out."

Mary Clarke was a child of three when taken with her elder

sister by their widowed mother to France. With the exception of occasional visits to England, to Italy, and to Germany, her life was spent in France, and the purity of her French was wont to excite the admiration of those who spoke it as their mother tongue, and who were the best judges. She handled the language as she did everything else, in her own quaint original way. With her mother she lived in the world of letters, so that the *salon*, after her marriage with Mr Mohl, was only a continuation on an extended scale of the social evenings at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, where they lived for several years. It was there that Chateaubriand, Fauriel, and Ampère frequented their drawing-room, as also later when mother and daughter moved to the Rue du Bac, Madame Récamier being a constant guest. The vivacity of "*La jeune Anglaise*," as Mary Clarke was usually termed long after that she could lay no claim to youth, delighted them all. Her biographer remarks: "Chateaubriand said of her, '*La jeune Anglaise* is like none else in the world.'" Her sayings were so audacious, so trenchant, and so witty. Where she entered dulness and *ennui* fled. Her father's family was said to be of Irish extraction; her mother's was Scottish; and she might have been defined as a mixture of Scottish sagacity with a superabundance of Irish vivacity.

My first introduction to Madame Mohl was early in November 1858, when on the way to Sicily with my uncle, Dr Hugh Falconer, the palæontologist. We stayed several days in Paris in order to pick up an Italian maid whom Madame Mohl had taken infinite trouble to find for us. M. Jules Mohl, his friend, was then absent from Paris, but Madame received us with the greatest kindness.

Calling on her directly after breakfast, we were shown into the outer drawing-room that communicated with the inner and larger by a glass door, which, on our names being announced, was instantly thrown open, and a brisk little lady tripped forward to welcome us. With the sprightliness and quick movements of a young girl, she must then have been nearly threescore and ten. I had heard so much about her that various pictures had been formed in my mind — all very different from the little lady before us. She was attired, not in dressing-gown and curl-papers, as when occasionally at other times we were received by her, but in a dress just clear of the ground, of bronze-coloured silk, with a tiny pattern made after a fashion of her own, a little open at the throat. Her gown was simple and suitable, but her head-dress took us both aback, and we could not refrain from smiling at it, and the eagerness of her welcome.

"Well, you've come at last. I began to think that you would never come!" was the exclamation; and while she expressed regret at "Mr Mohl's" absence, we had time to note the small features, the saucy upturned nose, and the round bright eyes so suggestive of keen sagacity. But the eyes looked through a dishevelled maze of little curls, which were in layers one above another, and completely covered her forehead. She reminded me (as I once sent word to her biographer, Miss O'Meara, who was desirous of collecting materials for the Memoirs) of a little Skye terrier that had been out in a gale of wind.

Never shall I forget her child-like cry of delight when, after my

uncle had told her of our detention at Abbeville so as to see M. Boucher de Perthes's collection of palæolithic flint implements (a day memorable in their history, since before that time their being of human workmanship had been discredited in France and in England), she made some observation upon his travelling suit. The rough outfit had been made specially for geological work, and was certainly out of the common. The coat contained so many pockets, outside and inside, as to be embarrassing and bewildering to the wearer!

"Why, you are made of pockets!" she exclaimed, when he had unbuttoned his coat and displayed the interior casing. She was evidently charmed with the coat and its wearer, and insisted on our going to dine with her on the following Friday; but having no suitable dress, I begged to be excused.

"I had to take as little luggage as possible, and have no evening-dress, Madame Mohl. I have only a high black dress, and could not appear in that. I know you will kindly excuse me."

"You will do very well in that, my dear. I take no refusal. And stay, I'll tell you what I'll do. I shall write and tell the friends I invite not to dress."

So it was agreed, and I was inconsiderate enough to allow her to take this trouble. Also, I was to go to the Rue du Bac next morning but one, so as to meet the Italian maid.

That second interview was very funny and also satisfactory, as it led to Carolina's immediate engagement; but it was not half so droll as a visit I made to Madame Mohl a few days later, when Carolina was with me. We found her in the ante-room, expressing her opinion of some badly done work to a Paris working upholsterer. The man stood like a statue and neither flinched nor winked, while the irate little lady shook her clenched fist close to his nose! I was astounded, and with difficulty kept my countenance. But, alas! the scene was too much for Carolina, who tried to screen herself behind me. A half-suppressed titter betrayed her, and Madame Mohl looking round, angrily caught sight of the girl in vain striving to stifle her laughter. Much time and trouble had been expended in finding a family who would undertake to leave the orphan Carolina in Rome, her birthplace, and I fear that Madame Mohl did not forgive this mirthful explosion.

The dinner-party preceding her Friday evening reception was limited to seven, Lady Augusta Bruce (afterwards the wife of Dean Stanley) being prevented by the illness of her mother. An intimate friend of Mr Mohl's took his place; Lady William Russell and her two sons, Mr Odo Russell (afterwards Lord Ampthill) and his brother, then Mr Arthur Russell, made up the number. We sat at a round table, the conversation, in deference to the Paris *savant*, being in French. I was placed between the brothers Russell, and blundered on in very Scottish French, until with a quiet smile Mr Odo Russell suggested, "Had we not better speak in English?"

The dinner was served *à la Russe*, a fashion which was at that date by no means usual in England; and the dishes, which were few in number, were the best of their kind, such as only a French *chef* could send to table. It was a lively little party, and our hostess indulged in occasional witty and merry sallies. Lady William Russell had great conversational

powers, and we were charmed with her. The ease with which she expressed herself in French, and her clear enunciation, were admirable. She was quite what Lord Houghton described her, a "*grande dame* to the tips of her fingers." Across these four-and-thirty years even the little items of her dress come to one's remembrance — the dark stone-coloured silk, the cape of fine old lace on her shoulders, and the flashing of gems on her fingers.

One could not but see how our sprightly hostess effaced herself, and, like a skilful pilot, led the conversation into channels which were familiar to her guests, and where they unconsciously displayed their best powers. In her work on 'Madame Récamier' we again come on an observation which exactly defines the writer:—

"If she knew an anecdote *à propos* of something, she would call on any one else who knew it also to relate it, though no one related it better than herself. No one ever understood more thoroughly how to show off others to the best advantage: if she was able to fathom their minds, she would always endeavour to draw up what was valuable. This was one of her great charms; and as the spirits of the speaker were raised by his success, he became really more animated, and his ideas and words flowed on more rapidly."

When we adjourned to the inner drawing-room, the evening guests were beginning to arrive. The two rooms were spacious but not lofty, plainly yet most comfortably furnished with wall-divans, covered, as were the easiest of easy-chairs, which were of all sizes, with crimson woollen damask, the window-hangings being of the same material. There were few ornaments, little gilding, and no glare. A subdued light was thrown from green-shaded lamps in corners on account of "Mr Mohl's" eyes, and this softened light added to the pervading atmosphere of repose.

Amongst the first arrivals were Thackeray and his two young daughters, the latter in pretty light-blue dresses. As they were being announced, Madame Mohl called out from the other end of the drawing-room, "My dears, didn't I tell you that you were not to dress!"

Thackeray was very animated, and talked as perhaps only Thackeray could talk. Like others, he came under the spell of Lady William Russell's fascination, and was at once monopolised by her. Gradually, however, a group gathered round them, and soon the author of 'Vanity Fair' found himself surrounded and discoursing to an admiring little audience.

Madame Mohl's *salon* that evening was as usual crowded, many of the guests bearing names familiar to us from hearsay. Among other celebrities we noted Elie de Beaumont, the geologist and Perpetual Secretary of the Institute; M. Milne-Edwards, the naturalist; M. de Quatrefages, the anthropologist; M. de St Hilaire, and a host of members of the Institute. There was no cumbersome preparation for the guests; the only refreshments were tea and cake on a table in a corner of the inner drawing-room, tea being poured out by the hostess herself. How often, in the hum and babel of talk, that high voice rang out shrilly and merrily, as she apostrophised some of her guests, tickling the ears of all who wanted to hear more and lose nothing! Our old note-book records: "No music, no cards, no games in the *salon*, only conversation; but the ease and grace of French manners struck us particularly."

We had to leave Paris before the return of M. Jules Mohl, his wife, with characteristic kindness, loading us, unsolicited, with letters of introduction to her friends in Italy. It was Madame Mohl's habit to pay an annual visit to her English friends, and, late in the summer of 1859, M. Mohl followed his wife to England. In going through some old letters I find one addressed to his friend.

"PARIS, 120 RUE DU BAC,
26th July 1859.

"MY DEAR FALCONER,—I hope to be in London on the 8th of August, or a few days later. If I cannot finish some things in the time I calculate, will you be so kind as to solicit my admission to the Athenæum from that time for a month, if it can be done, and the number of foreigners who can be admitted allows of it? You know what a pleasure it is to me to enjoy the hospitality of the Club.

"I have read a great deal since of your cave, your bone knives, and all these old-world remains, and am anxious to hear from you the sequel of the story. I talked to Elie de Beaumont about it, who is most obdurately incredulous.

"But we will talk of this and many other matters in London.—Yours very sincerely, J. MOHL."

The attachment that had long existed between Jules Mohl and Hugh Falconer was fostered by the frequent autumnal visits of the former to London; so at a season when society was scarce, and the visiting world "out of town," the two friends saw much of each other at the Athenæum Club, where on consecutive days they dined and spent their evenings together. With his great erudition, Jules Mohl had the singleness and simplicity of a child, and a sense of humour that made his companionship delightful. To my uncle he more than once described the circumstances of his engagement to Miss Mary Clarke, and they were inconceivably comical. During Mrs Clarke's life he had been for some twenty years a daily visitor, and spent nearly every evening with mother and daughter for that daughter's sake; yet on the death of the former it did not occur to our philosopher that a certain step was necessary to ensure to him a continuance of that daily companionship which was essential to his happiness. He was obtuse, and it fell to the lady, who was ten years his senior, she being fifty-seven and he forty-seven, to point out that if they were to continue to spend their evenings together, the *convenances* must be observed. His simple rejoinder was staggering, "*Quoi faire?*" Was there ever a finer comedy! The celebration of their marriage was at the time kept a profound secret, and only the two witnesses were present—Jules Mohl inviting a friend on the previous evening to come to him next day and act as *témoin*. The friend was punctual, but went under the impression that he was to serve as witness at a duel! We read that "the ceremony was performed in the presence of the *temoins*, and the newly married couple parted at the church door, and returned to their respective homes. Two days later they met again at a restaurant near the railway station, dined there with their witnesses, and set off on a wedding tour to Switzerland."

After an interval of several years, and in the spring of 1867, I again saw Madame Mohl. Being then with my sister for several weeks in Paris, we received the old affectionate welcome, and went frequently to her Friday receptions. It was then for the first time that we made acquaintance

with "the husband of Madame Mohl," and our great pleasure was to have a seat by his side during the evenings, which he made most interesting by pointing out the celebrities, and telling us the names of the guests. He always joined us sisters, and kept by us during the evening, for the dear sake, we believe, of his friend, who, alas! was no more with us, and from whom he was not to be very long separated.

On one Friday the *salon* was unusually crowded. Ladies in full toilet edged into a company where there was little space for display, and after showing themselves, made room for others, and withdrew to later parties, where fashions and dress would be more appreciated. But there was always a happy mixture of dress and undress at Madame Mohl's. On that particular evening, we happened to be near enough to Lord Houghton to hear him say on entering that he had only arrived an hour before from England, and the remembrance of this trifling circumstance was curiously verified the other day, when in reading Lord Houghton's 'Life,' we came upon the following passage under the date 1867: "I left London two inches deep in snow, and found here the warmth of spring. The change was quite comical. I went to Madame Mohl's in the evening, and found myself talking to Renan, &c., as if I had been in Paris a month. *Comme la vie est facile ici!*"

Renan's appearance was striking. It may be prejudice, but I was always unpleasantly impressed by him. He was stout, broad, and short-necked; his large projecting eyes were placed far apart, and with the wide mouth were the reverse of attractive. Yet his face was undoubtedly massive and expressive of power, and we were often assured that the charm of his speech at once dispelled the impression made by his unprepossessing appearance. Madame de Witt, the daughter of Guizot, was a frequent guest, as were the Tourguenieffs, &c.; but on the evening in question the individual who interested us most after Renan was the young widowed Duchess Colonna, who had achieved great success as a sculptress. In a low dress of black velvet, which threw her snowy shoulders into strong contrast, her swan-like neck without any ornament, and her profusion of fair hair in masses of short curls, she was the ideal of elegance. What a little court she held, and how graceful were her movements!

Political opinions were so openly expressed and so adverse to the Imperial *régime* at Madame Mohl's, that I often wondered that the Government did not interfere and order the doors of the *salon* to be closed. She carried her dislike to the Emperor Louis Napoleon, whom she always spoke of as "*Celui-ci*," to such a pitch, that she persisted when travelling to use her old Louis Philippe passport under her maiden name of Mary Clarke. On this head I cannot resist quoting an anecdote recorded in her 'Life':—

"One Friday evening, at the Rue du Bac, M. Guizot came in, and related the following story that he had just heard:—

"'A relation of the Duchess de la R—— had married one of those "*suppôts de Satan*" (her term for any one in Imperial employ), and had further degraded herself by living under the roof with *Celui-ci*. The unhappy lady had become from that time forth naturally as one dead to her kith and kin in the noble faubourg; but she was now ill, dying it was believed, and it was a fit occasion for the exercise of mercy. The family

therefore resolved to send her to judgment absolved, at least, by the Faubourg St Germain. The Duchess herself generously volunteered to take this message of pardon to her dying relative. She ordered her carriage, and said to the footman, "Aux Tuileries!" The man stared, but carried the order to the coachman; whereupon that venerable functionary, who had driven three generations of the de la R——s, got down from his seat, and presenting himself at the carriage-window, said, "Madame la Duchesse, I cannot have the honour of conducting your grace to the Tuileries; my horses do not know the way there."'

"Madame Mohl clapped her hands in delight, exclaiming, 'And the Duchess kissed the old coachman?'

"'No,' said M. Guizot; 'but she got out of her carriage and sent for a cab.'

"Madame Mohl lived on this story for a week, and so did her friends."

More than once her opinion is recorded of conversation as it is generally practised in England:—

"We are scarcely aware in England how seldom we practise that form of talk which alone can be called conversation, in which what we really think is brought out, and which flows the quicker from the pleasure of seeing it excite thoughts in others—conversation to which both reason and fancy pay their tribute.... Conversation is the mingling of mind with mind, and is the most complete exercise of the social faculty; but the general barter of commonplaces we choose to call conversation is as far removed from its reality as the signs of Caspar Hauser were from the talking of ordinary men."

Her definition of *de l'esprit* was that "it does not mean great wit, it is rather that quick perception which seizes the ideas of others and returns change for them."

As a specimen of Madame Mohl's style in English, which was said not to equal her writing in French, we give one more quotation from 'Madame Récamier, and the History of Society in France.' In the latter part of this work she traces the influence of the old ballads and Provençal traditions on chivalry in the eleventh century:—

"That these stories originated in real facts belonging to these localities which the border ballads first commemorated, and by degrees altered, can scarcely be doubted. . . . We find to this day the Brèche de Roland made by the sword Durandal when the hero was dying; the story was recorded in one of the old ballads, and this trace remains of it. It is equally impossible to doubt from the quantity of Provençal romances founded on Charlemagne's passage into Spain, that these traditions delighted both poets and people long before chivalry was thought of; but when the Provençal poets and chivalry did appear, this became their heroic age; they looked back upon it as the Greeks must have looked upon the days of Orpheus and Theseus. Nor was their reverence for it such a mere matter of fancy as might at first sight appear; for out of these mysterious thickets of history a spirit came forth just as spontaneous and fresh as a spring sparkling out of the ground in some deep glen, and like the same little rill after murmuring a long time in dark solitary woods, it emerged into sight, became broader and deeper, and poured down like a river, bringing to us the majestic civilisation that overspread the country. How many curious and active spirits have endeavoured to trace a river to its source! but can any stream, however beneficent, be compared to the poetry which was the source of our modern civilisation, whose infancy was concealed in these unknown regions of history? It cannot relate its own birth, nor how it was nourished; but when this young muse, all charming with unconsciousness, began to speak, it was in a new tongue, so soft, so full of tenderness and grace, and the sentiments she expressed in this musical Provençal were so refined and enchanting, that all around were enthralled."

As Miss Mary Clarke, she was the literary executor of M. Fauriel, the author of the 'Histoire de la Poésie Provençale,' &c.; and with fidelity and care she fulfilled the trust—Jules Mohl, who was also Fauriel's friend, generously aiding her in what was a labour of love.

Our last interview with her was early in 1870, when, being in Paris for a day or two with my husband on our way to Italy, we went to the Rue du Bac and made an early call. Madame Mohl received us in the traditional dressing-gown and curl-papers, the latter of very varied and brilliant hues, being red, green, and blue circulars utilised for this purpose. I imagined that she would make a little apology to my husband for appearing in this costume, as he was a complete stranger to her; but she made no allusion to this, and was quite unconscious of there being anything remarkable in her appearance, she getting as usual to the kernel of the subjects discussed. Her attractive niece, Miss Mohl, who afterwards became Madame Helmholtz, was with her, busily engaged with her painting. The use of the circulars as curl-papers was one of the small economies which amused her friends, who knew of her frequent deeds of generosity and benevolence. For example, we read of Madame Mohl running about Paris one morning to induce buyers to go to the forced sale of a poor old friend's furniture, she attending herself and expending nearly 2000 francs in buying out what would be most useful, and presenting the same to the poor widow.

Would that we had preserved the quaint little notes that at long intervals were received from her! One only I can find—undated as usual—written from the Deanery of Westminster in June 1871. It was in reply to an invitation. She was unable to accept it definitely, and said: "If not, I shall certainly go some morning to see you." But we were on the point of leaving London, and saw her face no more.

More touching than her own deathbed, as recorded by the biographer, was that of Jules Mohl, whose death took place several years before that of his wife. When power of speech was lost to the dying man, and while struggling for breath, his hand was put out to stroke her poor face—a mute expression of consciousness that she was by his side.

To her his death was desolation. Faithful friends rallied round her and kept by her to the last, but the aged woman was often found by them in floods of tears, and her only pleasure was in talking of "Mr Mohl," and in bringing out editions of his translations from Persian and Chinese and other works. Her own summons came when she had attained the age of ninety-two.

She used her gifts in brightening the lives of others, and the memory of Mary Mohl will be cherished in many hearts—as it is in ours.

A NOVEL BY A JESUIT FATHER.

THE Company of Jesus, in its divers manifestations, has offered to the world a spectacle of more variety than any other existing religious body. Whoever should take the trouble of compiling a bibliography of all the literary works given to the world by the Order of St Ignatius of Loyola, would not fail to name as their characteristic feature a marvellous versatility of thought and theme and method.

The Order of Jesuit Fathers has justly been called the *Body-guard of the Pontiff*. It is in truth a select body, possessing all the defects of such a class. It may be said of the Society of Jesus, as of the Janissaries and Strelitz corps, that while serving their chief faithfully, they inspire him from time to time with a dark terror.

The Order is Conservative in the broad lines of politics and moral philosophy—and in this sense it is no mean obstacle to modern Liberal ideas and aspirations; but, on the other hand, it adopts every modern method that lies at hand in order to further its work. The Jesuit writers take count of every new manifestation in the domain of art. The book of which we are about to speak proves the truth of this assertion.

Its title is 'Pequeñeces,' which might be rendered in English by 'Bagatelles,' a title that may perhaps evoke a smile, but which covers a book full of bitter irony. In the preface the author himself calls it "a missionary work," but in point of fact it has all the characteristics of a modern realistic novel. Its author is a Spaniard, Don Luis Coloma, a Jesuit priest, teacher at the High School of Bilbao, and one of the principal collaborators to a literary review, 'El Mensajero,' to which persons of every shade of thought and social standing contribute, including even nuns. Undaunted by this circumstance, the author has followed out without restriction those principles of art of which Zola is the most noted apostle, and which English literature has as yet been shy to follow out to its utmost limits. And Don Luis Coloma has had the courage to do this in no less a place than Spain —that is to say, from the midst of a nation among whom lyricism and romanticism still found a refuge when they were pitilessly banished from every other Latin country.

'Pequeñeces' is thus not only a strange and powerful novel, representing a great and new departure in art, especially in the country in which it was first read and applauded, but also a curious psychological manifestation. The author prefaces his work by a *prologue* as he calls it, but which we should rather style a poem, in which he explains his ideas on art. Here is an extract with which it is but right to preface our examination of the volume :—

"It is certain, very certain, O discreet and pious reader, that the author of a book sins against morality, and is worthy of censure, if he either praises thieves, and recommends and facilitates their work; or, still protesting against them and recognising their immorality, he nevertheless draws, with praiseworthy intentions and a great want of prudence, pictures of a dangerous beauty and seductive temptation, which throw over the enchanted reader (and also over him who does not confess to being enchanted) the sinister glamour of the

abyss. Yet you must not assume, O reader, that the author is equally immoral, who confesses bravely that thieves do exist, who accosts them with a loud '*Qui vive!*' who puts them in the public pillory, depicting them in the dark tints that decorum can tolerate, and which render vice hateful and painful. The author, in short, makes use of evil to do good, as spring makes use of manure to bring forth the perfume of the rose.

"Do not tell me that thus he is running the fatal risk of opening the eyes of the innocent; for then I shall answer, that if the said author knew how to preserve the *prudent decorum* to which I have just alluded, and if the innocence of which you are speaking is the *true innocence of the heart*, pure and holy, which ignores evil in theory as well as in reality, I assure you it will peruse these pages without understanding what is written between the lines, and will pluck the rose without knowing that manure exists. And if by chance it suspects and discovers it (which is a clear and evident proof that the eyes were not as closed as you imagined, and that pure innocence did not exist in the heart but only in the judgment), it will approve of the work, if not as a curative, at least as a preservative medicine. It will listen to the lesson which the author prudently clothed in metaphor, and will shrink from what is thus presented as dirty and repellent manure. And if the treacle change in his body to poison, the fault will not be that of the physician, but his own; for the malice does not exist in the one who writes, but in the will of the reader, and, as one of your old poets says—

> 'From the most lovely carnation,
> Pomp of the garden-beds,
> The viper sucks its poison,
> And the busy bee extracts its honey.'

Holding this opinion, friendly reader, I wrote the book now in your hand, and I forewarn you loyally; so that you can throw it away betimes if my mode of thinking do not satisfy you. And if perchance you are surprised that, being what I am, I have set out boldly on such a dangerous road, remember that although I appear to be a *novelist*, yet I am no more than a missionary. And as once upon a time humble monks used to mount on a table placed at cross-roads on the wayside to preach hard truths to the indifferent who failed to go to church, addressing them in the rude language to which they were accustomed, so that they might understand fully and clearly, thus I erect a pulpit in the pages of a novel and preach to those who otherwise would not listen, and in their own language I express clear and necessary truths which could not be pronounced beneath the austere dome of a temple."

No words could express more fully Don Luis Coloma's opinion on the modern tendency of the novel, and the most experienced novelists of France would not have been more explicit. And in truth this frank preliminary explanation was necessary, for the author tells us that "among the subscribers to the 'Mensajero' there are mystic abbesses and women of the world, together with men belonging to the congregation of San Luis, many who do nothing, and even gay men of fashion."

Now, for our part, we do not desire to lay too much stress upon the much-talked-of mysterious and cryptic interference of the Society of Jesus in modern politics, which are ruled by well-known principles and not by hidden ones. Still it is a fact that there is no writer who belongs to this Order who ever fails in his writings to treat of questions of a political nature. Nor could a contemporary Spanish novel be free from features of this nature, considering the intestine struggle ever latent in Spain between the two branches of the house of Bourbon—viz., the branch of Don Carlos, and that styled Alfonsista. The quarrels of the monarchical party with the Liberals also offer a fine political background for a

Spanish romance. A man of merit like Luis Coloma was not likely to neglect this chance. Now the question naturally arises, Does Coloma represent the ideas of his own Order? or are those put forward his own? It is permissible to believe that he expresses those of his Order, which has always favoured the Alfonsist restoration, and has ever attacked the Carlists —nourishing, at the same time, an invincible antipathy for *La gloriosa*, which is the name given in Spain to the revolution in 1868 that overthrew Doña Isabella II.

It does not even try to hide its indelible hatred of Freemasonry, impersonated, as they consider, in Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel, accusing all Freemasons, without proof, of all manner of evil. But —and here comes in the strange feature of this fine novel—while the episodes all relate to the restitution of the throne of Spain to King Alphonse XII., and while the characters of the drama are the authors of the restoration, Father Coloma depicts them in such grotesque forms and renders them so contemptible, he describes such ignoble and immoral men and women, that the reader finally asks himself if the novelist be really the partisan of a political and social order composed of such miserable men of vile souls, abject modes of thought, childish expedients, vulgar speech, dubious convictions, and low vices. Their moral conventions retain nothing of the nobility which is still found, whatever democrats may assert, amongst the aristocracy: they are loose of morals, and their social ideas are foul.

I.

And now let us turn to the novel itself. In wonderfully fluent language, which stamps Father Coloma as an accomplished as well as a professional writer, he begins by describing a distribution of prizes in a college directed by Jesuit fathers near Madrid. The ceremony has that double character of being both theatrical and mystic which is so beloved by this Order, and contributes so greatly to the success achieved by the reverend fathers in the education of youth.

All the mothers, all the fathers, have attended this *fête* of the young girls; only the parents of Paquito Lujan are missing. These are the principal characters of the novel: the Marquis Don Fernando de Villamelon, grandee of Spain, and his wife, Doña Currita de Albornoz, twice grandee of Spain —viz., both from her father and mother's side. Imagine a direct descendant of Sir John Chandos and Lady Jane Seymour, for example, and depict the former as an artillery officer sent out against the Moors, and taking to flight at the savage enemy, abandoning his battery to their violence, and taking refuge on board the frigate Blanca; and describing the latter as the heroine of adulterous *liaisons*, void of all affection, occupied in political intrigues without convictions, and addicted to extravagant expenses without artistic taste, proud without dignity, and insolent without *esprit*. Well, Coloma has had the courage to do this in Spain, of all countries in the world—in ultra-aristocratic Spain, where a grandee is regarded as nearly a demigod. He has brought clearly to view how the lineal ancestor of the contemptible man who fled from the

camp under Cabo Negro became a grandee of Spain, after planting the banner of John of Austria on the fortress of La Goulette; and that many brave men and women were the ancestors of Doña Currita. Here is a literal translation from the original, in which the author introduces us to Don Fernando de Villamelon:—

"At the age of twenty, and having inherited his father's title at the death of the latter, he entered the Academy of Artillery, and in the year 1859 he set out for the African campaign with the fleet headed by Admiral Don Secondo Herrera. Anxious to set foot on African soil and to stain his virgin sword with Moorish blood, Villamelon sprang to the ground in the spot called Cabo Negro—courageous to the point of traversing all Morocco, and of stopping at Tunis, where one of his ancestors had become a grandee by storming the Alzeaba with Don Juan of Austria. But suddenly, from among the bushes that covered the shore, which looked like the rough coat of a wild beast, there emerged some Moorish stragglers, who saluted the explorers with a volley of their blunderbusses. Villamelon did not hesitate an instant; he forgot Morocco, renounced Tunis, abjured his ancestor, and returned precipitately to the cutter of the frigate, taking refuge in the remotest corner of his cabin on board the Blanca, without ever coming on deck until he disembarked in Andalusia on the sick-list. The Moors seemed to him very ugly during that first interview, and so wanting in good manners that a respectable person was necessarily obliged to avoid any further relations with them for the future. Therefore he resigned his post and entered Madrid in triumph, like Napoleon on his return from the Egyptian campaign, preceded by the fame of his great deeds in the *terro-naval* action of Cabo Negro.

"The *terro-naval* fight was the theme of all society talk, exaggerated by its hero, who, being a grandee of Spain, was one of the guards at the royal palace. At table he continually repeated the tale of his *terro-naval* adventure at Cabo Negro, until, after the hundredth time, he caused H.M. the Queen to say to him, 'Listen, Villamelon; try to vary a little, so that it is not always *terro-naval*—at least for to-day make it *navo-terrestre*.' And thus baptised by royal lips, Villamelon was known as Don Fernando 'Navo-terrestre.' At this time the Marquis was not a spendthrift, but a great libertine—not with the aristocratic libertinage of a Lauzun or a Fronsac, who were gentlemen even in their vices, and chivalrous even in infamy, who shook off all that was vulgar and coarse in the same dainty way that they shook the perfumed snuff from their lace *jabots*. His libertinage was of the kind so common in Spain among the youths of the upper class, a strange mixture and a hybrid compound of the *maquignon* and of the *sportsman*, of the *gipsy* and of the *muscadin*, which one would suppose born of the antithetic union of an Andalusian bull with a Parisian *soubrette*.

"Finally, tired of women of the people and of *cocottes*, of bulls and handicaps, of Manzanilla and champagne, of *tripe* and *foie gras*, at thirty he resolved to put an end to his bachelor existence—that is, to marry. But for Villamelon to finish, it was necessary for a daughter of Eve to begin; because, by one of those anomalies which have their *raison d'être* in the warped judgment of certain social classes, it is a conventional thing, on marriage, for a man to close his libertine life, and women to begin theirs. The process of selection—'*l'embarras du choix*' (as Villamelon himself said)—was not arduous, for he was not difficult to please on any point. He believed in God, as in some excellent being towards whom one fulfilled more than one's duty by leaving him, from time to time, a present in the tribune of the church; man was, to his mind, a highly perfected digestive tube; life, a pilgrimage which one goes through very comfortably when the stomach is in good order and the purse full; and marriage, the fusion of two incomes and the prolongation of a race, which is incumbent on an illustrious name, neither more nor less

than that which produces the breed of bulls in Veraguas or of mares in Mecklenburg."

A pendant to this realistic portrait of a noble Spaniard is that of his no less noble future consort:—

"Villamelon, the hero of Cabo Negro, who was so scandalised by the relative nudity of the Moors, was soon after seen soliciting without repugnance and obtaining without any dread the hand of an illustrious savage who had a completely naked soul. For, just as in deserts and forests one meets with savages who sin against decency by sallying forth without clothing, thus in *salons* and promenades one meets other savages who are outwardly clothed, but who offend all feelings of modesty by their absolute nudity of soul. For them the more or less artificial forms with which humanity cloaks or hides its vices are totally useless; and modest blushes or false hypocrisy, noble decorum or pretended reserve, only provoke an astonished laugh, like that of Cetewayo when his English conquerors, on depriving him of his Zulu throne, offered him a shirt. This illustrious civilised savage was the Señora Doña Francesca de Borja Solis y Gorbea, Countess of Albornoz, Marquise of Catalñazor, twice grandee of Spain in her own right, and Marquise of Villamelon and Paracuellar, a third time grandee through her marriage with the hero of the *navo-terrestre* battle, her no less illustrious husband."

Further on the author tells us what kind of life this noble pair led:—

"But, by one of those exceptions which emancipate the individual from general and typical rules, and constitute for them a special individuality, the Countess had a modesty later on, which might be called a modesty of her husband. For this *ménage* was far from being like so many others—*i.e.*, like a couple of dogs who try to get as far away from each other as the length of their cord will allow. The Marquis and the Countess were seen together everywhere, he surrounding her with exaggerated and affectionate attentions, to which she responded with the *plaisanterie* of a timid and innocent schoolgirl, whose enchanting *enfantillage*, united to his shameless cynicism, conjured up the strange phantasm of a cannibal sipping warm frothing human blood from a crystal cup, or of anthropophagi plying a silver knife and fork and devouring a beefsteak of human flesh according to all the rules of *savoir vivre*."

The description of this model pair will not seem exaggerated to those who have lived in the midst of the so-called good society of Latin countries, though no doubt it will seem passing strange, almost impossible, to English people.

Around these two planets there revolve the minor satellites of the story, such as the Duchess of Bara, in whose house Doña Pilar Balsamo, Doña Carmen Tagle, the rich *bourgeoise* Lopez Moreno, the Señorita Leopoldina Pastor, Doña Isabel Mazacan, Doña Maria Valdivieso, sit smoking, not perfumed cigarettes, but cigars from Havana, and drinking whisky, while they discuss reactionary politics in the company of some *gommeux* of the Veloz Club, such as Fernando Gallanta, Gorito Sardona, and Angelito Castropardo, miserable petty beings with half virtues, half vices, and half reputations to make of their characters. The recognised and visible head of this unorganised circle of intrigue is an old diplomat, the Marquis of Butron, who imagines he can replace on the throne of Don Carlos V. the progeny of Doña Isabel II., by demonstrations of the style of those that occur in Offenbach's operettas.

The political fidelity of the Legitimist ladies is on an equality with their conjugal fidelity. Isabel Mazacan has for her lover Garcia Gomez, Minister to King Don Amadeo, and discloses to the

others the secret that Curra Villamelon has accepted the post of Camarera Mayor to Queen Doña Maria Victoria of Savoy, on condition that her lover, Juanito Velarde, becomes the King's private secretary. This episode leads to a duel, and the death of Juanito Velarde, for whom Doña Curra does not shed a tear of regret, although the poor young man, who is the best of the masculine persons of the book, dies to save the reputation of this great lady. If the majority of the Legitimist party are painted in black tints like the Marquis of Butron, neither does the author spare the statesmen who came into office after the triumph of the *gloriosa*. Here is the "most excellent" Don Juan Antonio Martinez, Minister of the Interior, with whom the Marquis is talking on questions of gastronomy :—

"The 'most excellent' Martinez made a gesture which did not show whether he understood or not: since the poor man had crossed the natural bridge which leads from restaurant tables to the royal board, he had passed from one indigestion to another, and he felt in his stomach a longing for those nutritious onion soups which had rendered him such a robust statesman, and which had formed his daily food at a time when he wore out his first trousers on the pebbles of the Asturian shores. *Dios!* what pain the last *pâté de foie gras* on Friday at the palace had caused him! What a terrible colic was due to the *choux à la crême* which had been served two days ago at the French embassy! The 'most excellent' thought he was poisoned, and from thenceforth he adopted as an article of faith Addison's aphorism which says, 'Every time I see fashionable tables covered with the products of the four quarters of the globe, I imagine gout and dropsy, fever, lethargy, and all manner of infirmities peeping out from under every table-napkin.'"

What shall we say of Pedro Lopez, the *chroniqueur à la mode* of the fashionable world, who went to balls and dinners with the pockets of his dress suit lined with oil-cloth, in order to carry away sweets and pastry?

But the plebeian hand of the Asturian minister is soon felt by the noble Doña Curra, who, having repented of her intrigues in favour of Don Amadeo's court, places herself at the head of a Legitimist demonstration. Don Juan Antonio Martinez has her apartment invaded by his police, and confiscates, not political papers, but love-letters, which he divulges to some journals of a Liberal tendency. Called a heroine, compared to Mary Stuart, to Ophelia, to Mme. Elizabeth of France, by the zealous Pedro Lopez; attacked together with her husband in Liberal papers with bitter epigrams (which the latter has explained to him by his friends at home and at his club),—a heroine in truth she was, but of a scandal caused by the duel of Juanito Velarade with the editor of the 'España con houra.' After this, Curra and all her companions remove to Paris, which has become the headquarters of the Alfonsist party,—a voluntary and social exile from Madrid.

At the Grand Hotel, under the shadow of the Hotel Basilewsky (the abode of the dethroned Doña Isabel II.), all those people, who have been joined by a drunken nobleman nicknamed Diogenes, and by the comic impersonation of a *vieux beau* called "el tio Frasquito," are expecting that their ridiculous conspiracies will be crowned by the downfall of the revolutionary party. We will give another proof of the skill of our author by reproducing the portrait which he offers of "el tio Frasquito":—

"Gummed, dyed, brushed, and rendered glossy by means of cosmetics, dancing on tiptoe, because otherwise his tightest of boots which torture his corns would prevent his keeping upright, 'el tio Frasquito' entered the group. He was the universal uncle of all the grandees of Spain, of the second-class nobles who come after them, of the rich of all kinds to whom they have become allied, of political and literary notabilities, of the bigwigs of the Government, of unscrupulous adventurers, and of the nameless personages who form 'el todo Madrid' of society and the many-coloured *dessus du panier* of the Madrid *grand monde*.

"They all called him 'tio Frasquito'—for this, fashion had decreed; and he was pleased to accept the relationship with all those whose blue blood had become mixed for a century earlier or later with his own.

"The rest, without his refusing in a general way the apocryphal connection, were classed by him with protecting condescension in the category of spurious nephews. In the midst of this universal family the 'tio Frasquito' had moved for half a century: successive generations had filed past him, of legitimate or spurious nephews and nieces, who were born, had grown up, and married, and multiplied, died, and mouldered away; but he, confined in the corset which kept under the insolent rebellions of his abdomen, never got beyond the age of thirty-three. Like the weeks of Daniel, his were 'years of years'; and although there were more than were convenient, yet they expanded or shrank according to circumstances. He was thirty-three in 1840 when he attended the wedding of the Queen of England in the suite of the Spanish Ambassador Extraordinary, and he was no older when in 1853 he witnessed the marriage of his niece, Eugénie de Guzman, with the Emperor Napoleon III.—an unequal match, a humiliating *mésalliance*, of which 'tio Frasquito' absolutely disapproved, for the lineage of the Bonapartes did not satisfy him; so that, although he did not go so far as to relegate his new nephew in the category of the *spurious* ones, nevertheless he always designated him by the name of 'my nephew the Count Consort of Teba.' Rumour whispered that in his body 'el tio Frasquito' had thirty-two artificial things, among which were hips of cork. It is certain that at the moment in which we present him to the reader, absent from the Passage Jouffroy in order to confirm to his compatriots the news of the abdication of the Duke d'Aosta, obesity had changed his slender *taille* to that of an Alcorcan saucepan, and art, industry, and even mechanism, were endeavouring to supersede each other in the daily restoration of that faded Narcissus, who was continually running the risk of being transformed into an anchovy, as the Narcissus of Greek mythology turned into a flower. 'El tio Frasquito' was a bachelor, and rich; he lived a well-regulated life, without any obvious vices or any debts; he was affable, courteous, obliging, and complaisant; he had the manners of a modest girl, and inflexions of voice like those of a presumptuous young lady. He made a collection of diplomatic seals, he embroidered *au tambour*, he played the flute disastrously, and pronounced his *r*'s in the guttural way peculiar to Parisians, which some fashionable Francomaniacs of Madrid imitate. Diogenes usually called him 'Francesca de Rimini,' sometimes 'Señora Francesca,' and persecuted him in the streets and *salons* with unseasonable embraces which soiled his immaculate shirt-fronts, with sudden kisses which forced the dandified victim to use cold cream, with sly kicks which took the polish off his boots and hurt his corns, with fierce handshakes which bruised his fingers; all this at the risk of spoiling the thirty-two contrivances with which tradition had invested his person.

"Those two old men, so opposed in habits and character, were nevertheless two types which still survived of the old society—fossil examples of the noblemen of the last century, inconsistent and effeminate *petits maîtres*, who were preparing for Spain the ruin and discredit of its grandees."

II.

Thus far Father Coloma has shown us so-called fashionable vices, worldly vanities, foolish effeminacies, and *opéra-bouffe* political intrigues. But now, in Parisian international surroundings, he shows us another type in Jacobo Tellez Ponce, Marquis of Sabadell, by means of his wife, from whom he is separated. He had just arrived in Paris from Constantinople, where he had been ambassador. He is the type of the well-born man, lacking every moral idea, every scruple, every sense of decency when his own interests are at stake.

At this juncture of the novel, Doña Curra and Jacobo Sabadell become the two principal personages, attached to each other by bonds of love, of intrigue, and of pecuniary interest. But Father Coloma, who up to this point had maintained himself most modern in his methods, here makes some slight concessions to conventional fiction and romanticism as soon as Sabadell is introduced. Or is this perhaps skilfully done on purpose, seeing that on the other side of the Pyrenees Victor Hugo still reigns supreme, whereas on Spanish and Italian soil his place has been usurped by Zola? Perhaps in recollection of Lucifer, who was the most beautiful among the fallen angels, Jacobo Sabadell is painted as handsome as Lord Byron. Indeed he is his living image, *minus* the lame foot. As for his moral character, it is a reflection of Don Juan's; but it is a Don Juan *fin de siècle*, without the haughty pride of Molière's hero.

"Jacobo Tellez believed he had had the misfortune to be born at an inopportune moment. He imagined that in the sanguinary tide of the French Revolution his genius would have made him a Mirabeau, and his valour a Lafayette. But in the muddy surf of the Spanish Revolution of 1868 he was but a *pauvre diable* in the opinion of those who knew him; and as a captain he had shown himself a thorough fool. Those two types, aristocratic renegades like himself, attracted him; but the wig of the former, and the uniform of the latter, were too large for him, and when he tried to amalgamate in himself these two personalities by violating every moral tie like Mirabeau, and by seducing the multitude like Lafayette, the only result was an infatuated craftiness. For there are Aristideses at three for a farthing, and Cincinnatuses at two to the pound, like the figs which are hawked about the Andalusian streets. And yet this fig does not pass from the aristocratic garden in which it was born, to the plebeian market where it meets with its end, through dramatic changes of fortune or tragic evolutions. As matter is developed by swelling, and gangrene by matter, thus it happened with him. He descended the hill of the voluptuousness of pleasure, to vice without violence; from vice he proceeded to aberration, to disenchantment, to that emptiness of heart which produces dizziness, and leads man into all kinds of folly and infamy. . . .

"At fifteen, being freed from tutors and masters, he was a precocious unnatural nondescript being, who was longing to be able to shave, and to lead the *cotillon* in the great *salons* of society; at twenty he was a lucky Don Juan of base condition, who boasted at the Veloz Club of his scandalous adventures; at twenty-five he was a corrupt, elegant, and model aristocrat, who neither shrank from uttering a string of lies, from big betting at a steeplechase, nor from a *coup* of 20,000 crowns, and consumed his wife's millions with the same ease with which the magic wand of a necromancer brings forth to the sunlight the treasures which have been hidden and guarded by gnomes and salamanders. At thirty he had seen, like Solomon

'*cuncta quæ fiunt sub sole*'; but he did not understand, like the king, that all was vanity; but rather, like Alexander, he wept that there was no other world in which to enjoy life. An arid heart, an intelligence blunted by the premature *désarroi* of the passions, a house ruined by foolish prodigality—this was Jacobo, a rotten fruit which had never been ripe; a man in the prime of life who was lacking in all the aims of life itself; a man ruined by pleasure and impiety, who did not, like Hamlet, study life's eternal mystery, but who dragged out his existence, seeking a slough of pleasure in which to grovel. Then out of curiosity, for amusement, from *ennui*, in order to search the night of mystery for something which could be converted into pleasure or money, he became a politician. Garibaldi introduced him to the Milanese, and Prim to the English Masonic Lodges, and to the conspiracies which the two arch-traitors were machinating against the throne of Spain. The revolution triumphed, and the agitated emotions of the conspirator were succeeded in Jacobo by the flattering intoxications of triumph, the cynical rapacities of a Roman prætor, the noisy apotheosis of triumphal arches of *carton-pierre* and of paper lanterns, under which the stupid masses bore him aloft, excited by his verbosity, until the multitude, which has something of the woman in it, were fascinated by his prepossessing strength, and determined to depute him to defend the sovereignty of the people on the benches of Congress—to depute him, the proud aristocrat, a renegade only in appearance, who mocked them, calling them a crowd of rustics, of fools, and idiotic *bourgeois*, and who, immediately after having shaken hands with them, ran to wash, soap, and scent himself, to drive away the intolerable *odeur de canaille*.

"Soon a black and gloomy parenthesis was opened in his life, before which even calumny was silent, fearing to steep itself in a pool of blood. One day, it was the 27th of December, a gun, aimed at the 'Calle del Turco' with temerarious audacity, gave the impetus to the revolution. Prim was assassinated, and his intimate friend and ensign-bearer the Marquis of Sabadell, already chosen for the *portefeuille* of Fomento (Minister of Public Works and Instruction), disappeared from Madrid in the same hour in which the false news was spread that the General's wound was not mortal, and that terrible revelations had come from his lips. Prim died on the 30th, taking with him to the grave the key of the mystery; and three months later, 'La Gaceta' published the royal decree naming the Marquis of Sabadell plenipotentiary minister at Constantinople. 'I have become convinced,' the new minister wrote to the President of the Council, 'that my natural disposition is towards an oriental life, and I shall seek all my illusions in Cairo, Bagdad, Ispahan, and Constantinople.'

"The results of these illusions were not slow in becoming evident. One morning the 'Cadina Savahì' did not appear at the window to contemplate the blue Asiatic mountains; the door of her kiosque remained closed. It was whispered in the seraglio that on the preceding night a lamentation had been heard, and that flitting shadows had been seen in dark corridors carrying a body. The sentinel of the tower of the Sea of Marmora had heard a sinister splash in the sea. The next morning the tide had washed a strangled body on to the opposite shore of the Bosphorus. From the Spanish embassy on the hill of Pera, one could see floating on the limpid waters the dark caftan, held together by the belt of hippopotamus-hide, which had served to form the loose knot. The ambassador did not see it, for that same night he had left Constantinople in such a hurry that he only took a little hand-valise with him. And with this valise Jacobo established himself at the Grand Hotel, after having dawdled for two months in the darkest haunts and the most elegant gaming-houses of Italy. The fugitive minister from Constantinople was lodged in a room at two francs a-day on the fourth floor of the hotel—too opulent for a man whose debts amounted to two millions and at 15 per cent, but, as he judged it, too poor for the dignity of the Excellentissimo Don Jacobo Tellez-Ponce-y-Melgarejo, Marquis Consort of Sabadell. Jacobo,

on his return from Italy, had in his charge some documents which King Victor Emmanuel was transmitting to Don Amadeo; he had also sealed papers, intrusted to him by the foreign revolutionary committees for their Spanish friends. When, on his arrival at Paris, Jacobo Sabadell heard of Amadeo's resignation, he violated the secret of those papers, and thus was able to compromise all the politicians of his country at will, being acquainted with the most recondite secrets of their consciences."

Most graphically does Padre Coloma depict him, armed with this formidable power, and threatened with the revenge of the revolutionary committees, should he break faith with them. At first he tries to become reconciled with his wife, and seeks to make use of Diogenes for this purpose. He, however, refuses, between one fit of intoxication and another. But failure does not daunt this unscrupulous man. Doña Curra shall be the one to furnish him with money, shall be the lever of his future greatness as minister to the restored Bourbons.

The ignoble loves of Jacobo and Curra begin in Paris, continue in Madrid, the go-between being the Marquis di Butron, who is still intent on his schemes for the Alfonsist restoration, using ignoble means like these to work his ends. In society (society which ignores nothing and scrutinises everything) the triad is called that of the prudent Mentor, the young Telemachus, and the invulnerable Calypso. Neither does it remain unknown that Calypso maintains Telemachus with the money of her husband Villamelon, whose brain continues to soften, and that Telemachus spends this money with Mdlle. de Sirop, a Frenchwoman whom Curra's friends call "la dame aux camellias." Nothing could be better described than the vulgarity of this *liaison* between Curra and Jacobo — the man who accepts everything unblushingly, even a most rare work of art, an heirloom in the Villamelon family, which he duly gives to Mdlle. de Sirop. There is not a grain of delicacy either in the mode of thought or in the tone of the pseudo-elegant life of the heroines and heroes of this novel, who look upon all offences against the eternal moral law, of which they are guilty every instant, as simple *pequeñeces*.

The novel goes on from one illustrative episode to another without decreasing in interest; and the conduct of Curra, of Jacobo, and of their social set, would not even call forth criticism if the first symptoms of punishment did not make themselves apparent. These come, strangely enough in the work of a Jesuit, from the Order of St Ignatius and from the Freemasons. A threatening letter from the Spanish Freemasons warns Jacobo Sabadell that they are aware of his treason. And while Curra, Jacobo, Diogenes, Leopoldina Pastor, Maria Valdivieso, Villamelon, and all their gay companions, are travelling four-in-hand from Biarritz to Madrid, Diogenes is seized by a fainting-fit, and the equipage is detained at Azpeitia, where the College of the Order stands under the shadow of the name and of the statue of St Ignatius. There Curra, who has sent to ask to be allowed to visit the convent, obtains the following reply in writing:—

"If the Countess de Albornoz comes to Loyola to confess her sins, and to ask God's pardon for her transgressions, there is no need to fix the hour or the time; both are equally opportune. But if she only comes to demonstrate to this holy house the scandalous life she is leading, she is

charitably implored to avoid forcing her humble servant and brother in Christ, Pedro Fernandez, to shut the door in her face."

III.

"At last day dawned on the 29th of December 1875, and at 11.56 A.M. the Minister of War, Serran y Bedoya, sprang impetuously out of his bed—as twenty-four hours later he jumped no less suddenly out of the ministerial chair. A telegram from the military governor of Sugunto warned him that General Martinez Campos had proclaimed Prince Alphonse in Ventas de Puzol King of Spain under the flag of the Daban brigade. The Government was at a loss; the Council met at the War Office, and resolved on throwing the gauntlet to Señor Canovas del Castillo, and to the other important personages, among whom there were Señor Pulido, the young Telemachus, and the prudent Mentor, who were confined in the Saladero, with the salutary intention of despatching them later on to the Philippines to enjoy the salubrious marine exhalations. The courtesy of Señor Moreno Benitez procured for some of them better accommodation at the Ministry of the Interior. But whether owing to perfidious intrigues of friends or cruelty of adversaries, it is certain that the three companions, Jacobo, Butron, and Pulido, remained imprisoned in the Saladero all through the 29th and the 30th, until on the morning of the 31st the doors of the dungeon opened and those of their hopes closed."

Then, when the young king arrived, he had to reward this devotion. The Marquis de Butron was presented with a first-class embassy, and Pulido with one of a second order. Jacobo Sabadell refused any embassy; he preferred to lead the opposition with the Asturian Martinez *rallié* to the new order of things.

Whilst these transactions occupied the thoughts of many, something of more importance moved fashionable society. The Marquise de Villasis, a very rich and virtuous woman, who had not thrown open her *salons* for many years, now thought proper to do so, and chose Friday for her reception-day—the *jour fixe* of Curra de Albornoz Villamelon. Alas, cruel Friday! That day Curra saw no one but the Señora Lopez Moreno, wife of the well-known usurer; Maria, Marquise di Valdivieso, who had left her lover Paco Velez for Jermin Doblado, a new lover; the Comtesse de Balzano, divorced from her husband, who was carrying on a lawsuit against her children; the Duke of Bringas, whom the tribunals had declared insolvent at his wife's request; Pedro Lopez, the journalist whose pockets were lined with oil-cloth. Meantime the Marquise de Villasis saw on that evening 120 ladies of the best reputation.

"*Ruit hora*"—in vain the Marquis Consort of Sabadell succeeded in becoming a recognised "grandee" of Spain, with Villamelon for his sponsor, during the ceremony at the palace. This was a victory, and also a proof that the old rebel has gone over to the enemy with bag and baggage. He thus becomes a new object of revenge, a new aim for the party daggers by which he is attacked one night in a deserted quarter of Madrid, not far from Curra, who in her fright had let her costly pelisse from Worth's fall from her shoulders which became an indication to the police of her inexplicable presence in that spot. A week later the Camarera Mayor sent to request Curra de Albornoz de Villamelon to give up her testimonials as lady-in-waiting to H.M. the Queen.

At this point the novel ought

to end: Zola, Daudet, or Tolstoi would have made this the closing episode. Father Coloma has added another episode, which is somewhat affected—the death by drowning of the two collegians, Lujan Villamelon, son of Curra, and of Alfonsito Tellez, son of Jacobo Sabadell; which is followed by the taking of the veil by Lili Villamelon, sister of Lujan! Perhaps this *finale* was a necessary concession to the class of readers mentioned by the author in his preface as including mother abbesses and disciples of St Louis Gonzaga. The artistic error is very evident, and all the more deplorable considering the writer's genius.

A work like 'Pequeñeces' should be considered under two aspects—viz., as a picture of a certain portion of modern society, and as a work of art. We will therefore treat of the subject under its double aspect. Is Spanish society like that which Coloma describes in such vivid and terrible colours? Is its language plebeian like that which Coloma attributes to it? Is there in Spain such a lack of political faith as to allow of a vacillation of opinions in the upper classes like that of which Coloma gives us so many examples? We think, that since Father Coloma's work is a novel with a purpose, a treatise on morality in the garb of a romance, we may consider the episodes to be true, and the characters as from life. But though the masterly art of the illustrious Jesuit has brought together those dozen corrupt characters, it does not follow on that account that the whole moral sense of the Spanish nation to which they belong is corrupt. One would judge wrongly of the French nation if one took as a standard one of Zola's novels, although they are no doubt based on truth. Nevertheless it is true, that Spain has maintained herself more national, more herself, in the lower classes than in the upper, whose natural virtues have been hidden, and whose hereditary vices have been accentuated by the cosmopolitanism of fashionable habits. As for the language used by the principal characters, it is not a cultured language certainly; but it is also true that none can speak nobly whose mode of thought is ignoble, and Curra, and Jacobo and Butron, and Maria Valdevieso, and Frasquito, and Diogenes, and all the others, have not a particle of nobility either in heart or mind. When Father Coloma introduces the Marquise de Sabadell and Maria Villasis or Father Cifuentes, the three principal honest and pure characters of the novel, the tone of the language becomes more elevated immediately, and we recognise the beautiful classic tongue of Cervantes, of Perez Galdos, of Fernan Caballero, and of Zorilla.

'Pequeñeces' may be considered as a downright, almost brutal accusation, eloquent certainly; but who does not know that every accusation paints the accused in black colours? The ferocity is all the greater as Madrid society (or as they call it in Spanish, *la corte*) is composed of a set whose men have been educated almost if not entirely by the Jesuit fathers, and the women by the ladies of the *Sacré Cœur*. Father Coloma's artillery has been directed against the united battalion of his old pupils, and this was surely a daring deed.

As a work of art, 'Pequeñeces' has great merits. We have already expressed our opinion on the mannerism of some of the

episodes, especially of the *dénoûment* of the plot, which is dominated by ideas which were in vogue twenty years ago. We have shown the skill of Coloma in describing character by reproducing some of the heroes; therefore we will not return to the subject. But he is quite as clever in the narration of episodes and the description of scenes. Sometimes his style rises to the level of bold and superior eloquence. In order that the reader may judge for himself, here is a typical fragment, illustrating things which are essentially Spanish. It is the presentation to the king of the Marquis Consort of Sabadell as grandee of Spain:—

"In the meantime preparations were being made in the ante-chamber for the aristocratic ceremony instituted by the Emperor Charles V. when he limited the privilege of retaining the hat before the king (till then common to all feudatory nobles) to twelve 'grandees,' who were called first-class grandees, and were the Dukes of Medina, Sidonia, of Albuquerque, of Infantado, of Alba, of Frias, of Medina del Rio Seco, of Escalona, of Benavente, of Najera, of Arcos, of Medina Celi, and the Marquis of Astorga.

"Since then the ceremony has varied but slightly, and it is the custom to celebrate it, like the greater part of matters relating to etiquette, in the King's ante-chamber.

"This latter is vast and square, severely magnificent. The ceiling, painted by Maella, represents an allegory, capable of inspiring fear in all the great personages who contemplate it. It is Truth unveiled by Time. On entering from the doors of the *saleta*, one sees on the right two terraces which command a view of Arsenal Square; on the left there are two doors leading to inner apartments; in front there is the entrance to the Royal chamber. The walls are covered with a rich blue fabric with large fleurs-de-lys, and the capitals A and B interwoven, and *appliqués* in velvet. Four portraits from life of Charles IV. and Maria Louisa, of Ferdinand VII. and Amelia, occupy the niches on the right and on the left of the doors of the room and of the *saleta*. On every side there are divans covered with the same stuff as the walls, and five superb *consoles* in marble and bronze-holding candelabra, and busts of Isabella II., Don Francis of Assisi, Philip V., and Ferdinand VI.

"Between the two terraces, on one of the *consoles* in front of a marble fireplace, surmounted by a colossal mirror, there stands a large bust of Charles III. covered with the Royal mantle, through which one sees the richly chiselled cuirass. All the doors of the ante-room stood wide open, except that of the *saleta*, and the families and friends of the grandees desirous of contemplating the lordly spectacle were assembled behind the curtains. Before the door of the room there was a table covered with a crimson velvet cloth, and a large chair for his Majesty. At precisely two o'clock the King passed through the door of the adjoining room, followed by his chief major-domo, the grandee-in-waiting, the aides-de-camp, and other grandees. He wore the uniform of Captain-General, and carried his hat in his hand. He sat down and covered his head, his example being followed by the grandees, who remained standing, drawing themselves up on each side of the *saleta*. The ceremony commenced.

"The secretary of the Royal Archives, destined to preserve a memorial of the act, then opened the great door of massive mahogany, and turning to the Sovereign, exclaimed—

"'Sire, the Marquis of Benhacel.' This was the grandee who had the right to put on his hat first, being the eldest. Then a young man entered, giving his right hand to an older man, and his left to the major-domo for the week. The young man wore the uniform of an artillery captain, and the old man, who was bent and decrepit, that of admiral, his breast being studded with medals. This was the Duke of Algas, the

grandfather, and on this occasion the sponsor, of the young Marquis who was going to put on his hat. The old man carried a three-cornered hat, the young one the *ros*, thus leaving to view an energetic head, quite Spanish and bronzed. The vivacious black eyes were the mirror of the adamantine temperament of a race of valiant men.

"A murmur of admiration and respectful sympathy greeted the illustrious pair; age leaning upon youth, like hope evoking a memory. It was a living allegory of experience leading valour by the hand, so that the latter may lay at the foot of the throne a sword without a blemish.

"On the threshold both made their first obeisance, the second in the centre of the room, and the last exactly opposite the King. Then they bent their heads to the grandees drawn up on the right and left. They responded to this courtesy by doffing their hats. The old Duke and the major-domo stepped backwards a few paces, and the young grandee stood alone. The King said to him, with a military salute, 'Marquis of Benhacel, put on your hat and speak.' Immediately the Marquis donned the *ros*, and turning to the King, he pronounced a brief discourse, which, according to custom, traced in broad lines the glorious history of his family, which began with Fortun de Torres, who fought under Alphonse the Wise, and died in storming the Alcazar of Jerez holding between his teeth his king's banner, which he could neither defend nor plant, on account of his mutilated hands. The voice of the young officer, timid and hesitating at first, was not long in becoming steadier, as if those glorious deeds found a sufficient echo in his heart for him to imitate them. And when he began to describe an episode of Trafalgar, which he called the last honour of his house, his accents vibrated with those mysterious inflections of feeling which seem to elevate the orator into higher spheres, imparting to him not only the faculty of persuasion and the power to move, but also the right to make his will heard.

"'Gravina lay agonising in one of the cabins in the poop, and the vessel, Principe de Asturias, dismantled, under the guidance of the captain, who took the command, father of three sons, who returned to the port of Cadiz with the youngest only, a midshipman. Towards midnight a storm arose, and it was necessary to cut a halyard which sustained a yard which had become unsteady and threatened to pull down the top. Already three maintopmen had gone aloft, and being thrown down by the violence of the storm, they had been engulfed by the waves. Then that man of iron, who saw the frightened crew trembling with terror at the art of obedience, turned to the son he adored, the last of the three, idol and hope of his house, and said simply, "Señor guardiamarina, it is your turn."

"'The boy, with a hatchet between his teeth, climbed to the top, and as the Virgin Mary assisted him, he cut the halyard.'

"Amidst the profound silence which binds the tongue and moistens the lashes when the sublime conquers the heart and moves the breast, with a tremulous sob Benhacel turned to the old Duke, and indicating him he continued: 'That boy guardiamarina was my grandfather here; the hero his father. Mine,' he proceeded, in a voice which had still the echo of tears, 'also served his king in the army until 1868, when in the month of September he tore the epaulettes from his shoulders and broke his sword. I, sire, unsheathed mine for the first time at the battle of Alcolea, and true to the traditions of my race, I come to offer as a grandee what I already gave as a soldier.'

"When he put his right hand on the hilt of his sword, all could see that there were two fingers missing. A piece of a shell had mutilated it at Alcolea.

"Benhacel was silent, and amidst the greatest homage that can be paid by admiration and respect—silence—he bent his knee, uncovered his head, and kissed the King's hand. Then he saluted the assembled grandees and mingled with them, accompanied by his grandfather. The old man wept like a child, while a voice exclaimed—

"'The admiral weeps; the guardiamarina did not weep.'"

'Pequeñeces' is certainly a notable work of art. A word of praise must be given, in conclusion, to the circumstance that the author has known how to avoid all that is slippery even when relating facts of an extremely dubious morality. The prudent Father Coloma has succeeded in throwing a graceful and modest veil over sin, and this is a secret unknown to the imitators or simple followers of Émile Zola.

And now the question naturally presents itself, Can we regard Father Coloma's book as a missionary work such as he himself designs it in his preface; or has he, after all, only thrown on the literary market yet another work of fiction?—a novel full, it is true, of interesting episodes illuminated by a powerful and truly masculine analysis of human nature, but still a work of fiction and recreation. Of the author's *bona fides* there can be no doubt, but at the same time we doubt of the good results anticipated by the keen-witted Jesuit. When the higher classes of a nation have sucked in the poison of cosmopolitanism to the loss of their own national characteristics, as is the case with the Spanish as well as with the Italian nation in the present day, they are past the hope of being redeemed by a book, however well, thoughtfully, and carefully written. Most certainly the strictures against frailty and moral indifference contained in the novel will be considered as *pequeñeces* by the many corresponding types who lounge at the clubs and drive *à la Castelana*, smoking their cigarettes, and talking the scandal of the day. The book cannot have practical efficiency, but as a civil and political document it has a great importance. Some future Taine of Spain will glean in 'Pequeñeces' many traits concerning good society in Madrid in the years of grace 1870 and 1875. And meantime it is worth noting yet once again that a priest should be so modern as to choose the novel form as the medium for conveying his opinions and thoughts to the world; for to preach by fiction has become the modern, more diverting, and perchance more impressive, substitute for homilies and sermons.

AUSTRALIA AND INDIA: THEIR FINANCIAL CONDITIONS AND MUTUAL RELATIONS.

Before considering the more serious matters involved in the relations between this country and the chief Asiatic parts of the empire, it is natural at this time to revert briefly to the recent state function at the opening of the Imperial Institute. For the chief objects of that Society are said to be the formation of collections representative of our possessions, with the means of affording information respecting them; the advancement of trade; the promotion of education; the furtherance of colonisation; and last, but possibly not least, "the doing anything incidental or conducive to carrying into effect all or any of the foregoing purposes."[1] This leaves a wide discretion to the managers, and covers everything, from a lecture by Dr Dryasdust to a variety entertainment. Music and pleasant gardens will form an attraction in fine weather, and library, billiard, and smoking rooms are provided; nor do we see any valid reason against these arrangements, for the place must be popular if it is to pay its expenses, and amusement thus furnished is not incompatible with study if ordinary care be taken.

The idea of such a building is far from new,—nearly as old, in fact, as the great Exhibition of 1851, but it became defined in 1886. In May of that year the 'Times' suggested the present name; and in September, on Deeside, the Prince of Wales, ever foremost in such matters, proposed that the building be raised in commemoration of the Queen's jubilee, and as a monument of her vast dominions. The foundation-stone was laid by her Majesty on July 4, 1887, and the building was declared open on May 10, 1893, by the Queen, before a brilliant and representative assembly from all parts of her empire.

The principle underlying the objects mentioned in the charter of the Institute is the desire to unite more firmly the various countries which compose Greater Britain; and whilst admitting that this may be furthered in such a way, and by the granting of peerages and other marks of the Royal favour to distinguished colonial gentlemen, we still should clearly realise that community of interest is the only real foundation on which imperial unity can stand. If our policy can ensure this, the empire will remain united; if it cannot do so, disruption must follow. Hence those who desire to keep Greater Britain intact welcome every measure which strengthens existing or creates new bonds of interest between parent country and colonies, and between the various parts of the empire. In the present article we propose to consider in a measure our relations with Australia and India, and in greater detail those which exist between these great Asiatic countries.

As regards Australia: that country has now a special interest for a very large number of people, owing to the financial troubles which are causing such widespread anxiety and loss; in dealing with

[1] Provision 8 in the Charter of the Institute.

them much prudence is required, lest this important bond with the old country, instead of being a friendly tie, should prove to be the reverse. It is now evident that financial relations between the mother country and the colonies have recently been strained to the verge of danger; and thoughtful persons will acknowledge that it is premature to treat the peril as past. To trace the steps whereby colonial finance has fallen to its present state would practically be to write the history of the colonies, a task beyond the scope of this essay: it must suffice to say generally that England lent them money on far too easy terms, and for this she is responsible and will suffer; that in consequence the colonies borrowed recklessly and spent the money lavishly, often rather with the view of present benefit to the democracy than on sound commercial principles. This statement is no doubt questioned, perhaps denied, by excellent colonial authority; but it is, we believe, a very moderate description of that which has occurred. To give what may be taken as the colonial view,[1] we quote the following from 'The Seven Colonies of Australasia,' by Mr T. A. Coghlan, Government Statistician of New South Wales:[1]—

"The total expenditure from loans up to the year 1890-91, exclusive of the amounts paid in redemption of loans, was £182,994,070. Of this sum £136,052,846, or nearly three-fourths, was spent in the construction of railways, water-supply, sewerage, and electric telegraphs — directly reproductive works—whilst of the balance, a very large sum was expended on other works of a permanent nature, such as roads and bridges, harbour and dock works, lighthouses, schools and public buildings generally. These, though not in all cases revenue-producing, have been undertaken for the development of the resources of the colonies and for facilitating settlement; £7,687,633 was expended on defence works and immigration."[2]

Again:—

"It has been frequently insisted upon in this chapter that the public debt of Australia has been incurred as an aid to the development of the material resources of the colonies, and, unlike that of European nations, no portion of it has been expended on war charges, except in New Zealand to a small extent. . . . The debt has certainly, even from the first, increased at a much higher ratio than the population; but this was a necessary corollary to the progress of the country, inasmuch as the Governments of all the colonies systematically opposed the prosecution of railways and similar undertakings by private enterprise."[3]

The other view of the question is to be found in articles in the 'Investors' Review' of February and May 1893, which, though pessimist in conclusion and not conciliatory to our colonial brethren in style, yet deserve careful study by all who are interested.

The result of extravagance in communities is precisely the same as with an individual: so long as income can pay interest on debt as well as current expenses, there is comparative safety; but when debt increases and income shrinks, the man or the state is on the road to ruin. To avert bankruptcy there is but one sure remedy. Undeveloped resources are no doubt very valuable, and assistance from them in time may be reasonably expected, and will be welcome; but the only real

[1] Sydney, Charles Potter; and A. Petherick & Co., London, &c.
[2] Ibid., pp. 283, 284.
[3] Ibid., p. 290.

safety to be found is in boldly facing the situation, rigorously reducing expenditure, and practising simple honesty in matters of finance and account. If this be done all will go well, but delay in practising it makes the cure more difficult and more painful.

In Victoria the crisis has resulted, in addition to these general causes, from the effects of the great strike which paralysed industry and caused loss of revenue as well as distress to the majority of workmen; from the cheapening of silver; and from the consequences of the land boom. The last-mentioned cause is probably the most mischievous, and may be thus illustrated. In the days of the workman's prosperity he saved money and bought a plot of land and cottage in the immediate suburbs of a city, say Melbourne; he lived comfortably there, and continued to lay by money. Then came the inflation; he had paid, we may say, £200 for his property when speculators came, told him it was worth as many thousands, and offered to buy it. He sold, and was usually paid so much down, and the greater part by a mortgage on the property at a high rate of interest. Finding himself a capitalist, he ceased to work, took a house in town, and lived on the interest of his property. The original plot was cut up into lots and built upon; but people did not come forward to rent or buy, and the immediate result was that the interest on the mortgage ceased to be paid. The man had to retrench, to look for work under disadvantages, and to withdraw his savings. This has been going on for some time, has weakened the banks, and added to the general distress. But, in addition, many of the banks had lent money on the inflated values of the town and suburban lots, tying up their assets so that they were not available when the run came, and therefore they have had to close their doors.

This matter deserves some further consideration, for the parent country is directly interested, and Scotland, we believe, more deeply than the rest of the kingdom. The banks, as we have seen, were doing the business of the mortgage companies, which in turn were trenching on banking business by taking deposits payable on demand. It is the practice of both banks and mortgage companies to borrow money for fixed periods at a higher rate of interest than is obtainable on good security at home. To help to get the money they appoint agents—in Scotland, lawyers generally—and give them a commission on the loans obtained. Now, though the commission may be trifling, whilst the integrity and rectitude of the agents may be beyond question, yet the principle underlying the transaction appears to be as unsound as it is undesirable. Besides, it is more than doubtful if in all cases such an agent can have so intimate a knowledge of the transactions of the bank or company as to warrant him in advising a client to lend his money; and recent disclosures prove that even when the ordinary precaution is taken of seeing that the deposit is secured on the unpaid portion of the shares, depositors may still lose their money or be kept out of it for a very long time. That result is thus attained. There is a run on a bank which it cannot meet, and its doors are closed. Simultaneously a telegram is despatched to England assuring the public that the concern is really sound, the

business excellent, and so forth; their little misfortune is a pure accident, for which a remedy in the shape of reconstruction is proposed. A meeting of shareholders and creditors is hastily summoned, in which the remedial scheme is recommended in every possible way for adoption; and if opposition is manifested, a broad hint that it is the only chance they have of ever seeing their money again generally suffices to bring depositors to the desired frame of mind. Such schemes are generally bad and foredoomed to failure. They are bad because they tend to the perpetuation of bad business; and also bad, in that they usually involve injury to the creditors for the benefit of shareholders. In Australia we think that at the present time they are further to be condemned because there are more banks than are required, and an unsparing clear-out of the weaker and unsound houses would be best for the colonies, and best too for the lenders of the money. Further, consider the effect recent failures in Australia will have on the houses which are still solvent. Many loans mature in June, and lenders must soon decide whether to renew or withdraw their money. It is certain that in spite of the temptation of high interest a great deal of money will be withheld which the companies must provide, and it is a fair question to ask whether they can meet this contingency or whether further failures may not be anticipated. Some of them, with the hope of reconstruction before their eyes, may deliberately prefer to close their doors rather than face their liabilities. Indeed, since these lines were written intimation has reached London of the stoppage of a bank, not because of local withdrawals of money, but because the directors were advised that there was no hope of the Scotch deposits being renewed.

On the other hand, lenders and depositors should not in unreasoning panic decide against renewal; for by doing so they may bring about the calamity they desire to avert. Rather they should satisfy themselves of the nature of the business done, of the reality of the security from unpaid capital; and as things now stand, we believe they are justified in demanding additional inducement to lend, either in the form of higher interest or of increased facilities for getting back their money, or both. A term of five or seven and a half years is a long time to tie up money in concerns of that class.

In New South Wales the crisis has not as yet been so acute as in Victoria, partly because the population is more rural and less urban; nevertheless the position of the former colony towards its creditors is unsatisfactory, and little better than that of the latter. The credit of both is seriously impaired; neither can hope to meet their engagements without further borrowing, which will be difficult to arrange for, and in both strict retrenchment is essential to recovery. This is in a measure admitted by the more thoughtful persons in either colony, and in New South Wales has been recognised by Mr Pulsford in his articles on "Capital and Finance in Australasia" in the 'Sydney Morning Herald'; but the serious aspect of the question is whether, in communities so very democratic, a Government determined to economise would be allowed to exist. For economy would involve much that is distasteful to all, but specially repugnant to prevalent democratic

notions. The numerical majority of voters might bear with equanimity, perhaps applaud, retrenchment in the cost of government —their virtue might lead them so far; but would they submit to wholesale reduction in the cost of education (which is enormous in proportion to the population) and in other administrative expenses? would they welcome instead of discouraging immigration, their most urgent need, but which would cause an immediate reduction of wages? Will the majority of the people submit to these necessities now, or will they prefer to repudiate their debts? We cannot see that there is any alternative, and that is the question which chiefly concerns the holder of colonial Government securities, so highly thought of not long ago that it was proposed to place them in the class in which trust money may be invested. The question is most difficult to answer and delicate to handle; but it is one which cannot be safely postponed, and which must be fairly faced. In favour of the honest course it may reasonably be argued that the colonies require more or less urgently to borrow money—an eminently practical reason for present financial honour; further, it is still true that honesty is the best policy; and also we must never in a matter of this sort forget that the race is the same as our own, and that one of its qualities of which we are justly proud is the power to bear and rise superior to misfortune. On the other hand, repudiation is perhaps the simplest solution of the difficulty; it evades the immediate restraint and suffering inseparable from an efficient economy, and the step is not unknown in the annals of democracy. As people answer this question, so will they sell or hold colonial securities; and each creditor must decide for himself. Personally, we do not doubt that if the property and intelligence of the colonies were adequately represented they would elect to meet their liabilities and preserve their good name; but it would be rash to say to what courses they may be driven by a majority of electors. On this point sound colonial opinion must be of great value. It may be that our brethren in the colonies are not yet alive to the danger of the situation, and therefore are not prepared to submit to drastic remedies; a nearer approach of bankruptcy and a more grievous crisis may be required to induce the frame of spirit necessary for reform and regeneration.

Turning from Australia to India, from a country ruled by democracy to one governed by a benevolent despotism, we find, unfortunately, further and most serious financial trouble. In explanation of increased charges, it is usual to urge the need of additional military expenditure in consequence of the near approach of a great foreign Power; and, worse still, that the fall and violent fluctuation in the gold value of the rupee, disturb Indian finance and make a trustworthy budget impossible. These points may be conceded, and it may be added that the patience and loyalty of the officers of the Indian Government have been strained to an extent which is hardly realised in this country, by the depreciation of the coin in which they are paid. It has been stated with little exaggeration that if their pay be turned into gold, as part of it always must be, they are virtually, with the rupee at 1s. 2½d., working twelve months for seven months' pay. What body of men in this country

would have endured half the strain for so long a time? It would seem plain that if the present high standard of officers is to be maintained this grievance must be wholly or partially remedied, and in either case additional charge on the revenue is involved.

Naturally, those responsible for Indian finance in the present extremity turn to the simplest solution, and set about devising additional taxation. Regarding this, especially as the matter is under the consideration of the Government of India, we refrain from detailed comment. In a general way, however, we may say that the land-tax is the chief source of revenue, and that its moderate assessment is essential to a wise and safe Indian policy; for the cultivators are the backbone of the country, the source whence our recruits are mainly derived, and to keep them content is of vital importance. Nor is the simple expedient (the latest triumph of the financial genius of our present Chancellor of the Exchequer) of "putting a penny in the slot" available, for income-tax is no better liked in India than at home, and is less productive. It might not, however, pass the wit of the Legislature at Calcutta, which may probably be summoned in July to consider the means of imposing fresh taxation, to devise a tax to reach Bengali Baboos and Parsees, rich classes who owe their wealth and the power of enjoying it solely to the protection of a Government which many of them delight to slander, but without which they could not for an instant keep their wealth from the plunder, or their persons from the punishment and contempt, of the warlike races of India.

But with the exception of such a tax as that just proposed, we are strongly disposed to deprecate heavy additional taxation for India; rather would we welcome a determined attempt to reduce expenditure, for which there is room, and no one can reasonably question the necessity. The abolition of the offices of Commander-in-Chief at Madras and Bombay, and the substitution of an ordinary command under the Government of India, naturally leads to the inquiry whether further economics could not with advantage be introduced in the civil administration of those Presidencies. Then in another direction we believe a reform of the rules of promotion and pension in the Staff Corps to be called for, and that the result would be a tangible reduction in the home charges, which, from their nature and the fluctuation in value of the rupee, are specially burdensome to the taxpayer and trying to the Indian finance minister.

Having thus glanced at the condition of Australia as represented by her leading colonies and of India, mainly from a financial point of view, it is desirable to consider the relations between them; for the ties are important, and may, before long we hope, help to an improved condition of prosperity and security. A question of such obvious significance has long ago attracted attention. It is curious to read in an old article in the 'Calcutta Review' called "Steam to Australia,"[1] that Greece and Rome knew how to colonise, but that England did not; and to find that forty-three years ago the British capitalist had much the same trouble to find investments for his money that

[1] Calcutta Review, xiii., 25, 7—January to June 1850.

he now has, and so was led to embark in all sorts of perilous and mischievous foreign loans. England was advised to send a prince of the blood to head the colony, accompanied by a body of noblemen, the future members of a colonial house of peers. With more wisdom it was urged that the means of communication be improved in order to strengthen the bonds of friendship between England and Australia and between Australia and India. "Unite India with Australia by a bridge of steamers, and we shall soon see men who have distinguished themselves in the one country" settling in the other. And the writer with great justice points out that Australia rather than England is a suitable home for the honourable poverty of the retired Anglo-Indian. Again, in an article termed "Australia and India,"[1] it is pointed out that whilst in the latter empire was won by the sword, in the former the weapons were the shepherd's crook and the ploughshare. In both countries there is a strong attachment to the old country, in both a noble field for energy and ability; and between the two there is arising a growing intercourse which will make strong bonds of mutual advantage. Some interesting data are quoted from Sydney's 'Colonies of Australia,' from which we learn that in the year 1788 there were but 1030 English people in that country, and that their live stock consisted of 2 bulls, 5 cows, 1 horse, 3 mares, 3 colts, 29 sheep, 19 goats, besides pigs, rabbits, and poultry in proportion. The loss of the two bulls and four cows in the bush was considered to be a public calamity; but seven years later their produce, amounting to sixty head, was found wild on the pastures of the Nepean river. Golconda is compared, to its disadvantage, with the mines of Burra Burra, which in one season paid 1200 per cent to the proprietors; and whilst it is conceded that India has had a great past, for Australia a mighty future is predicted.

More recently the relations between the various parts of our empire and the United Kingdom have been carefully considered in Sir Charles Dilke's 'Problems of Greater Britain,' but somewhat unaccountably the relations between Australia and India have been overlooked. The omission is strange, for in case of a great war the obvious need which India would have of assistance from Australia in horses alone can scarcely have escaped an attention so minute, directed, we are inclined to think, on the question of Indian defence, in no small degree by the ability and experience of Lord Roberts, to whom indeed the book is dedicated. The question of those relations is, however, discussed in the introductory and most interesting chapter of Mr Deakin's recent work, 'Irrigated India,'[2] which formed the subject of an article in the 'Fortnightly Review,'[3] by Sir Charles Dilke, and has since been reviewed in the 'Athenæum.'[4] The Victorian writer has grasped the fact that "the future relations of India and Australia possess immeasurable potencies. Their geographical proximity cannot but exercise a

[1] Calcutta Review, xxviii. 55, 4—January to June 1857.
[2] W. Thacker & Co., 1893.
[3] An Australian View of India, ii.—December 1892.
[4] No. 3416, April 15, 1893, pp. 475, 476.

very real and reciprocal influence upon the forces of national life in each, presenting to both vital problems of common interest, and possibilities of political development as vast as they are vague."[1] He sees that there must soon be intimate bonds between the countries, those of trade and defence being of most immediate importance. The former is increasing in a satisfactory way, but would at once be arrested if India were occupied by Russia; in which case Australia's safety would to some extent be threatened. He recognises that the colonies are directly interested in seeing an attack on India repulsed, though he doubts whether at the present time they could afford efficient aid. He further points out the common need of irrigation in both countries, and the suitability of Australia as a home for retired Anglo-Indians.

As the prosperity of both countries must be furthered by the development of these mutual interests, it is important that they should now be briefly considered. As regards trade between Australia and India, we may at once say that to discover its origin and trace its progress and fluctuation year by year is a task beyond our present scope; it is rendered more difficult than is necessary by alterations made in the way of preparing the statistics. The first organised attempt to develop this trade was, according to Mr O'Halloran, Secretary to the Colonial Institute, made in 1869, under the auspices of Sir James Fergusson, then Governor of South Australia, who had written to the Governor-General of India, Lord Mayo, on the subject. A vessel was chartered and despatched to Calcutta "with a carefully selected cargo of flour, biscuits, wines, tinned meats, mutton, hams, preserved fruits, and other Australian produce."[2] Samples were supplied to the Indian Commissariat, and the result was officially reported. A return cargo of Indian produce was shipped to Adelaide, and similarly treated. We know not whether the venture succeeded, but an examination of statistics shows that the fluctuations in the values of imports and exports from India to Australia since 1870 have been considerable; the maximum was apparently reached in 1883, since which year they have decreased, but the figures are so far obscure that without close study generalisation is unsafe. That there is scope for a valuable and important trade between the two countries is manifest, for Australia sends India horses, wine, copper, silver, gold, coal, and wool; India in return exporting coffee, rice, wheat, spices, tea, tobacco, vegetable oils, and jute. The horses are chiefly used for the Indian army, the numbers taken varying from about 1500 to 2000 from 1870 to 1873, to 4517 in 1891-92. Little trouble is taken to develop this branch of trade, which at any moment may be of great importance; and Mr Coghlan, Government Statistician of New South Wales, has justly complained of the absence of an agent from India who should make himself acquainted with the resources of the colonies and advise intending shippers. At present, the risks of the voyage and uncertainty of sale prevent the breeding of horses for any but local requirements. Mr Deakin looks forward to sending India a small but first-class

[1] Irrigated India, p. 7.

[2] Letter to 'The Colonies and India,' of February 1, 1884.

supply of fruit, whilst "bacon, ham, and preserved meats might be almost a monopoly for Australia. The army requirements alone should demand a constant output. Chilled meat for the tables of white residents ought to command high rates, as its flavour would far surpass anything at present obtainable even in winter. . . . Considering that we are but a fortnight distant, and that the country lies upon our main steamship routes, it is somewhat surprising that our exchange is so backward."[1]

The exports from India, with the exception of tea and perhaps wheat, scarcely demand special notice. Australians are perhaps the greatest tea-drinkers in the world, and the increase of the trade is remarkable. In 1870 the value of tea exported was £1072; in 1874 the figures had risen to £7619; in 1887 to £91,977; in 1889 to £180,000; and in 1890 had reached the imposing total of £290,000.[2] Distress in Australia will doubtless reduce this for a time, but the value of the market is undeniable. As regards wheat, if irrigation becomes general in Australia, or even moderately extensive, it is reasonable to suppose that its importation will cease.

After trade, defence has to be considered. It is clear, from their geographical position, and because they are parts of one empire, that provision should be made for mutual assistance in time of need. Australia, for many reasons, is unlikely to be invaded, and India is not in a position to assist in the defence of her coast, for which our navy and the Australasian auxiliary squadron are mainly responsible. Still, if so improbable a contingency should arise, and India were not herself at war, efficient assistance could be sent. The combined Australasian forces are said to be 36,954 strong, of which 25,000 could be mobilised in either of the colonies of Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, or South Australia.[3] In case of the invasion of India, Australia could now furnish horses, and probably supply the commissariat with many necessaries. If her population were increased, as we hope it will be by emigration from the United Kingdom, there is no reason why she should not in addition send men. Bombay and Calcutta are about a fortnight's voyage from Melbourne; but fast steamers could do the distance in eleven days.

There remains to be considered the necessity for irrigation, and the advantage to Australia of profiting by experience gained elsewhere. Fully impressed with this, the Government of Victoria deputed the Hon. Alfred Deakin, a man of proved talent and judgment, to the United States, Egypt, Italy, and finally to India, to study the various systems. From India, where nearly every form of irrigation work and administration may be found, he considered, after careful observation, that as regards legislation and cultivation, Victoria had little to learn, but a great deal in respect to construction of works, their maintenance, and the distribution of water.

In New South Wales too, as is evident from the various reports,

---

[1] Irrigated India, p. 139.

[2] The Seven Colonies of Australasia, p. 33, and Statements of the Trade of British India.

[3] Seven Colonies of Australasia, p. 201.

some of which deserve complimentary mention, the value of irrigation has not been overlooked. Data have been collected, laws have been framed, and in conjunction with the other colonies interested, the thorny question of the property in the water of the Murray river has been investigated. Private enterprise is represented by the settlements at Mildura and Renmark under the auspices of Messrs Chaffey Brothers, whose success is most encouraging. It has, in short, been made evident that irrigation must play an important part in the future of New South Wales and Victoria; it is, if prudently provided, a sure means of increasing their wealth, and should therefore now more than ever command attention.

As these are the bonds now existing between Australia and India, the remaining question is, How can they best be strengthened to the benefit of both countries and of the United Kingdom? We believe that no more effectual means can be adopted than to encourage Australians to come forward freely and take a substantial part in the Government of India. Their young men, from the healthy out-of-door, in-the-saddle life they lead, possess valuable qualifications for Indian work, either as magistrates and commissioners, or as engineers. It is true that the Civil Service and the Engineer department are as open to them as to the rest of our fellow-subjects; but something might be done to bring more prominently to their notice the advantages of Indian service and experience. It may be that these are not sufficient to attract the youth of the colonies, and that, as regards irrigation, the methods most approved in India may not be preferred; but the proposal is worthy of trial, as it would certainly add greatly to the strength of the bonds of union between the countries. Nowhere is experience in irrigation matters so varied and extensive as in India; and the young Australian, after some years in that country, could look forward to useful employment at home when he retired. Again, supposing the ties strengthened in this way, is it possible to imagine that Australia would sit quiet whilst India was invaded? Far otherwise. But her first need is more men, more immigration, and a dispersing of town population towards the country. No policy is more likely to effect this than the establishment of good irrigation canals, which in a dry land invariably attract people.

Finally, whilst Australia may supply a part of the governing power of India, the latter may usefully send labour to those parts of the colonies which are unsuited for white men; and so the scheme should work, based on the sound foundation of the mutual interests of all concerned.

EARLSCOURT: A NOVEL OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

CHAPTER XXV.—EARLSCOURT *EN FAMILLE.*

On a certain evening the Earlscourt family were all assembled after dinner in the drawing-room, and so complete a gathering was rather an unusual event in that household, for Lord Earlsfield was wont to spend his evenings in the library, while the member found himself more at his ease in his own apartments, if his appetite for a cigar did not lead him, as it very frequently did, stablewards. Mrs Firebrace was the only permanent occupant of the drawing-room, where she sat and discussed the doctrine of eternal torments with any one who could be found complaisant enough to taste, by anticipation, of the terrors of futurity. Mary Donne often struggled, from good-nature, to bear Mrs Firebrace company in the evenings, and endeavoured to carry on some secular conversation; but the widow invariably worked round to a comparison of her present state of grace with her previous unregenerate condition; and the graphic picture of the pains which the defunct major was suffering for his delinquencies in the flesh would generally compel Mary to take to flight.

Since the return of his son, Lord Earlsfield had made a great effort to be sociable and domestic, uncongenial as he found such a part to be to his character. He sought to interest his brother and sisters in Harold, and to create something of a kindly family feeling among them. To a man of his reserved and stiff disposition the task was not an easy one, and his awkwardness, of which he was only too conscious, made him feel nervous about what the others might think of his display of amiability. He had always ruled over his relations as a master, and a very arbitrary one; and it cost him a great struggle now to unbend himself and assume a more genial attitude. But it was for his son, as he told himself, that he was working: to secure Harold in his position, to strengthen his character, and, above all, to ward off risks of the recurrence of his malady. He was prepared to give up all his ways and sacrifice his old feelings. And his hopes of success were now high. The young man had come back much improved: both in appearance and manner he was all that could be desired in a gentleman; he was possessed of cultivated tastes, although Lord Earlsfield would have approved more of them, and could have sympathised better with them, had they taken a direction other than the natural and physical sciences. Lord Earlsfield was not quite certain whether science was a pursuit strictly proper for a nobleman. He searched his mind for precedents with but little success. There was, to be sure, the Marquis of Worcester in King Charles's time, who was very often in his mind; but people thought him mad, as Lord Earlsfield remembered with a shudder. And there was an Earl of Orrery who invented—well, either an air-pump or something about the planets; but as an Irishman, he could not count for much. Lord Earlsfield could glean but little encourage-

ment from these mental researches, and gravely feared that, on the whole, his son must be indulging in illegitimate pursuits.

They were quite a family party. Lord Earlsfield sat in the centre of the fireside drinking tea, which Mrs Firebrace dispensed at a table immediately behind him, varying her duties with the perusal of the miseries of a missionary who had sacrificed three wives in five years to the spread of the Gospel in the trying climate of Travancore. Harold sat dreaming, with his eyes intently fixed upon the fire, while Dorothy, at the window, was looking out into the dusk. George and Mary Donne were playing *bézique* in a corner of the room and conversing in low tones, merely out of deference, let us hope, to Lord Earlsfield's presence, who, however, had been looking over his shoulder at them with some signs of impatience.

"You play *bézique*, I suppose," said Lord Earlsfield at length to Harold; "Miss Donne will be glad to have a game with you, after George and she have finished this one."

"No, thank you; I can play nothing but whist, and not much of that. I never could take much interest in games, and Captain Carshalton never allowed me to play when we were abroad."

"Ah! well, I suppose he was quite right," rejoined Lord Earlsfield; "cards are an accomplishment that cost many young men dear. I am very glad *you* have no gambling tastes."

The emphasis and slightly raised voice which Lord Earlsfield employed in this remark made George wince, and Miss Donne fix her eyes upon him with a look of severe meaning.

"Perhaps you will give us some music, Mary dear," resumed his lordship. "Harold, will you take Miss Donne to the piano?"

George Colpoys threw down his cards in a pet and strolled towards the window to his sister. "You must find this a lively place, Dolly, after your pleasant quarters abroad. For my part, I wonder how any one who can get a bed and a dinner elsewhere should ever think of hanging out here. I suppose you appreciate the meaning of that move," he added in a lower tone, leaning over his sister's chair, while he glanced in the direction of the piano, at which Mary Donne had now taken her seat, while Harold stood abstractedly leaning over her.

"What move?" asked Dorothy in the same tone, looking towards Lord Earlsfield, who had turned his chair round so as to take in a view of the piano.

"Why, are you blind? Don't you understand at last what Earlsfield's object has been in taking care of Mary Donne and keeping her in cotton-wool here as he has done? You surely were never so silly as to imagine that it was out of pure benevolence. Don't you know your elder brother better than to suppose that he would do a good action unless he had some end in view? He is deep, is Earlsfield."

"What!" said Dorothy, opening her eyes, "you don't mean to say——" and the look she threw towards Harold and Mary finished the sentence.

"Hush! not so loud. That is just what I do mean; and it is cruelty—infamous cruelty, Dolly. It is quite as bad as those tribes in India who used to fatten up girls and sacrifice them to their gods. I got them up once in a Blue-book, but it turned out that the thing was out of date."

"I don't believe it," said Dorothy, dubiously; "it is too absurd. Poor Harold ought never to marry. And besides, I don't think he cares for her. See how listless he looks."

Certainly there was little appearance of interest in young Colpoys's manner as he leaned upon the piano, gazing vacantly towards the far end of the room. He had made an effort to turn the leaves of Miss Donne's music, but as he always intervened at the wrong time, his assistance did more harm than good. To poor Mary the situation was highly painful. She knew that Lord Earlsfield's eyes were upon her, and the feeling that he was expecting her to fascinate his son was of itself enough to make her silent. She had played two or three pieces, and as she turned over the leaves of her music wondering whether she might not venture to retreat, she made a desperate effort to say something.

"You were at the Museum again this afternoon," she said. "Do you find much there to interest you?"

"A good deal," replied Harold, wakening up; "the natural history collection is very full and notable, and the curator himself is a most enthusiastic naturalist. He is a perfect mine of scientific knowledge. I am going back to see him again to-morrow."

"Have you seen his daughter, Miss Sparshott? She is very pretty. I have noticed her at church; the vicar is her uncle, you know, the Doctor's brother."

"She is the loveliest girl I have ever seen," said the downright youth, with a warmth in his tones that made every one in the room look up.

"I am sure she is," rejoined Mary Donne, heartily, "and they say she is so good and careful of her father. I have often wished I could know her."

"I suppose," said Lord Earlsfield, who had been an interested listener, "you are speaking of the girl who was so madly in love with Brancepeth, the banker's son. Brancepeth, if I remember rightly, quarrelled with the young man, and cast him off about her. Very rightly too. But as the son is back in the bank, I suppose he has got cured of his folly. It is the same girl, is it not?" he added, turning round to George.

"The very same, sir," replied the member, "and a pretty girl she is. She might make a good match, I suppose, but for that queer old crabbed stick of a father of hers. Young Brancepeth used to be mad about her,—what is the matter with you, Dora? You are looking ill. I knew you would catch cold from sitting so close to the window. But it is all up between Brancepeth and Miss Sparshott somehow. I suppose the old man's money put in a prevailing argument on the other side, and no blame to Brancepeth. I should like to see the girl that I would prefer to the accumulated savings of Brancepeth Brothers. Hem!"

The member's eye had caught a glance from Mary Donne which promptly put a stop to his mercenary confessions, and he hurried on with some confusion.

"I have a notion that old Mold,—that is, Fossebraye's partner, the man with the eyes, you know—is sweet upon Miss Sparshott. I have seen her in his office, and upon my word she might do much worse. That old ruffian has got a rare sackful of plunder scraped together somewhere, you may safely bet."

The changes of countenance and impatience of manner which Harold exhibited while this conversation was going on were marked enough to excite Miss Donne's attention and Lord Earlsfield's

fears. His face, which had at first blushed crimson like a schoolgirl's, changed to a dark-purple colour. His eyes, which generally had a soft, dreamy, and often evasive expression, now became lit up with fire, and turned boldly with a fixed defiant stare from one to the other of the speakers. His throat moved convulsively as if he were choking, and his hands seemed to grow nervously rigid, each finger standing out apart from the other. But, luckily for him, Dorothy quickly drew the attention of the company to herself.

"I shall go to my room," she said; "I suppose it is the draught from the window that has given me a violent neuralgia. Don't you come, dear," she hastily added, as Mary Donne, gladly recognising a chance of escape, rose up to accompany her; "I had much rather be alone. I always find quiet the best thing for neuralgia."

"We think much of the pains the human body has to endure," observed Mrs Firebrace, sententiously, as she folded down a page of her book and sweetened another cup of tea for herself; "but how little trouble do we give ourselves concerning what our precious souls may hereafter have to suffer. Warning after warning neglected."

"A truism of which you are affording us a most disagreeable illustration," retorted Lord Earlsfield, testily, "for I have warned you again and again that I will not have such subjects thrust into ordinary conversation."

Mrs Firebrace retorted by an angry sniff, and resumed her book. Though reading only to herself, she had a habit of pronouncing her words under her breath, so that when her temper was ruffled, as very frequently occurred, those who were near to her could participate in the benefits of the subject in which she was engaged. Lord Earlsfield's ear could catch such expressions as "puffed up with pride," "shrouded in hardness and self-conceit," "scoffing at words in season," "great and terrible day," "rocks and mountains to fall upon us"; and he scornfully edged his chair a few paces further away from the reader, — a movement which Mrs Firebrace on her part indignantly imitated.

"But," asked Harold, "why did Mr Brancepeth quarrel with his son about Miss Sparshott? Is she not a lady?"

"Hem!" rejoined Lord Earlsfield, slowly. "I fancy the young woman occupies a somewhat dubious position in the eyes of those people in the town who regard themselves as constituting its society. Her uncle is the vicar, a most worthy—a most estimable person; but her father — well, hum!—I suppose her father has not met with that success in life which his scientific attainments no doubt deserved, and in the town people are susceptible of nice distinctions which seem inexpressibly small to persons in our position. So that while we can afford to recognise the curator's daughter as a lady, we can appreciate that there are reasons coming home closely to Mr Brancepeth, the banker, which would make him take an opposite view so far as his son was concerned. But the matter is one in which we can have no interest."

Harold seemed not quite so sure of this, and leaned moodily against the piano, looking his father very fixedly in the face. Lord Earlsfield felt very uneasy under the young man's glance, and the warning of Captain Carshalton against thwarting or contradicting his son's views flashed across his mind. He

did not like the admiration which Harold had avowed for the Doctor's daughter. He foresaw trouble, and prayed devoutly that he might soon be able to bring round a marriage with Mary Donne.

"As the ladies are gone," said Lord Earlsfield rising, "I shall finish my evening in the library, and leave George and you to your devices in the smoking-room." But as he went out he was startled to hear his son say to the member—

"I have no patience with such antiquated prejudices. If a lady is a lady she must be a lady. Miss Sparshott is the prettiest and most lady-like girl I have ever seen. I must get Aunt Dorothy to call and make her acquaintance."

"I shall have trouble with that boy," groaned Lord Earlsfield. "He has no just appreciation of his rank, and a disagreeable, logical, levelling way of looking at things. Somehow I must bring matters to a head between him and Mary Donne. It is the only salvation for us all."

CHAPTER XXVI.—THREE IN COMPANY.

One morning at Earlscourt was very much the same as another. In that well-regulated household each of the inmates fell into a groove of life which was followed up, save when any extraneous accident shunted them temporarily on to other lines, and such accidents were phenomenally rare. Every morning Lord Earlsfield did homage to his Maker, as an act of deference due from a high to a higher power, and he ordained that all his relations and dependants should be present to add dignity to the ceremony and to witness that it was duly and truly performed. There were, however, black sheep of known laxity with regard to attendance at the domestic altar. George Colpoys's unpunctuality was frequent enough to be regarded as a family scandal; but as Lord Earlsfield had had occasion to note that a religious reformation on the part of his brother was always the prelude to a demand for money, he was content to wink at the member's remissness. Dorothy, too, since she had come into her aunt's fortune had shown a latitudinarian indifference to morning prayers, and a decided preference for breakfasting in her own room and dawdling away the morning there; but she too was felt to be a privileged person whom it would be useless to interfere with.

Lord Earlsfield's mornings were devoted to business; George's began with a stroll stablewards and a cigar, and of late he had taken to sauntering about the old summer-house at the time when Mary Donne was wont to feed her pigeons. The member was in love; there was no disguising the fact from himself. It was not the first time his passions had been stirred. Some fifteen or twenty years before he had been a young man about town, and had treated himself to all the pleasures that his money could purchase. He had made his way behind the scenes of the theatres; and more than one lady of the *corps de ballet* had inspired him with a more than Platonic affection. He had imagined himself wretched when the rich and beautiful Miss Melrose from Manchester, with whom he thought he was making some headway, had thrown him over as a detrimental, and mar-

ried the Marquis of Cinque-ports. "But this," meditated George, contrasting his former experiences with his present passion, "this is quite another sixpence." The feeling was strange and uncomfortable, but not without a certain dash of pleasurable excitement. There were very few follies that he had not fathomed; he was long past the age of illusions, he fancied; he was a sated, jaded man, who lived in a world covered with faded draperies, and with the gilt rubbed off it. The idea, he told himself, was ridiculous that a man of his age and experience should leave off where he ought to have begun; and now that the little means which he had ever possessed were all squandered, he should think of a disinterested attachment for a girl of about half his age, and scarcely a whit richer than himself. It was preposterous. What had he really ever cared for marriage? Had he not been much more comfortable and happy than many of his domesticated friends? Had he not marked with a *suave mare magnum* sort of pleasure the shifts to which they had been put to gain a little run of liberty, the devices and deceptions they had been obliged to practise in order to slip for a time the conjugal collar, and the disastrous consequences which befell them upon discovery? Why should he not let well alone? Especially, as if he did not he would run himself into a difficulty with Lord Earlsfield compared with which all his previous scrapes would appear as virtues.

"Yes, that is just it," reflected he; "it would be battle, murder, and sudden death with Earlsfield; and here I am walking up and down waiting for her, as if it were my business. Hang it all! what a cursed world this is! A damned, rotten, God-forsaken world, whatever they may say of it."

"Hilloa, George, that is strong language!" cried Harold, who, coming behind, had overheard the last words, which the member in his bitterness had uttered aloud. "I did not expect you to take such a pessimistic view of the matter. I should have thought you rather held with Pangloss that this is the best of all possible worlds; and here you are railing away like any old Timon."

"Never heard of the gentleman," retorted George, gruffly; "and if this is the best of all possible worlds I wish you would tell me where some of the others are,—I'm going to emigrate."

"Anything gone wrong, old man?" asked Harold, linking his arm through the member's. "Not the Cesarewitch? Kidney Beans hasn't gone lame or got off her feed? Or have these beggars in the borough been making themselves disagreeable again?"

"I don't know that there is anything very right anywhere," grumbled the member; "things are beastly. But what are you up to this morning? Going to blow up anything in that laboratory of yours?"

"No; I am idling to-day. I was brought to a standstill for want of some stuff which I have telegraphed to London for, and which won't be here before to-morrow morning. But here comes Miss Donne; let us go and see her feed her pets."

And he dragged the member not unwillingly along after Mary, round whose head the pigeons, which had been on the watch for her, were swiftly circling, and almost darting at the basket which carried their food; and one bolder than the rest had lighted on her

shoulder and balanced himself there while she gently stroked his feathers and patted his head.

"O fair dove! O fond dove!" hummed Harold, who was in unusually high spirits.

"Ought to be thinned these pigeons," growled the member, who was annoyed with himself and annoyed with Harold for depriving him of his *tête-à-tête* with Mary Donne. "Why is it one never sees pigeon-pie in this place? The Court is being overrun with them."

"How horrible!" cried Mary Donne, indignantly; "don't you know that these pigeons are sacred? Lord Earlsfield has given orders that no one is to dare touch them."

"The Lord's will be done, in this as in all else," muttered George; "such an instance of humanity merits respect for its uniqueness."

"You should see the Manumea pigeons from the South Seas which Dr Sparshott has got at the Museum," broke in Harold, "quite marvellous birds they are—second cousins to the defunct dodo of interesting memory. Let me take you along to see them some afternoon, Miss Donne."

"It strikes me," said the member, throwing himself back upon a seat in a corner of the summer-house and pointing his cigar judicially in the direction of his nephew; "it strikes me that the less your studies lead you in the direction of the Museum the more satisfactory will it be to your venerated and anxious parent."

There was a disagreeable ring in George's voice which made Mary Donne look up in some surprise; and indeed he felt in a very nasty frame of mind. His usual talk with Mary had been interrupted, and he was little disposed to have mercy upon the intruder.

"Why!" cried Harold, much surprised; "what should my father care about it? He is quite willing for me to follow my own pursuits; and gives me money too to enable me to do it, like a dear old fellow as he is."

"Hem!" retorted George, "the fact that Lord Earlsfield should give you or anybody else money, is certainly remarkable enough to be noted. But your scientific glance must have perceived that Dr Sparshott's extensive and varied collection includes one specimen—unclassified, I believe, and certainly not stuffed—which it might be dangerous to study too closely."

"You mean?" cried Harold, with an angry gleam in his eye, as he turned and fully faced the member.

"I mean that beautiful daughter of his, to whose charms when recounted by yourself Lord Earlsfield lent a more attentive than appreciative ear."

The young man's face flushed purple, and with difficulty he mastered the wrathful elements within him, which were surging up in the direction of an indignant explosion.

"Don't mind him, Harold," said Mary Donne kindly, coming to the lad's release. "Mr Colpoys doesn't know how cross to be this morning. He has vented his ill-humour on my pigeons, and now he wants to tease you. I am sure you said nothing about Miss Sparshott but what I have heard him say himself—often."

"Oh!" returned Harold, casting rather a dubious look upon George. Was it possible, he thought, that this relative, who belonged to an antecedent generation, could also admire Cloete Sparshott; and if he did, would he want to marry her?

The thought was uncomfortable, but it served to divert his rising anger.

"Well, you see," continued George, crossly, "I am in the happy position of a man who can say anything and mean nothing about women. Though I were to remark that Miss Sparshott was fairer than the Venus What-d'ye-call-her who comes out of the sea, Lord Earlsfield would simply give a pitying shrug of the shoulders at a fresh instance of my vulgar tastes. But when his only son and heir waxes enthusiastic in praise of the same young lady, and pursues his scientific researches in her immediate vicinity, one cannot wonder at the poor man feeling uneasy."

"I must say," broke in Harold, warmly, "I think it a shame to drag any young lady's name into a discussion in this fashion. It's —it's unmanly. I—I wish I had never mentioned Miss Sparshott's name. When I have seen her at the Museum she has received me with mere politeness and courtesy, and when I spoke last night of her beauty, which I could not help doing, I had no idea that I was to cause her name be tossed about in this fashion. How would you, or I either, feel if Miss Donne's name or Dora's were bandied about among outsiders in this way?"

"Thank you, Harold," said Mary, warmly; "yours is the true chivalrous view. Among all the disabilities of women this is the greatest, that people say what they like about us, and that no one thinks of taking our part."

"That is so," said Harold, growing eloquent by her encouragement; "and in the case of Miss Sparshott, whom George has so outrageously traduced"——"How?" interrupted the member, amid a mouthful of smoke——"I say whom he has sneered at as if she were an attraction that took me to the Museum. Her singular beauty and her helplessness ought to defend her from being made a subject of gossip. As for me," continued Harold, drawing himself up, "I am quite able to regulate my own actions. If I were in love with the girl, I would marry her if she cared to have me, and that would be unlikely enough with all my imperfections—with my one great, great weakness—God help me!"

"O Lord!" groaned George, "poor Earlsfield! This would be worse than the loss of the borough, and half-a-dozen coal-pits to boot."

Mary glanced appealingly to George to shift the subject, but the member smoked on in dogged silence. And now Harold, thoroughly roused, his nervous nature wound up to a high pitch of excitement, and his generous feeling stung by the scorn which he conceived was being cast through him upon the girl whom he admired so greatly, had plenty to say once he had found his tongue.

"The world is utterly wrong in its views of love and women," he poured forth; "and the social and artificial system of marriages has always been the greatest evil that the progress of the race has had to struggle against. What is the use of marriage? I say what is marriage for but the continuation of the race; and yet this, which is its main object, is the one which is least of all thought about. A man when left to himself will pick out a girl who offers the one quality that he has most in his mind, whether it be personal beauty, or wealth, or position, and if he can compass this he cares very little what counterbalancing defects go along with it. Well, he is satisfied; but it is at the cost of his children, who inherit those defi-

ciencies to curse their lives that to the parents were only external disadvantages. Natural selection, and the most careful selection, should be the rule in marriage, and all such extrinsic circumstances as rank, wealth, or social position should be subordinated to the great consideration of a woman's fitness for being a wife. Look at the care we take of our cattle and horses. If we gave half the thought to the breeding of ourselves that we do to them, we should be a far finer race in every respect. And look at the brutes, who live a life of absolute freedom and are quite unfettered in the choice of mates. They too proceed upon a natural principle of selection which is justified by the fact that so long as they are not affected by external circumstances or by the encroachment of man they continue their strain in its original vigour and in almost immunity from disease. Of course in us there is a higher principle co-ordinating and regulating all those considerations, which impels one's mind upon another; and this love, to be strong and pure, must be the sum of our perceptions of all the requisite mental and physical qualities. When such temptations as rank and wealth are taken into account, we subside to a standpoint which is neither manly nor philosophic."

"Bravo, Harold!" cried the member, who had been listening with open-mouthed amazement to this tirade, "you deserve to be a Professor of Polygamy, if that is the right name for your science. Brigham Young with all his experience could not be more eloquent."

"But," said Mary Donne, whose interest was aroused by the young man's vehemence, "if absolute perfection were so imperative an essential, I fear that marriages would become few or none."

"Absolute perfection is impossible, or could only be procured after centuries of careful breeding and of painfully eradicating the weakness and vices of the race. Then we would have a millennium indeed, and a humanity almost as potential and perfect as our environments would admit of. And this is to be brought about, not by Acts of Parliament, or by social opinion, but rather in defiance of social opinion. Let every man select his wife for himself, but let him select her so that she will be the complement of himself—that she has what he ought to have and has not; that the strong qualities in her character counterbalance the weak points in his; that the two together make up one perfect whole. That is the true and natural selection, instead of the ignorance or passion, or folly or selfishness, which rules the union of the sexes in the present day."

"I foresee," said George, looking dreamily into a cloud of smoke, —"I foresee a future race of Colpoyses evolved into such a state of absolute intellectuality that I am quite paralysed at contemplating it. The women will all graduate with honours at Girton, and the men be all Presidents of the Board of Trade. And the future Lord Earlsfield—only these transcendental descendants of yours, Harold, will have soared above such vulgar things as peerages—will keep my skull on his study mantelpiece as a relic of the barbarians from whom he has been evolved. And, pray, is Miss Sparshott the—ah, well—complement with which you mean to give us the start upwards on this inclined plane?"

Harold flushed crimson, and then grew pale, struggled a moment for speech, and then said

very gravely, "I don't think you need have said that. Do you think it would be consistent with my views to marry any one? Am I not in my own person doomed to furnish a standing illustration of the result with which society disregards the just laws of nature. You know it, and I know it, and the subject is not a pleasant one —to me at all events. But you speak in chaff, which I don't mind. But as you have kept reiterating Miss Sparshott's name, I don't mind telling you exactly how I feel about her. I am very much interested in her—much attracted by her. To look upon her face is a pleasure as keen as to look upon a perfect picture, with the addition that she has the power of expression and of returning feeling for feeling. I would like to make a companion of her" —— Here the member scandalised both the speaker and Miss Donne by giving utterance to a low prolonged whistle——"Yes, a companion and a friend. We all need companionship and sympathy, and it comes more tenderly from a woman than from a man. It is one of the great faults of our social system that the idea of sexual love and marriage so entirely overshadows the intercourse of the two sexes as to render it rare, and all but impossible. Why can't a man and a woman be close and intimate friends, just as two men or two women can, without this idea being always in the background, always interposing itself between their confidences. This feeling, which society by its code of fictitious *convenances* directly promotes, always prevents a full and frank friendship. But until a woman becomes far enough advanced to wholly believe that a man may wish to be friends with her for herself without any ulterior views, she will always occupy a relatively inferior position. I beg pardon, Miss Donne, for boring you so much on such a subject, but I was quite carried away beyond myself; and now I shall be off, in case of being tempted to prose further on one of my favourite themes."

He abruptly left them, Mary Donne looking contemplatively over the tree-tops at the slaty sea beyond, dotted here and there with the ruffle of a white wavelet, while George continued to smoke in profound meditation.

"How could you tease him on to say such things?" demanded Miss Donne, at last turning round suddenly upon the member.

"What things?" returned he. "It sounded deuced like sense a lot of it, but I don't know how it would work. And as for teasing, I could not help being cross. What business has he to come badgering us here, when I wanted to talk to you?"

"Had you anything particular to say?" inquired Mary, rather sharply.

"Well, nothing very particular; and even if I had had, that fellow's diatribe would have put it out of my head. Well, we must wait and see the end of events. Harold will have to take Earlsfield's way. I daresay he is in love with the Sparshott girl, or if he isn't, he will very soon be. But Earlsfield will make him marry whether he pleases, and whom he pleases too, to boot."

They sat for a long while in silence, occupied with their respective thoughts, and then Mary rose and took her basket to return to the house.

"Don't go yet," cried George, springing up; "why, we are just only beginning to have a comfortable talk."

"Comfortable indeed! when

none of us has spoken a word for at least a quarter of an hour. But I promised to go to Dora's room this forenoon. She has got a headache, and is not coming down.

"She is always having some game or another is Dora," growled George, as lighting a fresh cigar, he sauntered his solitary way back again in the direction of the stable-yard.

CHAPTER XXVII.—BRANCEPETH'S CLIENT.

With his work at the bank, a new life seemed opened up to Stephen Brancepeth. Immersed in the task of mastering a business for which he soon discovered that he had a great natural aptitude and unanticipated liking, he had little time left to brood over his past or to nurse gloomy fears of present and future difficulties. Since he had accepted his position in the house of Brancepeth Brothers, he determined to leave no pains unspared to qualify himself for becoming an efficient assistant and successor to his father. He had an able tutor in Mr Jellicoe, the old cashier, who had held in his hands all the strings of the business of Brancepeth Brothers for a quarter of a century back; and his father, under the form of consulting his junior partner, was every day instilling into him the higher principles of banking finance. The old man had given orders that everything should be left to Mr Stephen's responsibility which he might reasonably be expected to comprehend; and he watched with no small delight the judgment and caution which the younger man had brought to bear upon the business. The senior Brancepeth had never had a very high idea of his son's abilities; he had disliked his careless dilettante habits, and he had absolutely despised him for the infatuated folly which had made him quarrel with his prospects for a chit of a girl who had neither pence nor position. But all that was over now. The prodigal had returned, and was showing himself well worthy of the calf which was fattening up for him. The house of Brancepeth Brothers would take a fresh lease of life, and might still see the bones of its mushroom joint-stock rivals picked by the liquidators. Stephen would, of course, marry and marry well; there was no danger of a man who showed such a capacity for business details throwing himself recklessly away; and the old banker prudently resolved to offer no advice in this direction. Indeed, when he thought of Stephen's marriage he gave a grim smile and a shrug of the shoulders, as if he had a certain assurance that the future Mrs Stephen Brancepeth would quite meet with his approval.

Stephen, on his part, no longer led the secluded life in which he had begun his residence at the Dunes House. He had constantly to come in contact with many of the leading business men in Earlsport at the bank; he looked in occasionally at the club, and he sparingly accepted invitations. He even showed some bachelor hospitality at the Dunes House, but it was remarked that he was very exclusive in both issuing and accepting invitations; and Earlsport society, which was both miscellaneous and comprehensive, resented it accordingly. And it was freely said that young Brancepeth at the bank was quite as great a

"screw" as the old man. And this was the very verdict that Stephen Brancepeth was courting. He knew that Earlsport had already set him down as soft and foolish, and he was determined that Earlsport should discover its mistake, even if he forced himself to go somewhat to the other extreme. No sooner had his partnership been announced, than several of his former acquaintances, who would never have dared to face the head of the firm, had endeavoured to wheedle him into some accommodating transactions; but these had retired sadder and wiser men, and with but a poor appreciation of Mr Stephen's speculative enterprise.

Constant occupation and practical contact with the world made Stephen look forward with less misgiving to the difficulties which still remained to be encountered. He thought much less now of the risk of Lord Earlsfield's wrath when he came to hear of his marriage with Dorothy. Lord Earlsfield would probably raise a claim to Dorothy's money—indeed he would probably be able to enforce his claim; but let the worst befall, and what then? As a partner in a wealthy and old-established bank, he could claim Dorothy Colpoys for his wife without her being taunted with making a *mésalliance;* and, with the fortune which awaited him, he could afford to look upon even such a loss as that of Lady Pye's money with tolerable equanimity. Of course, as Brancepeth told himself, with his newly developed business views, the money justly belonged to his wife: it would be a gross injustice to deprive her of it; and he would certainly, as far as was in his power, resist any attempt upon his lordship's part to lay hands upon it. His father's judgment and counsel would be valuable here; and he longed to take him into his confidence, and ask his advice; but there was his pledge of secrecy to Dorothy still in the way. At their secret meetings he continued to press her to announce the marriage, and although she always promised, she never had as yet been able to screw up her courage to the point of revelation. And Brancepeth was becoming so absorbed in his new life that he felt there was less urgency in the matter than before. The fine strain of selfishness in Brancepeth's nature made him, now that he was at ease regarding himself, less sensitive as to the anxieties in which Dorothy was involved by the situation. He even began to think that he had acted foolishly, precipitately. Why had he ever quarrelled with his father? Why had he not taken to the bank in time? Had he waited he might have controlled his own destiny, and have been able to make his own choice. Once a partner in the bank, he might have married Cloete Sparshott without his father being able to resent the step by more than a formal objection. No; he had decidedly been precipitate, and the result was that here he was married to a woman a good deal older than himself, who was already *passée*, while Cloete was lovelier than ever. He resented the idea that he could be ungrateful to Dorothy, who had come to his rescue in his direst straits and helplessness; but had she not perhaps taken advantage of him in his utterly abject condition? It was tolerably easy for him to argue round to the conclusion that he had better let well alone. And what would Cloete say when she heard of his marriage? He knew quite well that the girl had still an interest in

him, perhaps thought that a renewal of their old love was in store for them. Would she not utterly despise him when she heard how he had sold himself?

Brancepeth, too, was well aware that since his return and reconciliation with his father, he had become a personage of decided social consequence in Earlsport, an object of primary interest to match-making mothers and marriageable daughters. There are few men so cold as not to feel a certain amount of pleasure at the thought that bright eyes are watching anxiously in what direction the handkerchief is to be thrown. Brancepeth was both amused and flattered by the incense burned to him in Earlsport families; but he took good care to preserve a very guarded demeanour, to avoid the least appearance of flirtation, and to have no intimacies. When Dorothy came to live with him, she would form her own circle, quite unfettered by any acquaintances of his. He had endeavoured to make an exception in favour of his old confidant Mrs Fossebraye; but that lady in her outspoken way had plainly told him he was a brute, and that until he had repaired his errors by marrying Cloete Sparshott, she did not wish to see his face.

As for Cloete herself, he hardly knew whether to be thankful or piqued by the girl's evident avoidance of him. She hurried past him on the street with the coldest response to his salutations; he had seen her turn down a side-street to escape a *rencontre;* his restless spirit had led him into the paths of their old favourite haunts, and his appearance there had been the signal for her to shun these localities. He had wanted to talk to her, to confide to her as far as he could by saving his promise to Dorothy; but the chance never presented itself, and it seemed to him as if Cloete was determined to prevent its recurrence.

But at a time and place when he had least expected, a meeting was brought about. There was in the bank a certain Mr Briggs, or "young Briggs," as he was called from the fact of his father having been a clerk in Brancepeths before him, although he himself was a good half-score of years beyond his teens. From a reckless and incorrigible youth, who added years to Mr Jellicoe's age, and who had been tolerated only on account of his father's services, young Briggs had developed into that objectionable character a "funny man." He was the life of his club at the Viking's Arms, and was a fellow of such infinite jest that when the severe eyes of Mr Jellicoe were absent, he would chaff and play jokes upon customers even at the sacred altars of Mammon, the counters of Brancepeth Brothers. Now it happened that when Mr Jellicoe had stepped out one forenoon, and young Briggs was attending to customers, Miss Cloete Sparshott entered the bank with a very disconcerted countenance, and begged to speak with Mr Brancepeth in private. The troubled condition of her father's affairs had already on previous occasions led to Cloete having to make appeals for Mr Brancepeth's indulgence, which had been stiffly accorded, and young Briggs knew quite well that the sire and not the son was sought for by the young lady. But young Briggs knew, as every one else in the bank did, the old story about Stephen and Cloete, and his native humour suggested that here was just the chance for a "lark," for old Mr Brancepeth had gone out on business, and would not be in for some

little time. Here was an incident which when told, as he alone could tell it, at the "Viking," would make his fellow Berserkers fall off their chairs with laughter. So he announced to Mr Stephen that a lady desired to see him on urgent business, and before the junior partner could hazard a conjecture who the lady might be, young Briggs had blandly ushered Miss Sparshott into the room.

She drew back with a start and in confusion, "I have made a mistake. It was Mr Brancepeth I wanted to see. Will you take me to him, please," she added despairingly, to Briggs.

"My father is out," said Stephen, rising and offering his hand, "but if I can be of use to you—Briggs, you are a fool! You are always blundering into some mistake or other. You can go." And when young Briggs had retired, covering a grin under some show of confusion, Brancepeth turned to Cloete, who in her agitation knew not whether to go or stay.

"What is it, Cloete?" he asked, holding out his hand, which, however, the girl did not take. "There is something, I am sure, the matter. You must let me help you."

"No, Mr Brancepeth," said Cloete; "it was your father I wished to see. I have been with him before on business. If I had thought I was to see you, I would not have come at all."

"As I have told you, my father is not here this morning, but I take his place. You know I am a partner here now, Cloete," he added, forcing a smile, "and if I can assist you in any financial transaction, I am your very humble servant."

Cloete stood irresolute. To endure the cold cutting indulgence of the father, who would concede a favour to her as he would throw a bone to a dog, was hard enough; but to expose herself to the sympathy, perhaps the proffered kindness, of her former lover was to her tenfold more unendurable. A voice whispered in her heart that it was her father's cause she was pleading, but her maidenly feelings rose up in arms against the tempting argument.

"I cannot tell you," she said; "it is business, business of my father's, which Mr Brancepeth knows about. I shall come back again. I had no idea that I was to see you."

Brancepeth, however, put himself between her and the door. "You do not trust me, Cloete," he said, sadly; "well, I daresay I don't deserve it, and I have no right to complain; but I would gladly be your friend if I could. I am sure you are in some trouble now, which very likely it would be a simple enough matter for me to put right for you."

The girl hesitated. Her father's difficulties, her fear of the stern senior partner, were waging an equal struggle with her pride and with a dread of again committing herself in any way, and it was difficult to conjecture to which side the victory would incline.

"Come, Cloete," urged Brancepeth, seeing her hesitation, "I wish to be your friend, your brother, if you will allow me. If you knew how I long for your sympathy, your confidence—now, alas! all I dare ask you for—you would not refuse me. I have said that I can never again ask you to let us be as we were before. You will one day know all my sad story—yes, Cloete, you will know it soon—very soon. I am a wretched man, Cloete!"

There was a successful infusion of tragedy into his tones, which softened Cloete Sparshott, much as she was struggling to be firm. She hesitated in doubt, and Brancepeth

quickly followed up his advantage.

"Yes, I have done wrong, Cloete, and must bear my punishment. The loss of you, the knowledge that I can never again claim your love, that you are near me, and yet divided from me by an unsurmountable barrier which can never be levelled — these feelings are more than enough to madden me. As God hears me, Cloete Sparshott, you are never out of my thoughts night or day."

Plucking up courage and summoning her dignity to her aid, she answered: "You say there is an unsurmountable barrier between us. Well, let it be. You know what it is; I do not. Let it remain there, and let me go away."

"No, Cloete," he broke in, still more passionately, "though I can be nothing to you, I crave your sympathy—your love—as a brother. I would ask you to do nothing wrong; your honour is dearer to me than my own soul; but give me your trust, your sympathy, your friendship, Cloete. Do not let us be any longer to each other as strangers, as enemies even."

"And my feelings," cried Cloete, with bitter agony, "are they not to be thought of? Is it necessary to your happiness to again play with me. You ask me for bread, and offer me a stone in return. Considering what has passed between us, can you ask me to expose myself to the risk of your friendship? Do you think that I too have not suffered? Do you wish me to drink deeper of misery? The request is selfish, Mr Brancepeth."

Brancepeth felt abashed at the well-merited rebuke, and quickly shifted his ground.

"You are right," he said, humbly; "I am selfish, or rather, thoughtless. I am so much wrapped up in my own sorrows that I have no heart to think of others. And yet, Cloete, of all my troubles this is the hardest to bear — your enmity to me, your unkindness. It is true I have deserved this at your hands, but that only makes it the harder for me." There was a true ring of pain in the man's voice which touched Cloete. Was he really suffering, and was she hard and unsympathetic with him? She did not wish to be so; she would do all she could to comfort him, consistent with her own safety and honour. And perhaps he was not so much to blame after all.

"I do not wish to be unkind," she said, hesitatingly. "I can never bear enmity to you. But you must know—that is, you can surely understand why I——" and she hesitated, at a loss how to finish her sentence.

"Yes," he returned, slowly, "I know, I understand all. I shall ask you to risk nothing for me, Cloete. Destiny has been too much for me, and I have succumbed to it like a coward. It is much to me to hear that you do not hate me, that you do not wish to be unkind to me."

"Why should I?" replied Cloete, regaining her firmness; "the past is past with you and me too. Why should we think of it, and, still more, why should we revive its recollection by speaking of it?"

"Oh, Cloete," returned Brancepeth, "but it can never be past with me. I live in it and for it, but you can soften its memories, if you will say that you can still trust me,—that you will let me be to you as a friend."

"Yes, I can certainly trust you," she replied; "but do you think it well for both of us—for me as well as you——"

"And you will let me—let your

brother help you, Cloete," he interrupted, waiving away her objections; "you came here to-day about something that was troubling you. Tell me all about it."

"I suppose I must," said the girl, still dubious as to whether she was doing right; "it is this paper — this bill which has been sent us—my father has to pay it here at the bank, and it is not quite convenient—he has not got the money yet. I wanted to see Mr Brancepeth — he would give me time—he has been considerate to my father before."

"Oh, that is all," said Brancepeth, glancing at the bank notice, which informed Dr Sparshott that his acceptance to Mr John Spung at three months for twenty-five pounds was now matured at the Earlsport Bank, and payable within three days to prevent the note from being protested. "This is a very small matter for you to worry about, and quite within my limited knowledge of banking. I shall see that Dr Sparshott gets sufficient time to meet the bill, and you need not trouble yourself more about it. And if any other matter of the same kind occurs again, you had better come to me. My father does not care much to be interrupted about such matters, and is apt to be abrupt. But you may depend upon my attention to Dr Sparshott's interests."

Before Cloete could quite master the position in which Brancepeth's offer placed her, a noise was heard at the door, which resolved itself into the voice of young Briggs in altercation with that of a lady.

"If you will kindly wait, madam, I shall announce you to Mr Brancepeth. He is engaged, madam—particularly engaged—a lady client."

"I shall announce myself," was heard through the door, already half-opened, and Dorothy Colpoys hastily entered the room.

BARON HYDE DE NEUVILLE'S MEMOIRS.

I.

THESE Memoirs are the reminiscences of what may be called a double life—an utterly contradictory existence.[1] But they are not only this,—not only the record of the strange career of a man whose duty in its later period would have been to track, and seize, and sentence to death even, and execute the "other self," whose ceaseless acts of revolt had brought him under the heavy arm of the law. Besides this, they are the reflection as in a magic mirror of the crowd of events that, collected together in divisions of time and space, formed an epoch, and welded together past, present, and future in so inextricable a whole, that, do what he will, the thinker who aspires to understand historical philosophy in its true meaning and widest interpretation can never more dissever them, or escape from the image of unity they oblige him to recognise. The extraordinary deeds of heroism or horror, marking the course of years from the end of the eighteenth to that of the nineteenth century, are in reality (though frequently summoning what is termed fiction to their aid) the reflection "as in a looking-glass" of what the collective human mind has been doomed to witness,—what it has chronicled, nay, what in many a case has been held up to the personal testimony of one single individual.

No one seems to our mind to have been so singularly and forcibly struck by the superhuman concatenation of historico-mystic facts as has been Eugène Melchior de Vogüé,[2] and his mode of expressing the sense he retains of it appears to us the only really adequate one.

> "The images of what *was*"—he thus translates his idea—"succeed each other, and are superposed in the visions of living eyes, but are discoloured, and fade under the exhausting process of continuous perception. In its flight life effaces them, and they become fixed in the vast misty shadow that enshrouds the objects they materially reproduced. There remain alone the pale *vestigia* of forms held fast by thought, and graven on the page that transmits as to a living witness the true and perfect semblance of what was once their living and perfect life."

In his admirably vivid account of what these popular volumes contain, M. de Vogüé entitles them at first 'Le Roman d'un Conspirateur'; but in so doing he stops short at their merely personal import as the record of an existence which, though double and eminently contradictory, was restricted to the acts of one individual representative of humanity, leaving aside till later the metaphysical intent and purpose of that same existence, and its reflection as we have called it in the infinite mirror, in the boundless vision of collective human history.

---

[1] Mémoires et Souvenirs du Baron Hyde de Neuville. Three volumes. Paris: Plon et Cie.

[2] Heures d'Histoire. Par le Vicomte Eugène M. de Vogüé. Paris: Armand Colin et Cie. 1893.

Taken in this narrower sense, 'Le Roman d'un Conspirateur' is as good and true a title as can be invented for these Memoirs; for they are from first to last the narrative of a life whose persistent *raison d'être* from boyhood to middle age was adventure, but whose singular destiny it was to fight at last as desperately in favour of what had been the "winning side," as, in earlier days, he had by circumstances been compelled to struggle against what was then in the ascendant, and at that time was disposing of the "big battalions" in which nearly all mankind believed.

French history declares Baron Hyde de Neuville to have come of a good old British stock settled in Central France at the epoch of the revocation of the Édit de Nantes; but evidence (at all events circumstantial) goes, we think, to prove that had it not been for a strong admixture of Hibernian blood in his veins, he could not possibly have succeeded in the exploits of "dare-devildom" that marked the course of his incredibly eventful life.

Born in 1776, he was barely fifteen when, in 1790, he thought fit to take a leap into the seething caldron of democratic revolution, and try what luck might be in store for him there as a blind, predetermined, reckless Royalist. He cared but little for what there might be to gain, but knew for the most obvious reasons that he had nothing whatever to lose. Why this "cherubin" of just over three lustres resolved to plunge thus, neck and crop, into the yawning crater of a Vesuvian eruption, has never yet been clearly shown. It might have been the attraction exercised over him by certain portraits of Marie Antoinette, or the inexpressible desire to do something that should make the world stare, so potent upon boyish brains and hearts, particularly if accompanied at the same time by personal good looks, as Guillaume Hyde most unquestionably had. However, come he did, this headstrong romantic youth, and "was seen" and "conquered,"—carrying away at one triumphant swoop all the trumps of his self-suggested and audacious game; and he did most assuredly make the world stare, and came unharmed out of scrapes that would have been fatal to D'Artagnan in person. D'Artagnan forsooth! It was the "Trois Mousquetaires" rolled into one, with "Monte Christo" on his back, that were more fittingly his models, when he actually defied the Corsican usurper, fought the First Empire single-handed, evinced a staying power of fifteen years, and fell upon his feet as a well-authenticated diplomatist of the Restoration, consulted and listened to by all men,—not merely "calling himself a captain," as our beloved Craigengelt phrases it, but being known by the style and title of "His Excellency the Ambassador of France to his most faithful Majesty John VI., King of Portugal and Emperor of Brazil."

We lean to the theory of the Irish origin, and for the same excellent old reason that the devil took no heed of him at his outset, feeling probably that he was so sure of him at any time. But whatever might be the true cause of his extraordinary career, certain it is that, from the hour of his advent in Paris to that of his banishment to the United States in 1791, no adventure failed young Hyde de Neuville; and his first fifteen years were continuously dogged by danger, and he learnt to regard "hair-breadth 'scapes"

as his daily food. The most indescribable exploits seem to be for ever falling in his way; and when he does not himself seek out adventure, it appears as though adventure sought out him. At all events, it is quite evident that nothing came amiss to this singular individual, who, in the modern history of our French neighbours, stands forth as a kind of compound of Don Juan and the doughty Baron Munchausen. The processes of locomotion being, in the closing years of the eighteenth and early years of the present century, unaided on the Continent by any of the miraculous inventions science has vouchsafed to our time, we are, on countless occasions, exposed to the surprises of history, and the gravest events take away our very breath from our complete condition of unpreparedness.

The tide of military despotism had so swamped all lesser inequalities in the outward aspects of political events throughout Europe, that minor accidents were relatively little noticed, and the plain surface of outward circumstances was in its general sense perhaps even less disturbed than in periods of greater tranquillity. The rush of outward incidents and the noise of what France called "glory" were so overpowering, that for nearly a quarter of a century (from 1790 to 1815) any individual uprisings against the sway of the conqueror, any small conspiracies or local attempts at resistance, were swept away, and left simply to the seekers after curiosities and the explorers of private memoirs and chronicles of more nearly contemporary days. Infinitely erroneous appreciations of what the civilisation of France really was, at the early Napoleonic epoch, have been encouraged by this fact; and no inconsiderable amount of injustice has, from ignorance, been done the so-called "society" of France in many cases. Before the 18th Brumaire and the period when unforeseen successes had begun the work of the utter demoralisation of the nation, there were men of independent characters who not only rebelled against the vices and false-seemings and crimes of the coming Empire, but who attempted its overthrow and the downfall of its founder, and, in every possible form, combined amongst themselves to render the slavish suppression of freedom in half Europe no such easy matter as it too soon appeared. From 1798 downwards it was much too readily supposed that all France was vanquished, and had, under the unmitigated pressure of relentless despotism, entirely collapsed, bartering her dignity in reality for what is vulgarly denominated a "quiet life." This was not by any means the exact state of things; but there were, as we stated above, very lame means of intercommunication, none of general publicity, and singularly small chances of public favour for individuals who tried to evince a care for national independence of spirit. The period in question was, as a matter of fact, by no means the uttterly quiet one that has been supposed: it has to record far more acts of daring indignation against wrong than may be commonly imagined, but they were mostly attributable to persons of higher education and principle, and somewhat unfrequently set forth in the face of public opinion. There is perhaps no single individual amongst the "gentlemen" of France who made himself more famous in this respect than Baron Hyde de Neuville; but, though so conspicuous among his own compeers for his reckless re-

sistance to the new *régime*, he had to wait for the publication of voluminous family papers to become a subject of actual national renown.

His "first appearance on the boards" took place in the midst of what was to foreshadow the immediate surroundings of his venturesome existence. He was taken to a performance at the opera, at which he not inappropriately found himself cast for a leading part. The queen was just entering her box, and a certain group of "patriots," as they were styled, held it fitting to remain covered in her presence. The newly arrived "provincial" from the banks of the Loire scented the proper opportunity for a row, and resolved upon a counter-manifestation of his own. Fixing instantaneously on the Girondin Deputy Ducos as an inviting subject for punishment, he sprang upon him tiger-like, and knocking his hat off his head, trampled viciously on the offending *couvre-chef*, making himself the centre of a quickly gathering crowd of assailants, from whose onslaught he was with some slight difficulty rescued. Marie Antoinette's attention was attracted towards her youthful knight, and she was reported to have said to her sister-in-law Madame Elizabeth, "Voilà un bon jeune homme." This encounter was followed by one rather more in the *boulevardier* style of the present *fin de siècle* novelist, Zola, than in that of the red-heeled chevalier of the previous age; for it took rise in a most unchivalrous affray with the gutter heroine Théroigne de Méricourt, who, termagant though she might be, was of the sex recognised as mostly weaker and fairer, and at all events unsuited to the chastising energies of a blue-blooded young champion like Guillaume Hyde. The two, if they did not cross swords, betook themselves to meaner weapons, and, after the fashion of the 'Assommoir,' crossed claws, the result whereof was the intervention of a *fort de la Halle*, who, struck with enthusiasm for the pluck of the boyish aristocrat, sided against his own kind, and bodily carried off the lion's whelp, already sprawling in the mud, from the bruising blows of the female mastiff, Madlle. de Méricourt. On a later day, once more under the approving notice of his sovereign, young Hyde de Neuville is again described as being nearly kicked to death by a knot of street roughs, who tried to prevent an officer of the Gardes du Corps from bearing to the queen a glass of water she had asked for.

There was no imaginable trouble in which he did not become embroiled through his unmanageable and useless royalistic zeal; for in his earlier escapades it is royalism of an almost invariably unnecessary character that he permits himself to practise. His most determined accomplices are the very first to remark this, and to call him to order on the subject. One night, as he is crossing the Channel in an open fishing-smack from Calais to Dover, under a pelting storm of rain, side by side with his equally venturesome comrade, Georges Cadoudal, the latter, half rising up in his drenched cloak, calls Hyde de Neuville boisterously out of his sleep, shouting, "Hyde de Neuville! take heed to what I say! Have you ever thought of what, supposing the king should one day come by his own, it would be our immediate duty to advise him to?"

"No, certainly not," grunts the discontented young *talon rouge*, much incensed at being

so unceremoniously shaken out of his rest. "Of what, pray, should we take upon ourselves to advise the king?"

"To shoot us both!" is Cadoudal's reply; "to shoot us dead,—dead for a pair of incurable rebels —or conspirators, if the term suits you better, for we shall never be anything else as long as we are allowed to live. *Le pli est pris.*"

We need scarcely state that not only did Baron Hyde never attempt to carry out his friend's injunctions, but after that same associate had paid with his own head for his ventures, his hare-brained comrade let no opportunity slip of proving to the outward world his perpetually increasing aptitude for compromising his masters by every imaginable sort or form of conspiracy.

It should, I fancy, be recorded that, most unluckily, nine out of ten of these impossible temptations of Providence resulted in equally incredible escapes; so that impunity following on recklessness, impunity came — as so often happens — to be gradually the gamester's determined creed, and the unreasonable release from one apparently unavoidable danger merely led almost immediately to another, and another of precisely an analogous description.

Of his original nature, however, M. de Neuville was not perhaps born to be a Craigengelt, and did not from the first choose the actual business of a swashbuckler as his profession. Neither did he deliberately devote himself to the idleness of a "barrack-loafer" or "garrison-lounger," so frequent among the fashionable young *talons rouges* of the epoch, and, above all, among the frivolous courtiers of Versailles. As a beginning, he enrolled himself in the corps of the gentlemen Volunteers of the Tuileries, whose military education and duties tied them down to a tolerably strict service in the Royal household; but circumstances, quite beyond his own control, prevented him from regularly pursuing even this career from the first. Joining his corps some time before the fatal 10th of August, he only received the tidings of the catastrophe that had struck the Royal family on the very night of the disaster, and at the precise moment when he was himself enabled to return from the province of Le Nivernais, whither he had been summoned on matters of immediate and urgent business. At the identical hour of the trial of the king, young Hyde was, so to say, brought face to face with Louis XVI., then entering the Court of the Revolutionary Tribunal, accompanied by his bravest and most celebrated defender, M. de Malesherbes. Unknown to each other until the tragic occurrence, this naturally became the cause of a lasting friendship between Hyde and Malesherbes, taking rise in common dangers and intense mutual indignation. Nor was this the only cause of the curious formation of different groups of men, spreading later into the most anomalous political parties, and which through the ensuing fifteen or even twenty years, explain to the student of French history much of what has appeared, to foreigners above all, such a hopeless entanglement, whether of alliances or feuds. The struggles of the Revolution of 1789, both in their internal development as in their external consequences, threw whole classes, as well as mere individual leaders of men, so suddenly and violently upon each other, that a perfectly kaleidoscopic confusion of the most varied antagonistic masses of humanity is the eventual re-

sult, and you may perpetually hear the reason given for some extraordinary social relation or equally extraordinary hatred, by the names of personages who historically present themselves to your memory at immeasurable distances of time and space. Facts and people are as disconnected as events, and you may be bewildered in the Court of the Empress Josephine at Malmaison, or in that of the exiled Marie Louise at Schönbrunn, by some juxtaposition with ultra-Royalist of the Emigration at Mittau or *Conventionnel* in the Hanse Towns, as you may possibly be brought together between the inexplicable friends of Madame de Staël and Napoleon I. or enemies of Fouché, Duc d'Otranto and Lafayette, all of whom occupied totally opposite positions precisely twenty or twenty-five years before. This is one of the primary interests afforded by the earlier period of the Revolution: it is so incomprehensible, so apparently unreasonable, a jumble of all kinds and descriptions of men, opinions and circumstances! You know tolerably well where you leave people; you scarcely ever know where you will find them when you meet again. The man you were accustomed to as an anarchical demagogue may have been made an archbishop, or he whose intrigue with a neighbour's wife may have occasioned the neighbour's untimely end on the guillotine, may have become the same neighbour's near relative through marriage with a "deceased wife's sister," the above marriage having taken place in prison!

As a fitting example of this wonderful promiscuity of social relationships, we will instance the attempt made by our young Royalist adventurer after the condemnation of Louis XVI. Meeting with failure only, and downright perfidy on the part of his friends in Parliament—presumed to be *reliable* on the more Loyalist side of the Convention — M. de Neuville resolved to test his chance of success with his adversaries, and appealed to the well-known *Conventionnel*, Coffinhal himself! In his *naïf* belief Coffinhal was too avowed a Philanthropist not to respond to the humane argument, and generously help to save the life of an enemy whose active criminality was admitted to be after all insufficiently proved. To Coffinhal accordingly he went, found him in bed huddled up in blankets to the chin, "boarded" him, not very easily in a darkened room, where only one side of the shutters was opened, so as to leave but a single ray of the morning light to render visible the inhabitant of the dim but vast chamber. The request was at first not cordially received—in fact, the answer was equivalent to a net refusal! But suddenly, from the depths of the well-hidden couch, there issued the thin piping tones of a voice that at once left little doubt of the speaker's sex. "You should attend to that young gentleman's words," suggested the new interlocutor; "do, my good little Coffinhal, pray do! Don't vote away the life of the poor king!" And in this suddenly more compassionate intervention the earnest pleader thought he perceived evidence that *le petit Coffinhal* might be disposed to show signs of yielding—though it was hard to discern whence the supplicant's accents proceeded, or what was the precise status of the individual thus mysteriously interfering.

For the latter explanation, however, the manners and customs of the time explained all but sufficiently: the provisional marriages

of the period were so frequent that the voice from the back of beyond might have been that of a perfectly legitimate "Madame Coffinhal" (supposing such a person existed), and in his probably severely disturbed state of mind it was assuredly not on any strict investigation of the fact that young Hyde de Neuville was likely to be intent. A fairly gentle voice invoked the pity of the reputed Philanthropist member of the Convention on behalf of the threatened king, and his eager champion was too new to the political ways of the time to look any gift-horse in the mouth; so he listened to the voice, believed in the promise which followed shortly after in reply, and went back whence he came—reassured, confiding, and—beguiled!

The same story repeated itself till the execution of Louis XVI.; and it was to the echo of promises never kept, of compassion never felt, that our youthful Don Quixote learned the dismal truths of revolutionary politics and the cruel teachings of the "new law," which declared that "the rights of man" implied vengeance for the forfeited vows of kings. But young Hyde remained faithful to the old order, and when the *nouveau régime* decreed the ruthless persecution of the widowed queen, prefaced by her tortures in the Temple, he equally took upon himself the part of her avenger, doing battle on her behalf day after day, devoting his whole amount of resources, which were small, and of energies, which were inexhaustible, to his self-allotted task, and utterly undeterred by its hopelessness, which he obstinately refused to admit.

Of all the agonising records of vain endeavour furnished by the chronicles of unrealised plans of escape, none are perhaps more harrowing than the attempts consecutively made by Guillaume Hyde de Neuville in favour of Marie Antoinette; for few have been nearer success, or initiated by more completely unselfish devotion. As when long years later the triumph came, unforeseen by all, greater than could ever have been imagined, but bringing no reward to those who had worked hardest, and most fruitlessly, in the end, for its achievement,—as this result was a thankless one, in fact so was the dream of it never, at any moment of its formation, based upon the hope of guerdon or calculation of material gain. The outlook of Baron Hyde de Neuville at the commencement of all his deeds of daring, was one of the wildest, most unlimited personal sacrifice. He compensated in his own mind the all but certainty of paying with his life for the salvation of the life of the queen; and the proof of what was the superiority of moral character and temperament of Frenchmen a century ago over their successors of our time, is nowhere better proved than in the recital of the bootless struggles undertaken, and persevered in, by the youth of France after the execution of Louis XVI., and before the final doom of Marie Antoinette had destroyed the last link between the French nation and its monarchical institutions of over a thousand years. There was no latent hope for any ambition dormant in youthful French aspirants, for even distinction (let alone glory or fortune), when with the daughter of the Hapsburgs had disappeared the pretext for all retrieval. What opened before them was a blank, and in whatsoever they undertook, or contemplated, or aimed at, there could be no hope, no "expectations," according to a word com-

monly used in so much lower a sense. It was typical of a superior civilisation, of a higher kind of thought, and of a spiritualness of self-denial which has never been seen since, and has been supplanted by lesser creeds and coarser desires for coarser aims.

We will not disguise under forms which do not belong to the time any portion of the movement between the close of the reign of the Bourbon line of kings and the period of what must be styled Parliamentary Government: there was, properly so called, no principle in it, and no virtue; there was none of the lofty philosophy of Pascal or Montaigne, none of the grand abstract state policy of Richelieu, no notion of "Patriotism" as yet, whether of classic antique mould, or of modern growth under the name of public duty—there was nothing of all this; but there *was* faith and there was loyalty—faith in a belief, and loyalty to an idea, embodied in the shape of the monarchy sworn to be upheld. There were heinous crimes, and there was enthusiasm for the plighted word; but there was—lying perhaps deep hidden beneath the outward surface—there was perhaps also a vague instinct of justice called forth by the sum of *in*justice to the masses that had long been tolerated by the exaggeration of feudal habits and customs regarded as representing "rights"! This must be taken into account, but can only be so by the philosophic ponderers of our age; men of the stamp of Hyde de Neuville, and men of unripe years, could not weigh such arguments, nor did they—their "virtue" was chivalry and, beyond all else, disinterestedness, and these were practised by them to the very utmost.

During the duration of the unhappy queen's imprisonment, there was no combination, however ingenious, no attempt, however foolhardy, no waste of influence over the resistance of others, that might not be chronicled of Hyde de Neuville; and, as it can scarcely be affirmed that he must have known of the futility of all, it is reasonable to acknowledge that he took deliberately counsel of his generosity, and desperately devoted himself to foredoomed defeat as to a duty. From this point of view there is so high and impartial an estimate of the early, and what may be termed intermediate, epoch of the Revolution — between 1792 and 1793—of modern French history in the pages consecrated to it by M. Eugène Melchior de Vogüé, that every English student of the period should be advised to follow his words with the minutest attention.[1] Speaking of the utterly unworthy—we may say criminal—aspects of the lower agents

[1] No one is better suited to his incontestably historical work than M. de Vogüé, for he is of every time, of every school, and of essentially mixed race. Scottish by his Scottish mother, of typically Scottish origin, his father is a Provençal gentleman of indisputable character. He himself stands near to the head of the new "psychic" group; prolonging the traditions of Chauteaubriand through Lamartine; philosopher, poet, and political seer; historian through Lavisse; matured by the tragic events of the war of 1870, in which he played a sadly active part, teaching him the painful tolerance of adversity, wisely applied,—there is no sense, literary, political, social, or human, in which M. de Vogüé does not prove his right to pronounce judgment on the deeds and motives of modern Frenchmen, and to be listened to, for the reason that he is exceptionally qualified by nature, circumstance, and individual character, to speak *the truth*.

of the Revolution, and having to describe the infamies — as grotesque as they are abominable— of malefactors of the species of Palloy, the so-styled "Exploitateur of the Prix de la Bastille," M. de Vogüé in bitter irony proclaims: "Palloy est quelqu'un! Il est patriote de son état, and has undoubtedly his place." With the very limited capacity of his caligraphy, he signs "Patriot" immediately under his name, Palloy. "Il est patriote de son état, . . . et il en vit. . . . With a little more discretion and perseverance in this eminently French profession" ("cette profession bien française") "that we have seen resuscitated in our own days, Palloy might, like so many others, have attained to the very foremost leading parts." And then the historian, awakening anew to the grave dispassionate responsibilities of his calling, adds:—

"Yes! all this is undeniable" ("tout cela est certain"); "and yet in spite of all, it is no longer permitted to us —to us of the present hour—to judge of the Revolution in the past, in the *same manner* in which we judge the Commune, or in which they, who come after us in twenty years, will judge us. . . . Magnified by the optics of a future vision, events took, in course of time, dimensions their witnesses did not perceive at once; and were fixed in the proportions of so-called serious history that had failed to foresee, or, if foreseen, to recognise its own verdict. . . . Blame inevitably took for its object a certain number of particular and violent crimes; but the grotesquely comical character of the whole, as a whole—and for obvious reasons—is soon cast aside; the general physiognomy is changed. Long lapse of time transforms and embellishes, or at all events softens the worst asperities; . . . this forces reflection on all thinking minds, most of all, on whomsoever thinks upon the incidents of yet remoter facts, long ago enveloped in the shadows and cloud-wrappings of almost forgotten, almost legendary tales! . . . Let us, for example, hark back to the misty days of the emancipation of our communes: it marks one of the noblest efforts of our early race. But if we represent to our minds at the present date what must have been the sincere indignation of the then ruling classes in face of the abominable (they could not call it otherwise) rebellions of the populace [of *les vilains*], we shall learn to acknowledge that they must naturally have looked upon it with other eyes. And so must be the progress all along through history. To what scandalised our fathers we have learned to be resigned, if not consenting; to what shocks and outrages us at the present hour our children will, in turn, necessarily submit. This is the law of modern science — the immutable decree of philosophic thought.

"But," continues M. de Vogüé— the truest representative of our sceptical age—"Hyde de Neuville in 1793 had attained to no even initiatory degree of such reflection as this: he was hot-blooded and endowed with a splendid spirit of combativity" ("il avait le sang chaud et une belle combattivité").

And there is no fitter portraiture than this of what were the young men of his generation. Such as they were, and such as was their time, they, and it, lasted fifteen years, and this is what has to be adduced in their favour. The forms of their vain, hopeless struggles varied; but the energy of spirit and the disinterestedness endured, and when what the earnest wrestlers regarded as *luck* turned in their favour, it was all so sudden, so unexpected, that it unhappily left them as unprepared and as *uninformed* as to the more prosperous future as they had been in the face of bygone disasters.

Here we confront the formidable truth of the words "Ils n'ont

rien appris, ils n'ont rien oublié," in which is epitomised the entire contemporary history of France, and which over twenty octavo volumes barely suffice to reconstruct and set forth in detail to the reader. We repeat it again—for the precision of its chronology is one of the important elements of this confused revolutionary epoch, the truest title for which is unmistakably the "intermediate"—this period lying between the death of Louis XV. and the execution of Louis XVI., and later, between the Reign of Terror and the Consulate and the First Empire, of which the chief landmark is the beheading of Marie Antoinette, is, from first to last, a strictly provisional one. It may well be said of it, even later, that at its close nothing of its provisional nature was in any definite sense concluded; but its several divisions left, each in its degree, so violent an impress on the mind of all continental Europe, that it is impossible not to specify them according to their different sections, so as to show with anything approaching clearness what was the meaning or the purport of each in its separate significancy: with 1830 and the establishment of the Orleans dynasty there comes a complete change of all things, and the principle sought to be established under the name of "Constitutional" (or "Modern") aims at being a fixed one. But from 1789 until the close of the great Napoleonic campaigns at Waterloo, all must be regarded as provisional. It is precisely this latter period in which the "splendid combativity," as M. de Vogüé styles it, of Hyde de Neuville proved its grandest qualities; but it did so in two distinctly different forms. Its first "form," until all hope of rescue for the queen was destroyed, centred in every imaginable project and invention, destined to compass her safety; but its definite object confined itself to an even more desperate endeavour, the utterly insane but unceasing enterprise of fighting the victorious Corsican usurper from one end to the other of the habitable world; the fabulous dream of the overthrow, single-handed, of the most powerful tyrant society had in modern times succumbed to. It was single-handed, and by every most impossible device, whether of the wildest daring or the cunningest ingenuity, that Hyde de Neuville undertook and followed up this wager against fortune, and for fifteen years set his life and hopes of every imaginable description against the battalions and the countless coin, the triumphs, and the seeming protection of Providence brought by Napoleon into the field. The individual man never gave in. But it was in reality fortune who was exhausted. Destiny was the first to yield, before her adversary even knew of her own defeat!

After more than fifteen years of what M. de Vogüé calls "de bonnes et loyales conspirations," M. Hyde de Neuville, after ending a fresh period of adventure in North America—somewhat calmer, but still venturesome, though less dangerously so—makes up his mind to return to Europe, and with two exiled compatriots makes his way to that unavoidable refuge of all who are proscribed—to England. These were the days previous to railways and steam, the days of which our grandfathers were so fond of discoursing—the famous "pilot-days," when to go and come from India required six months! When the trio of passengers sighted Liverpool on their home voyage, their first question to the pilot as they

approached the shore was to obtain "news of France"; and Hyde de Neuville registers under his own signature that of all the violent shocks or convulsions he had ever experienced in his extraordinary career, none could be compared to the "mental earthquake" ("le tremblement de terre moral") produced by the words spoken in answer to him by the Liverpool pilot that night: "Bônaparte is banished, sir, and well guarded at the island of Elba, and the French king is at his rightful palace in the town of Paris!"

II.

With the second half of Baron Hyde de Neuville's career, we come upon an altogether different field of action, and we are brought into the thick of combinations and intrigues, belonging not only to the modern history of Europe but to the particular history of those very countries supposed to be least inclined to mix in the intricacies of parliamentary existence, and most ignorant of what the British subject is fond of styling "Liberalism." We now reach the curious period following on the Peace of 1815, when the outlying populations of Spain and Portugal tried their hand at revolutionary practices, and, incited by the mere eccentricities of imitative zeal, did their best—or worst—to drag even our own sensible insular populations into the passionate excesses of a war with which England had absolutely nothing to do, which was less even than a "civil"—but far more a "local"—war, in which institutions and *customs* were fought for, but wherein the quiet inhabitants of our rural homes were in no way mingled, whether by opinions or passions or interest.

But as we hope to show, few events illustrate better the intricate windings of political history than do the violent mistakes of the Portuguese campaigns; and few had more instructive consequences in reality than those which drew the trail of their weary length over the years intervening between 1822-23 and the Crimean war. The first French Restoration opened with Waterloo, and its spirit was of a Conservatism too excessive and too narrow to endure; but its end was George Canning and the confusion of a Liberalism that led through the various "things and men" we know of, to the very moment at which France is at present standing,—to the *fin de siècle* every one acknowledges and declares it is unable to comprehend, much less to explain. This constitutes what we would fain call the "trilogy of the age," wherein all may wellnigh equally claim their part, and—strange as it may seem—be they living or be they dead!

A few lines will put the reader amply in possession of what made the Spanish - Portuguese events of the early part of our century the leading feature of Continental chronicles, and transformed Baron Hyde de Neuville (the "conspirator *par excellence*," as M. de Vogüé entitles him, who plotted for half his life single-handed against the Emperor Napoleon I.) into the ultra-Royalist ally of the restored (clerical) monarchy of the Bourbons, thus logically making of the very model of rebel leaders and *condottieri* the associate, if not the founder, of those bandit-hordes who were at last the partisans of the priestly cohorts of Don Miguel. The in-

cidents producing this change of front, ranking amongst the most curious of those in which our fellow-countrymen mixed, and which our fathers recorded, was as follows:—

There can be no doubt that the Anglo-Spanish (and, above all, the Anglo-Portuguese) campaigns of 1822-3-4 take their rise in the outbreak of the French revolutionary spirit, and the irresistible provocation by that very spirit of the mischievous *dynastic* reaction which was its almost immediate and quite unavoidable consequence. But one of the most remarkable peculiarities of both the Spanish and Portuguese revolutions (though not quite equally so) was the counter-revolutionary character that these uprisings assumed, all but simultaneously, and which, nearly to the last, might be termed the distinguishing trade-mark in each several case.

But if, at the outset, we do not recognise this broad distinctive mark that separates the Revolution in France from its Continental imitators, we shall fail to see clearly by what means effects so diametrically opposed became, directly or indirectly, the result of origins so apparently similar. The French Revolution, as we have said, was properly a convulsion caused by human thought; and the ever more widely expanding methods of human thought did, in truth, qualify men's minds, because of their mere common humanity, to judge of it in its earliest apparent aims, and lend it support and aid. In the extreme south of Europe matters may be regarded as the exact reverse of this. There was no "philosophy" in the Spanish or Portuguese revolutions. They were the purely direct outcome of the reactionary movement that signalised the advent of the restored monarchy in France; and though bringing on later the circumstance of English co-operation, they originated really in the French anti-English policy of the Congress of Verona, and tended, even before the death of Louis XVIII., to the true, though sometimes well-disguised, hostility to nearly all genuine British interests. No political student of modern times must ever forget that the Congress of Verona is the starting-point of all the mistakes committed in its foreign policy by the French Restoration — a *régime* so really liberal and honest and well-meaning during the first years of its inauguration.

The genuine reasons for the imitative proceedings of Spain and Portugal, following as they did on the downfall of the Bonapartist empire and the re-establishment of peace in Europe in 1815, were of a wholly different nature from anything that had actuated the first would-be constitutional beginnings, as they certainly must be recognised at the close of the last century. Spain and Portugal both, with remarkable unfixity of purpose, began at the wrong end, and simply embarked their new allies (France naturally enough, but England, of all countries in the world!) in a contest for the recovery of feudal privileges and the bigotries of despotic monkish rule.

Thus far as to Spain in her connection with the famous complex Iberian uprisings of Carlist and Miguelite factions. Had we space for all we could desire, there might be a vast deal to tell the reader touching the underlying constitutional spirit of old Spain that would surprise no less than interest him; but this is apart from our present question. The object

of these *souvenirs* has far more particularly to do with Portugal than Spain, and with what immediately and unavoidably produced in Frenchmen of the *ancien régime* that spirit of antagonism to England which, under the most varied forms, has hardly ever ceased to inspire the acts of nearly all French Governments since the period of the collapse of the Bonapartian empire.

A very remarkable feature of the progress in Frenchmen's minds of the ulterior anti-English feeling is, that nearly all those who developed it, in its successive phases in France, had been instinctively imbued in early life with a strong sense of the growing importance of America. It might be worth while even for certain British statesmen to examine how far a real sympathetic prescience of liberal institutions inspired the celebrated band of young French aristocrats who, with Lafayette, the Broglies, Noailles, and others, rushed across the Atlantic a century ago, to help the "great colony" in her work of disruption from the mother-country. It might retrospectively be useful to probe the underlying notions of those rising French generations who, whatever their later and maturer conceptions of European statecraft, were incontestably most widely awake in their earliest years to the enormous potentialities of the not yet born, or at any rate not yet organised, republic. Monsieur de Talleyrand, M. de Chateaubriand, and M. Hyde de Neuville—all three served their political apprenticeships in the United States; and though individually men of such a totally different stamp, it is worthy of note how similar are the appreciations called forth in all by the surprising aspects of so entirely new a civilisation, for which nothing wherewith they were hitherto familiar could in the remotest form have prepared them. Of the three, the one who is least modified by what he sees on the other side of the Atlantic is undoubtedly the one most exclusively a statesman: I do not say the least impressed, but the least inclined towards any change in his own personal modes of action. Prince Talleyrand was a born monarchist of modern mould, riveted in his mind to the excellence of parliamentary practices, as they were established by the system of strictly limited monarchy that it fell to his lot for so many years to observe. He saw through the republican institutions of the new country, and was far less arrested by the outward semblances of its structure than were either of his other two associates. His more intimate friend, Chateaubriand, succumbed to the American influence, but most of all in a poetic sense, and hence sprang the æsthetic and half dream-like tint that coloured Chateaubriand's policy through life, lending it on many points, no doubt, an indisputable charm, but explaining the unbusiness-like character which on several occasions so puzzled and often irritated the more staid politicians of the practical school of Windsor and St James's.

Though in many respects subjected to the influence of M. de Chateaubriand, and chiefly in the matter of his Continental policy, it is of singular interest to study the impression produced on Baron Hyde through the contrasts forced upon him by the sudden juxtaposition of the two civilisations of America and Europe. This impression is, I repeat, in him far less poetic than in his illustrious

friend; and it is curious to observe the—in a political sense—prophetic tone adopted by the future diplomatist and deputy, rather than the picturesque one so naturally assumed on nearly all occasions by the author of 'Le Genie du Christianisme.' Both these men, however, belong inseparably to the school of the Congress of Verona, and it is from that point of view that both are such necessary objects of political study to us. Both are the representatives of the real *ancien régime* in France,—above all, in her special opposition to England.

Of the three, certain it is that the one who has the farthest visions of a future—whether dim or not—is the least purely intellectual. The following extract from a letter to the Princesse de la Tremoille at the close of the last century will suffice to prove this. After treating rather cavalierly Chateaubriand's romantic "savages," already celebrated in the recently published pages of 'Atala,' M. de Neuville alludes, in very serious terms, to what may one day be the results of the agglomeration of incoherent undisciplined forces brought into existence in the not as yet "United States."

"I am not quite certain whether I distinctly see the future—the whole and possible future," he writes; "but it seems to me as though the tyrannic despotism just at present lying so oppressively on our own unhappy country might not for ever last, not for ever endure, or be the final word of the century about to begin. . . . I ask myself whether, by some yet undivined circumstance, a strange new breath of life may not some day be felt through the world? *Cause à la fois et produit de notre Révolution*" (we give the original untranslated phrase); and to this he adds: "The Revolution here, as well as our own Revolution at home, can hardly exercise merely local or isolated effects, but will probably engender strange modifications in nearly all the communities that shall in onward times be established in the universe."

These are views of a wide philosophic outlook, and reach far into a principle of extension as yet untangible in the thought-range of former days. There is in them a shade of all but occult intuition; and for that very reason they hold to the subject we are treating in the very way in which it seems to us specially interesting to treat it—namely, in the wide outbranching method suggested (if not imposed) by the simultaneously multitudinous sources of speculative thought thrust upon our brains by the educational habits of our times. It implies the familiarity with the Unknown (or even Unknowable) that is looming on us from afar as one of our highest discoveries.

Look, for example, at the particular features of Baron Hyde's own career. With the innate sense of the enormous potentialities of the nascent Republic in the complex United States, what were the earliest and most salient acts of his political responsibilities? He became under the pressure of circumstance and passionate party prejudice the instrument of the fiercest reaction—the reaction of clerical bigotry. How was this brought about? It is undoubtedly one of the most singular political metamorphoses of our age. As we have already noted, everything began at the wrong end: exiled by Napoleon I. for his indomitable insurrectionary temperament, and maintained in exile during the Restoration under pretence of a diplomatic mission to Brazil, Baron Hyde, in truth, only returned to the service of his native country at the very identical mo-

ment when France was on the eve of operating one of the most total changes her foreign policy has ever undergone. Under what till then had been unsuspected guidance, the "Legal Government," as it was termed, in the French nation was changing its entire "polarisation"; for the restoration of the monarchical principle, and for a reasonable "limited" rule, it was substituting "legitimacy," and proclaiming the righteousness of resistance to all popular conceptions or desires.

It was from the moment of his return to his own country that dated the personal action of Baron Hyde in the political entanglements of our ancient Europe. On that return in 1822, he had, as we have already stated, lived on two different occasions, and for a certain length of time, on the other side of the Atlantic,—the first time in the United States, roughly exiled by Napoleon; the second, more politely transferred thither by Louis XVIII., under colour of a diplomatic mission to the Brazils, by which he was indirectly brought into contact with the Portuguese monarchy and with Portuguese civilisation, and found the road naturally paved for his future eventful and confidential embassy to the Court of John VI. at Lisbon. This was also the precise moment of the change wrought in the foreign policy of France by the Congress of Verona,—a change, as we have shown, which altered the "polarisation" of what had been the entire and truly modern policy of Talleyrand and his ally the Comte de Provence of former days, and for the "limited rule" of a mixed monarchy substituted the principles, and even, in many cases, the practices, of an autocratic and arbitrary Government. The true object of this change was to turn the restoration of a parliamentary anarchy into a *régime* of pure legitimacy, and proclaim the righteousness of resistance to all popular demands. It was in the substitution of the notion of pure legitimacy alone for that of constitutional royalty that lay the whole significancy of the Congress of Verona, and it is here that must be sought the real origin of all the evils it produced—resulting, as it did in the end, in the overthrow of some of the oldest and most historic sovereignties of the world. As a matter of fact, the first avowed aim of this so eventful Congress was Spain, and it simply led the way later by the force of circumstance to the still more important Portuguese conflict of opinion (or indeed, properly denominated, civil war), into which it drifted but a short time after.

Here we stand, then, at the outset, in full view of what were to become the long-enduring hostile creeds fought over for a quarter of a century between Liberals and Conservatives through half Europe, dividing the convictions of north from south,—of those who refused to abandon their beliefs in the past from those who rushed headlong on the beliefs of the future (and made Inquisitors of the former and infidels of the latter!)—severing, in short, the two component parts of Iberian civilisation into two mere "factions," Carlists and Christinos, so long as the fierce struggle could be maintained at the passionate and savage height to which it had been once raised, and in which it did not originally take its rise. It originally took its rise, as I have said in both countries, in merely local disputes in what might be termed parochial quarrels; but before its close it had involved opinions and principles, and perhaps did more than anything else to fan Radical-

ism—above all, British Radicalism —into a national party, which it assuredly was not before the fall of the elder Bourbons and the advent of the July monarchy in France, or the Reform Bill in England, and the establishment of a species of constitution wherein, as the Duke expressed it, it was difficult to see how "the king's Government was to be carried on."

"Whatever the differences of opinion existing between M. de Villèle and M. de Martignac, there was not, at the first opening of the campaign, any serious cause for alarm or disturbance. . . . The king," adds Hyde de Neuville, "was no doubt a disquieting element in Spain; for there could be little doubt that, once freed from Liberal bondage, and firmly reseated on his throne, he would be in danger of falling into the hands of the different factions that, till now, had held dominion over him. . . . But," continues the same writer, "I knew from his own letters to me that the commander of the expedition, the Duc d'Angoulême, had resolved, the moment Spain was pacified, to leave her to her own free choice of her future institutions, premising however that, according to his opinion, those that were nearest to the present constitutional form established in France appeared to him preferable to all others."

Here the double difficulty of the situation at once stares us in the face. On one side the ultra-Liberal—not to say Radical—Left was becoming more violently suspicious every day, as we shall soon see. On the other, the Legitimists were inclining to climb to the highest pitch of retrogradism they had yet attained, and the Government of Mr Canning was showing its strongest features of opposition. "Portugal," remarks Hyde de Neuville in a letter to M. de Martignac, "is verging already on a determined spirit of counter-revolution; but there, somewhat more than in Spain, we shall, I think, find England disposed to adhere to her neutrality." But M. de Martignac, in his reply, does not scruple to admit the apprehensions felt by the advanced party in France at any signs of yielding to the future declared "Cristinos" of Spain:—

"We are in no way," he affirms, "preparing for any negotiations with the Cortes, as has been told in Paris, neither are we favouring the Juntas. The issue of the war can only be the close of a disastrous struggle that is exhausting the resources of a magnificent country, and must in the end enslave it. For *us* its effect will evidently be, far less the consolidation of Ferdinand in his autocratic rule than the preponderance of France over a neighbouring state to the clear and evident ken of all Europe."

That is the outspoken truth, and, from that to the ambiguous conduct of the Orleans monarchy under Louis Philippe and M. Guizot in the "Spanish marriages" of 1847, there is hardly a step to be taken. There we have the dynastic policy pure and simple rendered feasible (and desirable at the period of the early Restoration) by the so-called *national* policy of the Congress of Verona.

"The triumphs of our armies," says Hyde de Neuville, "and the moderation of their commander-in-chief, filled us with pride, but did not lead to any dreams of exaggerated ambition: but the opposition of Mr Canning's Government was becoming fiercely marked; the aggressive speech of Mr Brougham in the House of Commons, and the invectives he indulged in against an allied nation without any respect for her susceptibilities, irritated the Royalists to a degree of unmeasured general reprobation, and, it must be acknowledged, raised all but universal indignation throughout the French nation."

Here begins the feeling of "bitter hostility" I have pointed out between the *ancien régime* and the British Government before the Revolution of July. And here are to be clearly demonstrated the antagonisms that soon burst forth between the two intellectual and diplomatic elements that at that precise date were governing the rival communities of England and France,—Canning and Chateaubriand.

Let any impartial reader look through the correspondence of M. de Chateaubriand at this period with M. de Marcellus, just then *chargé d'affaires* in London, and the sworn friend of both Chateaubriand and Hyde de Neuville, and he will unfailingly be struck with the tone of sharp personality evinced by the celebrated author of 'Atala,' whose position, there is no denying, was one of much difficulty, requiring a reserve and impartiality that were by no means in his nature.

"Our object," writes Chateaubriand in the spring of 1823 to his confidant in England, "is, of course, to secure from the English Government, if not the consent to *our direct intervention*, at all events *their complete neutrality* in face of our action; *but the English version of this neutrality is a neutrality combined with unmeasured abuse of the king, of France, of our Government, and, above all, of myself.*"

We shall find this angry mention of "self" obtruding itself at every page of future despatches. This is the tone of M. de Chateaubriand throughout this most interesting and significant correspondence, given to us now in its intimate integrity for the first time; and his so intimately attached friend, Hyde de Neuville, is not far behind him in his appreciation of both men and things. Referring to other letters of his irascible chief, Baron Hyde lays down that "if the British Government ends by degrading itself irremissibly in the judgment of all Europe, it will owe this misfortune entirely to the impetuosity of Mr Canning!" And he pronounces, as a fixed belief in the European mind, that—

"France is grave, patient, and reserved, conducting the war with as much wisdom as decision and success (in a military sense) and her attitude has tightened her bonds of amity with the whole external world so evidently that she is guarded and preserved even against any dangers, did they threaten, of diminished good fortune. *England, on the contrary, distinctly sees what increase of prestige and power this war will afford us, how completely it restores our influence in Spain and our former position throughout all civilisation, and at which she cannot feel other than irritated and aggrieved.*"

As we see, in those words are foreshadowed what will be in the future, as it was in the past, the programme of the France we are to know for forty years—in fact, till the close of the century. It is for ever the same; the superiority of the *grande nation* and the consequent irritation of *La perfide Albion*, which shows herself more perfidious merely from her increasing envy at the "successes" and "patient wisdom" of the "magnanimous" French people.

But at the same time we must in justice to Hyde de Neuville say, that on more than one occasion he amply recognised the inopportunity of certain "chivalrous" demonstrations of Chateaubriand during this period of rivalry with Canning, who, to tell the truth, lost no occasion of bringing home to the French Ministry how perfectly he understood their tactics. "Our young troops," exclaims Chateau-

briand in an imprudent hour, "have covered themselves with glory at Saint Sebastian, and the white cockade is now definitively nailed to their *schakos*. This is truly immense!" But this does not prevent Baron Hyde from clearly perceiving the effect produced upon the advanced opinions of Mr Canning by such explosions of inadvertency. In a conversation he had with the French *chargé d'affaires* at this same moment of time, the British Foreign Minister more than hinted at what were the undeniable views of the French: "You are not ignorant," were his expressions, "of the movement that is going on in France. You are aware, as we are ourselves, that a deviation from the true doctrines of legitimacy, so nearly similar to our own, is in contemplation; and you probably are thoroughly well informed on the progress made in the ranks of the so-called 'moderate opposition.' Take heed to it!—*la tête à couronner est là.*" To these words, distinctly implying a menace for the future, Hyde de Neuville opposed, as did almost the whole pure Royalist phalanx in the Chambers, an uncompromising protestation. He declares that the "national honour of all France resides in the king alone"—in the "head of the eminent House of Bourbon, that knows of but *one* chief. . . . When that chief," he adds, "is threatened on his throne—the oldest in the universe—the honour of the land is felt to be in danger, and one cry unites the entire population. . . . All the arguments of the Cabinet of St James's can no more stay this national impulse inside our frontiers than their armed hosts could attempt to stop them beyond those limits."

There is the tone that took at its first outset—the discussion of the initial project—which simply was that of accrediting Baron Hyde to Madrid; this was somewhat altered later by circumstances, and it was at last agreed upon that the young diplomatist should be named to Lisbon, unless sent to Constantinople, the reason being to emphasise the personal goodwill of Louis XVIII. But this gave rise to a curious passage of arms between London and Paris (still in a decided accent of mutual discontent half unappeased). "Is it true," writes M. de Marcellus to Chateaubriand, "that Baron Hyde is designated for a nomination to a diplomatic post? Mr Canning asked me a few days ago whether it was the fact that London even had been alluded to, but added, 'We should prefer some one else; . . . but I presume we shall be consulted on this choice.'" M. de Marcellus repeats as his own answer that nothing in his opinion is as yet settled on that point. But Chateaubriand's reply is entirely in another key: "What Mr Canning has suggested," he affirms in his despatch, "is a mere *fanfaronnade!* He will just have whom it pleases me to name!" ("Il aura qui bon me semblera"). And in reality it was upon this unequivocal "*Ego et rex meus*" understanding that Hyde de Neuville was sent to the Portuguese Court, where, as had been officially declared, everything was preparing for a counter-revolution, and where the greatest conspirator of the age was to support absolutism to the very verge of establishing the narrow and bigoted reign of Don Miguel. This latter extremity, however, Hyde de Neuville, with the firm and intelligent aid of Sir Edward Thornton, the then allied British Minister to Portugal, was lucky enough to evade.

The troubles of Lisbon, caused by Don Miguel, are too well known to English readers, and their ultimate results are too familiar even to our present younger public for it to be requisite to expatiate on their minuter details. A brief sketch of their outline will suffice. Their immediate consequence is the embassy to Portugal from Paris, which was decided upon by the French Government as an act of cordiality to be shown to the "restored" royalty of the elder branch of the House of Braganza. This, again, holds together with the success of the Congress of Verona, and coincides with the transient period of authority awarded by our own Government to Marshal Beresford, and considerably compromised by the military insurrection that broke out in 1820. As soon as the Verona Congress had gained its original object—namely, the French intervention in Spain — and was at once followed by the march of a French army into Spain, "The official defeat of revolutionary principles" (these are the terms of the diplomatic instructions issued at the moment) disquieted the so-called constitutional *régime* of the neighbouring State; and the return of John VI. to his hereditary realm in Europe was the signal for friendly negotiations between France and Portugal, ending in a positive resumption of relations between the Courts of Paris and Lisbon, on the "same principles on which had been *now* established the political relations between France and Spain."

But here came almost immediately the inevitable divergence: Legitimacy, pure and simple, was the *raison d'être* of the whole; only the Legitimacy of the French Government was not yet quite that of the autocratic and bigoted Don Miguel, as the Legitimacy of the British Ministry resembled in no degree the constitutional royalty to which the Cabinet of St James's imagined it was solicited to adhere. The upshot was inevitable: through no end of conflicting incidents the last consequence of all was the abdication of the king and the temporary usurpation of Don Miguel, supported by his mother's intrigues; to be a few years after replaced by the advent to power of Doña Maria and the more regular rule of the Coburg dynasty, joined by marriage with that of Braganza, and more lately still with the lines of Coburg and Braganza and of Orleans (and Coburg too!).

But when Baron Hyde de Neuville is first accredited to the Court of John VI. in Lisbon, it is formally to carry out[1] the policy of Legitimacy assumed by the Government of the ultra-Royalists, and defined by the specific Acts of the Congress of Verona; and it is as the determined representative of the creed we have heard him declare—that, namely, of a monarchy in which the "person of the sovereign chief was the sole and unique incarnation of the honour of the nation."[2] We shall quote Baron Hyde's own words: "I went to Portugal in 1822," he writes, "as the exclusive delegate of an exclusive French policy, and caring nothing for what Mr Canning might think of it—or me."

But to our mind the strongest and most fearful lesson conveyed by the story of these latest hundred years is the unescapable fatality it shows between lawlessness and revolution—one inevit-

[1] *Vide* Souvenirs of Hyde de Neuville, vol. iii.

[2] Ibid.

ably entailing the other at the distance of no matter what time, or no matter what space.

A century passes by: nor things nor men can possibly be more altered than they are; yet what do we see before our eyes? Identical incidents of which the actors are men whose deeds are the very same, and from the oneness of whose actions it is impossible for them to escape.

In following the recital of M. de Vogüé, we trace at every step the fate that stamps upon revolution its inevitability.

The actors of 1886-90-92 in no way intended to commit the same acts as those of 1789-90; but the commission of them was unavoidable, because they were themselves their outcome. The past lay at their root, and they were condemned to reproduce its acts. Though perhaps none of the individuals meant to do the deeds they did, the repetition of these deeds was enforced upon them.

Lawlessness being the spirit of the whole, it is to lawlessness they are condemned in the end, though they may be led to it by the most apparently different and even contradictory means. When first circumstance induced the Parliament in Paris to pursue corruption in the forms of the deputies who were accused of having practised it, nearly the whole Assembly believed that they were honestly and righteously vindicating the renown of their entire country, cleansing her fair fame from the foulest of all stains; and yet what was, as a matter of fact, the end at which they arrived? At that of the law-breakers and criminals of 1893,—at the outrage of the law; at the sentence illegally dealt to the one man who personified the unholy struggle, and resisted the attack made by the forces of insurrection against the majority of the legally consecrated Power.

The real battle fought at the end of December last between the self-styled Government and the Committee of Inquiry was a simply personal one, and it is fitting that so legally constituted a community as our own English one should once hear and appreciate its details.

It is at the moment when the parliamentary inquiry in the French Chamber wins its illegal victory that the real conflict opens —the great historical struggle that is personified by two men.

The real import of that struggle is summarised by its conclusion, —two phrases contain it entire: "Parliament is superior to all!" "the law has to submit to the authority of Government!" That was the strangely inspired creed of the Keeper of the Seals.

"*Not while I live*," was the haughty reply of the Procureur-Général; and thus ended in a personal encounter what was begun as a battle between the "State" and one individual representative of constituted law.

The Revolutionary Principle won!

CHANCE SHOTS AND ODD FISH.

The gun and the rod were formerly used by the working classes far more than they are at the present time. And indeed the gun was necessary for the protection of the crops in different stages of their growth, just after planting as well as when they arrived at maturity; especially in isolated districts, where for miles nothing met the eye on each side of the long sun-scorched roads in the summer time except fruit-orchards, and gardens used for growing vegetables and fruit. It was only natural that the owners should seek to protect their harvests from the feathered thieves.

Hedgerow fruit is all very well for birds when the season of cultivated fruits is over, but not before that. Many of the insect-feeders, with their young, just before leaving us for their winter quarters, play havoc, if permitted, with the smaller fruits. Strange to say, inland districts well wooded do not suffer nearly so much as those close to the tide or the tidal rivers; for just at the time when bush-fruits are ripe, most of the birds are beginning to think about going back to where they started from, over the water; and day by day they feed and flit nearer to the coast-lines, a few families at a time, until the fruit-gardens and orchards are alive with small birds of one sort and another, and all of them feeding on the fruit. This had to be seen to; so, as nearly every house had a gun in it of some kind or other, those who worked in the orchards and gardens had not much difficulty in finding one for those of their sons who had been promoted to the proud position of bird-shooting. These were not fowling-pieces, only the ordinary light guns,—"snipe guns" they were called, in order to distinguish them from the others. The larger farmhouses generally had a complete battery hanging by leather loops over the broad mantel. But now and then you would see one or two of the lads with guns that had come from their own homes.

These bird-shooters were not taken at random for the job; some small amount of diplomacy would be used beforehand about the matter. First the master or one of his sons would inquire in a very quiet fashion if any of the young ones had a hankering after a gun, which inquiry generally brought out the information that two or three on 'em had got some most "owdacious larruppings" for meddling with their parent's guns. As these "larruppings" were of a severe character, the very fact of a boy's running the risk of one to gratify his ruling passion proved beyond doubt their mother's assertions that the young rips had "got it in 'em." One by one, under some plausible pretext or other, the rips would be asked to attend one of their masters with his gun, a light single one, round the farm. After a shot or two, the lad would be asked if *he* would like to have a shot at a bird.

"I should, jest about, Master Ned. Jest you let me hev' a go at a sparrer."

"A sparrow, you young varmint! why, you couldn't shoot into a barn if the doors were kept open for ye."

"Oh! couldn't I?"

"Well now, look here, I'm goin' to load her light for ye;

there she is, full-cocked. Do ye see them yaller-hammers?"

"Not now, I don't."

"How's that?"

"Why, ain't they flew frum the hedge into the weeds in the field?"

"Now look here; if you gives me any more o' that, you young imp, I'll trim an ash sucker for ye, jest for ye to see how ye like that. Here ye are, walk 'em up, give 'em fair rise; and, don't kill 'em *all*."

The rip snaked up, the birds rose, and down dropped a fine cock yellow-hammer.

"You're a nice un: now come here and tell me what you had that larrupping for, three weeks back."

"Well, you knows Josher's p'inter?"

"What p'inter?"

"Why, Josher's weathercock p'inter. What my father drawed an' cut out o' copper, an' painted natural as life. Larry's father's orchard is at the back o' his place; there was him, an' 'Loader,' an' 'Finny,' an' 'Genus,' an' me. Larry got the gun, an' Finny got me to shoot at Josher's p'inter, when he p'inted east'ard. I knocked his head a one side on him. An' Josher was lookin' out o' his back winder, an' see me shoot; an' that's how I cum to hev a larrupping."

"How about the p'inter, eh?"

"Father set him to rights agin."

Some who were not so proficient as the rip above sketched were only allowed to shoot blank charges for a time. Never at any time were heavy charges used, for fear of cutting the shoots about. The birds, as they dipped from one lot of fruit to another, require quick shooting between the rows. This sort of thing in course of time made good shots of the boys. Many of the best shots I ever knew—rough-shooters, no doubt, they would be called now—had their early training in the fruit-orchards and gardens. The birds knew perfectly well what they had to expect, and they acted accordingly; the craft shown at times by them was something to wonder at. I have known wild pigeons come great distances to feed on the peas alone. In after-years, when some of the boys had moved far away from their early home, the gun was handled by them still to good purpose. Even now the sight of a fine fowling-piece will make the eyes of some of my old chums, who have had to lay up the gun for good, glisten again, and will send their thoughts back far away to the time when they were young.

Although I have pleaded for the birds, there are times when under stress of weather they commit serious depredations on field crops, more particularly on fields devoted to market produce. Thousands of skylarks, hundreds of wood-larks and titlings, will all take heavy tithes of it. It is, to say the least of it, a curious sight to see these birds, with missel-thrushes, blackbirds, redwings, common thrushes, and snipes, all rise from a large patch of savoy cabbages. Where the birds peck and make holes, the wet gets in and rots them. The snipes are there for a different purpose—that is, to probe about the soft places where the water drops from the leaves when it thaws a little.

The swallows are twittering to their young broods, which are well on the wing, and are just now resting on the top of the large chimney of the old thatched farm-house for a little while, before they make the circuit of the farm-yard and outbuildings again, for they are not firmly feathered yet. So still is it that their cheerful

song sounds quite loudly. The poultry are all quiet; even the ducks are standing on one leg by the side of their pond, fast asleep, with their heads half buried in their back feathers. The hum of bees comes from the garden, a dreamy hum that would lull you off to sleep if you listened to it long. Some sparrows fly up on the thatch, and give out their chisick, chisick, chisick, then all is still for a time.

Suddenly one of the hens that has a brood of chicks screams out her alarm-note. Something is wrong, for she is in a state of the greatest excitement, with her chicks all under her.

Very quietly the master takes his gun down from over the fireplace, where it is kept: the row has roused him from his after-dinner forty winks. He looks out from the door, but nothing is to be seen. Just as he is going in again, a grey-brown bird shoots over, above the spot where the hen has got her chicks. As this bird rises, he fires: for the moment he thinks he has missed it, and the hawk is nearly over the barn when something evidently goes wrong with it, for it hangs in the air for a moment, drops one wing, and beats with the other at a most rapid rate; turns over, rights again, spreads its tail out, and then comes down dead. In those days the gun was always ready to hand for a chance shot.

"What is it, Mark? What do you want of me?" asks the farmer, as a labourer comes up to him, evidently with some request.

"Why, I've cum to ask ye if ye have a rabbit that ye ken give me fur my young un; he's bin down now fur a long time, an' he's just gettin' about agin."

"Have we got one, mother?"

"No, father. I wish we had, for the poor child's sake?"

"Can you shoot, Mark?"

"I could one time, master, an' I thinks as I could now."

"Well, look here, take my double—she is loaded; and see if you can get a young one or a couple out of that young clover field. I must be going out, or I'd try and get you one."

Not long afterwards a couple of shots rang out, and the man returned with a couple of rabbits, also with the news that he had discovered a heap of guinea-fowls' eggs where those shy birds had nested away in company, without having been found. If the mistress could find him a trug he would bring them in; there was such a lot of them!

This illustrates the feeling that used to exist between the employer and the employed: the people about the farms helped to protect what was on them. If, in a case such as I have mentioned, something a little out of the usual routine was required, it was freely asked for, and as freely granted. For in those days of sturdy independence and self-respect, a master knew that if a man asked a favour from him he needed it.

Rough-shooting, so called, to distinguish it from cover-shooting, has a charm above any others for those who have been used to it. Where game was not strictly preserved, rough-shooting was the order of the day in our North Kent districts, for every man shot on his own grounds or on those he rented, and at times he freely invited his friends to come with him: one condition only had to be remembered, no hares were to be shot; they were left for coursing.

The partridges, owing to the great extent of their feeding-

grounds, were very strong on the wing, and, as a rule, wild as hawks at certain seasons. What might get up when the dogs pointed was a matter for speculation—it might be a short-eared owl, a stone curlew or the great curlew, or a covey of partridges. Nothing was done in a hurry: if it was only snipe, and he was missed, the reason for this would be calmly talked over, and the bird would be sought for and put up again if possible. Even the dogs, the rough-coated setters and the Spanish pointers, went to work deliberately. When the dykes were crossed they looked up them and down them, to see what was moving—Jack-hern, coot, flappers, rail, or moor-hen; nothing was thought beneath their notice if they were fowl. But although our men were good shots as a rule, exceptions did exist, the bags at times were light ones—for it was a difficult matter, under certain weather influences, to get within range of birds on exposed places, their hearing is so very quick. Then again they will squat like stones; and the reason for these very opposite tactics on their part has not yet been explained. In any case, whatever the luck might be, the birds that were shot were nicely put away in the men's large shooting-jacket pockets, so that they should look well when turned out for inspection. Perhaps there is not time for this sort of thing now; the fowl that have reached me lately have been sadly tumbled.

Wood-pigeons are very wary, quick-sighted, strong-winged birds. All know this that have watched them, or brought them down with the gun. At times they appear to get bewildered: I have had an example of this recently on one of our hills close to Dorking. As a rule I am out in all weathers—snow, frost, rain, or fog. A very heavy fog had settled on the top of the hill when I was about the middle of it; so heavy it was that the water dropped from the bare twigs of the trees like rain. From a lot of beeches on the left of me, as I walked, two shots were fired, one after the other, as fast as the triggers could be pulled. Then over my head, like a gale of wind, a flock of wood-pigeons passed: a thousand of them there were, if there was one.

As the shots were very close, I slipped down into a mossy hollow, where one of the old bridle-paths ran: the fog being thick, the shots were quite close enough to be unpleasant. Having known some sad accidents take place in foggy weather, I did my best to avoid one. Hardly had I got out of harm's way, when the pigeons passed over me on their way back to the part where they had left some of their number behind. Again two shots rang out above me, and the pigeons rushed over as before to the firs. What could be the meaning of it, I wondered.

In less than five minutes back they were again: this time a single shot was fired, followed up in about ten minutes by another. As I had my field-glass and they were low down, I could see all I wanted whilst they passed and repassed overhead, for the fog broke now and then, as the wind moved it.

Why the birds should have received that number of shots, and still have returned for more, is out of my reckoning. The next day was clear and bright, but cold: where the pigeons had gone to then, I do not know; I did not see them, nor did I hear any shooting. Birds are in one place one day, and gone the next. As one

pigeon-shooter told me, "If you don't ketch 'em on the flop, you loses 'em; most special them 'ere furrin pigeons what cums an' goes."

Those who wander for chance shots pass through very lonely places at times; and those shooters with whom I associated were men who were, as a rule, much influenced by the mysteries of nature. Many a time have I rested to talk over the wild records of past times with them, when out on the search for fowl. My companions, like myself, were brim-full of the traditions of the flats. There was one spot that was under a ban, owing to local traditions, which had a fascination for me from my earliest childhood.

Where the tide works its own way, if you wish to get to a special place I know of, you must go in certain directions to it. It is not the least use going by a boat, although you could pull to it direct; for the moment you got on shore you would be trespassing. This was fiercely resented by all classes, rich or poor, so no one trespassed as a rule, thus saving a lot of trouble on both sides. Now to reach one place where fowl were abundant, we had to go six miles from our own hamlet before we could get to a narrow track that led to one of the smallest and most secluded fishing hamlets that I should imagine ever existed. If ever a place could be called out of the world, that might have been. A long narrow lane, with high hedges on each side, led you to the grey-flint-towered church: through the churchyard you passed on to a wood which adjoined it so closely, that the branches of some of the outside trees almost touched the churchyard wall. Through the wood a path led down to the few scattered houses; then came the flats and the tide.

It was a quiet God's-acre, that daisy-dotted resting-place, for no one visited it excepting on Sundays. Nothing was to be heard but the jackdaws in the old tower, and the chatter and whistle of the starlings that built there. The magpies that were very numerous in the district would sit on the wall or gate of the church, and chatter when they heard footsteps, or walk, with their beautiful tails thrown up, through some of the long grass and tangle that grew there. Great brambles grew by the side of the wall, covered in the season with the finest blackberries that could be found anywhere; but they were never touched except by the birds, for all the traditions connected with that last resting-place were sad ones. The fringe of the wood spread in the shape of scattered bushes, most of them large thorns, for some distance out on the flats. As the drainage from the upland fields fell into the dykes of the flats just here, certain fowl, such as ducks, teal, and snipe, haunted it. Best of all, it was free for us at any rate to shoot there, and to take a friend with us if we chose to do so; but I generally went then, as I do now, alone. Not that I ever brought one bird from there, for the gun was only the pretext for my visit; the wild beauty of the place as the sun went down, the cries of fowl and their manœuvres before they flighted for the night, had more charms for me than shooting had. The place had a bad name, for it was a dangerous place to be out on at night, when the tide covered the flats almost within a stone's-throw of the hamlet, if it could be called one; so I always left them before dusk fell.

Turning my face homewards, full of thoughts about things such

as I have at last after all these years been able to put before my kind readers, I have seen great masses of clouds, purple and gold, sinking down behind that grey church. The wood that hid the greater part of it was a mass of deep grey shadow, the top part of the trees catching a flush of rosy light as the sun got low. More unfortunate accidents have taken place there, in past times, than in any other place in this district, which is lonely even now. The few that now shoot there give the place a bad report. This has nothing to do with the people—for, if their blood runs hot, they are kindly folks. It is owing to the treacherous nature of the waters and the flats that border on them.

One Christmas eve, as the bells were ringing their glad tidings out over the waters so near to the old church, two fowlers were coming in from the tide. How the catastrophe happened no one knew, but the boat drifted in bottom upwards, and two days afterwards the fowlers were found stretched on the ooze.

There is no such thing as extermination to be feared so far as wild-fowl are concerned, although the reclamation of valuable land for grazing and building purposes from the sea has necessarily done away with the decoys that captured them in such vast numbers, as our decoy records prove. There are only more left to go elsewhere. Because creatures that visit us are no longer to be circumvented as they used to be, it is not that they do not come here as before; for they do, but not to stay where they once did in fancied security.

It was this very feeling of security that was the cause of their destruction in hosts for the market. Where their food is, there they still come; only they are all on the alert now. If they have traditions of their own, they have been handed down of late years in minute detail for the benefit of all fowl that may visit the grass-covered ooze flats, and the sands where at one time they could come and nest, and also feed without molestation. They are not able to do this any longer. Yet listen on flats that I know now, at night, and then say if the fowl are altogether gone.

. . . . . .

"Have you had any sport, Billy?" I ask a dried-up-looking individual who is dressed in stained cord trousers, nearly covered with what was once a white apron. Over these he wears a flannel jacket, set off by a rusty battered drain-pipe hat of the old orthodox pattern.

"No, it ain't a bit o' use; ye see this 'ere weather is sickenin' hot for fish, they wunt bite at nothin'. 'Tis no use, I knows, comin' out; but I can't keep indoors,—it does me good only to looter along the banks an' look at the water; 'tis pleasant-like to look at things, if the fish wunt bite. I bin saunterin' up the stream that runs from the moor; I knows there is good trout there, but the holes they lay in is covered over with great bramble-bushes; they lop right over to t'other bank o' the stream; there ain't no chance at all for nothin'. This 'ere spell o' hot weather has smothered the water with flies an' caterpillars; what the fish wants, they sucks in without hardly movin' for it, an' then they lays up. If this keeps on 'twill ruin fishin'."

Of all the anglers I have ever known, and I have seen many in my time, Billy for originality, I think, eclipsed them all.

The loss of his precious old hat would have ruined him, battered

and rusty as it was, for it contained all his choice fishing-gear. The inside of it was fitted up in the most ingenious manner: hooks and lines, silk, wax, and wax ends, all could be found by him in that venerable head-covering. If any one had been wicked enough to bonnet Billy, he would have had a considerable tangle to get out of his mop of iron-grey hair; but the most reckless respected that fishing-tackle repository, and the old man too. He only owned one rod which had been made by himself—a pike rod with tin ferrules, that had been broken in the middle in a tussle with a pike which Billy nearly landed, that had got a head on him, the old fellow said, like a donkey. He had spliced it with wax ends. This he only used when pike-fishing; for other purposes he cut one from the river-side. Billy was generally credited with knowing all the haunts of the fish in the river: one thing he certainly could always tell, and that was where to go for them when they fed.

The spell of hot weather has brought thunder up; a few showers have fallen, followed by a steady downpour. Billy rubs his hands, and informs all his fishing acquaintances that "this 'ere rain will do a power o' good." The river rises higher and higher; the bridges over the mill-stream are impassable, for the water is up on a level with their top rails. The millers shout out from the garden of the mill-house that they reckon there is a fine lot of eels in the eel-trap, if they could get at them; but this they are not able to do, for the water is waist-high on the bottom floor of the mill. A rushing, swirling, clay-coloured torrent is now that usually sluggish river called the Mole. Rabbits, rats, moor-hens, dabchicks, rails, and otters are all out in the fields—the rabbits and birds showing openly, the otters and rats under cover close to the water. It is still raining heavily, and I am out in it for purposes of observation.

I like to watch the various ways in which wild creatures shift for themselves when driven to extremities. The rabbits, moor-hens, rails, and rats will find plenty to eat on the edge of the fields; and the otters will kill and eat either, if they get hungry. The greater part of these flooded-out creatures feed openly, but they keep close to cover of some sort into which they can dash if alarmed. Nothing could live in the river at the rate the rain is coming down now. The brooks that lead into the river are bank-high, kept back by the water rushing down mid-stream, for the brook is six and seven feet in depth now; the pollard-willow stems are showing only half their height. As to the huge burdocks, only the tips of some of their bur-bunches can be seen just above the water. Where the brook runs into the river, a circular space has been formed; there is a deep hole here at all times, but now the flood is out, the whereabouts of that hole can only be made out by the slow circular movement of the water at this particular spot: it is a slow heavy swirl round, and that is all.

I am simply amusing myself by threshing the trees and bushes in order to make the rats jump into the water—for at such times they plump into it like stones from the trees, into which they have climbed; when, on looking over the fields, I make out a figure coming in my direction. I can see that it is muffled up in a long light coat, and that is all. Directly, however, it gets near enough for me to see the drain-pipe hat, I know it is Billy.

He did not seem pleased to see me, but when he found that I was not fishing, he was all smiles directly. I had seen him fish in that dull swirling hole: we should never have thought about fishing there in a flood, but Billy knew something.

"Are ye goin' to stop an' see me fish? If ye are, keep quiet an' don't move about, an' I'll show ye somethin'."

From his sacred hat he drew forth a line of the finest water cord, with a stout gut perch-hook on it; then he fixed on a blue float with white top, pulled out a stick from the bushes near, where he had hidden it on one of his former visits, tied the line on, and said he should bait. From one of the pockets of his old coachman's coat he next fetched out a large worm-bag.

"These ain't bramlin's, nor yet red uns; you wants big uns here for 'em to see, for the water's thick, an' they're hungry. These is dew-lobs; ain't they picters? I knows how deep to go—I don't need to plum it."

He dropped his line in about a yard from the swirl. Now the float was in it, the white top showing out from the discoloured water; then it was gone. Billy struck, and out he fetched a bream that could not have weighed less than two pounds.

"Have sumthin' better afore long," he muttered, as he dropped the fish behind him. Down swings the float, and it goes under with a rush. Billy strikes, up comes the float and line, minus the stout gut and perch-hook. "That's a jack, hold hard! I'll have ye!" From his hat he fetched a gimp trace with a small pike-hook whipped on; and this time Billy put two large lob-worms on, and threw in. Down went the float as before.

After a few moments, up it popped, and then went down: the old boy struck, all right this time, as he said; and he landed as nice a pike with his primitive-looking tackle as any one would wish to see.

Baiting with a couple again, just to see if there was another, but without any result, he changed his trace for a gut perch-hook as before, and went on fishing. Bream, roach, dace, and perch did he keep pulling out of that hole, all large fish, until he had a great flashing scaly heap behind him; in fact, he said he thought he must leave a few for another day. But the best of the sport was yet to come.

A few yards up the stream, where a great pollard stem jutted half across it under water, forming a sort of dam in the stream. The water was perfectly quiet, and clearer than it was in the hole.

From a movement that he caught sight of just beyond the stem, Billy thought he would try and see what he could get there.

He was well rewarded for his experiment, for in a very short time he caught three good trout. "Now," said Billy, "I shall go home: you'll have some on 'em, wunt ye? They're real good uns. What! ye don't care for 'em? Ah well, p'raps not. I've heerd tell as ye cums from a place where they chucks fish on the fields for manure."

The old fellow's luck made him very chatty as I walked home beside him; his heavy bag he would carry all himself. "It don't do to go by the look o' things at times," he observed; "any port is a good un in a storm. All the fish in that part of the river go where you see me pull these out; they gets out o' the rush o' the river, an' they feeds in the brook. You keep it to yerself, if ye don't care to fish."

But I did care, for that brook taught me more about natural history of one kind and another than I at that time could have thought possible. Billy and his piscatorial hat have vanished from the scene, for the good old fisherman has gone home long ago. The brook is there, so are the fish in flood-time, but I am not able to go there now if I wished, for the property has changed owners.

In some places fish are very difficult to catch if they are any size; in other spots you may pull them out, as a farm youngster once told me, as fast as you like to put your line in. Now, to look at, this pond was one of the most ordinary character: it was only a small pond in a clayey meadow, fringed round with bushes on all sides excepting one.

The bottom was continually trampled and stirred up for a considerable distance out—quite one-half of the pond—by the cattle going to drink on that side, and by their standing in it up to their bellies to cool themselves in the summer time. So that the part of the pond which was too deep for them to wade in was small. The ducks and geese swam and dabbled there also. I have passed the place frequently of late—the pond is close to the farmyard; and although the old-fashioned farmhouse is nothing to look at, yet it has the reputation now that it had in my younger days, when I fished there, of being the best tench-pond in the district. So far as I have been able to glean, this pond has not been looked after or cared for, beyond not being suffered to be fished to death.

If you were allowed a day's fishing, you were not supposed to ask for another directly afterwards; as no one did so, all things went well. The fish were of a nice size, from a pound in weight up to two pounds—real beauties, that would take a nice worm freely. I have lived to see waters that teemed with fish at one time ruined and made almost tenantless by modern bungling or improvements so called. Fish are quite capable of taking care of themselves if allowed to do it; they know what suits them better than we do.

The very best fish I have ever seen or eaten, and the most handsome I have ever painted, were odd fish, got from odd bits of water, where they had been left for years with all their natural enemies, man excepted, to take their own chance.

A Son of the Marshes.

THREE NOVELS.

THE historical novel, which had gone out of fashion with G. P. R. James and the veteran Harrison Ainsworth, has been coming into favour again with the successes of Mr Stevenson and Dr Conan Doyle. It is a dangerous field to try, and a difficult field to succeed in. It demands a somewhat rare combination of qualities, and nothing is easier than to be intolerably dull, even if you should chance to be tolerably well-informed. Excessive conscientiousness must be conscientiously avoided, for nothing is more fatal than a servile following of the chroniclers. Good memory must do duty for hand-to-mouth research; dramatic incidents must be selected, embellished, or invented; above all, a fresh and lively imagination must revive the scenes and the circumstances of the forgotten past; and in introducing the real or supposititious characters who played their parts in the drama, Shakespeare-like it should hold the mirror up to nature. These, we fancy, were the gifts and acquirements which made the immortal reputation of "The Wizard of the North"; and the genius of Scott never shone so brilliantly as among the scenery and the people with which he was most familiar. Having said so much, without comparisons of any kind, for Mr Allardyce would scarcely care to be matched with the Magician, we may say that he has been singularly fortunate in the choice of a subject. If we were to compare, we should contrast 'Balmoral'[1] with 'Micah Clarke,' the most spirited and lifelike historical novel we had read for long. Conan Doyle's Puritan-descended hero figured in the desperate venture of "King Monmouth." Mr Allardyce tells the story of the scarcely less hazardous rising under the Earl of Mar, which brought untold calamities on the Lowland nobles and the Highlanders who were guided by his vacillating councils and followed his ill-omened banner. As to the Highlands and Scotch affairs, we can say from old experiences of our own, that Mr Allardyce's local knowledge is minute and exhaustive. Nor can any man have a more intense appreciation of what we believe to be his native scenery. As an artist he paints with loving touch the great brown mountains in their mysterious gloom, or illuminated in the red blaze of a stormy sunset. Again, we see the crystal Dee rushing down over its gravelly bed, or breaking over the boulders in limpid cataracts; we see the clean stately stems of the towering firs in what is once more the Royal forest of the Ballochbuie; we breathe the balmy fragrance of the resin as the sun goes down; and with the rising of the moon we catch the ghost-like glimmer of grey birches bending over the murmuring water.

Highland scenes and scenery are well in their way; but it is possible to have too much of a good thing; nor is it probable that the interest of the story would have been satisfactorily sustained, had we been kept to the company of jovial but illiterate semi-barbarians. Happily Mr Allardyce

[1] Balmoral. A Romance of the Queen's Country. By Alexander Allardyce, Author of 'The City of Sunshine,' &c. W. Blackwood & Sons, 1893.

has avoided that snare. Naturally he is not so much at home in the London coffee-houses of the eighteenth century as on the hills of Deeside; but his scholarly tastes have made him thoroughly familiar with the politicians, the wits, and the pamphleteers of Queen Anne's reign. The story opens when the sudden death of the Queen has thrown the councils of the Tories into confusion. There is a meeting of the friends of the banished dynasty, convoked by Atterbury in the cloistered deanery of Westminster. But the prompt resolution of the Whig leaders has taken the tide at the turn, and that seditious meeting is provisionally adjourned, without coming to any definite conclusion. But there and elsewhere, the doings of both the parties are passed in review, from Walpole, who was worth buying at any price—Mr Allardyce makes his hero say, that the grossest mistake of Bar-le-Duc was not buying him—to Mar, "the halfpenny Machiavel," whose selection as the lieutenant of James was a less excusable blunder. We are taken the round of the political taverns and coffee-houses; we get glimpses of the poets and men of letters, and we listen to all the flying social gossip. Foremost among the men about town, addicted to pretty verse-making and dilettante intrigue, is Mr Bardolph, the hero of 'Balmoral.' With the death of the Queen, his fair prospects are suddenly overclouded. Put on the black list by the new Ministry, he loses a snug sinecure. *Pour surcroît de malheur*, though crippled with debts, he quarrels with his uncle, a jovial Nottinghamshire baronet, who has married the mistress who has given birth to a boy. Beau Bardolph is pretty nearly desperate, when accident settles his immediate destiny. A rich uncle in the City, deep in Jacobite intrigue, proposes to send him on a political mission to Mar. He might have refused, for he is town-bred and his tastes are refined, had he not lost his heart to a lady he has rescued from the Mohocks. The fair Bess Farquharson, who is in the suite of the noble Countess of Aboyne, is daughter and heiress to the laird of Balmoral. Balmoral is within a short ride of Braemar, where the Thane of those districts is to hold a great hunting; consequently the Fates have taken the lover under their protection, and his course is plain.

Thenceforth the scenes change, and with a vengeance. The lettered Sybarite is buffeting the northern seas, in a small smuggling craft, under charge of a rough Aberdeen skipper. He begins to recover from the prostration of deadly sickness when beneath the rock-bound coast of Angus. Off the cliffs of the Mearns he can already distinguish the forms of the distant hills which are to be the scenes of his future adventures. The skipper has much to say as to political affairs, and all he can tell is far from encouraging. Towards midnight, when a faint moon is flickering on the water, they lie to under the shadows of a lofty cliff, which is topped by a looming mass of indistinct buildings and battlements. For in the ship's hold are chests of arms consigned to the Jacobite Earl Marischal, and this is his famous fortress of Dunottar. The Earl has already ridden forth to Braemar, but his brother, young James Keith, comes on board—"a daft young buckie"—a mere boy of eighteen, but already a man in resolution and daring. So Bardolph makes ac-

quaintance with the future Marshal of the Great Frederick, who was to find fame and fortune through the proscription of his House. The next noteworthy sight which greets the adventurer is "the gude toun of Aberdeen," as the craft stands round the bold headland of the Girdle Ness. A very graphic description we have of "the old grey town, picturesque with steeple and spire, high roofs, and quaint gables, with here and there a bit of rampart wall or turrets or watchtowers visible. . . . A substantial stone-built town, with an air of antiquity about it; a place full of repose, which its most active prosperity could hardly suffice to disturb." "A hive of quiet industry when let alone, a very wasp's nest when roughly assailed," it might have taken the national motto of "Nemo me impune lacessit," rather than its own quiet and canny watchword of "Bonaccord."

The Englishman saw little more of the good town. The magistrates were active for the Protestant succession, and the skipper is in his element in smuggling his contraband passenger up the river to keep tryst with a guide to Braemar at the old brig of Dee. Whether that guide ever flourished in the flesh we know not; but he is a very excellent and humorous character, and, though eccentric, is highly typical of his class. Professor Meston of the Marischal College is a Scottish counterpart of those grave Oxford doctors who drained bumpers of port and fervently prayed for the king over the water, but were more forward with wise counsel than with personal sacrifices. Possibly Meston too, who before all things is a *bon vivant*, might have drawn the line somewhere thereabouts; but he had been the pedagogue, and is the *protégé*, of the Earl Marischal. Be that as it may, here he is, booted and spurred and ready for the fray, and ready too for any amount of deep drinking. This jovial though somewhat pedantic soul is delighted to find a fellow-poet, if not a kindred spirit, in the Englishman. We hope Bardolph enjoyed the ride to Aboyne as much as we have done. The Professor has all the lore and archæology of the county at his finger-ends. He can tell where the great Canmore had his huntings, and what befell the warlike Macbeth in the wilds of Lumphanan, where grey cairns still bear silent testimony to tradition. He knows each pass and glen that leads to the Highlands or Lowlands, with the nature and manners of the rough folk who inhabit them. What is more to the present purpose of the little party, he knows the politics of each laird and petty baron, and so takes care not to call a halt at the village of Banchory, which is overshadowed by the fortalice of the Burnets of Crathes, discredited by having given birth to the notorious Whig bishop.

Yet they had reason to know there was cold or at least crowded hospitality awaiting them at the Charlestown of Aboyne. There is a capital description of the little feudal clachan, with its one long straggling street of stone hovels, which for the moment is the mustering-place of the rebel host. Wild kilted clansmen swarm round the indifferently mounted Lowland horse, and jovial bands are camping round the bivouac-fires amid the carcasses of slaughtered cattle and the broached casks of usquebaugh. The centre of the bustle is the little change-house, where a masculine hostess keeps order among the rough guests; and there

the Englishman makes his first acquaintance with Highland conviviality, where there are free-handed patrons to pay the lawin.

"In a long kitchen flagged with stone, under smoke-stained rafters, were closely packed together some thirty or forty persons, who seemed to be in the middle of a protracted carouse. Some had succumbed to their potations, and were sleeping with their heads among the jugs and drinking-vessels, on the rude wooden tables; others had fallen from their seats, and were either lying extended at full length on the floor or half-leaning back upon the chairs from which they had slipped. The survivors, however, unaffected by their loss, chattered, sang, and shouted across the bodies of the prostrate, and ever and anon thumped the table with the pewter measures, and shouted with stentorian tones for fresh supplies. They seemed rather the followers of Bacchus preparing for the conquest of the Indies, than the nucleus of an army destined for invading England. It was one of the old orgies of King Charles's cavaliers revived in this eighteenth century, although the revellers had little of the airs of either courtiers or king's followers. There was a fair sprinkling of men dressed in the garb of Highlanders, who were the loudest, the most noisy, and most quarrelsome of the congregation; but the majority wore the ordinary garb of our English rustics, and were probably Scots squires of one sort of condition or another. On the great hearth a roaring fire of peat and logs was burning, before which two stout damsels were roasting large pieces of meat, and attending to several big caldrons suspended over the flames."

From that rough company—from that stifling atmosphere, laden with peat-reek and tobacco-smoke, and the fumes of strong waters—it is a pleasant change to the more refined society of the leaders, assembled in council at the castle. Mr Allardyce brilliantly sketches them all, and indicates the profound distrust of the generalissimo and their prospects with which they embarked on the foolhardy undertaking. In fact, in those primitive times men made with much hesitation mad leaps in the dark, which would be impossible in the days of telegraphs and penny papers. A self-seeking intriguer like Lord Mar could confidently misrepresent the general currents of popular feeling; and if he guaranteed the reports that a French force was disembarking in the South, no one present had the means of contradicting him. The ride up the valley from Aboyne suggests vivid impressions of the magnificent Highland scenes as they struck the Englishman who, like Pope, had flirted with the Muse on the banks of the Thames and in the glades of Windsor. The hills, whose summits he had dimly distinguished against the sky-line from Dunottar, gain in grandeur on a nearer approach. "There was Lochnagar, a king among mountains: his dark beetling brow was turned towards us, and he seemed to overlook, with gloomy haughtiness, the throng of mountain-peaks that begirt his seat." They draw rein before the old battlemented fortalice of Balmoral, on the site of her Majesty's palatial residence, where the old laird welcomes his daughter's deliverer with effusive gratitude and Highland hospitality. There were high festivities in the long, low hall, decorated appropriately with old targes and branching deer-horns; the groaning tables were profusely furnished from the meadows, the moors, and the stream; and the laird, who was risking life and lands, has the less scruple in emptying cellar and girnels. The Englishman, who has already found a Highland appetite, plays a very creditable knife and

fork, and carries a fair quantity of strong liquor discreetly. But of course what time he can snatch, and what privacy he can find, is consecrated to love-making. There are few chances for quiet meetings in the overcrowded keep; but the lovers exchange their whispers and their kisses under the friendly cover of the sighing birches. The course of their true love naturally does not run smooth, for Bess of Balmoral is engaged to a kinsman of her own, that the lands may be kept in the clan of the Farquharsons. The laird would give Mr Bardolph anything but the heiress; and had it not been for the woful war and the disastrous results of the rising, the love-tale might have had a more conventional and prosaic ending. As it is, there is a moonlight flight across the mountain pass of the Polach to the seacoast; and the honeymoon has to be passed between the decks and the cabin of the smuggling schooner. But indeed that Highland courtship was marked by more than one characteristic adventure; and we wish we could dwell at length on the thrilling incidents, when the lady and her lover are lost among the mists of Lochnagar, and owe their rescue to the good offices of refugees and freebooters.

We are greatly impressed by the striking types of the men who illustrate the state of the Highlands in the '15, and their superstitions. No wonder the more peaceful Lowlanders had troublesome neighbours! There is the sturdy cateran who has kept himself under the greenwood in the Ballochbuie against all the power of Mar and his bailiffs. When men are wanted for the war, with nothing to lose and much to gain, Cattanach comes in to make his submission, knowing well he will be welcome. Thenceforth, though he has his own wild sense of honour, he is the Earl's man, ready to execute his behests, even if they bring old comrades to the halter. The politic Earl is glad to think that Cattanach and his gang of outlaws will certainly come to grief in course of the campaign. There are the Forbeses from Kildrummy, who, having been handed over by sale with that estate, are bound to obey Mar as their feudal superior, but whose sympathies are all with the chief of their clan, who is a stout Hanoverian. Above all, there is the seer whose visions carry conviction, because he firmly believes in his own inspiration, and who shrinks in paroxysms of nervous horror from the fearful ordeal of the *taghairm*, when he will be left to draw the oracles from the powers of the air, wrapped in a raw bull's hide, in the solitude of a haunted glen. Mar, the sceptical admirer of the atheist Bolingbroke, knows it is playing with edge-tools to consult the seer, for he is stubborn as Balaam and much more disinterested. But the superstitious Highlanders would not be content, were there a sign of shrinking from taking the omens. We might say something, had we more space, to do justice to Mr Allardyce's vein of humour. There is a capital bit of dialogue between Mr Bardolph and a Deeside peasant, in which the latter, turning optimist for the credit of his native valley, defends the belated harvests, the ungrateful soil, and even the detestable climate. And the closing chapters are brightened by most comical scenes in the grim castle of Dunottar, of which Meston is left castellan. He has had the good luck to confiscate in the neighbouring seaport a cargo of right Nantz and rare old Rhenish. Consequently,

though his prospects look gloomy enough, he is in high feather and great spirits for the moment. In the name of King James he has arrested a contumacious Whig minister, who very willingly remains his prisoner on parole. The Professor finds the minister the best of boon companions, and is glad to see signs of grace in him, as "no man can take off his glass with better relish." They regularly quarrel over their ecclesiastical controversies and cups, and as regularly, before Meston subsides beneath the table, he orders his antagonist away in custody to bread and water in the Whig's vault. Whereupon the minister, in a spirit of Christian-like charity and compassion, quietly finishes the bottle before picking up the governor and putting him to bed.

We may warn the reader that Miss Gerard's novelette[1] is pregnant with unsuspected possibilities. 'The Voice of a Flower' sounds soft and soothing, and we expect a pretty story of that South German life of which Miss Gerard and her sister are acknowledged mistresses. In that expectation we are confirmed by the opening chapters. There is a long-descended Count, with wide domains and ample revenues, whose fond mother desires that he shall bring home a fair and well-born *hausfrau*. The desire of her heart is her son's happiness; her longing is for grandchildren to continue the race. All seems to promise to work off calmly and serenely; but the experienced novel-student sees ominous storm-warnings in the square jaw and lowering forehead of the Count Sturmfeder. Like the hero of Hawthorn's marvellous 'Transformation,' he is doomed to carry the curses of heredity: with a stalwart frame he inherits the strong passions and indomitable will of his barbaric ancestors. Those sinister forebodings are more than realised, and so we have a piquant mingling of the domestic, the idyllic and the dramatic. The opening scene is a grand flower-show in the ancestral halls of the Sturmfeders. Like the proverbial donkey between the bundles of hay, the Count stands hesitating between the charms of two beautiful sisters. But no man can resist his fate, and love or liking always goes by contrasts. The Count, who cares nothing for flowers, is going carelessly to bestow a prize for a wonderful carnation of white that is curiously flecked with black blood-stains. He is caught by a pair of great, black, limpid eyes, belonging to a bright Italian girl who is barely emerging from childhood. There is a witchery in the shy and innocently unconscious glance, as there is magic in the symbolism of the blood-stained carnation. The passion-stricken Count ceases to be his own master, though with his marvellous self-control he succeeds in concealing his secret. It would have been better for him and for all had he betrayed it. In the hope of winning an angel, he gives himself over to the Fiend. Then Miss Gerard proceeds to weave a tale of mystery, where the supernatural is suggested rather than obtruded. We may draw our own conclusions: we may put what faith we please in well-avouched family tradition, but there are prosaic facts with strange coincidences. Livia Ronsecco, the

[1] The Voice of a Flower. By E. Gerard. Author of 'A Secret Mission,' &c. A. D. Innes & Co., 1893.

granddaughter of a poverty-stricken old painter, is the last representative of an ancient lineage. The strange carnation is a symbolic flower—a frail but carefully tended heirloom dating from a legend of the early crusades. The bloom of each plant is bound up with the destinies of a maiden of the House: the flowers fade or blossom as omens of their matrimonial fortunes. The venerable artist, whose blood is better than his talent, has been tempted to transplant his twin flowers to the north of the Alps, by the offer of a lucrative engagement. He has been restoring the frescoes in the convent of Sanct Notburga, which is near the castle of Count Sturmfeder. The amorous Count has so far an easy game. Doubtless, in the fashion of his fierce Teutonic forefathers, he would have laid violent hands upon the maiden, though he might have led her honourably to the altar. As it is, he persuades the poor old painter to get her a dowry by going to work on his family portrait-gallery. For, rather later than sooner, he learns to his despair that Livia is pledged to a boy but little older than herself.

The Count had never been crossed in his life; the heart of the girl he would gladly have worshipped is set fast upon the object of her girlish fancy; and when chance or the fiend sends him an unexpected opportunity, the consequences of a mad passion may be conceived. Though forced afterwards to stoop to hypocrisy and deceit, neither we nor Livia can altogether withhold our sympathy. To the last we are left in doubt as to the *dénoûment*. Very charming is the study of the character of the old Countess. She had always loved her undisciplined son with a certain fear and trembling, but had always looked to see him saved and settled by a happy marriage. Yet she has become fondly attached to this fair Italian waif who has crossed his path and baffled her purposes. When the painter's death leaves his grandchild desolate and destitute, the venerable lady cannot let the girl go adrift altogether. And so it comes about that she has to sue at last for a favour she should have prayed Providence to deny her. As Mr Allardyce has brilliantly painted for us the scenery of Deeside, so Miss Gerard has described with her usual felicity the sylvan beauties of the quiet South German woods, in the full blaze of the summer, in the bud-bursting of the spring, and enveloped in the cold snow-shrouds of the dreary winter. We are greatly mistaken, too, if personal experiences or reminiscences have not been the *motifs* of much of the action in the tragical drama.

Anything by Dr Conan Doyle cannot fail to interest; but we do not think he increases his reputation by 'The Refugees.'[1] He casts his net too wide; he overcrowds characters and sensational incidents; and a veteran in fiction like Anthony Trollope would probably have told him that he is wastefully lavish of excellent material. Moreover, the story seems to confirm what we said in our general remarks — that the historical novelist is wise to seek solid footing on some ground of which he has personal knowledge. In the 'White Company' we found Dr Doyle most fascinating so long

[1] The Refugees: A Tale of Two Continents. By A. Conan Doyle. Longmans & Co., 1893.

as he confined himself to England and the New Forest. When we followed the colours of the free lancers to Gascony and across the Pyrenees into Castile, we felt as if we had exchanged realism for stage effects; and indeed the clever author fell back upon 'Ivanhoe.' Besides, the hare-brained chivalry of the one captain and the impassioned *gourmandise* of the other were exaggerated till they became absurd rather than ludicrous. So in 'The Refugees,' that old-fashioned courtesy of the French seigneur who has fortified a manor-house to the south of Lake Champlain, which never fails him in the extremity of danger or misfortune, is carried to almost incredible lengths. Though Dr Doyle is a writer of brilliant promise and performance, it is hardly fair to pit him against the elder Dumas. Yet as the first two volumes of 'The Refugees' are devoted to scenes at the Court of the Grand Monarque, it is difficult to avoid invidious comparisons, and we ask ourselves what the author of 'La Reine Margot' would have made of the dialogue, and how the creator of the 'Three Musqueteers' would have handled the historical figures. Indeed, even if Dr Doyle had the *verve* and *esprit* of a born Frenchman of genius, his ambition might well have overreached itself. For, casually, he seeks to indicate the individualities of all the illustrious or notorious men and women who formed the *entourage* of Louis XIV., from generals like Condé, and churchmen like Bossuet, and financiers like Louvois, to the frail ladies who disputed the sovereign's favour or affection.

To our mind Dr Doyle is more in his element while narrating the actual story. It turns upon the persecution and proscription of the Huguenots. The victims with whom we are chiefly concerned are the De Catinats. One of them is a captain in the Royal Guards, and stood high in favour, before his religion, which he wears lightly, and his more earnest love for a Huguenot cousin bring him into disgrace. He loses his military rank as his mercantile uncle loses his fortune; and neither would probably have saved his person had it not been for the assistance of a New England colonist who has come over on a visit to Paris in the nick of time. Amos Green amuses us immensely. He is more abroad in Paris than any Huron could have been in the streets of Quebec. He "blazes" the door-posts with his hunting-knife to find his way through the streets; and is always ready to shoot at sight, even when the king's sacred deer are in question. Amos assists the refugees to berths in a colonial barque, though even then their troubles are only beginning. They slip through the fingers of the king's garrison on the French shores; but warrants follow them for their arrest in Canada, and there is no safety for them under the white flag with the *fleur-de-lis*. They strike away to the south-east through the trackless wilderness, for the Protestant communities of New England are their only refuge. Happily they find a stepping-stone in the stockaded and fortified manor-house of the old French noble to whom we have already alluded. And they are still more fortunate in having hit upon a guide who is the most experienced and daring of all the *coureurs de bois*. They need all the help they can get, for the venture is very perilous. The woods are swarming with hostile savages on the war-path; and they are hunted from behind by a fanatical Jesuit, who follows up their scent

with the ferocious persistence of the weasel. That priest is a very striking figure, although Victor Hugo in his 'Quatre-Vingt-Treize' may have given the hint for him. His single-minded devotion to his persecuting creed, his absolute contempt for personal dangers, disarm the enmity even of those he is hunting to their death, and his life is saved in extremity by the Huguenot he would have made a martyr. But the brothers of that devoted Jesuit persuasion took more than their lives in their hands; and we must say that Dr Doyle does not stick at trifles in depicting the manners and customs of the amiable Iroquois. The Refugees fell in with a missionary who has lost not only his scalp, but the whole crown of his head, and whose calves have been blown away by applications of gunpowder. He manages, however, to walk and think, and, being mutilated, he is going alone on an expedition to his diocesan—not to ask his dismissal as invalided, but to be reconsecrated afresh for the horrors of his ministry. For then he proposes to return to the flock, who have such agreeable ways of evincing their feelings towards their pastors. The Refugees came upon the massacred garrison of a post which had been surprised; where the twenty victims are lashed to low posts, "twisted and screwed into every shape which an agonised body could assume," which reminds us of a scene in Cooper's 'Pathfinder.' Even more horribly suggestive was a slain Indian, who sported a fantastic necklace of forty-two human fingers. From twenty-four of the fingers the nails were missing, and to the scout the meaning of that was clear as print. "If the prisoner of an Iroquois be alive, he always begins by biting the nails off." Dr Doyle's work is always artistic; and although there is almost an excess of sensation in his latest novel, many people will not be inclined to complain of that. Moreover, the interest is admirably sustained, for up to the very last pages we are left in suspense as to the fate of 'The Refugees.'

THE SFORZA BOOK OF HOURS.

It is a happy decree of fate that objects long buried in oblivion should occasionally rise to the surface of the stream of time to call to mind events and personages which might otherwise pass from the memory. From mummies and cuneiform tablets down to ornaments and works of art of the middle ages, we are in this way reminded of our kinship with our fellow-men of all periods; and the reality of the existence of those who have made history is forced upon our attention by the possession of objects which their eyes have seen and their hands have handled. The exquisite gold cup which was designed and made for Charles VI. of France in 1393, and which, after having passed through the possession of the English sovereigns from Henry VI. to James I., and subsequently undergoing countless vicissitudes, has at last found a resting-place in the British Museum, is an instance in point; and now another work of art has become national property, which in beauty and interest is in no way inferior to that magnificent chalice.

In 1871 a needy priest at Madrid was offering for sale a fifteenth-century Italian Book of Hours; and by a happy chance Sir J. C. Robinson became the purchaser of it. A study of the volume convinced the new owner that the work was one of more than ordinary interest. The illuminations were obviously of rare beauty, and were executed in the best Italian and Flemish manners. Such a work, it was felt, should find its home in the national collection, and Sir J. C. Robinson at once offered it to the trustees of the British Museum for the sum of £2500. That it was well worth this amount was acknowledged on all hands; but, unhappily, the purse-strings of the nation were held at the time by a Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer, who refused to give so modest a sum for so priceless a treasure. With a juster appreciation of its value, the late Mr Malcolm of Poltalloch paid even an enhanced figure for it; and having been the happy possessor of it for two-and-twenty years, he before his death presented it with rare generosity to the nation.

The MS., which consists of 348 leaves, and contains "The Hours of the Holy Cross, of the Holy Spirit, and of the Virgin, together with Lessons of the Passion, Memorials of Saints, the Penitential Psalms and Litany, and the Office of the Dead," is illuminated throughout with the richness and beauty which belong to Italian and Flemish specimens of such works at the best periods of those schools. Its pages are adorned by sixty-three full-page miniatures, forty-seven of which are by Milanese artists, and the remainder by equally skilled Flemish painters. In addition to these, numerous borders of exquisite design and workmanship adorn its pages. Though there is nothing in the MS. to describe its origin in so many words, yet its contents and designs enable us to read its history with all distinctness. Its genesis carries us back to the end of the fifteenth century, when Galeazzo Maria Sforza sat on the throne of Milan. Though of mean origin, the father of this duke had by his gallantry and manly qualities so won the hearts of the people that they sacrificed their republican ideas to place him on the ducal throne. Unhappily his successor was in no way his equal. A cruel

tyrant and a despicable poltroon, he lived detested, and died by the hands of assassins after a reign of ten years. Fortunately for him, he married a lady who appears to have exercised, by her culture and abilities, a restraining influence over him. Bona, the daughter of the Duke of Savoy, had at one time been sought in marriage by Edward IV. of England, and upon these negotiations falling through, she bestowed her hand on the graceless Duke of Milan. There is abundant evidence to show that the present work owed its origin to this lady. In one of the borders occurs the device of a phœnix, which was that which we know the duchess adopted after the assassination of her husband, surrounded with the motto, "Sola fata solum Deum sequor," which has a strangely disconsolate sound from the widow of so undeserving a husband. History, however, supplies numberless instances of wives who have mourned with genuine tears the death of husbands as contemptible as Galeazzo Maria. In one of the designs, also, the words Bona Ducissa appear in the front of a building in miniature, and the epithet Diva Bona occurs in several of the borders. There is no need to attach the usual classical significance to the word Diva here used, which might well have been applied to a lady during her lifetime who had won the affections and regard of her husband's subjects.

In the leisurely days of the middle ages the work of illuminating such a MS. as this would naturally extend over many years, and it is quite possible that the artists —for there is evidence that the miniatures are the work of several hands—may have begun their labours during the lifetime of Galeazzo Maria. Though dissolute and depraved, the duke was ostentatious almost to the verge of madness, and the idea of employing the most noted painters in Milan in the execution of a MS. of surpassing excellence, is one which would have appealed to his inordinate love of display. But however that may be, his share in the undertaking must necessarily have come to an end when, on the 26th December 1476, the three assassins, after having solemnly received the Sacrament, stabbed the tyrant to the heart as he crossed the threshold of the Church of San Stefano. If the work had ever been intended for the library of the Diva Bona, this event probably turned the current of its destiny; and the occurrence in several of the borders of the initials B. M., together with sundry white animals, such as ermines, rabbits, and doves, suggests the idea that it was intended as a present, and probably a wedding present, for Bianca Maria, the daughter of the widowed duchess. A circumstance connected with some of the contents of the MS. appears to give probability to this surmise.

We have already said that of the sixty-three miniatures contained in the work, sixteen are by later artists of the Flemish school. These, doubtless, must have been in the first instance supplied by Italian painters; and the question arises why these later miniatures were substituted for them. In the matrimonial schemes for the settlement of Bianca Maria, a plausible answer is found. The *parvenu* Sforzas were naturally anxious to find among the crowned heads of Europe an alliance for their daughter, whose features, as preserved to us by Leonardo da Vinci, were formed in a mould of grace and beauty. The first aspirant to the possession of the

lady was John Corvinus, King of Hungary, and a treaty of marriage was entered into. Subsequently, however—as in the case of her mother when sought by our Edward IV. — the engagement was broken off, and Bianca became the wife of the Emperor Maximilian I. on the 30th of November 1493. These events furnish a clue to the mystery. The probability is, that while the engagement to the King of Hungary lasted, such badges and devices relating to the proposed marriage would be introduced into the MS. as would give it an additional claim to a place on the shelves of the rich and valuable library already existing in the palace of the king. But on the choice of Maximilian *vice* Corvinus, it would be plain that these references to a former entanglement would be eminently inappropriate; and it would seem probable that the miniatures which contained evidences of this unpleasant memory would be removed from the MS. before it was borne, with the caskets of jewels, wonderful robes, and countless draperies which formed the profuse *trousseau* of the bride, to her new home.

One of the Flemish miniatures bears the date 1519, and their general style is such as to suggest that this was the date of their execution. It appears, then, that for six-and-twenty years the MS. was allowed to remain imperfect. In 1510, Bianca Maria died childless, and the precious volume would naturally pass into the hands of her husband. Nine years later Maximilian was gathered to his fathers, when his grandson through his first wife, Charles, King of Spain and sovereign of the Netherlands, became his heir. In the same year the fortunate possessor of the possessions of Maximilian—including, we may presume, this MS. — was elected Emperor as Charles V. The well-known literary and artistic taste of the Emperor, which in after-life amused and edified him in his retirement at the monastery of Yuste, was such that he could not fail to appreciate the beauty of the Sforza MS., and it may well have been one of the "several Missals and Books of Hours with illuminations" which are enumerated by Don Thomas Gonzales as belonging to him at his death. The omission of the sixteen miniatures would constitute a deficiency which he would, as a matter of course, desire at once to supply, and there can be little doubt that it was by his order that the missing miniatures were made good. This supposition is converted almost into a certainty by the fact that in one of the Flemish borders a portrait of the Emperor is introduced within a medallion, on the edge of which occurs the date 1520, and around which an initial K is four times repeated.

The leaves of the MS., which, since its arrival in England, has been divided into four volumes, measure only $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches by 4 inches, and each page contains eleven lines of text. Around these lines are painted, in a vast majority of cases, especially in the first two volumes, the most exquisite borders in the best Italian manner, varied occasionally by pages adorned with the softer colouring and not less graceful designs of Flemish artists. On rich dark-blue, olive-green, and crimson grounds are traced in ever-varying shapes "candelabra-like" forms, and fanciful figures resplendent in gold and harmonious colouring. Favourite ornaments are pearls and jewels which are represented with great skill, the semi-transparency of the pearls being most faithfully rendered. In medallions at the head and

foot of the pages occur designs which in many cases bear reference to the subjects of the text. Occasionally, however, faces are introduced which are probably portraits; and if the face and head of a young girl which occurs among them, should be intended as a likeness of Bianca Maria, the contest for her hand between the King of Hungary and the Emperor Maximilian becomes quite intelligible. Sometimes inscriptions such as have already been noticed, take the place of the medallions, and one on the page devoted to St Barnabas points to the connection between the MS. and Milan in these words: "Barnabas qui Mediolani missam primus celebravit." On another, of Flemish workmanship bearing the date 1519, is inscribed the following mysterious legend, NRVAS FNOARVIMI, which has yet to be explained.

The Lessons of the Passion are accompanied by a series of medallions which are executed with great beauty and feeling. The kiss of Judas, the payment of the thirty pieces of silver, Pilate washing his hands, and others, are all exquisite specimens of mediæval Italian art; while the series of angels which adorn the pages of the Hours of the Holy Ghost are extremely fine as well as curious. Each angel is represented as playing on a different musical instrument, and the paintings thus furnish what we may suppose to be a fairly complete inventory of the orchestral instruments of the period. The mandoline, kettle-drums, triangles and pipes, the bagpipe, hurdy-gurdy, long fiddle, cymbals, the harp, air-pipes, the horn, guitar, pan-pipes, pipe and cithern, fifes and drums, are all depicted as yielding stately music in praise of the Third Person of the Trinity.

But the crowning glory of the MS. is the full-page miniatures which more particularly illustrate the text. When all are beautiful, it is difficult to point out any as particularly worthy of admiration; but every one must agree that the Last Supper, the Crucifixion, and the Descent from the Cross, are masterpieces of miniature painting. The beauty of the designs, the harmony of the colouring, and the earnest and devout expressions on the faces, combine to form paintings which are singularly satisfying to the eye and suggestive to the imagination. The Virgin Mary naturally holds a prominent place in many of these works of art; and one by a Flemish artist, in which she forms the central figure, is curious from the fact that she is represented as kneeling at the feet of the Father and the Son, who are conjointly placing a crown upon her head, while over them hovers the Holy Ghost in the shape of a dove. It is noteworthy, however, that while all honour is given to the saints, the artists appear occasionally to give expression to the reverse of veneration for the clergy. In the painting of the Judgment, a tonsured monk is represented as whispering into the ear of Annas, as though prompting the evil which was intended; and another stands by approvingly while Judas receives the price of blood for the betrayal of the Saviour.

It is impossible to describe on paper the varied beauty and strange interest which belong to this MS. It is the finest work of the kind existing in England; and while its acquisition will help to make this year memorable in the annals of the British Museum, it will add another title to honour to the name of the munificent donor, Malcolm of Poltalloch.

THE DEATH OF SIR ANTHONY D'ARCES DE LA BASTIE.

AN EPISODE IN SCOTTISH HISTORY.

Amongst the incidents of Scottish history the historian must pass over with a paragraph, but which might be expanded into a novel or crystallised in a ballad, is the death of the French knight, Antoine d'Arces de la Bastie, who was slain by David Hume of Wedderburn and his brothers in a stony field in a marsh, now part of the estate of Broomhouse, in the parish of Edrom, in Berwickshire, in the year 1517. The place is marked by a cairn, which was long known as De la Bastie's tomb, and is still called "Battie's Bog." Leaving the novel to the many practitioners of that branch of literature, and the ballad to the rarer class which still pursues this difficult form of poetic art, let us try to tell in plain prose the story of the tragedy, its antecedents and consequences.

The time within which the action lies is the latter part of the reign of James IV. and the minority of James V., the decade between 1507 and 1517. The scene opens in the fertile plains of Southern France, then shifts to Scotland, Italy, Denmark, and closes on a bleak moor of the Scottish Lowlands. The actors are nobles, knights, and gentlemen of France and Scotland. The drama begins with chivalric tournaments, and ends in a dastardly murder. Thanks to the fuller publication of both Scottish and English Records, much more is known of this tragedy and its hero than when Mr Hill Burton wrote that the only acknowledgment "of De la Bastie's existence having anything of an official character consists of entries in the Scotch Treasurer's accounts," though well aware how much still lay hid in the Scottish Record Office: he adds, "research may perhaps afford new light to clear up the affair." Aided by the Record publications, Wilson de la Colombiere's heraldic works, the 'History of the Humes,' by David Hume of Godscroft, less known than it should be because written in Latin, and some unpublished sources, for which we are indebted to Mr Dickson, Curator of the Scottish Records, the story can now be told with more minuteness than was formerly possible, and so as to leave little doubt as to its character. It is a story worth clearing up. For although an episode, it was an episode of critical importance, and forms a landmark in the history of Scotland.

Antoine d'Arces de la Bastie was Seigneur of La Bastie sur Melans in Dauphiné, not far from Grenoble. This was the country of the Chevalier Bayard, where the neighbourhood to Italy, as well as the temperament of men born under the Southern sun, made the natives fonder of the chivalric form of the military art than in any other part of France. La Bastie, who was born in the reign of Louis XI. or Charles VIII., early distinguished himself as a knight-errant, and became known as the Chevalier Blanc, because he fought in white armour, and not from the colour of his shield, for the blazon of his family was not argent, but "azure à franc quartier d'or."

A contemporary and compatriot describes him as—

"A man of middle height and strong frame, endowed, besides other advantages, with large shoulders, denoting force, who traversed Spain, Portugal, England, and Scotland, to defy those who by their own wish or the will of their lady were disposed to fight *à outrance*. Everywhere his challenge was declined [*éconduit*] by the kings of these countries, except in Scotland, where the cousin of James IV. jousted against him, but Antoine d'Arces threw him. Such was the love this prince had for him that sometimes he slept in the royal chamber. Loaded with presents, he returned to France with a suite of twenty-five horses. He had as his companion his compatriot Gaspard de Montauban, afterwards Baron of Aix, and it is from him and other companions of D'Arces that I got these details."

The many corruptions of the form of De la Bastie's name,—Bawtie, Bautie, De la Beauté, La Bastide, Darsey, Tillibatie, for which last Pitscottie is responsible, though Miss Strickland outdoes even Pitscottie, and calls him M. du Barody,—prove how widely it spread by the mouths of the people, and also how ignorant many who used it were of French. We adopt the form La Bastie as the most convenient, though not the most accurate.

Drummond of Hawthornden, followed by Pinkerton and Tytler, dates the first visit of La Bastie to Scotland, and his duel with Lord Hamilton, the first Earl of Arran, in 1503, when tournaments were held in Edinburgh in honour of the marriage of James with Margaret Tudor. But the Treasurer's Accounts and the contemporary chronicle of Bernard André of Toulouse, the historian of Henry VII., enable us to fix the date as 1506-7. André, after describing the detention of the Earl of Arran and his brother, Sir Patrick Hamilton of Kincavil, in England in January 1508, says: "It was he who fought a duel with that strenuous knight La Bastide in Scotland, as we have written the year before;" but the passage referred to is unfortunately missing in the MS. of the annalist. Bishop Lesley, almost a contemporary, as well as Sir James Balfour, both give 1506-7 as the date of the duel. Lesley even specifies 24th September as the day when La Bastie came to the king; and Balfour names Falkland as the place where he fought Arran. The Treasurer's Accounts show that his lodgings were paid in Edinburgh from Michaelmas, the 29th of September, 1506, to Candlemas, the 2d of February, 1507, and he may well have paid a visit to Falkland in September 1506.

Scottish authors naturally do not admit that La Bastie was the victor. According to Balfour, "Lord Hamilton ane day at Falkland was adjudged to have the honour, which La Bastie did impute to his awin indisposition of bodey that day." The Treasurer's Accounts fully corroborate the generous reception La Bastie met with from the chivalrous and too liberal Scottish king. He and his retinue were entertained at the royal expense during their whole stay in Scotland. The feet of his horse were bathed with wine. French saddles were furnished for their horses when they left, and velvet to cover his own saddle. Besides payments of 160 and 400 French crowns, equal in Scots money to £392, he received goblets which had belonged to Andrew Foreman, then Bishop of Moray as well as Archbishop of Bourges, afterwards Archbishop of St Andrews, and which were regilt for his use; a silver vessel of Flemish workmanship valued at £100; a salt-cellar of gold,

the queen's gift to the king at New Year 1504; a stoup and flagon of silver imported from abroad, and ten silver goblets, the Bishop of Moray's New Year's gift to the king. La Bastie must have left Scotland with kindly feelings for a Court where he had been so richly rewarded, and with an exaggerated estimate of its wealth. These entries extend from 20th December 1506 to 5th February 1507, about which date he left by way of Haddington, where his expenses were paid, and thence, no doubt, to Dunbar, then a frequent east-coast port for France. The great tournament of the year did not take place till the end of June, so La Bastie cannot have been present; but there had no doubt been trial combats earlier, one of which was probably that of the French knight with Arran. Another may have been with James himself; for on 17th January, Moncur, the king's armourer, got seven French crowns for "ane breichin of pleit," or plaited horse-collar for the king, and four for one for the French knight. La Bastie certainly took part in another favourite trial of strength with James. On 25th January a smith got 14s., "when the king and the French knight straick at the steddie" (stithy). One of his comrades, Aymon de Salvaing, "Le Chevalier Hardy," or "Tartarin," "The Tartar" of Dauphiné, as he was more familiarly styled — a more noble specimen of his class than his modern namesake of Tarascon—also received a present of arms from James, according to documents which had been seen by Mark Wilson de la Colombiere, a gentleman of Dauphiné, of Scottish origin, naturalised in France, who wrote the curious books, 'La Science Héroïque' and 'La Vrai Théâtre d' Honneur.' No notice of this knight appears in the Scottish Accounts, unless Salvaing is the brother of La Bastie who is mentioned in them—a brother in arms though not in blood.

The visit of La Bastie to Scotland in 1506-7 was a consequence of the challenge or cartel which he and three other knights of Dauphiné—Gaspar de Montauban, Seigneur of Aix, Aymon de Salvaing, Seigneur of Boissieu — a cousin of the Chevalier Bayard, with whom he often jousted—and Imbaud Rivoire, Seigneur of Romanieu—had issued on 8th January of that year. It is dated 1505, but the year, according to the style of Dauphiné, then began at Christmas. Its terms have been preserved by Wilson de la Colombiere in his 'Science Héroïque,' who introduces it and the challenge of the Savage Knight for the Black Lady, to which we shall presently refer, to illustrate the form of combat, "à écu pendant," with a remark we hope our readers may repeat, that "we ought to be very glad to have these challenges, as they have never been printed, and are to be found only in two or three cabinets of France."

They are indeed singular documents, and transport us to the beginning of the sixteenth century, the epoch when the decline of chivalry began. It had now become knight-errantry, a fashion rather than a passion, but still retained much of the language and some of the sentiment of its earlier and brighter day. The "Challenge de l'Écu pendant" is thus explained in a passage of 'La Science Héroïque,' which we regret to have to abridge:

"Before gunpowder was unfortunately invented, warriors, using only force and address, drew no advantage from these diabolical firearms, which poor mortals have since

used for their destruction, but contenting themselves with the sword and the lance, exhibited their courage with equal arms, and a freedom full of honour and probity, alike in battles and single combats. Not willing to remain idle in time of peace, they went travelling in foreign countries, and visited the most renowned Courts, defying the most valiant to joustings, according to their cartels, and with leave of the king or prince, for the love of their ladies or the honour of their king and country. One form was to guard the passage of a road or bridge, and another to hang their shields on trees. They obliged all the knights who wished to ride by the passage, or who touched their shields on the trees, to fight. If there were several challengers, there were as many shields, and the knight who touched the shield had to fight its owner. The one who was vanquished was bound to give a prize to the victor, and to disclose his name and country."

After describing several of these challenges from the 'Memoirs of Olivier de la Marche,' Wilson gives that of La Bastie and his comrades. It began by a solemn invocation:

"In honour and praise of God our Creator, Jesus Christ our Redeemer, and his most glorious and sacred mother, S. Michael, S. George, S. Julian, S. Barbe, and the whole celestial Court of Paradise, and also for the exaltation of all nobility, considering that the very noble and excellent exercise of arms leads noble persons to high renown and perpetual memory. For which cause I, Antoine d'Arces, Seigneur of La Bastie in Dauphiné, purpose to visit, with the leave of the most high, powerful, and excellent Princess, my sovereign lady and mistress, Queen of France and Duchess of Brittany, the Kings, Dukes, and Counts of England, Spain, Scotland, and Portugal, for my pleasure, and following the virtues and prowess of the ancient valorous knights of past times, whose virtuous renown flourishes in all noblesse to the present hour."

It then declares that La Bastie will carry on his neck a white challenge (*Emprinse blanche*). This was the scarf of his lady, perhaps Anne of Brittany. Whoever touched it was to be bound to fight him, with the arms described in detail, on horses barded, and the riders in war-harness from head to foot of such pieces as they please, provided they are not cramped or fixed in any manner of way to the saddle. The horses are reserved—that is, not to be touched with the lance or sword, under the penalty of 500 crowns and forfeiture of the arms, unless it was an accidental shock. The lances are to be of tempered iron, the long swords (*estocs*) and short swords (*épées*) sharp and pointed. La Bastie will himself provide a choice of weapons. The gentlemen who have touched the challenge are, two days before the combat, to bring their armorial shield, marked by their timbres or crests, to the officers of arms. The challengers will carry the same arms against all comers for five weeks, at the pleasure and will of the king of the country. We can still see a representation of the armour of these knights and the caparisons of their horses in the pages of 'La Science Héroïque,' where a figure is given of Aymon de Salvaing dressed for a tournament in 1505. The knight sits erect on his horse, with its fore-legs curveting in the air. His right arm, drawn back at full length, holds his short sword ready to strike, while his left is on the reins. A dagger hangs by his side. He wears a shirt of chain-armour, a breast-plate and surcoat, on which his armorial bearings, the two-headed eagle, is emblazoned. His legs, from thigh to toe, are covered with plate-armour. The eagle also surmounts his helmet, to which it is attached by

two mantelets or lambeaux, and appears again on the head of his horse, whose neck is protected by plate-armour, and whose caparisons, both in front and rear hanging to the hoofs, have the eagle embroidered on them.

On 22d January 1507, a similar but more wordy challenge was issued from Edinburgh, and certified by Marchmont Herald on the command of James IV. A copy of it was sent to France, for "two quires of gold were paid for" by the Treasurer "to illumyne the articles sent to France for the justing of the Wild Knight for the Black Lady." This may have been the copy of which Wilson de la Colombiere gives the terms.

The Savage Knight, on behalf of the Black Lady (Le Chevalier Sauvage à la Dame Noire), with two seconds, challenged all comers to meet him at Edinburgh on 1st August, or within five weeks of that date. The place of arms is described in allegoric language as—

"The Field of Remembrance between the Castle of the Maidens and the Secret Pavilion, and in the field will be the Tree of Hope, which grows in the Garden of Patience, and bears Leaves of Pleasure, the Flower of Noblesse, and the Fruit of Honour; and at the foot of this tree there will be attached for five weeks five shields, one after the other, in each week—the first white, the second grey, the third green, the fourth purple, and the fifth gold—to each of which will be attached a letter in gold, crowned with the name of the Savage Knight and his lady, and of the other knights and their ladies."

There were various places near Edinburgh where tournaments were held, but this one was the level ground on the south of the Castle, near the place still called the King's Stables, a portion of which was, when Maitland wrote his 'History of Edinburgh' in 1753, still an open and fair green "of about the length of one hundred and fifty yards, and breadth of about fifty yards, where the feats of arms might be seen by the royal and other spectators from the walls and windows of the Castle;" and no doubt the Savage Knight himself occupied the secret or private pavilion on the other side of the field.

The tournament was to be fought in a greater variety of ways than that of 1507. There were first to be six courses in the lists, and as many more as the judges and ladies might wish; second, a combat without lists, in war-harness, for the same number of courses; third, one on foot, in white armour, with a shield, demi-lance, and sword, to the number of seven strokes at least with the sword; and fourth, one with a lance, short dagger, and two-handed sword, to the number of four strokes at least.

All comers were on the first day of the tourney to go straight to the tree and touch the white shield, as a sign they accepted the challenge of the Savage Knight in honour of the Black Lady.

The combatants were to be accompanied by trumpeters and players on all instruments, and men dressed as savages, with goat-skins and harts' horns, sent, as the Treasurer's Accounts inform us, from the forest of Athole by Sir William Murray of Tullibardine. The Black Lady was, we learn from the same source, when the tournament came off, dressed in silk damask powdered with gold spangles, and attended by two damsels in green Flemish taffeta, and drawn in a chariot to the field, accompanied by the kings of arms and heralds. The knights were then to declare what

arms they would use, and deliver their shields, emblazoned with their arms and marked by their crests and names, that they might be received according to their rank. Provision was made, as in the challenge of La Bastie, for the weapons, and each combatant might fight in as many of the challenges as he chose. If any combatant thought the challenges were not reasonable, and should suggest others, the Savage Knight and his two comrades would take pains to fulfil his wish. After the whole tournament was over, the prizes, of which the chief was a gold ring, to be given to the knight's lady, were to be delivered according to the award of the judges and the ladies.

Who was the Savage Knight, and who was the Black Lady, and what was the occasion of this curious variety in tournaments? M. Francisque Michel treats it as an error of Tytler that James IV. was himself the Savage Knight. But the error, if error it be, is not Tytler's, for Lesley expressly says: "This symmer in the moneth of Maȝ and June there wes gret atturnements and justinge in Edinburgh be ane quha callit himself the Wyld Knycht, and rancontered be the Frensche men with counterfeiting of the Round Tabill of King Arthur of Ingland. *This wyld knycht wes the king himself*, quha wes vailizant in armis, and could very well exercise the same," or, as the version recently published by the Scottish Text Society has it, "that tyme he would be callit *a knycht of King Arthuris, brocht up in the woods.*" We cannot doubt this is the correct explanation. The publication of the challenge by the Marchmont Herald was a blind to conceal the king, whose identity, however he was disguised, would be guessed by most present, and who would reveal himself to all at the moment of victory. The revival of the glories of Arthur and the Round Table was a favourite pastime of James IV., who named his son, who died young, after the British hero; and the institution of the Order of the Thistle may probably be assigned to this date, and not, as was afterwards fabled, to the reign of Achaius, the contemporary of Charlemagne. The Black Lady was one of the Moorish women captured by the Bartons in a Portuguese vessel, not improbably the one whom the king had baptised under the name of Elen.

The poem by Dunbar "Of ane Blak-Moir" refers to the same tournament:—

"Lang heff I maid of ladyes quhytt,
Now of ane blak I will indytt,
That landet furth of the last schippis;
Quhom fain wald I descrywe perfytt,
My ladye with the mekle lippis."

In another stanza the Savage Knight is introduced in one of the puns so characteristic of Dunbar:—

"Quhen scho is claid in reche apperrall
Scho blinkis als brycht as ane tar barrell;
Quhen scho was born, the sone tholit clippis,
The *nycht* be fain faucht in hir querrell:
My ladye with the mekle lippis."

To choose such a lady as patroness of a tournament might well appear, as it did to the satiric muse of Dunbar, a travesty of chivalry; but the king and his courtiers no doubt treated it as a good joke—a kind of "high jinks" of the sixteenth century. It must have drawn crowds, as a popular cricket or football match does in the present day.

John Major more plainly than

Dunbar denounces the tournament:—

"I abhor this dangerous game of jousting with the spear merely for the sake of making a show. And a confession before such tournaments has in it something vulpine, for the intention is immediately to commit an unlawful deed. I do not, however, deny the right to joust with blunted spears to exercise the skill of the combatants."

In fact, deaths at tournaments were as rare as in modern sports, and perhaps not more frequent than in the hunting-field.

The date when the tournament for the Black Lady was to be held was, we have seen, 1st August 1507; but La Bastie and his comrades did not come to Scotland till the following summer, availing themselves of a year during which the challenge was to remain open, and the actual date of the combat was in the end of May 1508. That La Bastie returned to Scotland at this time is proved by the Treasurer's Accounts between 16th May and 5th June 1508.

In the spring of this year Louis XII. sent the venerable Bernard Stewart, Marshal d'Aubigny, and John Sellat, President of the Court of Toulouse, as ambassadors to solicit the aid of James IV. in his Italian war, and to consult him on the question whether his eldest daughter should marry Charles King of Castile, then a boy of eight; or Francis Valois, Dauphin of France. D'Aubigny died at Corstorphine on 8th June; and Dunbar, who had written his welcome, and designed a longer poem on his military exploits, composed his elegy. Shortly after his death James selected Gavin Dunbar (not Douglas, as M. Michel supposes) along with La Bastie as his envoys to reply to the requests of Louis. Dunbar, who afterwards became Bishop of Aberdeen, is described as Archdeacon of St Andrews, Dean of Moray, and Secretary of the Royal Council; and La Bastie, as "a French subject and a Scottish knight who spoke French," which probably Dunbar did not. The letters of credence to Louis, Anne of Brittany, and to Cardinal d'Amboise have been preserved. From these it appears that La Bastie had been detained in Scotland, and did not sail on 27th May, as Lesley says, along with the archdeacon. For this detention James makes apologies, and declares that La Bastie had showed himself a faithful servant of Anne, to his own glory and honour, referring no doubt to his conduct in the tournament. Whether the expression "a Scottish knight" indicates that he had already entered into the Scottish service, or only that he had been knighted in Scotland, is not certain; but the latter is more probable, for he is still styled in later correspondence with the Danish king, and in letters to Francis I. after his death, "the French ambassador." The advice of James was that the princess should marry the heir to the French crown rather than a foreign king. "Why mycht not," he wrote in Lesley's Scottish version of his letter, "his dauchter be his wyfe quhom her father proposes to make his heir?" The advice was the wish of Louis, and in 1514 Claude of France married Francis Count of Angoulême and Duke of Valois, who as nearest heir in the male line succeeded Louis in the crown as Francis I. on New Year's Day 1515.

After his return to France La Bastie took part in the Italian war of Louis XII. The first blow in the campaign against Venice in 1509 was the capture on 15th

April of the Castle of Triviglio, on the left bank of the Adda, by his advance-guard under M. de Chaumont, governor of the Milanese. For this assault La Bastie and his friend Imbaud de Rivoire had been detached in command of five hundred foot. But the Venetians recovered the castle on the 8th of May, and La Bastie and his comrades were sent prisoners to Venice, so he was not present at the victory of Agnadello on the 14th. He came twice from Venice to Louis XII. to negotiate his own ransom, and the second time he did not return, for "the Venetians had not told him to do so when he departed," is the naïve and somewhat ambiguous expression of Imbaud de Rivoire. After Louis quitted Italy, La Bastie remained with the French auxiliaries of the Emperor Maximilian, and commanded the light cavalry. He was again made prisoner, but discharged. When Genoa revolted from the French in the end of June 1512, La Bastie was "one of the captains and brave French gentlemen of good family," according to Brantome, who fought in the last desperate campaign of 1513, in which the defeat of Louis de la Tremouille on the 6th of June near Novara by the Swiss drove the French out of Italy.

The catastrophe of Flodden on 9th September deprived Louis of his only royal ally, and left Scotland with an infant king. Although Margaret Tudor succeeded to the regency under her husband's will, the French party in Scotland at once wrote to John Stuart, Duke of Albany, the nearest male of the royal blood, urging him to come to govern Scotland. Albany was on his mother's side French. He had married her niece, Anne de la Tour d'Auvergne, one of two co-heiresses of John, Count of Boulogne and Auvergne. The other married Lorenzo de Medicis the Younger, nephew of Leo X., and died in giving birth to her daughter, who was to become the tragic Italian Queen of France, Catherine de Medicis. Albany had lived all his life in France, where he held, besides large fiefs of his wife, the high office of admiral. He was reluctant to leave, and Henry VIII. did all he could to prevent him. But Albany was also reluctant to abandon his chance of the Scottish Crown, which was then separated from him by only a single infant's life, for his elder brother, by a daughter of the Earl of Orkney, he maintained was illegitimate, and soon after he came to Scotland he obtained a declaration from Parliament to that effect, and that he was himself next to the Crown. He took a middle course, and instead of coming in person sent a representative. The representative chosen was the knight of Dauphiné, already so well known in Scotland, and who had gained a European reputation, in almost the only way then possible, by feats of arms. La Bastie, like a soldier, started on a moment's notice, and, accompanied by Arran — who had sailed to France as admiral of the Scottish fleet destined to co-operate with the army of Flodden, but which ingloriously did nothing except burn and sack Carrickfergus in Ulster —Lord Fleming the vice-admiral, and Cumming the Lyon King, landed at Dumbarton on 3d November. Shortly after his arrival in Scotland, La Bastie was sent in January 1514 on a mission to Denmark, whose new king, Christian II., already struggling with the rebellious Swedes, was anxious to renew his alliance with Scotland and France, and to cement the

latter by marriage with a French princess. The Government of Scotland was equally desirous to obtain Danish aid in case Henry VIII. should renew his attacks on the Borders. Andrew Brownhill, a famous merchant captain of the west, as the Bartons were of the east coast, was the Scottish envoy, and La Bastie accompanied him to explain the conditions relating to France. The letter, in name of James, describes La Bastie as "a veteran knight who had been most dear to his father, and does not cease to deserve well of himself." On his return, Christian was thanked for his magnificent reception of La Bastie, in a letter which states that Albany was daily expected, and that a Council of the nobles had been summoned. It also mentions that La Bastie was by command of the most Christian king to settle in Scotland, where he would faithfully treat for and procure an answer to the requests of Christian. The Council met at Perth on 26th November 1513, when La Bastie and James Ogilvie, afterwards Abbot of Dryburgh, expressed the wish of Louis XII. to renew the league with Scotland, and inquired whether they wished that the Duke of Albany should come to Scotland. The Lords, after the ambassadors had removed, declared that the league should be renewed, and that they desired Albany's speedy arrival. Ogilvie, Sir Patrick Hamilton, and the Lyon King were accordingly sent to summon Albany to Scotland. His coming was delayed by the sudden turn of events, which led Louis XII. to make peace with Henry VIII., and marry his sister Mary. The death of the French monarch within a few months of marriage gave Albany the opportunity, and the hasty marriage of Margaret to Angus increased the urgency for his coming. He landed at Dumbarton on 16th May 1514. La Bastie had already received on 19th November 1513 the Castle of Dunbar in name of Albany, whose father had held it as part of the earldom of March. La Bastie was present at the examination of Gavin Douglas before the Council on 6th July 1515, shortly before the meeting of the Parliament, and the solemn inauguration of Albany as Regent.

During the following year, we learn from the Exchequer Accounts that considerable sums were allowed both to Albany and La Bastie for furnishing and provisioning the Castle of Dunbar. La Bastie himself received £108, 10s., and £195, 13s. for household utensils and clothing, amongst which there were "a piece of white cloth of twenty-four ells, five ells of russet, and three ells of thick linen," as well as "a pair of long boots." His wife—a Norman lady of the name of Ferrier—had come with him and remained till after his death, when her expenses were paid till her departure. He had under him Sebastian Ferres, a Portuguese baron, as lieutenant, and a Frenchman, Captain St Jakkis. A French architect or master-mason superintended the fortifications; and the garrison, like those of Dumbarton and Inchgarvey, was wholly or chiefly French. Albany himself visited Dunbar soon after his arrival in Scotland, as appears from entries of ale and coals furnished them, and entered in his household books. He remained in Scotland barely two years, returning to France in the end of May 1517; but during this period his energetic government had obtained possession of the person of the young king, forced the queen-

mother and Angus to fly to England, quelled two risings of Arran, and executed Lord Hume, the Chamberlain, and his brother, who had imprudently come within his power at Edinburgh. As lieutenant of Albany and Warden of the Marches, La Bastie showed, as was admitted on all hands, the same activity as the Regent himself in the first term of his regency. He put down the freebooters of the Borders, and more than once met Dacre at the days of truce, as they were called, during which the English and Scottish Wardens forgot for a time their own hostilities to administer common justice on those whose hands were against every man. Even after he settled in Scotland the spirit of the knight-errant led La Bastie to yearn for adventure, and a letter by La Bastie and other knights, who desired "to accomplish their duty by deeds of chivalry upon the infidels," was sent by the French ambassador, Villebresme, to the Court of France. One creditable incident of his government has been preserved by Sir David Lindsay. When the young king was in his fifth year, in 1516 or 1517, David Meldrum, the gallant squire of Cleish, in Fife, whose romantic adventures form the subject of one of the most spirited of Lindsay's poems, was cruelly assaulted and maimed as he rode from Edinburgh to Leith by Stirling of Keir, his rival, or the friend of his rival, in the affections of a young lady. La Bastie at once avenged the crime, and executed justice on the assailant.

"Be that the Regent of the land
Fra Edinburgh come fast rydand
Sir Anthony Darsie wes his name,
Ane knicht of France and man of fame,
Quhilk had the guiding haillilie,
Under Johne Duke of Albanie;
Quhilk wes to our young king tutour,
And of all Scotland Governour.
Our king was bot fyve yeiris of age,
That time quhen done wes the outrage.
. . . . . .
Quhen this gude knicht the Squyer saw,
Thus lyand in till his deid thraw,
Wo is me! quod he, to see this sicht,
On thee, quhilk worthie wes and wicht,
Wald God that I had bene with thee,
As thow in France was anis with me;
Into the land of Picardy,
Quhair Inglis men had greit invy,
To have me slane, sa thay intendit,
Bot manfullie thow me defendit,
. . . . . .
With that he gave his hors the spurris,
And spedelie flaw ouir the furris.
He and his gaird with all thair micht,
They ran till thai ouirtuik the knicht.
Quhen he approcht he lichtit doun,
And like ane vailzeand campioun,
He tuk the tyrane presonar,
And send him backward to Dumbar;
And thair remainit in presoun,
Ane certaine time in that dungeoun

It was the execution of the Humes which lead to the death of La Bastie. He had been appointed by Albany to succeed Hume in the office of Warden of the Eastern Marches, and both he and his lieutenant, Sebastian Ferres, received portions of the forfeited estates. He had taken old Lady Hume, the mother of the Chamberlain, from her house, and carried her on a trotting horse to Dunbar, where she was kept for six weeks on bread and water.

We are accustomed to associate the clan feeling with the Celt. But it was if possible more intense in the Border families, who lived in the same neighbourhood, intermarried with the same houses, used the same arms and battle-cries, and fought for each other in the same forays. The smaller number of these clans, as in the case of modern sects, made the tie of common blood closer and stronger.

With a feeling akin to the Corsican vendetta or the Afghan blood-feud, it was deemed a sacred duty of a clansman of the Border to avenge the death of one of their near kin. The execution of Lord Hume and his brother, under circumstances which might well be thought the result of treachery, made every Hume eager for revenge. One of their nearest kinsmen was David Hume of Wedderburn in Berwickshire, whose elder brother George had been forced to fly to England on account of a homicide, and whose younger brothers, John and Patrick Hume, lived with their widowed mother in the Castle of Polwarth. Of the events which led to the tragedy and its incidents we have short narratives by Lesley, Pitscottie, and Buchanan, contemporaries, though young at the time, and a much fuller account by David Hume of Godscroft, who, though he lived a century later, had access to contemporary papers of the Wedderburn family. We follow the latter narrative, which appears in the main truthful, though told as favourably as possible for the Humes. It agrees substantially with Buchanan, but differs from Lesley, who makes a stratagem on the part of David Hume the occasion of the affray, and attributes the murder to a mature plot. After dwelling on the insult, which the occupation of Dunbar by the French vice-regent brought daily under the eyes of the Humes, the place of whose slaughtered chief La Bastie usurped, he adds that their indignation increased when it was discovered that La Bastie had written to France there was no need for Albany to return, as he would himself put everything in Scotland at the beck of the French. Yet no one dared to act until a chance opportunity compelled David Hume to undertake and accomplish the deed. Cockburn of Langton, in the Merse, had left the guardianship of his son to two gentlemen of the county, passing over his brother William, who had married David Hume's sister. Indignant at this, William Cockburn, supported by the brothers of David Hume, besieged the guardians in Langton Castle. La Bastie had at Albany's request visited Dacre at Naworth Castle in Cumberland on 16th April 1517, to demand the surrender of George Hume, but was met with the subterfuge that Dacre did not know where he was. On 15th June La Bastie, with a band of 300 men, met at Lamberton Kirk on the Border Margaret Tudor, whose safe-conduct on her return to Scotland he had negotiated with Dacre, and in the end of July again met Dacre on the East March. In the first weeks of September he went on a Justiciary Circuit to Kelso, where he heard of the siege of Langton, and resenting it as a contempt of his authority, wrote to David Hume to come to him. Hume replied he would not without a safe-conduct. This was sent, with a message that he would meet La Bastie on his way from Kelso to Dunbar. They met between the first and second mile from Kelso on the 17th of September. After greetings, apparently friendly, a dispute by degrees arose. La Bastie ordered Hume to make his brothers raise the siege of Langton. Hume replied it was no affair of his. He was not his brothers' keeper. If they had done wrong let them answer for themselves. La Bastie, inflamed with rage, exclaimed that Hume was the real author of the siege, for his brothers would do whatever he bade them. Angry words followed. La Bastie, with a

threatening voice and visage, declared that unless the siege was raised it would be the worse for the Humes. Hume said he had come under a safe-conduct, and would go home, where he would act as he chose. The recollection of his kinsman's slaughter, of his office held by La Bastie, a man so much his inferior in rank, the ruin of his family and his country, the dishonour of his clan, filled his thoughts, and he determined not to let the opportunity slip. La Bastie, though he had spoken fiercely, had not struck a blow. Hume and "his murdered man" rode on together, La Bastie in front. They had now reached the moor of Fogo, about six miles from Langton, where William Cockburn and Hume's brothers were. He had sent a secret message to them to ride round the country with drawn swords, making as much noise as possible, as was the custom of the Borderers to frighten their enemies and warn their friends. They at once obeyed, mounted their best steeds, and with drawn swords rode out shouting "Wedderburn!" At first there were only eighteen, until their retainers joined them. La Bastie had a troop of fifty, part French, part Scots of Teviotdale and the Merse; but the men of the Merse went over to Hume's side and the rest dispersed. One of them, Mark Ker of Littledean, seized the reins of Hume's horse, and exhorted him to do nothing against La Bastie, as it would be a disgrace to attack him in Hume's own country; but Hume threatened Ker with his sword, and he too rode off. La Bastie, when he saw what had happened, tried to make terms with Hume, but in vain. Alone as he now was, nothing remained but flight. He was mounted on a high-spirited horse which had belonged to Lord Hume the Chamberlain, and if it had been saddled and bridled in the Scottish manner it would have saved him. But he had loaded it with heavy trappings and reins with iron curbs after the French fashion, and it could not be put to full speed. He got away, however, and crossed the ford called Cornford, between Langton and Duns, before the men from Langton could intercept him. Hence he rode through Duns, and was overtaken in a stony field in marshy ground, between Duns and the village of Preston, by a youth of the name of Trotter or Dickson, who came within a few paces with his sword drawn. La Bastie defended himself stoutly, but having his eyes on his assailant more than the ground, his horse stumbled on a stone and threw him. He rose and guarded himself on foot against his assailant, till John and Patrick Hume, coming up, slew him. His body was buried where he fell; but his head was cut off and carried by David Hume, tied by its long tresses to his saddle-bow, to Duns, where it was hung at the market-cross and afterwards carried to Hume Castle, where the tresses of La Bastie were preserved till 1810, when Miss Jean Hume, its owner, threw them into the fire, "in remorse, it may be hoped," says M. Michel, for her ancestor's deed. Before his death he implored Hume to spare him for the charity of D'Arces, which was a proverb or *dicton* in his family. But his implacable foes knew no charity. Their conduct recalls the tale in the Orkney Saga six centuries before, of the old Norse Jarl Sigurd, who rode with the head of his fallen foe, Melbrigde "of the Tooth," at his saddle until the tooth wounded his leg, from which he died.

The death of La Bastie, a foreign

ambassador, and the representative of the regency, raised general execration throughout Europe, and at first in Scotland. Francis I. despatched Alan Stewart, who had been captain of Milan under D'Aubigny, and afterwards became keeper of Dumbarton Castle, to demand satisfaction. Even Dacre, though suspected of complicity with the Humes, and whose life was spent in bloodshed, was ashamed. The Scottish Estates assured Francis that no death since that of James IV. had caused more displeasure. Beaton the Chancellor, Forman, Archbishop of St Andrews, and Arran, wrote to the same purpose. Arran, appointed Warden of the Marches, marched with a large force and guns to the Merse to reduce the castles of the Humes. When he reached Lauder the houses of Langton and Wedderburn surrendered. The Humes were forfeited, and fled to England, where David Hume, to ingratiate himself with the English Warden, seized a French envoy.

Another of the sudden changes in Scottish affairs now took place. The queen-mother regained some authority in the absence of Albany, who returned to France in June 1517. She petitioned Dacre to allow David Hume, who had married the sister of her husband Angus, to return, and received a cold, perhaps dissimulating, answer. He soon came back, however, and recovered Wedderburn by a stratagem, threatening to execute before its walls some of the garrison he had seized at the market of Duns, and soon after Hume Castle also surrendered to him.

On 21st July 1520, when Angus had acquired possession of Edinburgh after the fight of "Cleanse the Causeway," a party of the Humes came there headed by George, brother of Alexander Lord Hume, and David Hume of Wedderburn, and took down the heads of Lord Hume and his brother William from the Tolbooth, where they had stood since their execution by Albany in 1516. On 25th July they were buried with solemn obsequies in the graveyard of the Black Friars.

While we lament the fate of the brave knight of Dauphiné, who proved himself capable of government as well as of war, we must acknowledge that he played a game in which life was the forfeit. "Le Mort à tort et le battu paye l'amende." La Bastie left a son, John d'Arcès, to continue his line, fulfilling the motto of his house, "Le Buis est vert, mais les feuilles sont arcès"—"The wood is green, but the leaves are burnt." His grandson, inheriting the passion for the duel, killed a German, Schomberg, in single combat in the reign of Henry III., one of the first in which the seconds fought, and himself met the same fate at Blois in 1581.

The death of La Bastie was not, as Dacre thought, or pretended to think, when he first wrote of it to Wolsey, and as some historians have repeated, the result of chance-medley. This may have been the occasion, but the cause lay deeper. It was the outward and visible sign of the breach of the old ties that had so long bound Scotland to France, and of the rise of the English party amongst the nobility and gentry, especially in the Lowlands, which in the next generation supported the Reformation, and in those that followed promoted the Union of the two nations north and south of the Tweed.

THE IRISH MAGISTRACY AND CONSTABULARY UNDER HOME RULE.

Among the Irish internal questions raised by the Home Rule scheme, none is of more importance or of deeper concern to the future government of the country than the position in which the bill proposes to leave the two classes by whose exertions mainly Ireland has been kept in some degree of order, and a species of protection has been afforded to the lives and property of the loyal and well-disposed part of the population. Conducting an agitation in defiance of every principle of law, the Home Rulers have frequently been brought into violent collision with both the Royal Irish Constabulary and the resident magistrates. It is the magistrates and the police who alone have prevented the forces of anarchy from finding full play for their brutal and destructive energies in every corner of the country; who have repressed the seditious violence of mobs; who have protected the lives and properties of peaceable citizens from the doom decreed against them by the dark law of the Land and National Leagues; and who only a few years back restored the authority of her Majesty the Queen. The work done by both bodies, and more especially by the Royal Irish Constabulary, has earned the admiration, as it has excited the gratitude, of the whole country, with the exception of the party into whose hands Irish administration is proposed to be committed. Against both magistrates and police the Home Rulers are sworn to vengeance, and no scheme of Home Rule could have been brought forward without taking them into account, and shielding them from the certain consequences that awaited them when their old enemies came into power. Mr Gladstone seems to have flattered himself that by providing a retiring scheme for the magistrates, and by gradually extinguishing the Constabulary, he has obviated all difficulties on this score, and has fittingly recognised the claim their services have upon the Imperial Government under whom they have worked. An examination of their position with regard to the bill will show that this is not so; and in view of the discussions that will take place in Committee on the treatment of these two bodies, it will be useful to consider the condition in which it is now sought to place them.

In 1836 the police system in Ireland was revised, and by Act of Parliament in that year (6 & 7 Will. IV. c. 13) the present Royal Irish Constabulary force was constituted. At the same time, and by the same Act, with a view to the better administration of the law in the lower courts, power was given to the Lord Lieutenant to establish a body of paid magistrates, then called stipendiary, now known as resident, magistrates.

This power was immediately used: gentlemen of intelligence and experience, such as would command confidence, were appointed; to each were allotted a certain fixed district and courts of petty sessions, and within it the resident magistrate became the representative of the Crown in all matters relating to executive work, and in some degree its confidential adviser in regard to the social concerns of the people;

while, as an absolutely independent officer, in his judicial capacity he soon won the confidence of litigants.

The institution proved a success, and gradually the position of the holders of the office was improved. Though the tenure of the appointment, which is technically during the pleasure of the Lord Lieutenant (a tenure intended perhaps originally to meet the uncertainty of a first establishment), remains unaltered, custom and the traditions which attach to a judicial position have intervened; no resident magistrate has been retired save for misconduct or incapacity; and this, combined with legislation, which constituted the resident magistrates' court the sole primary tribunal under certain Acts of Parliament, has now rendered the tenure in practice one of "during good behaviour." In addition to the permanency thus accorded, the salary also has been from time to time increased, and provision as to pension improved.

The resident magistrates, limited by law to seventy-two, are divided into three classes, with salary and allowances, varying according to class, from £533 to £783. Promotion from one class to another is regulated by seniority, which has been tempered occasionally to some small extent by selection; while pension is accorded in conformity with the ordinary Civil Service rules, a bonus addition of ten years' service being made for the special qualifications needed for the office. The inducements thus held out, the permanency, the secure though moderate salary, the provision for retirement through age or illness, led to keen competition; many men were willing to, and did retire from more lucrative though less secure positions to accept that of a resident magistrate. Government was thus able to select from the many candidates those whose mental and physical qualifications were most suitable; and now the body stands as high as, if not higher than, any other branch of the Civil Service.

Up to 1879, when the land agitation broke out in Ireland, the relations of the resident magistrate with the great body of the people were of the most kindly character. He was regarded in his court-work as the impartial yet considerate judge, while his personal influence was great in quelling the disturbances that occasionally arose during elections and other periods of public excitement. The land agitation, however, changed this: it combined the farming and labouring community in opposition to the landlords; it induced a class war. Large meetings were held; violent speeches delivered; outrage upon property and person followed; murders became not infrequent, disorder rampant. The Constabulary had to cope with this unfortunate condition. They were aided by the resident magistrate, by his advice and by his firmness in dealing with offenders; and the resident magistrate, as the single and more prominent figure, speedily became a marked man.

Mr Wilford Lloyd, R.M., was fired at in Clare; Major Nield, R.M., was done to death in Mayo; while in many districts the resident magistrate's life was so endangered that it was deemed prudent to afford him special protection. Still undaunted, he remained the foe of the evil-doer, the friend of the sufferer. The Executive Government first, and then Parliament, took measures

to restore order. Amongst the enactments was the Prevention of Crime (Ireland) Act, 1882, by which, in consequence of the prevailing dereliction of duty on the part of jurors, certain offences were made triable, without a jury, by the judges of the superior courts and by the resident magistrates, according to the gravity of the charge. It did not become necessary to use the provisions of this Act in regard to the judges; but the powers accorded to resident magistrates were extensively put into operation, and all offences arising out of the disturbed state of the country, save those of a grave nature, were brought before courts constituted, according to the Act, of two resident magistrates. Many appeals were taken against their rulings: such appeals almost invariably resulted in the affirmation of their decisions. Occasionally, too, in Parliament Nationalist members called attention to, and censured the action of, the resident magistrates—this frequently upon erroneous information as to the facts, but with the result of still further concentrating odium upon them.

As to the manner in which the resident magistrates fulfilled their duties during this trying time, both in relation to disorder, and in connection with the administration of the special Act mentioned, it is but necessary to quote the observations of Lord Spencer and Sir George Trevelyan, the then Lord Lieutenant and Chief Secretary for Ireland. In a minute addressed to the body in September 1883, the former said, "His Excellency takes the opportunity of this circular to place upon record his high appreciation of the services of the resident magistrates during the recent disturbed times;" and Sir George stated in a speech in the House of Commons, "The resident magistrates have been the backbone of the system of law and order in the country." Comparative order was gradually restored, but with the expiration of the Act in 1885, there came a recrudescence of crime; and later, in 1886, the establishment of an illegal combination, known as the Plan of Campaign. In 1887 Parliament was again called upon to deal with the emergency, and the Criminal Law and Procedure (Ireland) Act, 1887, became a statute of the realm.

The resident magistrates had so satisfactorily discharged the exceptional duties imposed upon them by the Act of 1882 that the Conservative Government followed the example of its Liberal predecessor, and placed the administration of the new Act in the hands of the resident magistrates. Many of the provisions of this Act were similar to those of that of 1882; but it extended the powers conferred by the last-mentioned statute, and made cases of conspiracy —one of the most difficult subjects of our criminal law—triable before two resident magistrates. As in 1882, so in 1887, the provisions of that Act were extensively used; but, unlike 1882, the persons brought within its operation included many of comparatively high political standing, who, in the prosecution of what they possibly considered laudable, or at least excusable enterprises, offended against the criminal law.

Considerable as were the difficulties experienced in administering the Act of 1882, they became greater in regard to that of 1887; they increased in like ratio to the social and political standing of the persons charged; every legal expedient known to the skilled ad-

vocate (whose services were now constantly requisitioned) was used to defeat the law, and render its administrators objects of ridicule and detestation; while the resident magistrates had to deal with problems that might well have exercised a body of higher legal attainments. This ordeal they came through in a manner of which they have reason to feel proud. Of their decisions the Lord Chief Baron (Palles), whose judicial standing needs no eulogy here, said in one of his carefully considered judgments, "If a comparison was made between the number of cases where the judgments of the superior courts were set aside in banc, and the cases in which the decisions of the resident magistrates are reversed, the comparison would be most favourable to the resident magistrates." Lords Londonderry and Zetland, who during the years in question represented the Crown in Ireland, and Mr Balfour, the then Chief Secretary, bore testimony in their official capacity, like their Liberal predecessors, to the excellent administration of the law by the resident magistrates, and to the manner in which they fulfilled their executive functions. The more determinedly, however, they upheld the law, the more efficiently they discharged executive duty, the more, too, did they become the object of attack in the press, at various public meetings, and in Parliament. It seemed as though no charge was too vile, no insinuation too base, to level at the reputation of the resident magistrates. Still, as in 1882, so again in 1887 and the following years, they continued without waver and without complaint to firmly administer the law as confided to their charge, and to contribute in no small degree to the restoration of tranquillity.

From the foregoing, certain inferences seem irresistible—

1. That the position of a resident magistrate is, under existing conditions, practically permanent.

2. That upon the faith of this permanency, and provisions as to salary and pension, men of capacity have been attracted to the body, at the loss of possibly greater advancement in other professions.

3. That up to 1879 the resident magistrates enjoyed the respect and confidence of the people.

4. That the events of the land agitation, and the discharge of exceptional duties imposed by Parliament, have brought upon the body undeserved hostility.

5. That such hostility is apparently entertained by those who, in Mr Gladstone's words when introducing the Government of Ireland Bill in 1886, "we may naturally suppose will become the dominant influences of the future."

Given these premisses, what, in view of the present proposed legislation, is the legitimate conclusion? Is it not that the hitherto secure position of the resident magistrates will, under an Irish Executive, be seriously endangered; that this arises from no fault of their own; and that every consideration of justice and of honour demands that the interests of men who have served so faithfully and so well should be conserved in the fullest manner?

Accepting this conclusion—and none other seems reasonable—consider the propositions of the bill. It places the resident magistrates in the same category as other civil servants; and although the former, unlike the latter, have been forced into antagonism with popular influences, no extra safeguard is afforded. It subjects the resident magistrates to the control of the Irish Executive, composed, as it

probably will be, of some at least of those who for years have been denouncing and threatening them. It enables this Executive, at any time within five years, to retire any resident magistrate upon giving six months' notice. It empowers a resident magistrate to retire of his own volition on like notice, but only with the consent of the Treasury in consultation with the Irish Government. Finally, the bill provides pension for a resident magistrate who is retired, or retires, according to a certain scale, under which no resident magistrate can receive a pension of more than two-thirds of his then salary, while in most cases the pension will not much exceed, and in many cases will not equal, one-half of his present salary.

Compare in a few instances a resident magistrate's present position with what it will be under this pension scheme :—

A R. M. in 3d class of, say, three years' service, receives now, .	£533	0	0
His proposed pension, .	148	15	0
A R. M. in 2d class of, say, ten years' service, receives now, .	£658	0	0
His proposed pension, .	275	0	0
A R. M. in 1st class of, say, twenty years' service, receives now,	£783	0	0
His proposed pension, .	450	0	0

Remember that in most cases the resident magistrates are married men, have the many responsibilities attaching to such a position, in view of which they have insured their lives, and have entered into many kindred obligations, *all* upon the faith of the permanency of their offices, and of prospective advancement. They are too, most of them, men in full bodily and mental vigour, likely to hold office for many years, but they have reached that period of life when no other profession can be adopted with any reasonable chance of success. Turned adrift upon such a comparative pittance, what will be their fate! Contrast this treatment with that accorded to all affected by the Irish Church Act of 1869, and The Queen's University Act, 1879. Under these, full pay was granted to all then in office, whether they continued in their then positions or were retired from office. Consideration should also be had for the fact that the conditions under which the resident magistrates took office are by this bill materially changed. Instead of serving under an Imperial Executive, ruled by an Imperial Parliament, guided in its turn by the many conflicting interests of a large community, and having appertaining to it many ancient traditions, they will now have to deal with the Executive of a local Legislature : one possibly hostile, and certainly untrammelled with any kindly associations. While in addition, should a resident magistrate elect to serve under an Irish Executive, he has to do so under new arrangements as to salary and allowances, and he has at the same time, according to the present proposition, to *sacrifice* the years added for abolition of office.

Few will care to continue in office under such conditions, so the bill may be regarded as virtually *displacing* the existing body of resident magistrates.

Mr Bryce, Chancellor of the Duchy, stated in the House, during the debate upon the first reading, after referring to the obligations imposed upon Government by Imperial legislation with regard to the Constabulary, "We propose to abide by those obligations, and it will be found that the Constabulary have been dealt with

in accordance with the chartered position which they hold, and that they will have no reason to complain. The same remarks apply to the Civil servants and the judges. We recognise our liability to make provision for them, and we have satisfied that liability." Can it be said the present proposals fulfil this undertaking?

Justice to the resident magistrates requires that the following provisions, at least, should be inserted in the bill in addition to, and where necessary in substitution for, those already made:—

1. That full pay up to the date when under existing rules he should retire, shall be allotted to any resident magistrate who may be retired by the Irish Government.

2. That, in view of the changed conditions under which he will now hold office, the abolition years on voluntary retirement shall in all cases be ten, irrespective of length of service, and of the possible fact that such addition may make his pension greater than two-thirds of his salary.

3. That, as the junior men have greater prospect of advancement and lengthened office, pension shall be calculated with a view to prospective increment, and shall in no case be less than one-half present salary.

4. That, in order to retain for the Irish Government the services of the present trained body, the suspended pension shall be calculated, in the case of a resident magistrate who may elect to serve under the new Executive, on the same basis as that of a resident magistrate who may voluntarily retire from office.

Turning now to the Royal Irish Constabulary, the question is, What will become of the officers of that distinguished and valuable body of public servants?

This is a question which is being asked with bated breath and with grim foreboding by about three hundred officials in Ireland at the present time. The Constabulary officers in themselves are a small body; they are closured by the regulations of the force from speaking on their own behalf; with regard to Schedule VI. of the Home Rule Bill,

> "Their's not to make reply,
> Their's not to reason why,"—

and among the multitudinous other and larger interests which are imperilled by the bill, their case is not unlikely to receive less attention than it deserves. Yet we question if any body of public servants ever found themselves in sorer straits than they will find themselves in if the bill passes. Never was there a more shameful betrayal or a more unscrupulous throwing overboard by Government of men who have always done their duty well, even in the face of great odds. The position of the Force at large has already been animadverted on to some degree in the public press; but while the Constabulary are hard hit all round, the officers are deserving of special consideration for several very palpable reasons, as we hope to show, and it is with their case in particular that we propose to deal here.

The Irish police—a semi-military organisation, worked entirely from Dublin Castle—are so different in all essential characteristics from our local English and Scotch police forces, that a word or two as to the position of their officers may not be out of place.

There is no Irish official about whom more misapprehension exists than an Irish police officer, and, strange to say, the misapprehen-

sion is most prevalent among his own countrymen. His life is supposed to be, vulgarly speaking, all beer and skittles. The popular belief that he is an ornamental figure-head who does no work, a mere machine for drawing pay, is one in which the element of truth is infinitesimal, and error largely predominates. That he has many facilities for shirking or scamping his work cannot be denied. His head-constable, that *fidus Achates*, is always standing by, and will prove, if necessary, a willing beast of burden. But where a police officer is alive to his duty—and there have been few complaints against them as a body—he soon recognises that he occupies a most responsible position. He is the main conduit-pipe by which the behests of the Executive are put in force, and with him the post of duty often means the post of danger. He has frequently to arrive at decisions upon a moment's notice which may involve very serious consequences. Rarely does a month pass in which he does not find himself in a position requiring tact, sound judgment, and level-headedness. If he does not possess these qualities, or having them fails to exercise them, the results may be disastrous. The fierce light of public opinion beats upon his most trivial public acts. His knowledge of law must be considerable, although he has never had any special training. He conducts personally all important cases occurring within his district, and has frequently to contend with lawyers who bring against him all the acumen of a trained mind. When a serious outrage occurs, he must be on the spot at once, institute minute inquiries, work up every particle of evidence, and have the case cut and dry when it comes before the inferior court, ready for sending forward before a judge and jury. If there is any failure of justice, the blame generally falls upon him and his subordinates. If justice prevails, if a conviction is secured, the laurels are all to the ready-tongued lawyer, who makes an eloquent address for a handsome fee: the man who did most of the hard work, and supplied the material for the peroration, is lost sight of. Add to all this the ordinary monthly routine work of a large district, patrols, inspections, &c., and it will readily be conceded that the police officer's life in Ireland is not altogether a sinecure.

The staff of officers is recruited, as a rule, from young men of good social position but moderate means. They join the force at ages varying from nineteen to twenty-six, and after six or nine months' hasty training at the depot in the Phœnix Park, during which they are licked into shape, they are despatched with very little practical knowledge of their duties to some district in a southern or western county. Responsibilities, difficult situations, may turn up before they are a week in harness, and yet, as a rule, although young and inexperienced, they have come wonderfully well through the ordeal. Their lives are solitary, society in some instances being limited to the dispensary doctor or the nearest country magistrate; consequently many of them, whose discretion does not keep pace with their valour, marry early. Their salaries are small, and if they sometimes marry well, they have a good social position to maintain, and they live up to their means—at any rate they can hardly, as a class, save much money. Lately the post has been much sought

after, and for the last half-dozen years, at the competitive examinations for admission, the candidates, many of whom are University men, have averaged eight or nine to every vacancy. If we ask what are the advantages of the profession which excites such competition, the question can be easily answered in a word—permanency of office,—this and nothing more, if we except the good social position already referred to, which many of them can ill afford to keep up. The salary is moderate, being made up chiefly of allowances; promotion is at a snail's pace, and is strictly according to seniority. If an officer does an exceptionally good piece of police work, he is rewarded with a £20 or £30 note and a "favourable record." It may take three or four of these to raise him five or ten places in the seniority list. Among the rank and file there is a salutary system, whereby an ambitious and clever constable, after serving five years, may present himself for examination in certain Civil Service and Police subjects, and if he passes successfully, he is placed upon a special list, and promoted as vacancies occur within the next twelve months. Such a stimulus is utterly wanting in the case of officers. A district inspector has twenty or twenty-five years of monotonous routine to look forward to before he can hope to "get his county." The major portion of this time will in all probability be passed in a remote village upon the western seaboard, or in the wilds of Donegal or Kerry, far from friends, far from social intercourse, in some cases even without the ordinary amenities of civilisation. The prospects, then, are not too rosy. A salary of £350, after twenty-five years' service, is nothing princely, and there is no other opening to Irish police officers, so far as we are aware, except a resident magistracy or a chief constableship in an English county, to men who have exceptional ability or exceptional influence. So much for their position. How will they fare under the Home Rule Bill?

Let us first deal with their actual money loss, which will best be shown by a table for the different grades:—

1. Rank.	2. Pay and Allowances.	3. Proposed Pension.	4. Loss sustained.
County inspector over five years in the rank,	£545	£363	£182
Do., on promotion, . . .	445	296	149
1st class district inspector, say twelve to fifteen years in the rank,	385	223	162
Do., five years in rank, . .	335	180	155
Do., on promotion, . . .	307	148	159
2d class district inspector, say five years in that rank,	255	93	162
Do., on promotion, . . .	237	75	162
3d class district inspector, say three to five years' service,	191	48	143

In column 2 of the above table forage allowance is not reckoned, as it cannot be included for pension purposes. The total loss sustained, then, is even more than that shown in column 4. But even upon the basis shown above, what do we find? (1) That county inspectors will drop *uno ictu* about one-third of their incomes, 1st class district inspectors from one-third to one-half, 2d class district inspectors about two-thirds, and 3d class district inspectors three-fourths. (2) That all officers under the rank of 1st class district inspectors will receive a retiring allowance of *less than* £100; and as the majority of them are married men with families dependent upon them and little provision made for the future, this means plainly beggary. It is quite beside the question to say that men of short service cannot expect big pensions. Their positions should not be affected adversely. Even Mr Gladstone has admitted this much. Besides, we must not lose sight of this important consideration: every man who joins the force as an officer has to sink such a large amount of capital in his profession at the outset, that it takes years of salary to reimburse him. He spent probably several years preparing for examination (owing to the keen competition it is exceptional for a man to succeed the first time he presents himself). During that time he paid heavy fees to coaches, besides his board and lodging. On joining at the depot, he paid £60 or £70 for uniform; and while training there, his heavy expenses were far in excess of his small allowance as a cadet. When he went to the country he advanced another £100 out of his own pocket to buy a horse and trap, *for use on public service.* Over and above all this, he had to furnish a house. Unless he has some private means to fall back upon, he is a lucky man—and a thrifty one too—if he finds himself out of debt four years after joining. So far as his Government appointment is concerned, he will not have made one farthing by it at the end of that time.

It is easy to see, then, that junior officers will be in desperate plight upon the passing of the bill. They were just beginning to get some return for their capital, which they flattered themselves they had invested in a gilt-edged security, when suddenly the concern is wound up.

The pension regulations are bad enough in themselves; but, taken in connection with the other circumstances, they make the case of officers wellnigh intolerable. They will not have the remotest chance of getting anything to do in their own country. They must emigrate or starve. Every one knows the feelings entertained towards Irish police officers by those "who, we must reasonably suppose, will be the prevailing influences in the future" in Ireland. As well search for a two-headed nightingale as expect to find a retired police officer in any walk of life in Ireland under Home Rule. Government might at least have made some provision for giving its dismissed servants other situations under the Crown, or, failing this, it might have made some attempt to smooth over the friction at parting by presenting them with a bonus to pay their tickets to the colonies. On both these matters the bill is ominously silent.

Police officers are wofully handicapped at every point. What will become of them in a new country? It is nothing to their

discredit to say that they are badly equipped for making a fresh start in life. A man who has been making boots all his life makes a sorry shift if you take him from his last. The military training which has been the habit of life with police officers will avail them little in obtaining civil employment. One grievance more, and that not the least. For six years after the passing of the bill they will be tied hand and foot. Their fate will be suspended over them like the sword of Damocles. If any opening offers, they will forfeit any pension to which they are entitled by accepting it—in other words, by retiring save as the Lord Lieutenant directs. During that time they will dwell in a social purgatory, and expiate the "crimes" which they perpetrated during a coercion *régime*. It is needless to inquire who will be the Rhadamanthuses who will sit in judgment upon them. Are they not written in the bill? *The local authorities!*

Must we believe that men with a scintilla of self-respect or honour are expected to submit dumbly to these proposals? We suppose so, else why have they been inserted in the schedule? But will Englishmen, with their instinctive love of fair play, tolerate them?

MARRIAGE BELLS.

When this page comes before the eyes of the reader, the air of this great country will be tingling, with carillons from every village and peals from every town. Already even the stoic who pretends no interest in such events casts an unwilling glance at the paragraph in every paper headed "Royal Marriage," though it is generally a mere repetition of what has been said the day before; while to the more easily moved and larger portion of the population it is an unceasing interest. Much is told us about the increase in democratic and socialist sentiment in our day; and it is a fact that when any foolish tribune of the people raises an outcry about a royal dower, for example, or an establishment for a young prince, there is always a noisy mob to bark behind him, and grumble at the expenditure necessary for the dignity of the least costly and most honoured throne in the world. This very mob, however, is either so small amid the millions or so inconsistent (which is quite probable) that it has no more effect on the general loyalty than a shower of rain on the ocean. The throats that will be most hoarse with shouting, the hands that will be most ready to applaud, the patient feet that will stand for hours by the roadside waiting for a momentary glimpse of the bridal pair as they pass, will be those of the common people, — the masses whom Mr Gladstone would so fain withdraw from the classes, the hard-worked, the badly used, the much discussed and often belied poor. We sit in the galleries and crowd the windows along the route, ready to spend a good deal of money and take a good deal of trouble for the occasion; but the men and women and children who troop out of Mile-End or Whitechapel do a great deal more than we do to show their participation in the general joy. For what reason? Greatly for the spectacle, no doubt, but most of all because the unfailing human interest in a young pair about to set forth in life is doubled when that young pair belong to ourselves: and because the Bride and Bridegroom in the present case are the only pair who emphatically belong to everybody: who have an absolute and personal connection with the poorest and with the richest, the children *par excellence* of the race, Son and Daughter of the country, future King and future Queen. This strong personal interest usually concentrates on only one of the royal pair. But here both claim the original kinship which lies at the root of the country's enthusiasm. Whatever admixture of foreign blood there may be in their veins—and all of us are mixed more or less—they are both English; both speak the common language as their mother tongue;

both have the blood of the Plantagenets and Stewarts in their veins. Our Scots King Robert, the noble Bruce, and grim Edward his enemy, have each their share in this young man and woman, connected with us all by those thousand unseen ties which in a long genealogy run from one end of a country to the other, not to say over all the world. It is a great pity that there has been within the memory of man no Irish princess to make the right and fitting trilogy in this particular link of blood. But, on the other hand, Wales is abundantly represented, as that hot-headed little Celtic nation ought, in obedience to all its own traditions, to be strong to feel.

> "Sea-King's daughter from over the sea,
> Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
> But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,"

said the poet we mourn, when he dashed from his Laureate's strings the "Welcome to Alexandra" which stirred all hearts. But it is now a more familiar measure, a kindlier strain. Daughter of England, of all our ancestors, of all our royal associations—Victoria for the Queen who is mistress of every honour and affection throughout the world—Mary for the Princess who has been one of the chief favourites of the country from her childhood—in her own right MAY, the pet name, the tender diminutive, which the whole empire has adopted like one family,—we welcome the Bride not as a stranger. She is as much our own as the Bridegroom, fifth of his name, another Royal George, like those whom our grandfathers toasted in their liberal cups. The two names are ringing everywhere on every wind that blows. It is winter in the breezes that send them back from the Antipodes; they sound through the downpour of the rains in India, and return to us in the full rejoicing summer, the crown of the year, in our own moderate clime: no better way of saying that the bells sound all round the world in a girdle of music, more continuous and simultaneous than that of Ariel, chiming forth the bridal blessing, the song that breathed through Eden,—the universal congratulations and good wishes of the inhabited world.

There is one peculiarity also of these joy-bells and rejoicings, that while the young pair have their full share of our interest and regard, our first congratulations are for ourselves. The formal announcement of the marriage, long expected and often delayed, produced a buzz of those self-congratulations through the country. The first thought of most people was one of thankfulness that the direct line of succession was thus made (humanly speaking) secure; and we were so glad of this, that the individuality of the young Spouses was for the moment in a secondary place. Countless multitudes of English-speaking

people were individually thankful for the news: to say less than this would be to say less than the truth: and it is a thing that might well open the eyes of any sectaries who think the throne less strong than it has been. We do not think that even the popular satisfaction in the Queen's marriage was so high. Her Majesty in her girlish days had a special charm and fascination for her people, the charm of youth and maidenhood. We were not eager for any marriage which more or less brought that unique personality down into the paths of common life. But now that fifty-six years of loyal love and service have made of Her more than ever the ideal of Royalty, it is not too much to say that her people have been anxious, disturbed, uncomfortable by the delay of any necessary step to continue her royal line. We do not want the lineal succession of her Majesty to undergo any diversion, but that eldest to eldest should hand down the golden thread, and the line of the House of Brunswick—more highly honoured, more fully proved in Victoria than in any other name, and taking from her what is little less than a new beginning, in fresh and original development of affection, fidelity, and glory—should undergo neither twist nor change. This gave a poignant personality to the grief with which we mourned the young Prince who is gone: and it gives a warmer grasp to the congratulations and satisfaction with which we see the marriage of the young Prince who stands in his place as Heir of the empire and Hope of the future generations.

We have said that whatever loyalty we may show is as nothing in comparison with the sturdy loyalty that comes out of every alley and slum in the suffocating world of eastern London, to stand all day upon the blazing pavement in the hot sun for one glimpse and no more of the young Pair as they pass. But in reality these humble crowds have for the moment more to do with princes than we have who are considered their betters. We bow low, we drop our deepest curtseys to the prince and princess,—proud perhaps of a glance of recognition, quite content with nothing at all but the privilege of making these obeisances; but the poor folk, whose hours of misfortune are spent on hospital beds, or within the shelter of those great beneficent institutions of which London is full, have all the chance of a kind word from the royal visitors, who are more certainly due there than at any great At Home. Wherever charity is dispensed or help afforded, there the Queen's children and grandchildren are sure to be found; and perhaps if they were counted, there are a larger number of the sad and suffering in the very lowest levels of society who have had personal intercourse with the most illustrious family in the land, than those of the highest class who form the ordinary society of princes and princesses

Therefore they may well stand and gaze, for it is their Friends who are going to be married; and the delight comes home to the poorest woman upon whose child's head a hand no less kind than royal has been laid—or the poorest man who has had a word of cheer from a hearty young voice, no less genial and sailor-like because it is that of a future king. The poor have the best of reasons to be there, and there they will be with beaming faces and many a hoarse but kindly shout. We will all pluck the white rose with York in the day of his espousals, and shower down the snowy blossoms—the Rose of York in England, the Rose of the Stewarts in Scotland, the sweet and homely old-fashioned flower that is so plentiful and lasts so long—upon the path which bride and bridegroom will tread, though it leads through all the blazing highways of the city as well as the brighter thoroughfares that surround the palace. It has been the symbol of battle, the badge of many a fight; it has been crushed under the charges and conflicts of fighting men. But of all flowers in the world it is the best for a wedding, the purest, the sweetest, outliving all the eccentricities of culture, flourishing best of all in cottage-gardens,—the very fairest of all posies for a Bride.

M. O. W. O.

Printed by William Blackwood and Sons.

BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCCXXXIV. AUGUST 1893. Vol. CLIV.

AT THE GREEN DRAGON: AN EPISODE.

CHAPTER I.—HIERONYMUS COMES.

It was a pouring September evening when a stranger knocked at the door of the Crown Inn. Old Mrs Howells saw that he carried a portmanteau in his hand.

"If it's a bedroom you want," she said, "I can't be bothered with you. What with brewing the beer and cleaning the brass, I've more than I can manage. I'm that tired!"

"And so am I," said the stranger, pathetically.

"Go over the way to the Green Dragon," suggested Mrs Howells. "Mrs Benbow may be able to put you up. But what with the brewing and the cleaning, I can't do with you."

The stranger stepped across the road to the Green Dragon. He tapped at the door; and a cheery little woman made her appearance. She was carrying what they call in Shropshire a devil of hot beer. It smelt good.

"Good evening, ma'am," said the stranger. "Can you house me for the night? The hostess of the Crown Inn has turned me away. But you surely will not do the same? You observe what a bad cold I have."

Mrs Benbow glanced sharply at the stranger. She had not kept the Green Dragon for ten years without learning to judge somewhat of character; and to-night she was particularly on her guard, for her husband had gone to stay for two days with some relative in Shrewsbury, so that Mrs Benbow and old John of the wooden leg, called *Dot and carry one*, were left as sole guardians of the little wayside public-house.

"It is not very convenient for me to take you in," she said.

"And it would not be very convenient for me to be shut out," he replied. "Besides which, I have had a whiff of that hot beer."

At that moment a voice from the kitchen cried impatiently: "Here, missus! where be that beer of your'n? I be feeling quite faint like!"

"As though he could call out like that if he was faint!" laughed Mrs Benbow, running off into the kitchen.

When she returned, she found the stranger seated at the foot of the staircase.

"And what do you propose to do for me?" he asked, patiently.

There was no mistaking the genial manner. Mrs Benbow was conquered.

"I propose to fry some eggs and bacon for your supper," she said, cheerily. "And then I propose to make your bedroom ready."

"Sensible woman!" he said, as he followed her into the parlour, where a fire was burning brightly. He threw himself into the easy-chair, and immediately experienced that sensation of repose and thankfulness which comes over us when we have found a haven. There he rested, content with himself and his surroundings. The fire lit up his face, and showed him to be a man of about forty years.

There was nothing specially remarkable about him. The face in repose was sad and thoughtful; and yet when he discovered a yellow cat sleeping under the table, he smiled as though some great pleasure had come into his life.

"Come along, little comrade!" he said, as he captured her. She looked up into his face so frankly, that the stranger was much impressed. "Why, I do believe you are a dog undergoing a cat incarnation," he continued. "What qualities did you lack when you were a dog, I wonder? Perhaps you did not steal sufficiently well: perhaps you had not cultivated restfulness. And your name? Your name shall be Gamboge. I think that is a suitable appellation for you,—certainly more suitable than most of the names thrust upon unoffending humanity. My own name, for instance, Hieronymus! Ah, you may well mew! You are a thoroughly sensible creature."

So he amused himself until Mrs Benbow came with his supper. Then he pointed to the cat, and said quietly:

"That is a very companionable dog of yours."

Mrs Benbow darted a look of suspicion at the stranger.

"We call that a cat in Shropshire," she said, beginning to regret that she had agreed to house the stranger.

"Well, no doubt you are partially right," said the stranger, solemnly; "but, at the same time, you are partially wrong. To use the language of the Theosophists——"

Mrs Benbow interrupted him.

"Eat your supper whilst it is hot," she said, "then perhaps you'll feel better. Your cold is rather heavy in your head, isn't it?"

He laughed good-temperedly, and smiled at her as though to reassure her that he was quite in his right senses; and then, without further discussion, he began to make short work of the fried eggs and bacon. Gamboge, sitting quietly by the fireside, scorned to beg; she preferred to steal. That is a way some people have.

The stranger finished his supper, and lit his pipe. Once or twice he began to doze. The first time he was aroused by Gamboge, who had jumped on to the table, and was seeking what she might devour.

"Ah, Gamboge," he said, sleepily, "I am sorry I have not left

anything appetising for you. I was so hungry. Pray excuse."

Then he dozed off again. The second time he was aroused by the sound of singing. He caught the words of the chorus:

"I'll gaily sing from day to day,
And do the best I can;
If sorrows meet me on the way,
I'll bear them like a man."

"An excellent resolution," murmured the stranger, becoming drowsy once more. "Only I wish they'd kept their determinations to themselves."

The third time he was disturbed by the sound of angry voices. There was some quarrelling going on in the kitchen of the Green Dragon. The voices became louder. There was a clatter of stools and a crash of glasses.

"You're a pack of lying gipsies!" sang out some one. "You know well you didn't pay the missus!"

"Go for him! go for him!" was the cry.

Then the parlour door was flung open, and Mrs Benbow rushed in. "Oh," she cried, "these gipsy men are killing the carpenter!"

Hieronymus Howard rushed into the kitchen, and threw himself into the midst of the contest. Three powerful tramps were kicking a figure prostrate on the ground. One other man, Mr Greaves, the blacksmith, was trying in vain to defend his comrade. He had no chance against these gipsy fellows, and though he fought like a lion, his strength was, of course, nothing against theirs. Old John of the one leg had been knocked over, and was picking himself up with difficulty. Everything depended on the promptness of the stranger. He was nothing of a warrior, this Hieronymus Howard: he was just a quiet student, who knew how to tussle with Greek roots rather than with English tramps. But he threw himself upon the gipsies, fought hand to hand with them, was blinded with blows, nearly trampled beneath their feet, all but crushed against the wall. Now he thrust them back. Now they pressed on him afresh. Now the blacksmith, with desperate effort, attacked them again. Now the carpenter, bruised and battered, but wild for revenge, dragged himself from the floor, and aimed a blow at the third gipsy's head. He fell. Then after a short, sharp contest, the two other gipsies were driven to the door, which Mrs Benbow had opened wide, and were thrust out. The door was bolted safely.

But they had bolted one gipsy in with them. When they returned to the kitchen, they found him waiting for them. He had recovered himself.

Mrs Benbow raised a cry of terror. She had thought herself safe in her little castle. The carpenter and the blacksmith were past fighting. Hieronymus Howard gazed placidly at the great tramp.

"I am sorry we had forgotten you," he said, courteously. "Perhaps you will oblige us by following your comrades. I will open the door for you. I think we are all rather tired — aren't we? So perhaps you will go at once."

The man gazed sheepishly at him, and then followed him. Hieronymus Howard opened the door.

"Good evening to you," he said.

And the gipsy passed out without a word.

"Well now," said Hieronymus, as he drew the bolt, "that is the end of that."

Then he hastened into the parlour. Mrs Benbow hurried after him, and was just in time to break his fall. He had swooned away.

CHAPTER II.—HIERONYMUS STAYS.

Hieronymus Howard had only intended to pass one night at the Green Dragon. But his sharp encounter with the gipsies altered his plans. He was battered and bruised and thoroughly shaken, and quite unable to do anything else except rest in the arm-chair and converse with Gamboge, who had attached herself to him, and evidently appreciated his companionship. His right hand was badly sprained. Mrs Benbow looked after him most tenderly, bemoaning all the time that he should be in such a plight because of her. There was nothing that she was not willing to do for him; it was a long time since Hieronymus Howard had been so petted and spoilt. Mrs Benbow treated every one like a young child that needed to be taken care of. The very men who came to drink her famous ale were under her strict motherly authority.

"There now, Mr Andrew, that's enough for ye," she would say; "not another glass to-night. No, no, John Curtis; get you gone home. You'll not coax another half-pint out of me."

She was generally obeyed: even Hieronymus Howard, who refused rather peevishly to take a third cup of beef-tea, found himself obliged to comply. When she told him to lie on the sofa, he did so without a murmur. When she told him to get up and take his dinner whilst it was still hot, he obeyed like a well-trained child. She cut his food, and then took the knife away.

"You mustn't try to use your right hand," she said, sternly. "Put it back in the sling at once."

Hieronymus obeyed. Her kind tyranny pleased and amused him, and he was not at all sorry to go on staying at the Green Dragon. He was really on his way to visit some friends just on the border between Shropshire and Wales, to form one of a large house-party, consisting of people both interesting and intellectual: qualities, by the way, not necessarily inseparable. But he was just at the time needing quiet of mind, and he promised himself some really peaceful hours in this little Shropshire village, with its hills, some of them bare, and others girt with a belt of trees, and the brook gurgling past the wayside inn. He was tired, and here he would find rest. The only vexatious part was that he had hurt his hand. But for this mishap, he would have been quite content.

He told this to Mr Benbow, who returned that afternoon, and who expressed his regret at the whole occurrence.

"Oh, I am well satisfied here," said Hieronymus, cheerily. "Your little wife is a capital hostess: somewhat of the tyrant, you know. Still, one likes that; until one gets to the fourth cup of beef-tea! And she is an excellent cook, and the Green Dragon is most comfortable. I've nothing to complain of except my hand. That is a nuisance, for I wanted to do some writing. I suppose there is no one here who could write for me."

"Well," said Mr Benbow, "perhaps the missus can. She can do most things. She's real clever."

Mrs Benbow, being consulted on this matter, confessed that she could not do much in that line.

"I used to spell pretty well once," she said, brightly; "but the brewing and the scouring and the

looking after other things have knocked all that out of me."

"You wrote to me finely when I was away," her husband said. He was a quiet fellow, and proud of his little wife, and he liked people to know how capable she was.

"Ah, but you aren't over-particular, Ben, bless you," she answered, laughing, and running away to her many duties. Then she returned to tell Hieronymus that there was a splendid fire in the kitchen, and that he was to go and sit there.

"I'm busy doing the washing in the back-yard," she said. "Ben has gone to look after the sheep. Perhaps you'll give an eye to the door, and serve out the ale. It would help me mighty. I'm rather pressed for time to-day. We shall brew to-morrow, and I must get the washing done this afternoon."

She took it for granted that he would obey, and of course he did. He transferred himself, his pipe, and his book to the front kitchen, and prepared for customers. Hieronymus Howard had once been an ambitious man, but never before had he been seized by such an overwhelming aspiration as now possessed him — to serve out the Green Dragon ale!

"If only some one would come!" he said to himself scores of times.

No one came. Hieronymus becoming impatient, sprang up from his chair and gazed anxiously out of the window, just in time to see three men stroll into the opposite inn.

"Confound them!" he cried; "why don't they come here?"

The next moment, four riders stopped at the rival public-house, and old Mrs Howells hurried out to them, as though to prevent any possibility of them slipping across to the other side of the road.

This was almost more than Hieronymus could bear quietly. He could scarcely refrain from opening the Green Dragon door and advertising in a loud voice the manifold virtues of Mrs Benbow's ale and spirits. But he recollected in time that even wayside inns have their fixed code of etiquette, and that nothing remained for him but to possess his soul in patience. He was rewarded: in a few minutes a procession of waggons filed slowly past the Green Dragon; he counted ten horses and five men. Would they stop? Hieronymus waited in breathless excitement. Yes, they did stop, and four of the drivers came into the kitchen. "Where is the fifth?" asked Hieronymus, sharply, having a keen eye to business.

"He be minding the horses," they answered, looking at him curiously. But they seemed to take it for granted that he was there to serve them, and they leaned back luxuriously in the great oak settle, whilst Hieronymus poured out the beer, and received in exchange some grimy coppers.

After they had gone, the fifth man came to have his share of the refreshment; and then followed a long pause, which seemed like whole centuries to Hieronymus.

"It was during a lengthened period like this," he remarked to himself, as he paced up and down the kitchen,—"yes, it was during infinite time like this that the rugged rocks became wave-worn pebbles!"

Suddenly he heard the sound of horses' feet.

"It is a rider," he said. "I shall have to go out to him."

He hastened to the door, and saw a young woman on a great white horse. She carried a market basket on her arm. She wore no riding-habit, but was just dressed in the ordinary way. There was

nothing picturesque about her appearance, but Hieronymus thought her face looked interesting. She glanced at him, as though she wondered what he could possibly be doing at the Green Dragon.

"Well, and what may I do for you?" he asked. He did not quite like to say, "What may I bring for you?" He left her to decide that matter.

"I wanted to see Mrs Benbow," she said.

"She is busy doing the washing," he answered. "But I will go and tell her, if you will kindly detain any customer who may chance to pass by."

He hurried away, and came back with the answer that Mrs Benbow would be out in a minute.

"Thank you," the young woman said, quietly. Then she added: "You have hurt your arm, I see."

"Yes," he answered; "it is a great nuisance. I cannot write. I have been wondering whether I could get any one to write for me. Do you know of any one?"

"No," she said, bitterly; "we don't write here. We make butter and cheese, and we fatten up our poultry, and then we go to market and sell our butter, cheese, and poultry."

"Well," said Hieronymus, "and why shouldn't you?"

He looked up at her, and saw what a discontented expression had come over her young face.

She took no notice of his interruption, but just switched the horse's ears with the end of her whip.

"That is what we do year after year," she continued, "until I suppose we have become so dull that we don't care to do anything else. That is what we have come into the world for: to make butter and cheese, and fatten up our poultry, and go to market."

"Yes," he answered, cheerily, "and we all have to do it in some form or other. We all go to market to sell our goods, whether they be brains, or practical commonsense (which often, you know, has nothing to do with brains), or butter, or poultry. Now I don't know, of course, what you have in your basket; but supposing you have eggs, which you are taking to market. Well, you are precisely in the same condition as the poet who is on his way to a publisher's, carrying a new poem in his breast-pocket. And yet there is a difference."

"Of course there is," she jerked out, scornfully.

"Yes, there *is* a difference," he continued, placidly; "it is this: "you will return without those eggs, but the poet will come back still carrying his poem in his breast-pocket!"

Then he laughed at his own remark.

"That is how things go in the great world, you know," he said. "Out in the great world there is an odd way of settling matters. Still they must be settled somehow or other!"

"Out in the world!" she exclaimed. "That is where I long to go."

"Then why on earth don't you?" he replied.

At that moment Mrs Benbow came running out.

"I am so sorry to keep you waiting, Miss Hammond," she said to the young girl; "but what with the washing and the making ready for the brewing to-morrow, I don't know where to turn."

Then followed a series of messages to which Hieronymus paid no attention. And then Miss Hammond cracked her whip, waved her greetings with it, and the old white horse trotted away.

"And who is the rider of the horse?" asked Hieronymus.

"Oh, she is Farmer Hammond's daughter," said Mrs Benbow. "Her name is Joan. She is an odd girl, different from the other girls here. They say she is quite a scholar too. Why, *she* would be the one to write for you. The very one, of course! I'll call to her."

But by that time the old white horse was out of sight.

CHAPTER III.—THE PRIMARY GLORY.

The next day at the Green Dragon was a busy one. Mrs and Mr Benbow were up betimes, banging casks about in the cellar. When Hieronymus Howard came down to breakfast, he found that they had brought three great barrels into the kitchen, and that one was already half full of some horrible brown liquid, undergoing the process of fermentation. He felt himself much aggrieved that he was unable to contribute his share of work to the proceedings. It was but little comfort to him that he was again allowed to attend to the customers. The pouring out of the beer had lost its charm for him.

"It is a secondary glory to pour out the beer," he grumbled. "I aspire to the primary glory of helping to make the beer."

Mrs Benbow was heaping on the coal in the furnace. She turned round and looked at the disconsolate figure.

"There is one thing you might do," she said. "I've not half enough barm. There are two or three places where you might call for some; and between them all, perhaps you'll get enough."

She then mentioned three houses, Farmer Hammond's being amongst the number.

"Very likely the Hammonds would oblige us," she said. "They are neighbourly folk. They live at the Malt-House Farm, two miles off. You can't carry the jar, but you can take the perambulator and wheel it back. I've often done that when I had much to carry."

Hieronymus Howard looked doubtfully at the perambulator.

"Very well," he said, submissively. "I suppose I shall only look like an ordinary tramp. It seems to be the fashion to tramp on this road!"

It never entered his head to rebel. The great jar was lifted into the perambulator, and Hieronymus wheeled it away, still keeping up his dignity, though under somewhat trying circumstances.

"I rather wish I had not mentioned anything about primary glory," he remarked to himself. "However, I will not faint by the wayside; Mrs Benbow is a person not lightly to be disobeyed. In this respect she reminds me distinctly of Queen Elizabeth, or Margaret of Anjou, with just a dash of Napoleon Bonaparte!"

So he walked on along the high-road. Two or three tramps passed him, wheeling similar perambulators, some heaped up with rags and old tins and umbrellas, and occasionally a baby; representing the sum total of their respective possessions in the world. They looked at him with curiosity, but no pleasantry passed their lips. There was nothing to laugh at in Hieronymus's appearance; there was a quiet dignity about him which was never lost on any one. His bearing tallied with his character, the character of a mellowed human being. There was a restfulness about him

which had soothed more than one tired person; not the restfulness of stupidity, but the repose only gained by those who have struggled through a great fever to a great calm. His was a clean-shaven face; his hair was iron-grey. There was a kind but firm expression about his mouth, and a suspicion of humour lingering in the corners. His eyes looked at you frankly. There seemed to be no self-consciousness in his manner; long ago, perhaps, he had managed to get away from himself.

He enjoyed the country, and stopped more than once to pick some richly tinted leaf, or some tiny flower nestling in the hedge. He confided all his treasures to the care of the perambulator. It was a beautiful morning, and the sun lit up the hills, which were girt with a belt of many gems: a belt of trees, each rivalling the other in coloured luxuriance. Hieronymus sang. Then he turned down a lane to the left and found some nuts. He ate these, and went on his way again, and at last found himself outside a farm of large and important aspect. A man was stacking a hay-rick. Hieronymus watched him keenly.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed; "I wish I could do that. How on earth do you manage it? And did it take you long to learn?"

The man smiled in the usual yokel fashion, and went on with his work. Hieronymus plainly did not interest him.

"Is this the Malt-House Farm?" cried Hieronymus, lustily.

"What else should it be?" answered the man.

"These rural characters are inclined to be one-sided," thought Hieronymus, as he opened the gate and wheeled the perambulator into the pretty garden. "It seems to me that they are almost as narrow-minded as the people who live in cities and pride themselves on their breadth of view. Almost—but on reflection, not quite!"

He knocked at the door of the porch, and a great bustling woman opened it. He explained his mission to her, and pointed to the jar for the barm.

"You would oblige Mrs Benbow greatly, ma'am," he said. "In fact, we cannot get on with our beer unless you come to our assistance."

"Step into the parlour, sir," she said, smiling, "and I'll see how much we've got. I think you are the gentleman who fought the gipsies. You've hurt your arm, I see."

"Yes, a great nuisance," he answered, cheerily; "and that reminds me of my other quest. I want some one to write for me an hour or two every day. Mrs Benbow mentioned your daughter, the young lady who came to us on the white horse yesterday."

He was going to add: "The young lady who wishes to go out into the world;" but he checked himself, guessing by instinct that the young lady and her mother had probably very little in common.

"Perhaps, though," he said, "I take a liberty in making the suggestion. If so, you have only to reprove me, and that is the end of it."

"Oh, I daresay she'd like to write for you," said Mrs Hammond, "if she can be spared from the butter and the fowls. She likes books and pen and paper. They're things as I don't favour."

"No," said Hieronymus, suddenly filled with an overwhelming sense of his own littleness; "you are occupied with other more useful matters."

"Yes, indeed," rejoined Mrs Hammond, fervently. "Well, if you'll be seated, I'll send Joan

to you, and I'll see about the barm."

Hieronymus settled down in an old oak-chair, and took a glance at the comfortable panelled room. There was every appearance of ease about the Malt-House Farm, and yet Farmer Hammond and his wife toiled incessantly from morning to evening, exacting continual labour from their daughter too. There was a good deal of brass-work in the parlour: it was kept spotlessly bright.

In a few minutes Joan came in. She carried the jar.

"I have filled the jar with barm," she said, without any preliminaries. "One of the men can take it back if you like."

"Oh no, thank you," he said, cheerily, looking at her with some interest. "It came in the perambulator: it can return in the same conveyance."

She bent over the table, leaning against the jar. She smiled at his words, and the angry look of resentfulness, which seemed to be her habitual expression, gave way to a more pleasing one. Joan was not good-looking, but her face was decidedly interesting. She was of middle stature, slight but strong: not the typical country girl with rosy cheeks, but pale, though not unhealthy. She was dark of complexion: soft brown hair, over which she seemed to have no control, was done into a confused mass at the back, untidy, but pleasing. Her forehead was not interfered with: you might see it for yourself, and note the great bumps which those rogues of phrenologists delight to finger. She carried her head proudly, and from certain determined little jerks which she gave to it, you might judge somewhat of her decided character. She was dressed in a dark gown, and wore an apron of coarse linen. At the most she was nineteen years of age.

Hieronymus just glanced at her, and could not help comparing her with her mother.

"Well," he said, pleasantly, "and now, having settled the affairs of the Green Dragon, I proceed to my own. Will you come and be my scribbler for a few days? Or if you wish for a grander title, will you act as my amanuensis? I am sadly in need of a little help. I have found out that you can help me."

"I don't know whether you could read my writing," she said, shyly.

"That does not matter in the least," he answered. "I shan't have to read it. Some one else will."

"My spelling is not faultless,' she said.

"Also a trifle!" he replied. "Spelling, like every other virtue, is a relative thing, depending largely on the character of the individual. Have you any other objection?"

She shook her head, and smiled brightly at him.

"I should like to write for you," she said, "if only I could do it well enough."

"I am sure of that," he answered, kindly. "Mrs Benbow tells me you are a young lady who does good work. I admire that beyond everything. You fatten up the poultry well, you make butter and pastry well — shouldn't I just like to taste it! And I am sure you have cleaned this brass-work."

"Yes," she said, "when I'm tired of every one and everything, I go and rub up the brasses until they are spotless. When I am utterly weary of the whole concern, and just burning to get away from this stupid little village, I polish

the candlesticks and handles until my arms are worn out. I had a good turn at it yesterday."

"Was yesterday a bad day with you then?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered. "When I was riding the old white horse yesterday, I just felt that I could go on riding, riding for ever. But she is such a slow coach. She won't go quickly!"

"No, I should think you could walk more quickly," said Hieronymus. "Your legs would take you out into the world more swiftly than that old white horse. And being clear of this little village, and being out in the great world, what do you want to do?"

"To learn!" she cried; "to learn to know something about life, and to get to have other interests: something great and big, something worth wearing one's strength away for." Then she stopped suddenly. "What a goose I am!" she said, turning away half ashamed.

"Something great and big," he repeated. "Cynics would tell you that you have a weary quest before you. But I think it is very easy to find something great and big. Only, it all depends on the strength of your telescope. You must order the best kind, and unfortunately one can't afford the best kind when one is very young. You have to pay for your telescope, not with money, but with years. But when at last it comes into your possession—ah, how it alters the look of things."

He paused a moment, as though lost in thought; and then, with the brightness so characteristic of him, he added:

"Well, I must be going home to my humble duties at the Green Dragon, and you, no doubt, have to return to your task of feeding up the poultry for the market. When is market-day at Church Stretton?"

"On Friday," she answered.

"That is the day I have to send off some of my writing," he said; "my market-day, also, you see."

"Are you a poet?" she asked, timidly.

"No," he answered, smiling at her; "I am that poor creature, an historian: one of those restless persons who furridge amongst the annals of the past."

"Oh," she said, enthusiastically, "I have always cared more about history than anything else!"

"Well, then, if you come to-morrow to the Green Dragon at eleven o'clock," he said, kindly, "you will have the privilege of writing history instead of reading it. And now I suppose I must hasten back to the tyranny of Queen Elizabeth. Can you lift that jar into the perambulator? You see I can't."

She hoisted it into the perambulator, and then stood at the gate, watching him as he pushed it patiently over the rough road.

CHAPTER IV.—THE MAKING OF THE PASTRY.

That same afternoon Mrs Hammond put on her best things and drove in the dog-cart to Minton, where Auntie Lloyd of the Tan-House Farm was giving a tea-party. Joan had refused to go. She had a profound contempt for these social gatherings, and Auntie Lloyd and she had no great love, the one for the other. Auntie Lloyd, who was regarded as the oracle of the family, summed Joan up in a few sentences:

"She's a wayward creature, with all her fads about books and book learning. I've no patience with

her. Fowls and butter and such things have been good enough for us; why does she want to meddle with things which don't concern her? She's clever at her work, and diligent too. If it weren't for that, there'd be no abiding her."

Joan summed Auntie Lloyd up in a few words:

"Oh, she's Auntie Lloyd," she said, shrugging her shoulders.

So when her mother urged her to go to Minton to this tea-party, which was to be something quite special, Joan said:

"No, I don't care about going. Auntie Lloyd worries me to death. And what with her, and the rum in the tea, and those horrid crumpets, I'd far rather stay at home, and make pastry and read a book."

So she stayed. There was plenty of pastry in the larder, and there seemed no particular reason why she should add to the store. But she evidently thought differently about the matter, for she went into the kitchen, and rolled up her sleeves and began her work.

"I hope this will be the best pastry I have ever made," she said to herself, as she prepared several jam-puffs and an open tart. "I should like him to taste my pastry. An historian. I wonder what we shall write about to-morrow."

She put the pastry into the oven, and sat lazily in the ingle, nursing her knees, and musing. She was thinking the whole time of Hieronymus, of his kind and genial manner, and his face with the iron-grey hair: she would remember him always, even if she never saw him again. Once or twice it crossed her mind that she had been foolish to speak so impatiently to him of her village life. He would just think her a silly discontented girl, and nothing more. And yet it had seemed so natural to talk to him in that strain: she knew by instinct that he would understand, and he was the first she had ever met who would be likely to understand. The others—her father, her mother, David Ellis the exciseman, who was supposed to be fond of her, these and others in the neighbourhood—what did they care about her desire to improve her mind, and widen out her life, and multiply her interests? She had been waiting for months, almost for years indeed, to speak openly to some one: she could not have let the chance go by, now that it had come to her.

The puffs meanwhile were forgotten. When at last she recollected them, she hastened to their rescue, and found she was only just in time. Two were burnt: she placed the others in a dish, and threw the damaged ones on the table. As she did so, the kitchen door opened, and the exciseman came in, and seeing the pastry, he exclaimed:

"Oh, Joan, making pastry! Then I'll test it!"

"You'll do nothing of the sort," she said, half angrily, as she put her hands over the dish. "I won't have it touched. You can eat the burnt ones if you like."

"Not I," he answered. "I want the best. Why, Joan, what's the matter with you? You're downright cross to-day."

"I'm no different from usual," she said.

"Yes, you are," he said; "and, what's more, you grow different every week."

"I grow more tired of this horrid little village and of every one in it, if that's what you mean," she answered.

He had thrown his whip on the chair, and stood facing her. He was a prosperous man, much respected, and much liked for many miles round Little Stretton. It was an open secret that he loved Joan

Hammond, the only question in the village being whether Joan would have him when the time came for him to propose to her. No girl in her senses would have been likely to refuse the exciseman; but then Joan was not in her senses, so that anything might be expected of her. At least, such was the verdict of Auntie Lloyd, who regarded her niece with the strictest disapproval. Joan had always been more friendly with David than with any one else; and it was no doubt this friendliness, remarkable in one who kept habitually apart from others, which had encouraged David to go on hoping to win her, not by persuasion but by patience. He loved her, indeed he had always loved her; and in the old days, when he was a schoolboy and she was a little baby child, he had left his companions to go and play with his tiny girl-friend up at the Malt-House Farm. He had no sister of his own, and he liked to nurse and pet the querulous little creature who was always quiet in his arms. He could soothe her when no one else had any influence. But the years had come and gone, and they had grown apart; not he from her, but she from him. And now he stood in the kitchen of the old farm, reading in her very manner the answer to the question which he had not yet asked her. That question was always on his lips: how many times had he not said it aloud when he rode his horse over the country? But Joan was forbidding of late months, and especially of late weeks, and the exciseman had always told himself sadly that the right moment had not yet come. And to-day, also, it was not the right moment. A great sorrow seized him, for he longed to tell her that he loved and understood her, and that he was yearning to make her happy. She should have books of her own; books, books, books: he had already bought a few volumes to form the beginning of her library. They were not well chosen, perhaps, but there they were, locked up in his private drawer. He was not learnèd, but he would learn for her sake. All this flashed through his mind as he stood before her. He looked at her face, and could not trace one single expression of kindliness or encouragement.

"Then I must go on waiting," he thought, and he stooped and picked up his whip.

"Good-bye, Joan," he said, quietly.

The kitchen door swung on its hinges, and Joan was once more alone.

"An historian," she said to herself, as she took away the rolling-pin, and put the pastry into the larder. "I wonder what we shall write about to-morrow."

CHAPTER V.—PASTRY AND PERSONAL MONARCHY.

Joan sat in the parlour of the Green Dragon, waiting until Hieronymus had finished eating a third jam-puff, and could pronounce himself ready to begin dictating. A few papers were scattered about on the table, and Gamboge was curled up on the hearth-rug. Joan was radiant with pleasure, for this was her nearest approach to intellectuality; a new world had opened to her as though by magic. And she was radiant with another kind of pleasure: this was only the third time she had seen the historian, and each time she was the happier. It was at first a little shock to her sense of intellectual propriety that

the scholar yonder could condescend to so trivial a matter as pastry; but then Hieronymus had his own way about him, which carried conviction in the end.

"Well," he said, cheerily, "I think I am ready to begin. Dear me! What excellent pastry!"

Joan smiled, and dipped her pen in the ink.

"And to *think* that David nearly ate it," she said to herself. And that was about the first time she had thought of him since yesterday.

Then the historian began. His language was simple and dignified, like the man himself. His subject was "An Introduction to the Personal Monarchy, which began with the Reign of Henry VIII." Everything he said was crystal-clear. Moreover, he had that rare gift, the power of condensing and of suggesting too. He was nothing if not an impressionist. Joan had no difficulty in keeping pace with him, for he dictated slowly. After nearly two hours, he left off, and gave a great sigh of relief.

"There now," he said, "that's enough for to-day." And he seemed just like a schoolboy released from lessons.

"Come, come," he added, as he looked over the manuscript. "I shall be quite proud to send that in to the printer. You would make a capital little secretary. You are so quiet, and you don't scratch with your pen: qualities which are only too rare. Well, we shall be able to go on with this work, if you can spare the time and will oblige me. And we must make some arrangement about money matters."

"As for that," said Joan, hastily, "it's such a change from the never-ending fowls and that everlasting butter."

"Of course it is," said Hieronymus, as he took his pipe from the mantel-shelf. "But all the same, we will be business-like. Besides, consider the advantage: you will be earning a little money with which you can either buy books to read, or fowls to fatten up You can take your choice, you know."

"I should choose the books," she said, quite fiercely.

"How spiteful you are about those fowls!" he said.

"So would you be, if you had been looking after them all your life," Joan answered, still more fiercely.

"There is no doubt about you being a volcanic young lady," Hieronymus remarked, thoughtfully. "But I understand. I was also a volcano once: I am now extinct. You will be extinct after a few years, and you will be so thankful for the repose. But one has to go through a great many eruptions as preliminaries to peace."

"Any kind of experience is better than none at all," Joan said, more gently this time. "You can't think how I dread a life in which nothing happens. I want to have my days crammed full of interests and events. Then I shall learn something; but here—what can one learn? You should just see Auntie Lloyd, and be with her for a quarter of an hour. When you've seen her, you've seen the whole neighbourhood. Oh, how I dislike her!"

Her tone of voice expressed so heartily her feelings about Auntie Lloyd, that Hieronymus laughed, and Joan laughed too.

She had put on her bonnet, and stood ready to go home. The historian stroked Gamboge, put away his papers, and expressed himself inclined to accompany Joan part of the way.

He ran into the kitchen to tell Mrs Benbow that he would not be long gone.

"Dinner won't be ready for quite an hour," she said, "as the butcher came so late. But here is a cup of beef-tea for you. You look rather tired."

"I've had such a lot of pastry," Hieronymus pleaded, and he turned to Mr Benbow, who had just come into the kitchen followed by his faithful collie. "I don't feel as though I *could* manage the beef-tea!"

"It's no use kicking against the traces," said Mr Benbow, laughing. "I've found that out long ago. Sarah is a tyrant."

But it was evidently a tyranny which suited him very well, for there seemed to be a kind of settled happiness between the host and hostess of the Green Dragon. Some such thought passed through Hieronymus's mind as he gulped down the beef-tea, and then started off happily with Joan.

"I like both the Benbows," he said to her. "And it is very soothing to be with people who are happy together. I'm cosily housed there, and not at all sorry to have had my plans altered by the gipsies; especially now that I can go on with my work so comfortably. My friends in Wales may wait for me as long as they choose."

Joan would have wished to tell him how glad she was that he was going to stay. But she just smiled happily. He was so bright himself, that it was impossible not to be happy in his company.

"I'm so pleased I have done some dictating to-day," he said, as he plucked an autumn-leaf and put it into his button-hole. "And now I can enjoy myself all the more. You cannot think how I do enjoy the country. These hills are so wonderfully soothing. I never remember being in a place where the hills have given me such a sense of repose as here. Those words constantly recur to me:—

'His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
(Though on its slopes men sow and reap.)
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His Beloved sleep.'

"It's all so true, you know, and yonder *are* the slopes cultivated by men. I am always thinking of these words here. They match with the hills and they match with my feelings."

"I have never thought about the hills in that way," she said.

"No," he answered, kindly, "because you are not tired yet. But when you are tired, not with imaginary battlings, but with the real campaigns of life, then you will think about the dews falling softly on the hills."

"Are you tired, then?" she asked.

"I have been very tired," he answered, simply.

They walked on in silence for a few minutes, and then he added: "You wished for knowledge, and here you are surrounded by opportunities for attaining to it.

"I have never found Auntie Lloyd a specially interesting subject for study," Joan said, obstinately.

Hieronymus smiled.

"I was not thinking of Auntie Lloyd," he said. "I was thinking of all these beautiful hedges, these lanes with their countless treasures, and this stream with its bed of stones, and those hills yonder: all of them eloquent with the wonder of the earth's history. You are literally surrounded with the means of making your minds beautiful, you country people. And why don't you do it?"

Joan listened. This was new language to her.

Hieronymus continued:

"The sciences are here for you. They offer themselves to you, without stint, without measure. Nature opens her book to you. Have you ever tried to read it? From the things which fret and worry our souls, from the people who worry and fret us, from ourselves who worry and fret ourselves, we can at least turn to Nature. There we find our right place, a resting-place of intense repose. There we lose that troublesome part of ourselves, our own sense of importance. Then we rest, and not until then."

"Why should you speak to me of rest?" the girl cried, her fund of patience and control coming suddenly to an end. "I don't want to rest. I want to live a full, rich life, crammed with interests. I want to learn about life itself, not about things. It is so absurd to talk to me of rest. You've had your time of unrest,—you said so. I don't care about peace and repose! I don't . . ."

She left off as suddenly as she had begun, fearing to seem too ill-mannered.

"Of course you don't," he said, gently, "and I'm a goose to think you should. No, you will have to go out into the world, and to learn for yourself that it is just the same there as everywhere: butter and cheese making, prize-winning, and prize-losing, and very little satisfaction either over the winning or the losing; and a great many Auntie Lloyds, probably a good deal more trying than the Little Stretton Auntie Lloyd. Only, if I were you, I should not talk about it any more. I should just go. Saddle the white horse and go! Get your experiences, thick and quick. Then you will be glad to rest."

"Are you making fun of me?" she asked, half suspiciously, for he had previously joked about the slow pace of the white horse.

"No," he answered, in his kind way; "why should I make fun of you? We cannot all be content to go on living a quiet life in a little village."

At that moment the exciseman passed by them on horseback. He raised his hat to Joan, and looked with some curiosity at Hieronymus. Joan coloured. She remembered that she had not behaved kindly to him yesterday; and after all, he was David, David who had always been good to her, ever since she could remember.

"Who was that?" asked Hieronymus. "What a trim, nice-looking man!"

"He is David Ellis, the exciseman," Joan said, half reluctantly.

"I wonder when he is going to test the beer at the Green Dragon," said the historian, anxiously. "I wouldn't miss that for anything. Will you ask him?"

Joan hesitated. Then she hastened on a few steps, and called "David!"

David turned in his saddle, and brought his horse to a standstill. He wondered what Joan could have to say to him.

"When are you going to test the beer at the Green Dragon?" she asked.

"Some time this afternoon," he answered. "Why do you want to know?"

"The gentleman who is staying at the inn wants to know," Joan said.

"Is that all you have to say to me?" David asked, quietly.

"No," said Joan, looking up at him. "There is something more: about that pastry——"

But just then Hieronymus had joined them.

"If you're talking about pastry," he said, cheerily, "I never tasted

any better than Miss Hammond's. I ate a dishful this morning!"

The exciseman looked at Joan, and at the historian.

"Yes," he said, as he cracked his whip, "it tastes good to those who can get it, and it tastes bad to those who can't get it."

And with that he galloped away, leaving Joan confused, and Hieronymus mystified. He glanced at his companion, and seemed to expect that she would explain the situation; but as she did not attempt to do so, he walked quietly along with her until they came to the short cut which led back to the Green Dragon. There he parted from her, making an arrangement that she should come and write for him on the morrow. But as he strolled home, he said to himself, "I am much afraid that I have been eating some one else's pastry! Well, it was very good, especially the jam-puffs!"

CHAPTER VI.—THE EXCISEMAN'S LIBRARY.

David Ellis did not feel genially disposed towards the historian; and yet when he stood in the kitchen of the Green Dragon, testing the new brew, and saw Hieronymus eagerly watching the process, he could not but be amused. There was something about Hieronymus which was altogether irresistible. He had a power quite unconscious to himself, of drawing people over to his side. And yet he never tried to win: he was just himself, nothing more and nothing less.

"I am not wishing to pry into the secrets of the profession," he said to David Ellis; "but I do like to see how everything is done."

The exciseman good-naturedly taught him how to test the strength of the beer, and Hieronymus was as pleased as though he had learnt some great secret of the universe, or unearthed some long-forgotten fact in history.

"Are you sure the beer comes up to its usual standard?" he asked mischievously, turning to Mrs Benbow at the same time. "Are you sure it has nothing of the beef-tea element about it? We drink beef-tea by the quart in this establishment. I'm allowed nothing else!"

David laughed, and said it was the best beer in the neighbourhood; and with that he left the kitchen and went into the ale-room, to exchange a few words with Mr Howells, the proprietor of the rival inn, who always came to the Green Dragon to have his few glasses of beer in peace, free from the stormy remonstrances of his wife. Every one in Little Stretton knew his secret, and respected it. Hieronymus returned to his parlour, where he was supposed to be deep in study.

After a few minutes, some one knocked at the door, and David Ellis came in.

"Excuse me troubling you," he said, rather nervously, "but there is a little matter I wanted to ask you about."

"It's about that confounded pastry!" thought Hieronymus, as he drew a chair to the fireside, and welcomed the exciseman to it.

David sank down into it, twisted his whip, and looked now at Hieronymus and now at the books which lay scattered on the table. He evidently wished to say something, but he did not know how to begin.

"I know what you want to say," said Hieronymus.

"No, you don't," answered the exciseman. "No one knows except myself."

Hieronymus retreated, crushed, but rather relieved too.

Then David, gaining courage, continued:

"Books are in your line, aren't they?"

"It just does happen to be my work to know a little about them," the historian answered. "Are you interested in them too?"

"Well," said David, hesitating, "I can't say I read them, but I buy them."

"Most people do that," said Hieronymus; "it takes less time to buy than to read, and we are pressed for time in this century."

"You see," said the exciseman, "I don't buy the books for myself, and it's rather awkward knowing what to get. Now what would *you* get for a person who was really fond of reading: something of a scholar, you understand? That would help me for my next lot."

"It all depends on the taste of the person," Hieronymus said, kindly. "Some like poetry, some like novels: others like books about the moon, and others like books about the North Pole, or the Tropics."

David did not know much about the North Pole or the Tropics, but he had certainly bought several volumes of poetry, and Hieronymus's words gave him courage.

"I bought several books of poetry," he said, lifting his head up with a kind of triumph which was unmistakable. "Cowper, Mrs Hemans——"

"Yes," said Hieronymus, patiently.

"And the other day I bought Milton," continued the exciseman.

"Ah," said the historian, with a faint smile of cheerfulness. He had never been able to care for Milton (though he never owned it).

"And now I thought of buying this," said David, taking from his pocket-book a small slip of paper, and showing it to his companion.

Hieronymus read: 'Selections from Robert Browning.'

"Come, come!" he said, cheerily, "this *is* a good choice!"

"It is not my choice," said David, simply. "I don't know one fellow from the other. But the man at the shop in Ludlow told me it was a book to have. If you say so too, of course that settles the matter."

"Well," said Hieronymus, "and what about the other books?"

"I tell you what," said David, suddenly, "if you'd come to my lodgings one day, you could look at the books I've got, and advise me about others. That would be the shortest and pleasantest way."

"By all means," said the historian. "Then you have not yet given away your gifts?"

"Not yet," said David, quietly. "I am waiting awhile."

And then he relapsed into silence and timidity, and went on twisting his whip.

Hieronymus was interested, but he had too much delicate feeling to push the inquiry, and not having a mathematical mind, he was quite unable to put two and two together without help from another source. So he just went on smoking his pipe, wondering all the time what possible reason his companion could have for collecting together a library beginning with Mrs Hemans.

After a remark about the weather and the crops — Hieronymus was becoming quite agricultural—David rose in an undecided kind of manner, expressed his thanks, and took his leave, but there was evidently something more he wanted to say, and yet he went away without saying it.

"I'm sure he wants to speak about that pastry," thought Hieronymus. Confound him! Why doesn't he?"

The next moment the door opened, and David put his head in.

"There's something else I wanted to say," he stammered out. "The fact is, I don't tell anybody about the books I buy. It's my own affair, and I like to keep it to myself. But I'm sure I can trust you."

"I should just think you could," Hieronymus answered, cheerily.

So he promised secrecy, and then followed the exciseman to the door, and watched him mount his horse and ride off. Mr Benbow was coming in at the time, and Hieronymus said some few pleasant words about David Ellis.

"He's the nicest man in these parts," Mr Benbow said, warmly. "We all like him. Joan Hammond will be a lucky girl if she gets him for a husband."

"Is he fond of her, then?" asked Hieronymus.

"He has always been fond of her since I can remember," Mr Benbow answered.

Then Hieronymus, having received this valuable assistance, proceeded carefully to put two and two together.

"Now I know for whom the exciseman intends his library!" he said to himself, triumphantly.

CHAPTER VII.—AUNTIE LLOYD PROTESTS.

Auntie Lloyd was a material, highly prosperous individual, utterly bereft of all ideas except one; though, to be sure, the one idea which she did possess was of overwhelming bulk, being, indeed, the sense of her own superiority over all people of all countries and all centuries. This was manifest not only in the way she spoke, but also in the way she folded her hands together on the buckle of her waist-belt, as though she were murmuring: "Thank heaven, I am Auntie Lloyd, and no one else!" All her relations, and indeed all her neighbours, bowed down to her authority: it was recognised by every one that the mistress of the Tan-House Farm was a personage who must not be disobeyed in the smallest particular. There had been one rebel in the camp for many years now: Joan. She alone had dared to raise the standard of revolt. At first she had lifted it only an inch high; but strength and courage had come with years, and now the standard floated triumphantly in the air. And to-day it reached its full height, for Auntie Lloyd had driven over to the Malt-House Farm to protest with her niece about this dictation, and Joan, though she did not use the exact words, had plainly told her to mind her own business.

Auntie Lloyd had been considerably "worked up" ever since she had heard the news that Joan went to write for a gentleman at the Green Dragon. Then she heard that Joan not only wrote for him, but was also seen walking about with him; for it was not at all likely that an episode of this description would pass without comment in Little Stretton; and Auntie Lloyd was not the only person who remarked and criticised. A bad attack of sciatica had kept her from interfering at the outset; but as soon as she was even tolerably well, she made a descent upon the Malt-House Farm, having armed herself with the most awe-inspiring bonnet

and mantle which her wardrobe could supply. But Joan was proof against such terrors. She listened to all Auntie Lloyd had to say, and merely remarked that she did not consider it was any one's affair but her own. That was the most overwhelming statement that had ever been made to Auntie Lloyd. No wonder that she felt faint.

"It is distinctly a family affair," she said, angrily. "If you're not careful, you'll lose the chance of David Ellis. You can't expect him to be dangling about your heels all his life. He will soon be tired of waiting for your pleasure. Do you suppose that he, too, does not know you are amusing yourself with this new-comer?"

Joan was pouring out tea at the time, and her hand trembled as she filled the cup.

"I won't have David Ellis thrust down my throat by you or by any one," she said, determinedly.

And with that she looked at her watch, and calmly said that it was time for her to be off to the Green Dragon, Mr Howard having asked her to go in the afternoon instead of the morning. But though she left Auntie Lloyd quelled and paralysed, and was conscious that she had herself won the battle once and for all, she was very much irritated and distressed too. Hieronymus noticed that something was wrong with her.

"What is the matter?" he asked, kindly. "Has Auntie Lloyd been paying a visit to the Malt-House Farm, and exasperated you beyond all powers of endurance? Or was the butter-making a failure? Or is it the same old story?—general detestation of every one and everything in Little Stretton, together with an inward determination to massacre the whole village at the earliest opportunity?"

Joan smiled, and looked up at the kind face which always had such a restful influence on her?

"I suppose that *is* the root of the whole matter," she said.

"I am sorry for you," he said, gently, as he turned to his papers; "but I think you are not quite wise to let your discontent grow beyond your control. Most people, you know, when their lives are analysed, are found to have but sorry material out of which to fashion for themselves satisfaction and contentment."

Her face flushed as he spoke, and a great peace fell over her. When she was with him, all was well with her: the irritations at home, the annoyances either within or without, either real or imaginary, and indeed all worries, passed for the time out of her memory. David Ellis was forgotten, Auntie Lloyd was forgotten; the narrow, dull, everyday existence broadened out into many interesting possibilities. Life had something bright to offer to Joan. She bent happily over the pages, thoroughly enjoying her congenial task; and now and again during the long pauses of silence, when Hieronymus was thinking out his subject, she glanced at his kind face and his silvered head.

And restless little Joan was restful.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE DISTANCE GROWS.

So the days slipped away, and Joan came regularly to the Green Dragon, to write to the historian's dictation. These mornings were red-letter days in her life: she had never before had anything which

she could have called companionship, and now this best of all pleasures was suddenly granted to her. She knew well that it could not last; that very soon the historian would go back into his own world, and that she would be left lonely, lonelier than ever. But meanwhile she was happy. She always felt after having been with him as though some sort of peace had stolen over her. It did not hold her long, this sense of peace. It was merely that quieting influence which a mellowed nature exercises at rare moments over an unmellowed nature, being indeed a snatch of that wonderful restfulness which has something divine in its essence. She did not analyse her feelings for him, she dared not. She just drifted on, dreaming. And she was grateful to him too, for she had unburdened her heavy heart to him, and he had not laughed at her aspirations and ambitions. He had certainly made a little fun over her, but not in the way which conveyed contempt: on the contrary, his manner of teasing gave the impression of the kindliest sympathy. He had spoken sensible words of advice to her too; not in any formal set lecture—that would have been impossible to him—but in detached sentences given out at different times, with words simple in themselves, but able to suggest many good and noble thoughts. At least, that was what Joan gathered, that was her judgment of him, that was the effect he produced on her.

Then he was not miserly of his learning. He was not one of those scholars who keep their wisdom for their narrow and appreciative little set; he gave of his best to every one with royal generosity, and he gave of his best to her. He saw that she was really interested in history, and that it pleased her to hear him talk about it. Out then came his stores of knowledge, all for her special service! But that was only half of the process; he taught her by finding out from her what she knew, and then returning her knowledge to her twofold enriched. She was eager to learn, and he was interested in her eagerness. It was his nature to be kind and chivalrous to every one, and he was therefore kind and chivalrous to his little secretary. He saw her constantly in "school hours," as he called the time spent in dictating, and out of school hours too. He took such an interest in all matters connected with the village, that he was to be found everywhere, now gravely contemplating the cows and comparing them with Mr Benbow's herd, now strolling through the market-place, and now passing stern criticisms on the butter and poultry, of which he knew nothing. Once he even tried to sell Joan Hammond's butter to Mrs Benbow.

"I assure you, ma'am," he said to the landlady of the Green Dragon, "the very best cooking butter in the kingdom! Taste and see."

"But it *isn't* cooking butter!" interposed Joan, hastily.

But she laughed all the same, and Hieronymus, much humbled by his mistake, made no more attempts to sell butter.

He seemed thoroughly contented with his life at Little Stretton, and in no hurry to join his friends in Wales. He was so genial that every one liked him and spoke kindly of him. If he was driving in the pony-carriage and saw any children trudging home after school, he would find room for four or five of them and take them back to the village in triumph. If he met an old woman carrying a bundle of wood, he immediately transferred

the load from herself to himself, and walked along by her side, chatting merrily the while. As for the tramps who passed on the highroad from Ludlow to Church Stretton, they found in him a sympathetic friend. His hand was always in his pocket for them. He listened to their tales of woe, and stroked the "property" baby in the perambulator, and absolutely refused to be brought to order by Mrs Benbow, who declared that she knew more about tramps than he did, and that the best thing to do with them was to send them about their business as soon as possible.

"You will ruin the reputation of the Green Dragon," she said, "if you go on entertaining tramps outside. Take your friends over to the other inn!"

She thought that this would be a strong argument, as Hieronymus was particularly proud of the Green Dragon, having discovered that it was patronised by the aristocrats of the village, and considered infinitely superior to its rival, the Crown Inn opposite.

But the historian, so yielding in other respects, continued his intimacies with the tramps, sometimes even leaving his work if he chanced to see an interesting-looking wanderer slouching past the Green Dragon. Joan had become accustomed to these interruptions. She just sat waiting patiently until Hieronymus came back, and plunged once more into the History of the Dissolution of the Monasteries, or the Attitude of the Foreign Powers to each other during the latter years of Henry VIII.

"I'm a troublesome fellow," he would say to her sometimes, "and you are very patient with me. In fact, you're a regular little brick of a secretary."

Then she would flush with pleasure to hear his words of praise. But he never noticed that, and never thought he was leading her further and further away from her surroundings and ties, and putting great distances between herself and the exciseman.

So little did he guess it, that one day he even ventured to joke with her. He had been talking to her about John Richard Green, the historian, and he asked her whether she had read 'A Short History of the English People.' She told him she had never read it.

"Oh, you ought to have that book," he said; and he immediately thought that he would buy it for her. Then he remembered the exciseman's library, and judged that it would be better to let him buy it for her.

"I hear you have a very devoted admirer in the exciseman," Hieronymus said, slyly.

"How do you know that?" Joan said, sharply.

"Oh," he answered, "I was told." But he saw that his volcanic little companion was not too pleased; and so he retraced his words and began talking again of John Richard Green. He told her about the man himself, his work, his suffering, his personality. He told her how the young men at Oxford were advised to travel on the Continent to expand their minds, and if they could not afford this advantage after their university career, then they were to *read John Richard Green*. He told her, too, of his grave at Mentone, with the simple words, "He died learning."

Thus he would talk to her, taking her always into a new world of interest. Then she was in an enchanted kingdom, and he was the magician.

It was a world in which agriculture and dairy-farming and all the other wearinesses of her everyday

life had no part. Some people might think it was but a poor enchanted realm which he conjured up for her pleasure. But enchantment, like every other emotion, is but relative after all. Some little fragment of intellectuality had long been Joan's idea of enchantment. And now it had come to her in a way altogether unexpected, and in a measure beyond all her calculations. It had come to her, bringing with it something else.

She seemed in a dream during all that time: yes, she was slipping further away from her own people, and further away from the exciseman. She had never been very near to him, but lately the distance had become doubled. When she chanced to meet him, her manner was more than ordinarily cold. If he had chosen to plead for himself, he might well have asked what he had done to her that he should deserve to be treated with such bare unfriendliness.

One day he met her. She was riding the great white horse, and David rode along beside her. She chatted with him now and again, but there were long pauses of silence between them.

"Father has made up his mind to sell old Nance," she said suddenly, as she stroked the old mare's head. "This is my last ride on her."

"I am sorry," said David, kindly. "She's an old friend, isn't she?"

"I suppose it is ridiculous to care so much," Joan said; "but you know we've had her such a time. And I used to hang round her neck, and she would lift me up and swing me."

"I remember," said David, eagerly. "I've often watched you. I was always afraid you would have a bad fall."

"You ran up and caught me once," Joan said. "And I was so angry; for it wasn't likely that old Nance would have let me fall."

"But how could I be sure that the little arms were strong enough to cling firmly to old Nance's neck?" David said. "So I couldn't help being anxious."

"Do you remember when I was lost in that mist," Joan said, "and you came and found me, and carried me home? I was so angry that you would not let me walk."

"You have often been angry with me," David said, quietly.

Joan made no answer. She just shrugged her shoulders.

There they were, these two, riding side by side, and yet they were miles apart from each other. David knew it, and grieved.

CHAPTER IX.—DAVID LAMENTS.

David knew it, and grieved. He knew that Joan's indifference was growing apace, and that it had taken to itself alarming proportions ever since the historian had been at the Green Dragon. He had constantly met Joan and Hieronymus together, and heard of them being together, and of course he knew that Joan wrote to the historian's dictation. He never spoke on the subject to any one. Once or twice Auntie Lloyd tried to begin, but he looked straight before him and appeared not to understand. Once or twice some other of the folk made mention of the good-fellowship which existed between Joan and the historian.

"Well, it's natural enough," he said, quietly. "Joan was always fond of books, and one feels glad she can talk about them with some one who is real clever."

But was he glad? Poor David! Time after time he looked at his little collection of books, handling the volumes just as tenderly as one handles one's memories, or one's hopes, or one's old affections. He had not added to the library since he had spoken to Hieronymus and asked his advice on the choice of suitable subjects. He had no heart to go on with a hobby which seemed to have no comfort in it.

To-night he sat in his little sitting-room smoking his pipe. He looked at his books as usual, and then locked them up in his oak chest. He sat thinking of Joan and Hieronymus. There was no bitterness in David's heart; there was only sorrow. He shared with others a strong admiration for Hieronymus, an admiration which the historian never failed to win, though it was often quite unconsciously given, and always quite unconsciously received. So there was only sorrow in David's heart, and no bitterness.

The clock was striking seven of the evening, when some one knocked at the door, and Hieronymus came into the room. He was in a particularly genial mood, and puffed his pipe in great contentment. He settled down by the fireside as though he had been there all his life, and chatted away so cheerily that David forgot his own melancholy in his pleasure at having such a bright companion. A bottle of whisky was produced, and the cosiness was complete.

"Now for the books!" said Hieronymus. "I am quite anxious to see your collection. And look here: I have made a list of suitable books which any one would like to have. Now show me what you have already bought."

David's misery returned all in a rush, and he hesitated.

"I don't think I care about the books now," he said.

"What nonsense!" said Hieronymus. "You're not shy about showing them to me? I am sure you have bought some capital good ones."

"Oh, it wasn't that," David said, quietly, as he unlocked the oak chest, and took out the precious volumes, and laid them on the table. In spite of himself, however, some of the old eagerness came over him, and he stood by, waiting anxiously for the historian's approval. Hieronymus groaned over Mrs Hemans's poetry, and Locke's 'Human Understanding,' and Defoe's 'History of the Plague,' and Cowper, and Hannah More. He groaned inwardly, but outwardly he gave grunts of encouragement. He patted him on the shoulder when he found 'Selections from Browning,' and he almost caressed him, when he proudly produced, 'Silas Marner.'

Yes, David was proud of his treasures: each one of them represented to him a whole world of love and hope and consolation.

Hieronymus knew for whom the books were intended, and he was touched by the exciseman's quiet devotion and pride. He would not have hurt David's feelings on any account: he would have praised the books, however unsuitable they might have seemed to him.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you've done capitally by yourself. You've chosen some excellent books. Still, this list may help you to go on, and I should advise you to begin with Green's 'History of the English people.'"

David put the volumes back into the oak chest.

"I don't think I care about buying any more," he said, sadly. "It's no use."

"Why?" asked Hieronymus.

David looked at the historian's

frank face, and felt the same confidence in him which all felt. He looked, and knew that his man was loyal and good.

"Well, it's just this," David said, quite simply. "I've loved her ever since she was a baby-child. She was my own little sweetheart then. I took care of her when she was a wee thing, and I wanted to look after her when she was a grown woman. It has just been the hope of my life to make Joan my wife."

He paused a moment, and looked straight into the fire.

"I know she is different from others, and cleverer than any of us here, and all that. I know she is always longing to get away from Little Stretton. But I thought that perhaps we might be happy together, and that then she would not want to go. But I've never been quite sure. I've just watched and waited. I've loved her all her life. When she was a wee baby I carried her about, and knew how to stop her crying. She has always been kinder to me than to any one else. It was perhaps that which helped me to be patient. At least, I knew she did not care for any one else. It was just that she didn't seem to turn to any one."

He had moved away from Hieronymus, and stood knocking out the ashes from his pipe.

Hieronymus was silent.

"At least, I knew she did not care for any one else," continued David, "until you came. Now she cares for you."

Hieronymus looked up quickly.

"Surely, surely, you must be mistaken," he said.

David shook his head.

"No," he answered, "I'm not mistaken. And I'm not the only one who has noticed it. Since you've been here, my little Joan has gone further and further away from me."

"I am sorry," said Hieronymus. He had taken his tobacco-pouch from his pocket, and was slowly filling his pipe.

"I have never meant to work a harm to her or you, or any one," the historian said, sadly. "If I had thought I was going to bring trouble to any one here, I should not have stayed on. But I've been very happy amongst you all, and you've all been good to me; and as the days went on, I found myself becoming attached to this little village. The life was so simple and refreshing, and I was glad to have the rest and the change. Your little Joan and I have been much together, it is true. She has written to my dictation, and I found her so apt that, long after my hand became well again, I preferred to dictate rather than to write. Then we've walked together, and we've talked seriously and merrily, and sadly too. We've just been comrades: nothing more. She seemed to me a little discontented, and I tried to interest her in things I happen to know, and so take her out of herself. If I had had any idea that I was doing more than that, I should have left off at once. I hope you don't doubt me."

"I believe every word you say," David said, warmly.

"I am grateful for that," Hieronymus said, and the two men grasped hands.

"If there is anything I could do to repair my thoughtlessness," he said, "I will gladly do it. But it is difficult to know what to do and what to say. For perhaps, after all, you may be mistaken."

The exciseman shook his head.

"No," he said, "I am not mistaken. It has been getting worse ever since you came. There is

nothing to say about it; it can't be helped. It's just that sort of thing which sometimes happens: no one is to blame, but the mischief is done, all the same. I don't know why I've told you about it. Perhaps I meant to, perhaps I didn't. It seemed to come out naturally enough when we were talking of the books."

He was looking mournfully at the list which Hieronymus had drawn out for him.

"I don't see that it's any use to me," he said.

He was going to screw it up and throw it into the fire, but the historian prevented him.

"Keep it," he said, kindly. "You may yet want it. If I were you, I should go on collecting a library. I should go on patiently adding book after book, and with each book you buy, buy a little hope too. Who knows? Some day your little Joan may want you. But she will have to go out into the world first and fight her battles. She is one of those who *must* go out into the world, and buy her experiences for herself. Those who hinder her are only hurting her. Don't try to hinder her. Let her go. Some day when she is tired, she will be glad to lean on some one whom she can trust. But she must be tired first, and thus find out her necessity. And it is when we find out our necessity, that our heart cries aloud. Then it is that those who love us, will not fail us. They will be to us like the shadow of a great rock in a dry land."

David made no answer, but he smoothed out the crumpled piece of paper, and put it carefully into his pocket-book.

CHAPTER X.—HIERONYMUS SPEAKS.

Hieronymus was unhappy: the exciseman might or might not be mistaken, but the fact remained that some mischief had been done, inasmuch as David Ellis's feelings were wounded. Hieronymus felt that the best thing for him to do was to go, though he quite determined to wait until he saw the hill-ponies gathered together. There was no reason why he should hasten away as though he were ashamed of himself. He knew that not one word had been spoken to Joan, which he now wished to recall. His position was a delicate one. He thought seriously over the matter, and wondered how he might devise a means of telling her a little about his own life, and thus showing her, without seeming to show her, that his whole heart was filled with the memories of the past. He could not say to Joan: "My little Joan, my little secretary, they tell me that I have been making havoc of your heart. Now listen to me, child. If it is not true, then I am glad. And if it is true, I am sad: because I have been wounding you against my knowledge, and putting you through suffering which I might so easily have spared you. You will recover from the suffering; but alas! little Joan, that I should have been the one to wound you."

He could not say that to her, though he would have wished to speak some such words.

But the next morning after his conversation with David Ellis, he sat in the parlour of the Green Dragon, fondling the ever-faithful Gamboge. Joan Hammond looked up once or twice from her paper, wondering when the historian would begin work. He seemed to

be taking a long time this morning to rouse himself to activity.

"I shall take Gamboge with me when I go," he said at last. "I've bought her for half-a-crown. That is a paltry sum to give for such a precious creature."

"Are you thinking of going then?" asked Joan, fearfully.

"Yes," he answered, cheerily. "I must just wait to see those rascals, the hill-ponies, and then I must go back to the barbarous big world, into which you are so anxious to penetrate."

"Father has determined to sell Nance," she said, sadly, "so I can't saddle the white horse and be off."

"And you are sorry to lose your old friend?" he said, kindly.

"One has to give up everything," she answered.

"Not everything," Hieronymus said. "Not the nasty things, for instance—only the nice things!"

Joan laughed, and dipped her pen into the ink.

"The truth of it is, I'm not in the least inclined to work this morning," said Hieronymus.

Joan waited, the pen in her hand. He had said that so many times before, and yet he had always ended by doing some work after all.

"I believe that my stern task-mistress, my dear love who died so many years ago—I believe that even she would give me a holiday to-day," Hieronymus said. "And she always claimed so much work of me; she was never satisfied. I think she considered me to be a lazy fellow, who needed spurring on. She had great ambitions for me; she believed everything of me, and wished me to work out her ambitions, not for the sake of the fame and the name, but for the sake of the good it does us all to grapple with ourselves."

He had drawn from his pocket a small miniature of a sweet-looking woman. It was a spiritual face, with tender eyes: a face to linger in one's memory.

"When she first died," Hieronymus continued, as though to himself, "I could not have written a line without this dear face before me. It served to remind me that although I was unhappy and lonely, I must work if only to please her. That is what I had done when she was alive, and it seemed disloyal not to do so when she was dead. And it was the only comfort I had; but a strong comfort, filling full the heart. It is ten years now since she died; but I scarcely need the miniature, the dear face is always before me. Ten years ago, and I am still alive, and sometimes, often indeed, very happy. She would have wished me to be happy: she was always glad when I laughed cheerily, or made some fun out of nothing. 'What a stupid boy you are!' she would say. But she laughed all the same. We were very happy together, she and I: we had loved each other a long time, in spite of many difficulties and troubles. But the troubles had cleared, and we were just going to make our little home together, when she died."

There was no tremor in his voice as he spoke.

"We enjoyed everything," he went on; "every bit of fun, every bit of beauty,—the mere fact of living and loving, the mere fact of the world being beautiful, the mere fact of there being so much to do and to be and to strive after. I was not very ambitious for myself. At one time I *had* cared greatly; then the desire had left me. But when she first came into my life, she roused me from my lethargy: she loved me, and did not wish me to pause one moment in my life's work. The old ambitions had left

me, but for her sake I revived them: she was my dear good angel, but always, as I told her, a stern task-giver. Then when she was gone, and I had not her dear presence to help me, I just felt I could not go on writing any more. Then I remembered how ambitious she was for me, and so I did not wait one moment. I took up my work at once, and have tried to earn a name and a fame for her sake."

He paused, and stirred the fire uneasily.

"It was very difficult at first," he continued; "everything was difficult. And even now, after ten years, it is not always easy. And I cared so little. That was the hardest part of all: to learn to care again. But the years pass, and we live through a tempest of grief, and come out into a great calm. In the tempest we fancied we were alone; in the calm we know that we have not been alone: that the dear face has been looking at us lovingly, and the dear voice speaking to us through the worst hours of the storm, and the dear soul knitting itself closer and closer to our soul."

Joan bent over the paper.

"So the days have passed into weeks and months and years," he said, "and here am I, still looking for my dear love's blessing and approval; still looking to her for guidance, to her, and no one else. Others may be able to give their heart twice over, but I am not one of those. People talk of death effacing love! As though death and love could have any dealings the one with the other. They always were strangers; they always will be strangers. So year after year I mourn for her, in my own way, cheerily, happily, sorrowfully, and always tenderly; sometimes with laughter, and sometimes with tears. When I see all the beautiful green things of the world, and sing from very delight, I know she would be glad. When I make a good joke or turn a clever sentence, I know she would smile her praise. When I do my work well, I know she would be satisfied. And though I may fail in all I undertake, still there is the going on trying. Thus I am always a mourner, offering to her just that kind of remembrance which her dear beautiful soul would cherish most."

He was handling the little miniature.

"May I see the face?" Joan asked, very gently.

He put the miniature in her hands. She looked at it, and then returned it to him, almost reverently.

"And now, little secretary," he said, in his old cheery way, "I do believe I could do some work if I tried. It's only a question of will-power. Come, dip your pen in the ink, and write as quickly as you can."

He dictated for nearly an hour, and then Joan slipped off quickly home.

Up in her little bedroom it was all in vain that she chased the tears from her face. They came again, and they came again.

"He has seen that I love him," she sobbed. "And that was his dear kind way of telling me that I was a foolish little child. Of course I was a foolish little child, but I couldn't help it! Indeed I couldn't help it. And I must go on crying. No one need know."

So she went on crying, and no one knew.

CHAPTER XI.—HIERONYMUS GOES.

They were captured, those little wretches, the hill-ponies, having been chased down from all directions, and gathered together in the enclosure set apart for their imprisonment. There they were, cribbed, cabined, and confined, some of them distressed, and all of them highly indignant at the rough treatment which they had received. This gathering together of the wild ponies occurred two or three times in the year, when the owners assembled to identify their particular herd, and to re-impress their mark on the ponies which belonged to them. It was no easy matter to drive them down from the hills; though indeed they came down willingly enough at night to seek what they might devour. Then one might hear their little feet pattering quickly over the ground, helter-skelter! The villagers were well accustomed to the sound. "It's only the hill-ponies, the rascals!" they would say. But when they were wanted, they would not come. They led the beaters a rare dance over hill and dale; but it always ended in the same way. Then, after four or five years of life on the hills, their owners sold them, and that was the end of all their fun and all their shagginess too.

Hieronymus stood near the enclosure watching the proceedings with the greatest interest. The men were trying to divide the ponies into groups, according to the mark on their backs. But this was no easy matter either: the little creatures kicked and threw themselves about in every direction but the right one, and they were so strong that their struggles were generally successful. The sympathies of Hieronymus went with the rebels, and he was much distressed when he saw three men hanging on to the tail of one of the ponies, and trying to keep him back from another group.

"I say, you there!" he cried, waving his stick. "I can't stand that."

Mrs Benbow, who was standing near him, laughed, and called him to order.

"Now don't you be meddling with what you don't understand," she said. "You may know a good deal about books, but it's not much you'll know about hill-ponies."

"That's quite true," said Hieronymus, humbly.

"Come along with me now," commanded Mrs Benbow, "and help me buy a red pig!"

Nothing but a red pig would have made Hieronymus desert the hill-ponies. A red pig was of course irresistible to any one in his senses; and the historian followed contentedly after the landlady of the Green Dragon. She made her way amongst the crowds of people who had come to this great horse-fair, which was the most important one of the whole year. Hieronymus was much interested in every one and everything he saw: he looked at the horses, and sheep, and cows, and exchanged conversation with any one who would talk to him.

"There's a deal of money will change hands to-day," said a jolly old farmer to him. "But prices be dreadful low this year. Why, the pigs be going for a mere nothing."

"I'm going to buy a pig," Hieronymus said, proudly, "a red one."

"Ah," said the farmer, looking at him with a sort of indulgent dis-

dain, "'tis a breed as I care nothing about."

Then he turned to one of his colleagues, evidently considering Hieronymus rather a feeble sort of individual, with whom it was not profitable to talk.

The historian was depressed for the moment, but soon recovered his spirits when he saw the fascinating red pigs. And his pride and conceit knew no bounds when Mrs Benbow actually chose and bought the very animal which he had recommended to her notice. He saw David Ellis, and went to tell him about the pig. The exciseman laughed, and then looked sad again.

"My little Joan is very unhappy," he said, half in a whisper. "The old white horse is to be sold. Do you see her there yonder? How I wish I could buy the old mare, and give her to Joan!"

"That would be a very unwise thing for you to do," said Hieronymus.

"Yes," said David. "And do you know, I've been thinking of what you said about her going out into the world. And I found this advertisement. Shall I give it to her?"

Hieronymus looked at it.

"You're a dear fellow, David," he said, warmly. "Yes, give it to her. And I, too, have been thinking of what you said to me. I've told her a little of my story, and she knows now how my heart is altogether taken up with my past. So if I've done any harm to her and you, I have tried to set it right. And to-morrow I am going home. You will see me off at the station?"

"I'll be there," said the exciseman.

But there was no sign in his manner that he wished to be rid of Hieronymus. The historian, who all unconsciously won peoples' hearts, all unconsciously kept them too. Even Auntie Lloyd, to whom he had been presented, owned that he "had a way" about him. (But then he had asked after her sciatica!) He spoke a few words to Joan, who stood lingering near the old white mare. She had been a little shy of him since he had spoken so freely to her; and he had noticed this, and used all his geniality to set her at her ease again.

"This is my last afternoon," he said to her, "and I have crowned the achievements of my visit here by choosing a red pig. Now I'm going back to the big barbarous world to boast of my new acquirements—brewing beer, eating pastry, drinking beef-tea, cutting up the beans, making onion pickles, and other odd jobs assigned to me by Queen Elizabeth of the Green Dragon. Here she comes to fetch me, for we are going to drive the red pig home in the cart. Then I'm to have some tea with rum in it, and some of those horrible Shropshire crumpets. Then if I'm still alive after the crumpets and the rum, there will be a few more odd jobs for me to do, and then to-morrow I go. As for yourself, little secretary, you are going to put courage into your heart, and fight your battles well. Tell me?"

"Yes," she said; and she looked up brightly, though there were tears in her eyes.

"Do you know those words, '*Hitch your waggon to a star*'?" he said. "Emerson was right. The waggon spins along merrily then. And now good-bye, little secretary. You must come and see me off at the station to-morrow. I want all my friends around me."

So on the morrow they gathered round him, Mr Benbow, Mrs Benbow, two of the Malt-House Farm boys, the old woman who kept the

grocer's shop, and who had been doing a good trade in sweetmeats since Hieronymus came, the exciseman, and Joan Hammond, and old John of the wooden leg. They were all there, sorrowful to part with him, glad to have known him.

"If you would only stay," said Mrs Benbow; "there are so many other odd jobs for you to do!"

"No, I must go," said the historian. "There is an end to everything, excepting to your beef-tea! But I've been very happy."

His luggage had increased since he came to Little Stretton. He had arrived with a small portmanteau: he went away with the same portmanteau, an oak chair which Mr Benbow had given him, and a small hamper containing Gamboge.

"Take care how you carry that hamper," he said to the porter. "There is a dog inside undergoing a cat incarnation!"

To Joan he said: "Little secretary, answer the advertisement and go out into the world."

And she promised.

And to David he said: "When you've finished that book-list, write to me for another one."

And he promised.

Then the train moved off, and the dear kind face was out of sight.

. . . . . .

Mrs Benbow went home to do the scouring and cleaning.

David rode off to Ludlow and bought a book.

Joan sat in her room at the Malt-House Farm, and cried her heart out. Then she looked at the advertisement, and answered it.

"It was kind of David," she said.

. . . . . .

So David sent Joan out into the world.

. . . . . .

The weeks, the months, seem long without her. He buys his books, and with every new book he buys new comfort. He recalls the historian's words: "Some day, when she is tired, she will be glad to lean on some one whom she can trust."

So David waits.

BEATRICE HARRADEN.

THE STORY OF THE AMERICA CUP.

INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACING.

"WELL, if she be right then we are all wrong," said Lord Anglesey, shaking his head with an air of finality as he turned to stump up and down the deck of his great cutter-yacht, the Pearl, after a long look at the black snaky hull of the America, lying alongside in Cowes Roads. It was early in the August of 1851 that the doughty old veteran uttered his sententious dictum. The America was right; and we were all wrong. And that is how the chapter on modern yachting opens.

Up till that date yachting had been regarded as an exclusively English sport. Of foreign clubs we knew little; and, truth to tell, there was little to know. The Russian Tsar had established an Imperial Yacht Club at St Petersburg with a view to encouraging a taste for seamanship amongst his nobles; and a year later Commodore Bartlett was to be so good as to take his yacht, the Warhawk, over to Cronstadt, annex a valuable gold cup with her, and sell her at a big profit to Muscovite owners. Seven years earlier nine substantial citizens of the capital of the United States had founded the New York Yacht Club; but of its existence the Royal Yacht Squadron had either remained unconscious, or had considered it in the light of a piece of republican presumption not to be encouraged.

Nevertheless, one fine summer morning the schooner-yacht America anchored in British waters, and her owner, Commodore J. C. Stevens, professed himself ready and willing to sail any yacht afloat, on level terms, for any sum not exceeding £10,000. A bolt had fallen from the blue; for the America, when crossing the Channel, had encountered the Laverock, one of the largest and fastest of the English cutters, and the haphazard impromptu trial had been a warning to us that the challenge was something more than mere bluster. Excitement ran riot: meanwhile Mr Stevens had formulated his offer, and the R.Y.S. had put on its considering cap. Lord Fitz-Hardinge was exceedingly desirous that Mr Weld should lend his famous cutter, the Alarm, to the club to do battle for the honour of England. But Mr Weld, in the *argot* of our own day, "didn't quite see it." Then Mr G. R. Stephenson, son of the builder of the Rocket, our first locomotive, picked up the gauntlet on behalf of his 100-ton schooner Titania.

In the interim Mr Stevens had entered the America for a R.Y.S. £100 cup, especially thrown open to yachts of all nations, course round the Wight, no time allowance, the American commodore having refused to start for her Majesty's Cup for that year on account of the time allowance, though the Squadron were willing to have made an exception to their rule as to "members only" in his favour. This is a point which should be made particularly clear, because it is the subject of much misapprehension; and the general belief is that the America carried back across the Atlantic one of

the Queen's Cups. The Squadron's Queen's Cup was in 1851, as it always is, limited to vessels of the R.Y.S.; and that year further confined to cutters of under 100 tons. It was won by the Bacchante.

The interest felt in the coming race was indescribable. Men left their grouse unshot, their moors untrodden, and crowded to Cowes. Accommodation was as difficult to obtain, and as costly and unsatisfactory when obtained, at the little town on the banks of the Medina, as it was last August, when the broad folds of the black-and-yellow standard of Imperial Germany streamed out in the roadstead. Eighteen vessels entered against the stranger; fifteen—eight cutters and seven schooners—started. All the fastest fliers of the English fleet, with the exception, perhaps, of the Musquito, were engaged —the Volante, Mona, Arrow, Alarm, Bacchante, Aurora, and Gipsy amongst them. The cutters, of course, were smaller than the Yankee; but many of the schooners were bigger, notably the square-rigged Brilliant of 393 tons. The vessels were got away at ten o'clock on the morning of the 22d August, with the wind from the westward, and described as a "five-knot breeze." A drizzly rain proved totally insufficient to damp the ardour of the coast watchers all around the island. The race is soon described. The Yankee stole through the entire fleet like a witch. One by one she dropped them, the cutter Volante alone giving her any trouble. Reaching out to the back of the Wight, she simply squandered her foes. Off Shanklin, the ridiculous little jib-boom, which she had adopted since she entered our waters, "snapped off short like a carrot"; not that it was any loss to her. To be brief with the tale, at 8.35 she got her gun at the Castle, the length of the race being a proof of the lightness of the breeze during the greater part of the day. Coming up from Hurst Castle to the winning line had been a most tedious affair; but no sooner had the cannon sounded than the wind freshened, and the Aurora, which happened to be the next vessel, came home with a flowing sheet, and was clocked seventeen minutes after the America—that is to say, her luck brought her near enough to the stranger to have been only beaten by two minutes had they been racing on the time allowance scale then in vogue. The rest of the flotilla came in —sometime. So was the famous America Cup won. And it has yet to be brought back to Europe.

About a week later the formal duel came off between the America and the Titania. As a matter of fact two races were sailed, the prize for each bout being a £20 stake. The first turn was twenty miles to the south-east of the Nab light, with the wind "large"; and the second twenty miles home right in the teeth of a stiff breeze. On the outward journey Mr Stevens only beat his rival by 4 min. 12 sec.; but coming back it blew hard enough to put the Englishman under very snug canvas, whilst the American was always the drier ship and the better sea-boat, sailing points nearer the wind, making fewer tacks, and winning by 47 min. 12 sec. These were the only races the terrible schooner actually sailed; but she was frequently under way, and many an English vessel slily verified the truth of the double verdict.

A few words of description of this clipper may not be out of

place. "The America," writes an 1851 enthusiast, "has a low black hull, two noble sticks of extraordinary rake, without an extra rope, and is altogether the *beau ideal* of what one expects to read about in one of Fenimore Cooper's novels." Another adds, "When close to her you see that her bow is as sharp as a knife-blade, and is 'scooped away' as it were, until it begins to swell again, the sides springing out round as an apple till within a few feet of the mainmast, where she reaches her greatest beam." She was a schooner of 170 tons American, 208 English, built at New York by David Steers, a naturalised Englishman, born at Dartmouth in Devonshire, a true genius in the matter of naval architecture, celebrated for the amazing speed of his pilot schooners. Her extreme length, "over all" as it is called, was 100 feet; between her stem and sternpost, 94 feet. She drew ten feet of water forward, five feet aft. Her extreme beam was 23 feet. Her sails had in all probability as much to do with her superiority as her hull. They were matchlessly cut, and designed to lie flat as a board, being made of stout cotton instead of the heavy canvas used by the English vessels. She depended almost entirely on her lower sails. The America's mainsail was laced to the boom, an improvement the conservative feeling in this country generally adopted for racing vessels in the seventies! Her foresail only worked on a boom when running; her forestaysail also was occasionally fitted with a boom. Her maintopsail was a toy; she had no foretopmast. Her jib-boom was a decorative English afterthought. She was extremely handy, worked very lightly, with seven men and a boy for crew, it was stated, many less at any rate than an English vessel of her size would have needed. To sum up the work she did in a sentence—up to the date of her advent our yachting had been before all things under naval influence, and yachts were treated like frigates. All that the America utterly abolished.

Mr Stevens was everywhere feted and lionised. No courtesy was too great for him. His yacht, having accidentally or purposely been allowed to take the ground, with the result that some feet of her false keel were carried away, was despatched to Portsmouth Dockyard, entering at eight o'clock, and coming out fully repaired at twelve, the admiral-superintendent himself supervising everything that was done, and insisting that no charge should be made. This dry-docking had its effect. It silenced those who protested that the America must have been possessed of some secret and illegitimate propelling power below. The victorious schooner was commanded to Osborne Bay. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Prince of Wales in a white suit and sailor hat, and her husband, the Prince Consort, went aboard, spent three-quarters of an hour in admiring inspection, and left after bestowing generous largess on the crew. Two camps were formed: some of the English yachtsmen adopting the "I told you so" argument, and denouncing all that was English,—others indulging in great indignation, denying that the America was "a gentleman's yacht," she was only a racing machine; asserting that Mr Stevens did not cross in her, but came over by a steam-liner; vowing that the trials were no trials, and so on.

Commodore Stevens returned to New York with his cup, but without his ship, and was accorded a

triumphant reception. By deed of gift, dated 8th July 1857, the five original co-owners of the America presented the famous cup to the New York Yacht Club to be a perpetual international challenge trophy open to the world for all yachts from thirty to three hundred tons of the Customs measurement of the country in which they were built; it being clearly laid down that yacht clubs, not yacht owners, were to be the challengers, that a club was to be always the holder of the cup.

The wildest rumours were afloat as to what was going to become of the America; and it was asserted that the heir-apparent had acquired her for a fabulous sum. In September she did change hands, becoming the property of the Hon. John de Blaquière of the Indian army, subsequently Lord de Blaquière, at the very moderate figure of 4000 guineas. The America's new owner wintered in her in the Mediterranean that season, and found her a very comfortable if not very roomy cruiser. In the July of the following year he sailed her in the Royal Victoria Yacht Club's race for a Queen's Cup against eight Americanised English vessels, and two of our cutters beat her, the times of arrival being excitingly close, and thus: Arrow, 6 hours 58 minutes 42 seconds; Musquito, 6 hours 58 minutes 44 seconds; America, 7 hours 0 minutes 45 seconds. This must have been a fairly true trial, as a "five-knot westerly breeze" blew all day; but it must be remembered that the schooner had her old cotton sails of the previous season, and that they must have been considerably "bagged" by the winter's cruise. Lord de Blaquière was still so confident in his ship's speed that he challenged the world, America barred, to sail any vessel not bigger than the America against her, for anything from £500 to £1000. The cartel was accepted for the Sverige by a very fine sportsman, Mr Nicholas Beekman. The Sverige was a schooner of rather less than the America's tonnage, built at Stockholm in 1852, and distinctly on her rival's lines. Inside the Wight, October 9, 1852, the match was sailed; but the victory rested with the English lord. The America, the most famous yacht ever constructed, was subsequently resold across the herring-pond, and was good enough to beat the British Cambria in 1870, though finally she was turned to trading purposes. But she revolutionised English yachting; and no British racer launched since 1851 has been quite what she would have been had this wonderful little ship never crossed the Atlantic. So much for the America herself; and now for the history of the subsequent struggle for her cup. The immediate result of her visit to British waters was the lengthening by the bow, and Americanisation of everything afloat—a policy carried to the length of caricature, and bringing its own reaction. It is, however, satisfactory to chronicle that when in 1853 the American sloop Silvie came over to repeat the America's performance, she instantly found more than her match in the big British cutter Julia.

On the 11th December 1866, three American schooners, the Fleetwing, Vesta, and Henrietta, 203 tons, Mr J. Gordon Bennett, were started from Sandy Hook on an ocean match to Cowes for a sweep of £600 each, or £1800. The intrepid owners encountered violent weather mid-Atlantic, but

at 3.46 on Christmas afternoon the Henrietta anchored in Cowes Roads with not a yarn parted. At two o'clock the next day the Fleetwing arrived, and two hours later the Vesta; but the last-named had lost four hands in a heavy sea. Again there was great talk of redeeming British honour, and of races round the Azores. Nothing came of it; but Mr Gordon Bennett made the offer to the Duke of Edinburgh, as magnificent as it was impossible of acceptance, of his winning yacht, the Henrietta, just as she then lay in Cowes Roads.

In 1869 the Sappho, American schooner, 310 tons, owned by Captain Baldwin, sailed into the Solent, and challenged the world. The Cambria and Aline, schooners, and Oimara and Condor, cutters, accepted; and on the 25th of August a fine race between the four English vessels was sailed round the Wight for nominal stakes. The Cambria, a schooner of 180 tons, built by Ratsey in 1868 for Mr James Ashbury, a Manchester merchant, afterwards M.P. for Brighton, won; but the Sappho, which came to grief, lost her jib-boom off Ventnor, was fairly beaten, and came in more than an hour after the last of the English yachts, to all of which she was giving time, except, by special arrangement, to the Oimara. Mr Ashbury then threw down a very noisy challenge. He wanted the Americans to send a representative schooner across, and he would sail against her here and then race her across the Atlantic.

In the spring of 1870, after an intolerable epistolary wrangle, the Cambria and the Sappho met again for three races. The Sappho, now owned by Mr Douglass, was a very different ship. In the first of the matches, 60 miles dead to windward and back, the mark-boat failed to reach the appointed spot; but the Sappho obtained so obvious an advantage that the Cambria conceded the prize. The second trial, a trip from the Wight to Cherbourg, resulted in a squabble and a sail over for the Sappho. In the last trial, on a triangular course, the Sappho won anyhow.

After further acrimonious correspondence, the Atlantic challenge was accepted by the Dauntless, 280 tons schooner, Mr Gordon Bennett, and on the 4th July 1870, she and the Cambria were started from Queenstown. The yachts adopted different courses, and saw nothing of each other. The Dauntless, when a couple of days out, lost a man, and was two hours looking for him. On the 27th both vessels arrived at Sandy Hook, the Cambria at 3.30, taking the piece of plate of £250, the Dauntless at 4.47. August 9th, on the Long Island course, the Cambria made the first attempt to win back the America Cup. Fifteen schooners entered against her —Magic, Dauntless, Idler, America, Phantom, Madgie, Sylvia, and Cambria being the order of arrival; Magic, a 92-ton centre-board, being 27 min. 3 sec. ahead. A very curious feature in this race was the capital show made by the old America. Other contests followed, but the Cambria was generally unsuccessful.

Mr James Ashbury was hardly an ideal national champion; but amongst his many faults could not be numbered want of pluck nor enterprise. The Cambria beaten, he commissioned Ratsey to build him a bigger vessel, the Livonia, a schooner of 280 tons, a hybrid ship, half British, half American, in design, and with her he challenged again. The Livonia was

ready in the spring of the following year; but her English career did not prognosticate victory on the other side. Mr Ashbury crossed the Atlantic in the autumn, and challenged as the representative of twelve English clubs, claiming to take the Cup for any club under banner of which he might triumph, the New-Yorkers offering one race outright. But terms were arranged, the best out of seven, the Americans to nominate their ship on the morning of the race—an obvious advantage, as they might choose a speedy light-weather ship or a good sea-boat according to the day. To be brief, the matches began in New York Bay, October 16, 1871. The Livonia lost the first two to the schooner Columbine, but beat her in the third. The schooner Sappho then inflicted two defeats on the Britisher, and was followed in victory, in a private match, by the Dauntless. These matches settled the matter of the America Cup for many years; but in 1876 Major Charles Gifford, vice-commodore of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, built a 221-ton schooner in Canada, called her The Countess of Dufferin, and challenged for the Cup. Arrived in American waters, she was refitted, and apparently supplied with an American crew, skipper, and pilot. Little interest was taken in the race in England, The Countess was in every way so very American; but on the 11th and 12th of August of that year Commodore Dickerson's schooner, the Madeleine, had the satisfaction of sailing round the New York course a considerable distance in front of the rash stranger.

In 1884 a very different state of affairs obtained in English yachting. The type of the successful racer is always greatly determined by the rule of measurement in force. No absolutely satisfactory system can ever be devised for measuring yachts—though many hundreds of different methods have been suggested, and many scores tried, the object in view being always to encourage the safest, handiest, and speediest model. One vessel is built to carry enormous wings, and so obtain speed; another has a comparatively limited sail area, and depends for velocity on the small bulk of immersed body she has to drag through the water. These are only two examples out of many; but it will be seen at a glance that it would be difficult to bring two such vessels fairly together by measuring either the hulls or the sails. In 1884 the rule in general use for many years had been obtained by measuring only the length and breadth of the yachts. The length was taken on deck from stem-head to stern-post in feet, and the extreme breadth in the same manner; and to find a yacht's racing class—her tonnage, as it was then called, though the term ton had a purely arbitary value—her breadth was subtracted from her length, and the remainder was multiplied by the breadth multiplied by itself, the whole divided by 94, and the result expressed in tons This was the formula— $\frac{(l-b)\,b^2}{94}$ = yacht's tonnage.

It is obvious that the repeated use of the beam meant that a few inches of breadth increased a yacht's tonnage far more than many feet in length. Builders began to grasp this fact, and the result was the development of enormously long, narrow vessels. Depth, you will have remarked, was not penalised, consequently the yachts produced were very deep, and lacking what is called

the "natural stability" of beam, obtained an artificial stability from enormous lead keels carried at a great depth. When, by a Yacht Racing Association resolution—since in 1876 yachting had been placed under a national and central authority, just as horse-racing is controlled by the Jockey Club and Grand National Hunt—the length was taken on the water-line, the overhanging or clipper bow took the place of the upright stem. But that is a detail, and the excesses permitted under this beam and length measurement soon brought about its abolition. The point now is that, in 1884, the Genesta, a 90-ton cutter, was built by Messrs Henderson of Glasgow on the lines of Mr J. Beavor Webb, for the late Sir Richard Sutton, and proved the best vessel of her type and time afloat. In America the authorities penalised depth, with result, of course, that shallow craft obtained. Two little English cutters —the Madge, 10 tons, from the Clyde, and the Maggie, 15 tons, from old Dan Hatcher's yard —had been "sold across," and had beaten the Yankees of their class in nearly every encounter. The moment seemed opportune to attempt the Cup again. Sir Richard Sutton challenged with the Genesta. Terms were courteously arranged, and in the September of 1885 he arrived at New York. The New York Yacht Club had built a boat to defend the Cup, the Puritan, designed by Mr Burgess of Boston—a genius in naval architecture, who sprang up in the hour of his country's need. Three races were to be sailed, the winner of any two to take the Cup. The Genesta was 81 feet on the water-line, 15 feet beam, 11 feet 6 inches depth; the Puritan 80 feet on the water-line, 23 feet beam, 8 feet depth, and fitted with a centre-board. The first race was no trial; the winds were light and baffling, and the American won by sixteen minutes. The second was a fairer test; but again the Puritan sailed home first, though with only two minutes ten seconds in hand. With luck the result might have been different. England has never been so near the recovery of her Cup. Sir Richard did not return from America empty-handed. He won two challenge cups for his Club, the Royal Yacht Squadron—the Cape May Cup, beating the schooners Dauntless, Grayling, and Fortuna, the cutter Gracie and sloop Ellen, handsomely; and a few days later, on the 22d September, the big schooner Dauntless, by six hours, over a 360-mile course, for the Brenton Reef Cup. Both these trophies were open to challenge, and in the event of the original owner's death whilst in possession of them, or the sale of the vessel first winning them, returnable to the New York Yacht Club. In 1886 the Genesta's name appeared in the sale list, and that splendid yachtsman, Mr J. J. Jameson, challenged with the Irex for the Cape May Cup. The Irex was a very much faster and newer vessel than the Genesta, and easily secured the goblet. Both trophies have since lapsed to the Squadron.

When the Genesta's fate still hung in the balance, Lieutenant Henn, R.N., challenged with the Galatea, a sister ship to a great extent to the Genesta, but not quite so speedy. No very great interest was roused by this move; but in the autumn of 1886 the Galatea crossed the Atlantic and tried conclusions, and without success, with another of Burgess's vessels, the Mayflower, built expressly to defend the honour of his country.

These repeated defeats set the yachtsmen of the North ablaze. A syndicate of Clydesmen was formed, millionaires all of them; and Mr G. L. Watson, a young and brilliantly successful naval architect, was commissioned to build, regardless of cost, regardless of type, something to bring home the America Cup. As in the case of the Livonia, a compromise between the English and American types was thought expedient, and a big and very handsome cutter called the Thistle was sent across the ocean to bring back the lost Cup in the Year of Jubilee. Again Mr Burgess sprang to the rescue, and, to the order of the New York Yacht Club, built a bigger vessel, the Volunteer. Expectation stood tiptoe on the banks of the Clyde, and all England waited to congratulate the enterprising and patriotic Scotsmen. The best idea of the size of the two great cutters is given by the American official measurements. The Volunteer sailed as 89·35 feet, the Thistle as 89·30 feet. History repeats herself. In the light fluky September winds, which are the curse of New York yachting, and make us wonder the citizens of the Empire City take so keen an interest in a sport they are forced to pursue under such unsatisfactory conditions, the Thistle, indifferently sailed in unfamiliar waters, in which local experience goes for more than speed, was beaten by 17 min. 36 sec. in a match which was no fair trial. The second contest was far more satisfactory; but the Thistle, alas! in a stronger breeze and under more equal conditions, lost by 11 min. 49 sec. corrected time. Such is the history of the America Cup up to date.

Once more English yachting has been revolutionised. The measurement to which we have referred produced a class of vessel known as the "plank on edge" — long, "narrow-gutted," to use an expressive sailor's phrase — deep, enormously sparred and sailed, loaded with lead, safe, but uncomfortable, and cruelly expensive. A ten-tonner, almost the size of a former forty, of ridiculous dimensions was designed, called the Evolution. That was the *reductio ad absurdum*. The Y.R.A. met, and after protracted discussion, the size, formerly called tonnage, now described as rating, was determined by taking entirely different factors. The length in feet, taken on the water-line, was multiplied by the sail area in square feet, and the whole divided by 6000, the result being expressed as rating thus: $\frac{a \times l}{6000} =$ yacht's rating. This rule was put tentatively in force for seven years, expiring in 1893. The Y.R.A., however, determined to make no change this year.

But other motives were at work. Yachting at the period at which we opened our article was the most aristocratic sport in the world. It was suggested at one time that when the ships of the R.Y.S., which is still the most exclusive club in existence, manœuvred in squadron the arms of their owners should be blazoned on their topsails. Charmingly Venetian or Invincible-Armada-like such a practice would have been, but we merely mention it to underline our point. Of later years yachting has also become the most democratic sport. Men got tired of going round the coast in great sailing-vessels palatially fitted, but always uncomfortable, because encumbered with racing gear. They bought themselves steamers, voyaged on an even keel, and built

smaller craft, aboard which they did not live, expressly for racing purposes. At the same time, in every bay, estuary, or sheltered piece of water in the kingdom, clubs had sprung up to encourage local small-yacht racing. The middle classes took passionately to the sport; 5, 3, 2, 1, and ½ raters swarmed everywhere. At the end of 1891 it seemed almost as if the racing of big vessels would become a thing of the past. Only Mr Jameson's great cutter Iverna, sole representative of a once mighty fleet, appeared ready to hoist her flag in 1892, and the sporting forty-raters seemed likely to become actually the first class. For many reasons it might have been better had it been so. But the unexpected happened. The German Kaiser, a lover of the sea, suddenly reconciled to his English relatives, sought an excuse for frequent summer visits to pleasant Osborne, and a means of earning popularity from the British public. He bought the Thistle, cut her spars down to reduce her sail area, and called her the Meteor. All last season she and the Iverna sailed a series of ding-dong duels along the coast. Such an example was sure to be followed.

At the end of last season Lord Dunraven, who previously owned a beautiful cutter called the Valkyrie, queen of British waters three or four summers ago, gave Mr G. L. Watson the commission to design another vessel of the same class and name to bear his flag. Hard on this followed the resolve of the Prince of Wales, who had already owned the Hildegarde and Aline schooners, and Formosa, 100-ton racing cutter, himself to take the seas against his imperial nephew, and consequent commands to the same fortunate designer for the Britannia. The infection spread. A syndicate of Glaswegian yachtsmen, anxious to see what Mr William Fife the younger could do with a big ship against his celebrated rival, gave him instructions for a third first-class cutter; and so this spring saw a trio of magnificent new vessels launched on the Clyde—the Britannia, 151 rating; the Valkyrie, 148 rating; and the Calluna, 140 rating. Nor did matters end here. Mr A. D. Clarke, owner of the famous light-weather forty, Reverie, caused the still bigger Satanita, 162 rating, to be constructed in the Solent, to defend the honours of the South. Meanwhile Mr Jameson once more fitted out the Iverna, 114 rating, to do battle against the latest achievements in naval architecture. Thus may it very fairly be averred that the first class in British yacht-racing was saved by the initiative and energy of the German Emperor, a deed for which a nation of sailors should hold the Imperial Teuton in high gratitude.

The new boats once more make a new departure, and once again they are found approximating the fashionable models on the other side of the Atlantic. As is perhaps natural, they all more or less resemble the Queen Mab, the crack centre-board forty of last year, now owned in America — the vessel which placed her name triumphantly at the head of the winning list with prizes amounting to £1130, showed herself unrivalled in her class, and too fast in a true wind for either of the big vessels to give her her time. This year's ships are all very much cut away at the forefoot — the slaver bow superseding the clipper or schooner bow, even as that superseded the straight stem. Indeed they assume at first sight much the appearance

of great gigs, with a weight in their stern-sheets lifting their bows out of water. They have plenty of beam, but are shallow, which rather militates against accommodation, and certainly against head-room, and are fitted with deep and heavy fixed keels—in some cases of the "fin" type—or centre-board; and their midship sections are shaped much like a champagne-glass, the end of the stem being broken off and loaded with lead. That they are extremely speedy there is no possible question—all of them being apparently able to give the Iverna, the fastest of the older cutters, a fifteen to twenty minutes' fair beating on a fifty-mile course. Judging from the performance at the Thames, East Coast, and Clyde Regattas, Britannia and Valkyrie have slightly the heels of Calluna; whilst the Satanita was late in joining the racing fleet, and may not be quite in trim, which, when vessels are so closely matched, means everything. The Prince's vessel reaches fastest, but Lord Dunraven's cutter is said to be some twenty seconds quicker in going about.

Meanwhile Mr Royal Phelps Carroll, an American yachtsman, has crossed the Atlantic, and arrived at Cowes, in the Navahoe, an 87-foot centre-board cutter, and challenges for all the trophies open to him—the Royal Victoria Gold Cup, £500; the German Emperor's Meteor Shield; the West Challenge Cup, £250; and the Cape May and Brenton Reef Cups. The German Emperor—the elections having gone in his favour and the Army Bill being presumably safe—has again sent the Meteor to the Wight, and will probably sail in her himself when she fights once more for her Majesty's Cup, this time against such formidable foes as Britannia and Valkyrie. In a word, the record of 1893 promises to be the most brilliant since 1870, the golden year of yachting.

After the Thistle-Volunteer races the conditions under which challenges could be made for the America Cup were subjected to such alterations as rendered all fresh contests highly improbable. Negotiations, however, have resulted in some modifications of these new restrictions: that fine sportsman Lord Dunraven has once more challenged for the America Cup with the new Valkyrie; and five races will take place on the other side in October for its possession. Prophecy is idle. A new British type will meet a new American type; and though Mr G. L. Watson has once more had the honour of designing our champion, Mr Burgess of Boston is dead, and those marvellous designers, the Herreshoffs, stand forth in his stead to furnish the defending yacht. Intense interest will follow the Valkyrie across the ocean, and throughout her several contests; and Lord Dunraven sails not only with the fervent good wishes of all British yachtsmen, but under auspices at least as roseate as any of his predecessors in this long international struggle.

R. Jope-Slade.

RUSSIAN PROGRESS IN MANCHURIA.

So far as it has yet gone, the advance of the Russian dominion in Asia may be considered to have been, on the whole, beneficent. The blots and blemishes of her civilisation, the clumsiness of her administration, and the backwardness of her people, as compared with some other Western races, have not hindered Russia from accomplishing a real civilising mission among populations less organised than her own. It may indeed be a question whether there be not some practical advantage even in her relative deficiencies, for a more superfine race could scarcely have done for the tribes of the East what Russia has done for them; and that for two reasons, among many others: first, those races which enjoy popular forms of government and the right of free discussion might have been too much hampered in their action by casuistic and economic questionings, to fall in heartily with the elementary modes of procedure which are congenial to more simply organised states; and secondly, the most cultured types of humanity seem to have lost the power of collateral or level sympathy with other races, and with it the faculty of ethnic assimilation, which so particularly distinguishes the Russian people and government. But whatever be the explanation—and we may be sure it does not lie quite "in a nut-shell"—the leading facts are obvious enough. Through the aggressions of Russia all Asia has been opened up to science, to commerce, and to travel. Whoever has money in his purse to buy a railway ticket, and leisure and taste for the journey, may now visit the ancient capital of Timur, or the erstwhile dangerous territory of Bokhara. And wherever the Russian eagle has spread its wings, there are at least roads in which the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err, and furnished, however roughly, with such primary needs of locomotion as post-horses, rest-houses, and even food of a primitive kind. More than that, how many tribes of hereditary brigands have been tamed and disciplined to productive industry by the advanced guards of Russia; how much waste land has been made fruitful by their labour; how extensively has peaceful trade taken the place of bloody raids! Of course no one who addresses himself to the task of dissecting the transactions of Russia need ever be at a loss for subjects of animadversion, for her faults lie open to the light of day. To cite an instance, the misery and confusion attending the resettlement of Turkestan may be fairly set off against the successes of Russia when dealing with the lands and usages of pure nomads. Yet it seems juster on the whole, as it certainly is more useful and edifying, to value a nation, like an individual, by what it is, rather than by what it has failed to be; by its positive achievements rather than by its shortcomings; and to give credit for the ground actually gained without dwelling unduly on either the cost or the odium of gaining it. Were it possible, therefore, to eliminate from the relation of Russia to her various conquests in Asia the interests of third parties, the verdict of the civilised world might well be a general approval of the progress made, though with many reserves

as to particular steps in the process. It would surely be unpractical to apply to Russia any stricter ethical measure than has usually been applied to other conquering nations—as to the Hebrews under Joshua, the Romans under Cæsar, and the Spaniards, English, French, and now the Germans also, under their various dynasties and their successive generations of leaders.

Nor can it be fairly urged that Russian military methods suffer much by comparison with others; for, though utterly ruthless when occasion requires, the Russian leaders are so accustomed to use policy in their operations, that considering their immense extent, their conquests have been achieved with a remarkable economy of human life.

It is as vain to cavil at the observed laws of national aggrandisement as at the other so-called laws of nature. And so far as man's experience goes, or his capacity to gauge the past or forecast the future of the political world in which we live, the principle of the survival of the fittest, or as it ought rather to read, the strongest, may for the ordinary purposes of useful thought be held as eternal.

The title of Russia to the lands she occupies is at least as good fundamentally, tried by whatever criterion we please, as that of the races she has dispossessed. For Nature knows nothing of an entailed-estate law for the protection of indolent nations, every occupied territory being held on a strictly provisional title, like a "challenge cup," valid only so long as the owner is able to defend the possession against all comers. Under no other condition is national progress, according to our present ideas, conceivable; even stagnation not being possible to those who are not prepared to hold their own by force of some kind, inherent or borrowed. The only alternative is decay.

Adequate recognition of these elementary conditions of national life might save us from some worse than barren forms of international recrimination, based either on appeals to sentiments which are not felt, or to rules of conduct without authority to sanction or tribunal to apply them,—a pharisaical kind of criticism which would lay moral burdens on other men's consciences which neither we nor our fathers should have been able to bear.

What applies generally to Russia's conquests in Asia applies particularly to her occupation of Manchuria, for she has done and is doing there exactly what she has done and is doing elsewhere. In a word, she is transforming the country.

The region appropriated by Russia in 1858-60 had in ancient times been the home of a civilised people, perhaps the ancestors of the modern Koreans, who, like all vigorous races, moved as opportunity served, towards the South and the sea. Even now in the depopulated valleys evidences of early cultivation are plainly to be traced under the forest and grass jungle which cover the ground. For ages the valleys of the Sungari, the Amur, and Usuri were the theatre of struggles between rival tribes, out of which, by the prolonged action of natural selection in its most direct and naked form, eventually emerged the people known to us as Manchus, who crowned their militant ambition by subjugating the great empire of China, as certain ancestors of theirs had partially done five centuries before. This gigantic success, however, was not entirely favourable to the fortunes of the parent country. Being insignificant in point of numbers, the people to a

great extent lost themselves in their new possession. In their descent upon China the Manchu chiefs drew after them a large part of their fellow-tribesmen with their families, partly to consummate the conquest and establish garrisons throughout China, and partly that they might enjoy the unaccustomed luxuries which their rich prize afforded. The wholesale migration of populations seems indeed to be one of the recognised principles of Manchu statecraft, and it therefore came natural to the emperors of the new line to surround themselves with their own people, as they have in fact done during their two hundred and fifty years' residence in Peking.

But this draining off of the population of Manchuria, though partly balanced by an inrush of Chinese —which was, however, for state reasons discouraged, and even interdicted—left the more northerly portion of the territory denuded of the flower of its inhabitants. The inevitable result was relapse towards barbarism — a relapse which had evidently been progressive during the two centuries of the Manchu occupation of China.

Thus it came about that at the time of the appropriation no region was more dreary or more desolate than the provinces of which the Russians assumed possession. Such population as remained was an armed and a predatory population, which had lost the arts of peace, if it ever possessed them. Commerce there was of course practically none, and travelling was a march through an enemy's country, with the added danger from wild beasts. The coast and river population, scattered and barbarous, gained a precarious livelihood by fishing, hunting, cutting sea-weed, and the like. The country was, of course, without revenue, and consequently without government, with all the characteristics of the neglected estate of an absentee owner, maintained by doles, more and more grudgingly granted, and more and more fraudulently applied; a deteriorating property on which there was no inducement to lay out money. The Black Dragon river, as they called the Amur, presented to the imagination of the Chinese a picture of everything direful, a kind of Tartarus to which criminals of all grades were consigned, as to the *ne plus ultra* of penal settlements, such as Sakhalin is now to the Russians. To be an official in such a region was only a few degrees more tolerable than being an exile, who, if rich, could always find mitigations. As life had no attractions, being made up of poverty, pain, and discomfort, it was the residuum of the officialdom of China which formed the administration of these provinces, illiterate Manchus inured to the rigours of a sub-arctic climate, who did not miss, because they never knew, the refinements of life within the Chinese Wall. The Chinese principle of making government pay for itself, modified by the Manchu system of imperial subsidies to retainers, naturally led to the decadence of administration, to the continuous weakening of social discipline, and the fostering of the lawless element, until in the end, if the Government agents could maintain themselves on anything like even terms with the robbers, they considered themselves both fortunate and meritorious.

Such is the state of things actually prevailing to-day in many parts of Manchuria which still belong to China, and even in the more settled districts which are nearest to the seat of Government—where officials wield little authority over, and enjoy but scant respect from, the self-reliant and hardy population.

In the estimation, therefore, of a Chinese official, still more of an uncultured Manchu, to whom national policy had not attained the consistence even of a dream, the whole region was about as worthless as the Arctic Ocean; and when they resigned, not to Russia — for their minds could hardly rise to such a conception— but to certain headstrong individuals, who, in default of a better name, were called Russians, this roadless, lawless, profitless, and detestable country, it is almost permissible to imagine these Dogberrys indulging in an imbecile chuckle at being so well rid of a plague of an inheritance. They probably failed even to realise the difference the nominal transfer would make in their own perquisites in the form of tribute exacted from the hunters of wolves and sables. As for the nebulous Government at Peking, the territory was attached to it by a tie which was little more than sentimental, and which was gradually becoming looser.

Most certain it is that so long as the country remained part of the Chinese empire it would have continued to be a howling wilderness, peopled with wolves, bears, tigers, and cut-throats, the most savage of all.

The face of the country is mountainous and densely wooded —sure sign of a sparse population, for the demand for fuel, even in the southern zones, has stripped the hills of China bare, almost to the roots of the grass. The soil is rich, and is noted for the luxuriance of its grasses, and especially for the glorious display of wild flowers which brighten the whole north-eastern quarter of Asia, even to the heart of the older Siberia. The woods are heavily stocked with game, furred and feathered; the rivers and bays are full of fish. A Canadian winter and summer sufficiently describes the climate, though to the permanent credit of the Asiatic continent must always be borne in mind the prevalence of blue sky throughout the year.

The coast of Primorsk is so indented with harbours, that many years elapsed before the responsible Russian authorities could collect sufficient information on which to make choice of their principal seaports, and one place after another was tried before Vladivostock was finally declared to be the war-port and commercial *entrepôt* of the future. The development of the station was greatly retarded by the *embarras de choix*, as well as by the usual slow action of the imperial bureaux; for though the port be now actually more than twenty years old, it is scarcely ten since it was adopted for good as the headquarters of the new navy, and the domicile of the Asiatic garrison, superseding the older station of Nikolaefsk; indeed it was only in 1890 that Vladivostock was finally constituted by imperial ukase a fortress of the first class, taking equal rank with Sebastopol and Kronstadt.

But if the secrets of the coast were so slowly unfolded, still slower was the discovery of the character of the interior of the country, where explorations were carried on under even greater difficulties. Which things being well weighed, it is impossible not to commend the very considerable progress made in the thirty years of occupation, the more so as what has been done forms a solid basis for much more rapid development of the resources of the country during the next thirty years.

The first task which confronted the new masters of Manchuria was that which meets the French in

Tongking, and the British in Burmah—the subjugating and getting on terms with the natives. For such rough work the Cossacks are admirably adapted; but with all their mobility and their independence of appliances, the pacifying process has been arduous and tedious, and is far from being yet completed. The bold outlaws of the Chinese *régime*, habituated to the freebooter's life, fiercely resented the rule of the Cossack. Being native denizens of the wood, they were of course difficult to get at; and only by unremitting activity, accompanied, it must be owned, with some measure of severity, were the troops able to hunt down these roving bands. The difficulty of personal identification which all nations experience who have to deal with bodies of Chinese, stood a good deal in the way of the Russians. To a stranger the Chinese seem to have the same names and the same faces; and the ease with which John Chinaman assumes a character is a fact of common notoriety. As on the southern coast to this day the professions of fisherman and pirate are easily interchangeable, so in the Russian territory it is often impossible to distinguish the peaceful husbandman from the truculent highwayman. The Russian officers evade the difficulty by availing themselves of the Chinese system of communal responsibility; and instead of wasting time in a vain search for a criminal, they hold the nearest village answerable. Failing their producing the criminal, all the hamlets in a valley are sometimes burned down and their occupants driven away. These drastic measures seem to be attended with satisfactory results, for your Chinaman has the sense to know when he meets his master.

Yet the life of the bandit has its fascinations even for those who have no youthful associations with the greenwood; and an instance of such relapse will serve to illustrate the state of the new province during the debatable period.

Some twenty years ago the Chinese servant of a foreign settler put off civilisation and turned pirate, and with a hundred daring comrades occupied the mountainous, wooded, and auriferous island of Askold, which stands sentinel over the sea-approach, about twenty miles distant from Vladivostock. The band defied a Russian war-vessel, from which a boat's crew were landed to arrest the leader, who called on his men with the confidence of a Roderick Dhu. The hundred sprang from the bush, and after a struggle in which their leader was wounded and left for dead, drove the sailors back to their boat. The captain proceeded to cruise round the island, destroying every floating thing whereby the desperadoes might escape, and then sent for reinforcements. These having to come from Passiette—there being no garrison as yet at Vladivostock—and by sailing-ship, were two weeks on the way. During that interval, and notwithstanding the vigilant patrol kept up, the Chinese managed to cut trees and construct rafts, on which they all escaped to the mainland before the Russian force arrived. They straightway marched inland, murdering, as was their wont, all the Russians encountered on the way. Before the Cossacks could get after them the outlaws had spread terror everywhere; the residents of Vladivostock were panic-stricken, and the women and children placed for safety on board ship. The Chinese band, avoiding the small garrison-town of Nikolsk on the way to Lake Hanka, made for the Chinese frontier, but were overtaken before they could all cross the line, and

half of their number were killed. Such scenes of course can hardly occur now; but piracies and robberies are still not infrequent even in the near neighbourhood of the Russian headquarters, where no man ventures abroad unarmed. In the interior, and away from the trunk-roads, where the authority of Government is little felt, the hunters of deer-horns and gatherers of ginseng are able to vary their toils by occasional murderous recreation, with small risk of being overtaken by the death penalty.

Another source of danger to life has within the last few years disturbed the peaceful population of Vladivostock. The Russian convicts, who have been sent in such great numbers to Sakhalin, have been for two years or more drafted to Vladivostock for labour on the railway. Frequent escapes occurred, with the invariable sequel of murder with robbery—murder appearing in all cases to have been the primary motive. For a long time it was unsafe to drive or walk a couple of miles beyond the limits of the port. In 1891 the town was kept in a state of terror by three escaped convicts who had murdered fifteen people, and no remedy seemed to be discoverable. At last the criminals made the fortunate mistake of killing a citizen of "the most favoured nation," who was taking an afternoon walk on the high-road near the town. The murder of this Frenchman saved the lives of many Russians, for the noise of it roused the bureaux of St Petersburg, and a new energy was promptly infused into the local executive, which led to the capture and hanging of the three murderers. Reluctance in putting criminals to death by legal process is curiously characteristic of the Russian as of the Chinese administrations, and death by hanging is deemed especially degrading.

That first essential to efficient government—the construction of roads — received early attention from the Government, and the great highways which connect the Pacific coast with European Russia are kept up in as good condition as local circumstances allow. There are seasons, however, when at certain places the roads, not having been levelled, are impassable, as they are subject to inundations in the valleys which sometimes interrupt traffic for weeks together.

The coast and river highways are very well utilised. The main artery—the Amur—has been a busy trade-route ever since it became Russian; and barges towed by steamers maintain communications throughout the whole length of the Amur, and for a long distance up its principal affluents. The Usuri, though shallow, is also put to some use as a link in the long chain of communication between Vladivostock and the West. A considerable inter-port trade is carried on by steamers on the coast: regular lines trade between Vladivostock and Nikolaefsk, calling at various ports on the west coast of Sakhalin and on the mainland, and occupying eighteen days on the round. Local steamers also do well on shorter distances, as between Vladivostock and Passiette. Government subsidises a couple of steamers to trade with the China ports, calling at two ports in Korea; but they carry little. The object of this as of all Russian steamer subsidies is to provide naval auxiliaries, and to train men and officers for service in case of need. The only regular mail and passenger communication is kept up by the Japanese line, which makes the voyage to and from Japan and China twice a-month. The steamers are first-

class, well appointed, and well navigated, and are very popular with travellers.

The main lines of road naturally determine the direction of cultivation, which is still, of course, in a quite rudimentary stage. The only region in the maritime province in which any important agriculture is carried on is that which was also the most productive in the Chinese time—the valleys between Lake Hanka and the sea, whose centre is the flourishing township of Nikolsk, about fifty miles from Vladivostock, on the great trunk-road. Wheat and oats are raised in the district, and the production of these cereals is confidently expected soon to render Vladivostock independent of imported supplies.

The timber, as was inevitable, has been grievously misused. In the beginning volunteers used to cut and ship cargoes from different parts of the sea-coast over which there was no supervision, and the reckless destruction of trees by early settlers has helped to strip the coast-line and the whole vicinage of Vladivostock of all the good timber. The Chinese would cut down fine oak-trees merely for the fungi or "wood-ears" which grow on their trunks and boughs. When the demand set in strong a few years ago for timber for Government work and ordinary building purposes, it was found cheaper and easier to import lumber from the United States, than to fell, and without roads to transport, the home growth. The extension of roads and the forest regulations now enforced will in due time change all that, and then there will be found a vast reserve of available wealth waiting to be turned to account.

The country, as has been said, is full of game of every description, and this has also a distinct economic value. A principal item in the export trade, which is, it must be admitted, still very small, is the skins of wild animals. Their flesh also forms a valuable contribution to the food-supply when other meat is scarce. That handsome member of the deer family, *Cervus manchuricus*, abounds everywhere, even on the islands; and as the Russians have strong sporting proclivities, they bring to market great quantities of excellent venison. To the soldiers it is a real source of wealth, as by clubbing together and supplying their sporting messmates with ammunition, they obtain abundance of nutritious food for almost nothing. During winter the hardy shikaris make long excursions into the woods, burying the game as they kill it in the snow, and marking the spots by "blazing" the trees. In this way they are able to send out pack-horses to the number required to bring home the "bag."

The Chinese are also eager sportsmen in their way—their chief quarry, however, being the stags in the early summer, when their antlers are budding and vascular. The deer-horn is valued in China for its real or fancied medicinal properties inversely as its age—the young growth, taken about the month of June, realising almost fabulous prices in the market.

Wild-fowl are also exceedingly abundant, and of the best kind for the table. Many stories are current of the miraculous hauls that have been made. In the tundras of the Amur valley the residents of Nikolaefsk used to catch the young wild geese in countless hundreds, feed them till early winter, then kill and pack them frozen for winter stock: a delicious food, they say, and economically obtained.

Of sport in the nobler acceptation the Manchurian tiger furnishes incomparable material. Large in size, and bearing a long, thick, and

brilliantly striped coat, as befits the climate, he is admittedly the finest of his species. The pioneers on the coast were much disturbed by the daring enterprise of this beast in capturing horses and cattle picketed round solitary log-houses. The hunting of the tiger in Manchuria is of course managed on wholly different conditions from that of his cousin in India. The circumstances of a sparse population and a sub-arctic climate necessitate novel tactics, which experience has already developed to some degree of perfection. Single men are able to make "bags" which could not be thought of in Bengal. Only an expert would venture to describe the *modus operandi;* but this much may be said, that a sportsman who has a mind to pursue this royal game under the guidance of local experience, may safely reckon on manly and exhilarating sport. But, for the thorough enjoyment of this and other kinds of shooting in those regions, it is before all things necessary that a man be able to rough it, not merely to the extent of giving up his morning tub and the 'Times,' but that he can sustain health in any weather under a bark-hut, which the Russian sportsman is very handy at erecting at every halt. And as for food, if he can live on twopence a-day he may be quite sure of earning it.

Leopards, wolves, bears, and many other mammals; pheasants, woodcock, black-game, and other species of birds,—afford continuous interest to the sportsman; while the trapping of sables and small vermin amuses the hunters of skins.

But this picturesque phase of North Manchurian life is in its nature evanescent, and perhaps before very long will become mere history. The natural spread of civilisation must in the end prove fatal to wild life; and the unrestricted slaughter of animals, even in an unsettled country, can only end in exterminating them. The deer are protected by a close time for does, but it is exceedingly difficult to enforce such a regulation.

It were long to tell of the fishing amenities of a coast whose smaller bays have been described by eyewitnesses as at particular times literally choked up with salmon, and whose rivers are alive with trout of many species. The whaling and sealing, happily, do not strictly belong to the Manchurian coast; and it is not, therefore, obligatory to treat on that exciting subject.

A most interesting feature in connection with the new Russian organisation is, of course, the manner in which the Government deals with the various races of people who belong or are attracted to the region. The natural desire of the Government was, of course, to colonise the territory with Russian families; and strong efforts have been made during the last few years to promote that object. The Government provides a free passage by sea from Odessa, by steamers of the Volunteer fleet, for 250 families every year. To avoid carrying paupers, a pecuniary test is applied to candidates for transport. Each family of four must prove its solvency by depositing with Government at Odessa the sum of 900 roubles. This sum is refunded on their arrival at Vladivostock, and constitutes the capital on which they are to commence farming. The allotments of land are made in advance, one of the party preceding the rest, to make the selection, thus saving the loss of time which might prove disastrous to people working on such slender means. Yet in practice the poor immi-

grants suffer vexatious delay, owing to the slow and obstructive bureaucratic system of Russia, and two or three weeks are often wasted in hanging about the Government offices, waiting for papers. In addition to these Government emigrants a good many of a better class find their way to Vladivostock on their own charges, a movement which has been greatly stimulated by the famine of last year. Many well-to-do families escaped from the famine districts merely to save the remnant of their substance from being eaten up by their starving neighbours.

But long before Government had matured its plans for the improvement of the province, the officials on the spot were obliged to deal with those of the Eastern races who were pressing to occupy the vacant spaces, and ready to perform the very services that the Government required, without waiting for the slow infiltration of immigrants from Europe by long sea-routes. The exigencies of the situation, and the inchoate state of the Government policy, led to some unlooked-for results.

Taking the Southern Usuri country, as the portion of the new provinces which is the best known and the most important, there was, at the period of the Russian occupation, a settled population of some 1500 Chinese distributed over half-a-dozen stations. Besides these, there was a fluctuating population of Chinese and Manchus who frequented the district at certain seasons in quest of ginseng, deer-horns, skins, and other produce. As soon, however, as the Russians began to establish settlements and to give some assurance of orderly government, the number of Chinese agriculturists increased, until in 1872-75, say ten years after the Russian occupation, they were estimated at 18,000. During the same period, famine in Korea drove thousands of families from that country into the Russian territory, where they were welcomed by the authorities and generously entertained. The Koreans settled down amicably with the Chinese farmers. Land being then a drug in the market and men scarce, the local authorities offered every possible inducement to immigrants from no matter where. They were allowed to take up as much land as they pleased, and in any locality, without money and without price, either for purchase, rent, or taxes. Nor were any restrictions imposed on them as to their treatment of the land, or of anything that lived or grew upon it. Complete liberty was given them to hunt and shoot, to collect furs, and do whatever they liked; and their customs, religious and other, were unreservedly tolerated.

As might have been expected, such unlimited licence brought evils in its train. The Chinese who flocked in were not of the most respectable class, and they soon took advantage of their freedom to form marauding bands on the established Manchurian model. These robbers increased to such an extent that the feeble forces then at the disposal of Government were unable to cope with them, and traffic was endangered both by land and sea. So matters went on till the year 1880, when the discussions with China over the Kuldja affair caused the counsellors of the Tsar to review the whole situation in the Far East. The military weakness then disclosed did not tend to reconcile the Government to the presence within Russian territory of thousands of Chinese of the dare-devil order; and these political con-

siderations, together with the excesses being constantly committed by the marauders, caused a violent anti-Chinese reaction to set in. New officials sent from St Petersburg, armed with extensive powers, decided, in short, that "the Chinese must go," giving the same ostensible reasons for their proceedings as those which form the stock-in-trade of American and Australian exclusionists. Within two years some thousands of Chinese settlers were expelled from the fertile districts, so that none now remain in the interior except occupiers of poor land so remote from any commercial centre that it could not support any but Chinese cultivators. Of these settlers there are fewer than one thousand all told. They pay no tax, but are obliged to keep their local roads in repair.

While the land-squatters have thus been brusquely exterminated, the inroads of other classes of Chinese have continued without interruption. Merchants, shopkeepers, artisans, boatmen, and coolies have increased in all the garrison towns, until the resident Chinese population in the province numbers 10,000. To which must always be added a large but uncertain number of sea-weed gatherers, ginseng collectors, and so forth, as well as a goodly number of labourers who come and go by sea, all of whom visit the Russian province for their respective harvests.

To no class of Chinese do the Russian authorities bear any goodwill. Though recognising that the country cannot get on without them, the Government nevertheless resorts to repressive measures of all kinds, with the direct object of preventing the Chinese from prospering. Fearing, perhaps, that they might eventually become in Asia what the Jews are in Europe —a by no means chimerical fear— the Administration makes laws to prevent Chinese from owning real estate, even in towns; and the general community has in some way to suffer from legal restrictions aimed in reality at the Chinese alone, but which the Government does not like to make too openly discriminating. Severe passport regulations are framed specially for Chinese; but they are so inefficiently enforced, and so easily evaded, that probably not half of the immigrants are actually provided with the legal document. To get square with the Chinese in this respect, and to cover their own *lâches*, the executive exercise the right of arbitrarily seizing and deporting any Chinese, at any moment, without cause assigned. Of course, any outrage by the brigands is always the signal for a police raid on the Chinese residents, who, it is alleged with some colour of truth, can never with absolute certainty be distinguished from the criminals.

The Russian Government may be excused if it has been somewhat inconsistent in dealing with such a real ethnic difficulty as the Chinese on its frontiers, since powerful nations, separated by broad oceans from the Asiatic continent, are, or profess to be, terrified by a petty Chinese invasion. But in spite of official repression, the Chinese do increase and prosper in the towns. They are acknowledged to be the best traders; the only people with whom it is safe to make a commercial contract; their labour is the most satisfactory; the *cabotage* of the whole coast is in their hands; their industry thrives on the leavings of the most favoured races; and if the Russian Government fears to have its moujiks, artisans, and small traders overborne by a superior race, it perhaps does well to lay a heavy hand on its Chinese

guests. In Russia, as in California, it is not the bad, but the good qualities of the Chinese that are in the long-run to be most dreaded. The question, however, is yet far from its final stage in the deliberations of the Russian Government.

In marked contrast to its treatment of Chinese is the paternal care which the Government exercises over some other of the Eastern races. The Japanese, of whom there are 700 in Vladivostock, occupy a neutral place, but the Korean immigrants are nursed with the greatest solicitude. Every inducement is held out to them to come and settle, and put off their nationality. Schools are provided in all their communities, where the children are taught Russian, and brought up in the Christian faith; and there are already many thousands of Russianised Koreans in the country. Colonies of Koreans are established as far north as the Amur. From the ranks of these immigrants a careful selection is made of those eligible for the priesthood, who, after receiving a special training in theology and church government, and in loyalty to the civil power, are inducted into the office of pastor over their own people. Thus is formed a compact religio-political force which has already proved itself capable of rendering substantial service to the Government.

For if the Russian system of incorporating subject races may be described as pounding them into a pulp, and then shaping them into the regulation pattern, the mortar and the mould employed is the Orthodox Church. In Russia, Church and State are as much one as they were in the time of the Crusades. The State avails itself of the weapons of the Church, and the Church wields the power of the State. Every child being by law born into the Orthodox Church, nonconformity is constructive rebellion against the State; and no agency therefore can be imagined so efficacious as the Church, with its discipline backed by the whole secular power, for reducing mixed races to a condition of uniform obedience.

It is not difficult to be a Christian in Russia; confession once in two years being the only outward observance to which adherents are actually compelled by law. The Koreans, almost to a man, become converted as soon as they cross into Russian territory, while the rising generation are as orthodox as if they had been trained in Moscow.

The Chinese, on the other hand, become neither Russians nor Christians, and thus resist the general melting-pot. The foundation-stone of Chinese life, the ancient patriarchal system, which is superficially styled "ancestral worship," precludes them from moving their families abroad; so that go where they may, they remain strangers and pilgrims in the land. They are thus kept, and keep themselves, outside the pale of political and social privileges, and are everywhere an ostracised and persecuted race.

The position of Russia in Manchuria being essentially military, all colonising and commerce, roads, rails, and steamboats, are promoted in strict subservience to her strategic needs. Hence the true centre of interest is the harbour, dockyard, and fortress of Vladivostock. The halting steps by which this great war-port has reached its present stage of development, reflects more accurately than any public documents could do the long vacillations through which the Government arrived at its ultimate decision with regard to its militant capabilities. As late as 1875 there were not one hundred houses in

the whole place, and many other positions in the province were garrisoned before there was a single soldier in Vladivostock.

The events of the last Turkish war, however, brought the importance of the Eastern possession strongly home to the military advisers of the empire, and on the conclusion of peace the definite resolution was taken to establish a naval headquarters at Vladivostock. Efforts were at once made to strengthen the position. The trouble with China in 1880 imparted a still more decided impulse to the work of fortification, and the providing of quarters for a large garrison. These operations were pushed on with unremitting vigour till 1882, when the plans of the Government gave signs of a sudden and violent reaction. New works were arrested, and all progress stopped, on the general ground that the place was difficult and expensive to fortify. Moreover, the harbour being closed by ice for four months in every year, it was considered advisable to look for some place that would be free from such disadvantages. The fortunes of Vladivostock were held in suspense for several years, waiting for something to turn up. For the key to this prolonged check it is necessary to turn to what was transpiring in the neighbouring kingdom of Korea.

Through the agency of capable and educated men among their Korean *protégés*, the Russian authorities at Vladivostock had succeeded in opening a kind of underground communication with the rulers of the Korean kingdom, the affairs of which state had come to interest Russia very much. Active correspondence has been kept up through the same channel ever since. Whether it were as a counter-move to these Russian advances, or the mere natural outcome of events, the Chinese Government came to the decision, in the year 1882, that the Korean seaports should be opened to general trade. Treaties were promptly made, and representatives of the Western Powers were installed at the Royal Court. These interesting events seem to have opened out to Russia certain new possibilities, which caused her to hold her hand in the matter of the expenditure of large sums on an ice-bound harbour. After two years' diplomatic intercourse with the Korean officials in Seoul, the Russians found certain pliant servants of the king who were not unwilling, for a consideration, to encourage their aspirations. The king himself, when he came to feel his vassalage to China chafing him in his relations to the Western Powers, may have become so far indifferent to his royal dignity as to care little if he even exchanged one suzerain for another. At any rate, a convention was secretly negotiated during 1884 between the agents of Russia and Korea, in which the following were the leading points: Russia on her part charged herself with the reorganisation of the Korean army, and she engaged to support Korea's claim against Japan to the island of Tsu-shima, which formed the historical stepping-stone between the two countries. (Russia had evinced some disposition herself to occupy the island in 1861.[1]) On the other part, Korea, in consideration of these favours, agreed to cede to Russia the island-harbour of Port Hamilton, off the southern coast of the peninsula.

The agreement having come pre-

[1] A Visit to Tsusima: an Incident of Russian Aggression. By Laurence Oliphant. See 'Maga,' December 1885.

maturely to the knowledge of some of the parties whose interests were injuriously affected by its provisions, the British Government by an arbitrary act prevented its consummation. The admiral on the China station was in fact instructed to seize Port Hamilton, and the place was retained by Great Britain (1885–86), until the double object was achieved of obtaining from Russia a disavowal of any designs on Korean territory, and of affirming the suzerainty of China, into whose hands, and not those of the weak Korean Government, the islands were surrendered.

The hope of obtaining a winter harbour being thus for the time dispelled, Russia finally resolved to concentrate her energies on the fortification of Vladivostock, and since the spring of 1887 the development of the port has advanced by leaps and bounds.

The town is spread over the slope of a long hilly peninsula, the bluff promontories of which are occupied by forts and barracks. It bears everywhere the stamp of immaturity, even the main street, which intersects the deep ravines of the ridges, not being levelled. All the traffic has consequently to pass over long and steep gradients. The buildings in the town are mostly of wood, which is warm but not durable in the climate of Vladivostock. The life of a log-house there is not reckoned at more than five years, whereas in Northern Siberia wooden buildings last twenty or thirty years. All the new Government buildings are of brick, the manufacture of which is a prosperous local industry. Conspicuous over everything are the great red brick barracks on the inner slope of the promontory which forms the north side of the harbour, and the new naval hospital, which stands high and isolated at the eastern extremity of the town. Beyond the town limit eastward are new barracks in course of construction, the most imposing of all. The church, a bright and handsome specimen of Byzantine architecture, occupies a commanding position in the centre of the town. From no point can the whole of the town be seen, owing to the uneven profile of the ground, except from the opposite side of the harbour.

The local Government has, owing to its peculiar circumstances, grown into a kind of federation. On its first establishment as a naval station it was placed under the port admiral, who, besides the dockyards and other appanages of the navy, commands a force of 2000 men in training for sea service, from which drafts for the ships are taken as required. Subsequently a civil governor (though of military rank) was appointed, superseding the admiral; then the commandant of the garrison claimed a certain jurisdiction within the area of the forts, barracks, hospitals, and magazines. The position would have been trying to the governor but for the intense traditional jealousy existing between army and navy, which enables him to hold the balance easily; and he practically rules all. It would be more dangerous, they say, for a soldier to wander into the naval quarter of the town than for a straggler to find himself within an enemy's lines in war-time.

The community—some 16,000, it is estimated, mostly very poor and one-third Orientals—enjoys a degree of municipal independence which is quite exceptional in Russia. Its affairs are administered by a council of twelve, elected once a-year by the landowners, under the formal veto of the governor. Several of the

councillors are naval officers of the shore brigade, who are chosen to represent real propertied interests. They vote and act freely, levying wharfage, town dues, &c., and managing their own funds. The encroachments of the military are effectually resisted by aid of the naval interest. A powder-magazine, for example, erected by the military authorities conveniently for their forts, being deemed to be dangerously near the town, the municipality, backed by the navy, was able to insist on its removal. To say that the municipal and police administration is carried on with a great deal of needless friction and stupid injustice, would be only to say that it is Russian. To give an instance: By way of precaution against fire the stoves in all private houses are under the supervision of the police. An hotel kept by a widow had a number of stoves blazing all the winter, and never a word said. But in the middle of July, when the temperature was 100° Fahr., the police suddenly resolved to save the town from conflagration by ordering the removal of these fireplaces within twenty-four hours. The guests had to be turned out without warning while this operation was carried out.

Education is well cared for—schools of different grades, suited to the different classes of society, being all liberally established. The children of the poor are taught gratis.

Great improvements have been made in every department of social life. The procedure of the law courts is probably in advance of the reforms instituted in Russia proper during the last thirty years. Full publicity is given to legal proceedings—a custom attributed, in the first instance, to the initiative of the practising lawyers, who caused notices of impending suits to be circulated, and invited the public to attend. The expression "with open doors" was adopted; and it is reported of an usher, who did not catch the significance of the phrase, that he threw open literally all the doors of the court during a sitting in mid-winter.

Trade is all of a retail character, and is carried on by Chinese and by one German firm doing business on a large scale, embracing all branches, from banker and wine merchant to the sale of buttons and pack-thread. One or two Russian firms copy the foreigners, but do not rival them. Some peculiarity in the Russian character or circumstances seems to stand in the way of their effective association; and enterprises requiring much capital and corporate management fall, as a rule, to foreigners, or have to be undertaken by Government. There are at the present moment two crying wants in Vladivostock — waterworks and street tramways. Russians, it appears, cannot, and foreigners are not allowed to, organise them; so the wants remain unsatisfied. This failing affects all classes down to the peasantry; and it is given as an illustration of co-operative incompetence, that such an obvious common need among agricultural communities as a parish bull cannot be supplied—each family, with its "three acres and a cow," making shift as it can, with the most thriftless results.

Commerce is encouraged—every article of import which is not thought to compete with any Russian product being admitted duty free. But kerosene oil, wines, spirits, tobacco, and some other articles, are taxed to the verge of prohibition.

It would be ridiculous for a civilian to describe a war-port

which is visited every summer by all the navies of the world; but no visitor can fail to be impressed by the imposing array of barracks, the immense floating-dock *in esse*, and the new graving-dock now being excavated by two thousand labourers. This dock is 630 feet long, and the floor will be 32 feet below low-water mark. The ships of war of various types (many obsolete and past service), the torpedo-boats kept in constant exercise in and out the harbour, are objects which challenge the attention of the most careless observer. The batteries of heavy guns —some exposed, some hidden away in bosky knolls—still more strongly impress the imagination. And, be the actual strength of the place what it may at any given moment, this at least is certain—that it is daily increasing. New forts are being constructed, new barracks built, the troops in working attire swarm over the slopes all day and every day digging and wheeling earth—money being lavished, with no Lord of the Treasury to cut down the estimates.

Whether, after all, it is possible to defend a coast which is everywhere so accessible to big ships as this, may be a question for experts; but as there is a measure in all things, the Russian engineers may perhaps content themselves with providing, not against all that is possible, but against what is reasonably probable in the way of attack on a position so remote from any hostile base. Besides, the effectiveness of the land defence must depend in the last resort on the dominion of the sea, and Russia is decidedly not creating a new Sebastopol with a view to imprisoning her fleet under the shelter of the batteries. The surprising energy which she is throwing into the perfecting of her navy in Eastern waters sufficiently indicates the opinion of her strategists —that the best defence of a seacoast is the power of assuming the offensive at sea.

Few things, indeed, are more striking than the strides the Russian navy has made in the last thirty years, not merely in ships, armament, and all the appliances which science has given to war, and in which Russia has advanced at least *pari passu* with the most active naval Powers, but also in the marked improvement in the men, and even in the officers. Thirty years ago the crews of Russian ships, of the Asiatic squadron, were dirty, unkempt, slouching, drunken, and, when drunk, swinish. Now they are clean, smart, well set up, and in admirable discipline. Nor is it to the picked crew of an admiral's yacht alone that such compliments are due, for the ships' equipage seem to be all much alike.

The explanation of the moral and physical improvement of the men which is given by Russians, is the educational selection which was introduced in 1860.

Russians are honourably susceptible to pride in their navy, as witness the enthusiasm with which the Volunteer fleet has been maintained, until it now includes in its number some of the largest and swiftest transports in the world. The Company which owns this fleet is so prosperous that, aided by the Government subsidy of 650,000 roubles, and the monopoly, at high rates, of all Government freight to the Far East, the directors are able to build a new steamer every year out of profits. The ships are significantly named after the towns to whose patriotism the original creation of the fleet is due. The command of one of these steamers is a prize coveted by officers of the Imperial navy, on account of the liberal pay

and perquisites attaching to the post, in some sort recalling the palmy days of our East Indiamen. The Government neglects no means of stimulating in men and officers the *esprit de corps* which sometimes makes a weak force equal to a strong one. The heroic deeds of past times are treasured up, as in other navies, to warm the blood of the young seamen; but in Russia special devices are resorted to for embalming these glories in various convenient formulas to aid the memory. The splendid cruiser, for example, which was chosen to convey the Tsarewitch to the Far East in 1891, the Pamiat-Azofa, or Memory of Azof, recalls the exploits of a vessel of that name which was flagship at the battle of Navarino, in recognition of which the ship flies the ensign of St George, a distinction instituted by the Emperor Nicholas. This emblem is pointed out with genuine pride by the present ship's company. To be able to extract glory at all from the battle of Navarino bespeaks considerable aptitude in that way; but these appeals to sentiment, like good words, cost little and may be worth much. Only one other ship in the Russian navy at present enjoys the privilege of flying St George's ensign, the representative of the brig Mercur, which kept two Turkish battle-ships at bay in the Black Sea, before the "battle" of Sinope.

The training of the naval brigade in Vladivostock is of a highly practical kind. The men are not only drilled in the usual military evolutions, but are put to all sorts of useful work, so as to render them self-reliant in all emergencies. The Russian is generally known to be a resourceful man in regard to all rough appliances, and is especially handy with the axe, which serves him for almost every purpose except shaving. It is really remarkable how the sailors in Vladivostock with their own hands fit themselves out with all descriptions of transport gear, carts, harness, and the like, rough indeed but serviceable, and, what is most valuable in a campaign, easily repaired or replaced.

The garrisons of the coast province are composed of picked men, and their arms and accoutrements, housing, feeding, and sanitation, are subjects of special care to the authorities. Whatever laxity of discipline or deficiency in equipment may be allowed to creep in in other sections of the Russian army, these distant garrisons, which are so costly to replace, and on whose efficiency at some critical moment great imperial interests may depend, are maintained in perfect readiness for any service. The men are kept in constant activity, working like navvies at the construction of forts, levelling and raising ground, &c. Their services can also be hired by private persons on special occasions, as at haymaking, the wages earned in such cases being equally divided between the men actually employed and the regiment to which they belong. For six months in the year all the troops that can be spared out of garrison are marched out into the forest, where they live under canvas, and besides much drill, practise all kinds of athletic exercises. Probably the men by such means become inoculated with the poison of the mosquito, to whose ravages they seem to be surprisingly indifferent, and that is by no means an unimportant matter in a country where insects are a veritable pest. But the endurance of the Russian soldier is always admirable, whether it be of fatigue, privation, or exposure, and it is a quality of the highest value to the State.

A FRENCH STUDY OF BURNS.

When a foreigner writes a book on one of our great authors, it is an exceedingly difficult matter to find the vantage-ground from which to survey it. The work would presumably have been written for a public whose knowledge of the subject was either altogether wanting, or of the most cursory nature. It would open up new ground for them, and would interest them as much from the newness of the subject as from the ability of the critic. And something of that kind would be the attitude of the average Frenchman towards Robert Burns. But the average Briton knows his Burns, poems, biography, and criticism included. All three are easily accessible, and fill many shelves of his library. How then can he in reason be expected to take the least interest in yet another biography, and another critical estimate, and by a Frenchman into the bargain? Mr Leslie Stephen, one of Burns's English critics, says, "Criticism of Burns is only permitted to Scotchmen of pure blood." But if it is true that the verdict of a foreigner on our literature is as near as we can get to that of posterity, there is an interest and even a usefulness in considering what M. Angellier has to say about Burns. There are, of course, instances in which the verdict of the foreigner is at fault. A librarian of Louis XIV. allowed Shakespeare some fine qualities, but considered them obscured by *les ordures* that he mingled with his comedies. The Comte de Cominges, Ambassador to the Court of Charles II., writes to his sovereign of *un nommé Miltonius* whose dangerous writings had made him more infamous than the regicides themselves. Flaubert patronisingly observed that Scott decidedly had imagination, and that although 'Pickwick' contained some fine things, it was spoiled by its lack of plan. These examples are chosen at hazard, but any one of moderately wide reading might easily multiply them, and more pertinently. On the other hand, we may set over against such errors of judgment Sainte-Beuve's wonderful appreciations of Pope and Cowper; M. Taine's fine portrait and criticism of Milton; M. Jusserand's estimate of the importance of the novels of Elizabethan England; and we may also note M. Emile Montégut's recognition in a luminous passage of criticism, so long ago as 1855, of the causes that would ultimately produce the Robert Elsmeres and the David Grieves of our own day.

Since the publication of M. Angellier's book, we have heard much ridicule of the notion that a Frenchman could possibly appreciate Burns. Even if such was the case—and we hold that, in regard to Burns, it is far from being so—no one can in justice disregard M. Angellier's pregnant remark, made by no means in self-justification, be it understood, that "there is a greater likeness between two men of different races and similar temperament than between two men of the same race and of different temperaments." For hundreds of years there was a close historical connection be-

---

Robert Burns. By Auguste Angellier. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

tween Scotland and France: there is an old saying quoted by Shakespeare, "If that you will France win, Then with Scotland first begin:" the nations seemed to understand one another. And there was much in the temperament of Burns that would find an echo in the hearts of Frenchmen. As M. Angellier puts it—

"Burns would seem better fitted to take his place in French literature. He forcibly reminds us of Regnier, of Villon, at times of Saint-Amant and of Olivier Basselin. Something of liveliness and unconstraint in his work, a certain robustness, a conciseness, and a sharpness of outline in the form, a good-sense and moderation in the thought, the brisk movement, the frankness that conceals nothing, the good-humour, joviality, *gauloiserie*, and clearness, all make him less of an anomaly in French literature than he is in English. In addition, his passionate heart, his irregular and desultory life, his bohemian temperament, careless and ever in opposition, his attitude towards women, are all in accordance with the notions generally held of the French. He would find in France brothers, persons of the same blood and of the same way of life, companions, not to say comrades. In England he has none, or they are less striking. Amid the wonder of all he is isolated, a phenomenon having no connection with any one. The *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, by which he is explained, possesses itself something that is French or at least Celtic. A celebrated Scotch geologist, devoted to the poetry of his native land, remarked to us recently that Burns was more like a Frenchman than an Englishman. Is it necessary to hasten to add that we put forward no sort of claim to Burns? We only desire to make use of received ideas on the two literatures to mark clearly the quality of a writer; and it is one more proof of the defects of wide general opinions on races, that they are only obtained by ignoring transpositions such as these."

If, then, there is any truth in these observations, it is not necessarily so great an absurdity for a Frenchman to devote some years of his life to the study of Burns. From one point of view, indeed, it must be more useful and intelligible to us than to those Frenchmen who are unable to read the poems in the original. Let us hasten to add that we are by no means of those superior minds that hold translations in high contempt. Indeed we are heterodox enough to believe that it is better to be acquainted with a literature through the medium of translation than not to be acquainted with it at all. But although a literal unmetrical translation of Burns's exquisite songs, for example, may preserve the thought and substance, it can give no idea of the form and melody, of the simplicity and tenderness of the original. With the Epistles, the "Cottar's Saturday Night," and other of the descriptive poems, the translator is in better case. Songs are the most untranslatable of things, and to love and appreciate Burns, Heine, and Béranger at their proper value, we must perforce be able to read them in their native tongue.

I.

We have no intention of attempting to make here any elaborate study of Burns, either biographical or critical, on our own account. After Scott Douglas and Lockhart, Christopher North and Carlyle, Shairp and Stevenson, such an attempt on our part would be folly and presumption. We propose to do nothing more than indicate the lines of M. Angellier's work.

His reasons for undertaking it he states thus:—

"It seemed to us that, taking into account the place his name holds in the world, Burns was not sufficiently known in France. The few existing studies on the subject are cursory; the greater number of them appeared before the latest documents, many of them of importance, were published. It seemed to us also, that even after the English biographies, of which many are admirable, it might be possible to make clearer some of the spiritual conjunctures of his life. That desire decided us to undertake this work. Doubtless also, in some obscure fashion, a secret sympathy with his original and great mind helped to urge it on us."

The murder is out, for it is that same secret sympathy that lends M. Angellier's book its interest and its charm. Indulgence and a large-hearted sympathy for the grave faults of Burns the man, clear recognition and sincere appreciation of Burns the poet, give a permanency and a value to a work that might so easily have been superfluous. The author makes little or no claim to the discovery of new matter, beyond the quotation of certain entries in the registers of Mauchline Church relating to the Jean Armour episode: these, he erroneously supposes, have never before appeared in any biography of the poet. M. Angellier has made pilgrimages to all the places in which Burns lived, and describes most minutely their aspect and scenery. We follow Burns from Alloway to Mount Oliphant, and are with him at Lochlea, Irvine, Mossgiel, and Mauchline. Edinburgh, as it must have appeared to Burns on his first memorable visit after the publication of the volume of poems that made the peasant the lion of the season, is picturesquely portrayed, with its manners, its customs, its intellectual society. The conversation of that society is compared with that of Paris:—

"There was a highly developed conversational life somewhat resembling that of the French. But instead of gay, sparkling, brilliant sentences, full of sallies and surprises, instead of the vivid wit and fancy that animated French drawing-rooms, conversation in Edinburgh was more serious and sedate, more nearly approaching a regular discussion, with as much boldness and paradox perhaps, but of a more formal turn, of a more dogmatic tone. Neither wit nor charm nor elegance were wanting, but they were exercised with a kind of professional discipline and order. The leaders of conversation were not, as at Paris, bohemians like Rousseau, Diderot, Duclos, Galiani, Beaumarchais; they were judges, clergymen, professors, lawyers, all more or less wearing the dignity and the black robes of a learned profession; neither must we forget the religious atmosphere in which this society lived and moved and had its being. But granting that difference, Edinburgh was certainly at that time, with Paris, the town of Europe where the art of conversation was cultivated to the highest perfection, and where it formed one of the elements of social life."

The tavern life and drinking habits of the Scotch capital at that period are vividly described, and in them M. Angellier finds some excuse for Burns's deplorable weakness. His travels on the Border and in the Highlands are followed by his meeting with Mrs Maclehose (Clarinda); their letters and their interviews are sufficiently romantic if somewhat unimpassioned, and the episode terminated, curiously enough, with Burns's marriage with Jean Armour, and his settling as a farmer at Ellisland. But farming turned out a failure, and as he had shared the profits of his volume of poems with his brother Gilbert, Burns was in straits. An

appointment in the Excise was offered and accepted: to undertake such work must have been no small sacrifice to the poet, and it is to be deplored that the post presented much temptation to excess in drinking. Poverty and ill-health assailed him, the farm was abandoned for ever, and Burns and his family finally took up their abode at Dumfries. It was there that we get the first practical signs of his sympathy with the French Revolution. The particular way in which the event touched Burns is well put by his French critic:—

"A remarkable circumstance! Here again, the uncultured obscure peasant, performing his lowly labours in the depths of Scotland, was in entire sympathy with the highest minds of his epoch. He possessed the supreme gift of poets, a comprehension of the particle of eternal justice that rolls through human anarchy. Like his brethren in poetry, Coleridge and Wordsworth, he had discerned it. Their souls had also been torn by the conflict between their love of country and their enthusiasm in the cause of humanity. They, too, had sacrificed the lesser sentiment to the greater. . . . But with Burns the pain could not take a purely intellectual form, or culminate in a deep, meditative sadness, as with Wordsworth, or pour itself out in lyric passion as with Coleridge. Cultivated men make of their minds a retired sanctuary where joys and sorrows are far removed from actual life, a sanctuary to which they sometimes retreat to enjoy their pride or to conceal their disgust. Burns had no such refuge. Actual life was too close to his mind, he could not get away from it, and his thoughts found expression in his acts. The conflict did not produce in him, as in Wordsworth, a moral disturbance, sorrowful doubtless, but restricted to the speculative view of things. It caused in Burns a daily irritability."

Inexorable fate drew her meshes closer round him. Tortured by disease and by fears for the future of his children, for with all his faults he was a good father, he died before attaining his prime.

For the most part of them, Burns's biographers regard him as either angel or devil. Those who love justice and can sympathise with and pardon human weakness, will ever turn to Carlyle's wise and tender estimate. M. Angellier warns us that to judge a character

"we must, first of all, clearly recognise that the history of a character, like that of an organism or of a society, is not a clean page, a resting-place of purity, but an oscillating balance of life and death, a combat of good and evil, the difficult liberation of a little order from much disorder, the mingling of the light and shadows that fill the years, and in the midst of which the universe rolls on its course. No life, no epoch, realises good. They fulfil their duty if they gain and leave behind them some progress; they are not to be judged by the point at which they stop, but by the amount of road they traversed. The true verdict on every man is that the good counterbalances or lessens the evil, that one fault, nay, many faults, do not destroy a soul that can point to efforts towards the good; that a life is a whole, of which the general effect, the intention, the average, so to say, must be taken into account."

And then, it is so dangerous, so presumptuous, to judge harshly of others. How impossible a thing it is to know for certain the springs and motives of the men's actions! In the words of Burns himself,

"One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it."

M. Angellier sums up the character of Burns so ably and so eloquently that we cannot forbear quoting at some length. After stating that pride and the passions were the mainsprings and rulers of Burns's life, he thus continues:—

"To moderate and direct such violent emotions, a solid moral discipline was needed. It was entirely wanting: he had neither doctrine nor will. He was ever the plaything of his passions. He never once turned on them to make head against them. He had no consolidation of character. His was a receptive nature, capable of energetic reaction. His heart was a cross-road where the winds of all the climes passed, met, and fought together. The line of his life was a broken track of a series of chances and accidents. The incomparable vivacity of actual sensation which is the great quality of his literary productions was the great vice of his conduct. He was seized, irresistibly carried away, by it. Emotions in passing through him took possession of him. He always belonged entirely to the present, without heed of the future, sometimes without remembrance of the past. . . . His generosity only existed in its spontaneity and impulse. Prolonged or thought-out generosity, that is, sacrifice, he did not possess.

"As his personality was strong and powerful, submission to the exigencies of his instincts and imagination often led him into the great error of his life—egoism. He was a generous egoist, a man of disinterested tendencies but of selfish conduct. He lacked forgetfulness of self, the sense, we do not say of sacrifice or even of effacement of self, but of subordination of self. He could never yield up even his most trivial and transient desires to the vital and enduring interests of others. There was no common measure between him and them. And that want of consideration for others, the suffering inflicted by him on others, is what weighs heaviest on his memory. A hermit, a Stylites, can detach himself from his fellows, and live isolated in his cave or on his pillar. A man living in the midst of men cannot do so. And by reason of the influence he exercised over those with whom he came in contact, Burns could do so less than others. He who had the objectivity of intellect that enabled him to create beings, had none of heart; in certain decisive cases he was almost unconscious of existences outside his own. Indeed it must be said that he sacrificed the pain and sadness of others to his need for poetry, and nourished the dreams of which he formed his works on human tears. If we look closely, few poets are exempt from such cruelty; perhaps few men are. But they scarcely turn the pain they create to so rare a use, or change the tears they cause to flow into pearls of which they later form diadems and necklaces for those who shed them. He was the first of the line of modern poets who made love the sole occupation of their life. He was also the first to make passion the excuse for his bad actions; and we are not speaking here of literary influence or inspiration, but only of moral condition. There again he anticipated Byron and the school of Continental poets who imitated him, down to Musset and George Sand. . . .

"Weigh his errors, his faults, as heavily as you like, the scale containing the pure gold outbalances that containing the base lead. Admiration increases in proportion as you examine his fine qualities. When you think of his sincerity, his straightforwardness, his kindness to men and beasts, his disdain of all meannesses, his hatred of knavery, in itself an honour, his disinterestedness, his fine impulses, his lofty inspiration, the intense ideality necessary to keep his soul above his destiny; when we think that he experienced those generous sentiments to the point that they actually were his intellectual life, and that so ardently did he feel them that his soul was a furnace in which precious metals were smelted and came forth jewels, we say to ourselves that he was of the flower of mankind and of great goodness; . . . what he did not succeed in or what he did not undertake is nothing by the side of what he accomplished. . . .

"And who can say, that in the lives of men like Burns, as in those of Rousseau, Byron, Musset, George Sand, if we knew more of them—in those of Shakespeare or Molière—there may not be a profound usefulness even in their weakness? They fulfil a different function from those

of Dante, Milton, and Corneille, but one equally indispensable. Those lives offer an austere model and a noble vindication of duty. But the others offer perhaps more human sentiments: the knowledge of the failings of the best of us, a powerlessness to refuse them pardon, and as a result the practice of pity. How great a loss, not in beauty and artistic charm, but in necessary goodness, it would be to the soul of the human race if those men had not by their fascination compelled it to feel pity for their suffering! . . . It is to them that humanity in part owes its compassionate heart. . . . No one contributed more than Burns to the sacred work. Thus, in spite of the severity called up by some of his actions, the verdict of mankind will be merciful."

Difficult as it is in translation and in more or less disjointed quotations to give an adequate idea of M. Angellier's vivacity and of his warm sympathy with his subject, it will perhaps be patent that M. Angellier is a powerful and eloquent counsel, and that his point of view is psychologically interesting. But we are not sure that the pleading was necessary. The poetry of Burns holds an uncontested place in the literature of the world—his songs are on the lips and in the hearts of high and low alike; and had his life or his temperament been other than it was, it is possible that art might have been the poorer.

II.

While desiring to express a sense of the interest and of the excellent workmanship, to say nothing of the literary charm, of the biography, it is perhaps the second volume of the work, consisting of a careful and elaborate critical estimate of Burns's poetry, that will give M. Angellier's book its greatest value in the eyes of its British readers.

He, at the outset, disclaims any attempt at scientific criticism, and by way of illustration takes the opportunity to point out the faults of M. Taine's critical methods. M. Angellier prefers the æsthetic criticism, and declares that—

"Critics, to whatever branch of art they devote themselves, are merely kneaders of dough and distributors of the consecrated bread. It is their task to reveal the beautiful, to divide it into parts, to bring it within the reach of him who, launched in action, or fully taken up by labour, has no time to seek it himself; yet he demands it, in order to give to his ambitions or his desires a brilliance and a setting, or a refuge and a consolation."

M. Angellier divides Burns's literary production into two classes. First, the pieces written before his visit to Edinburgh, comprising the familiar epistles and short descriptive poems: they are the longest of his works, were all inspired by actual occurrences, and make Burns the best painter of the manners of his country. Second, the poems written after the visit to Edinburgh, consisting mainly of songs, relating not to particular acts, but to feelings that are simple and common to most. By these poems, the critic finds that Burns is the chief song-writer of his land, and one of the chief song-writers of all lands. "It may be said that each of his songs had its birth in a melody;" music and verse were indeed born together. Carlyle's estimate of Burns's influence as a song-writer is too well known to need repetition here. Great as are Béranger and Heine, Burns is greater, and to find his peers we must go back to the great Elizabethans.

After an elaborate disquisition

on the literary origins of Burns, and on Scottish popular poetry, dealing of course with the immediate poetical ancestors of Burns, Allan Ramsay and Robert Fergusson, M. Angellier comes to the wise conclusion that whatever may have been his debt to them, Burns owed more to the spectacle of life, to his own passions, to the thousand aspects of nature, than to books. He then proceeds to discuss human life in Burns, and observes with absolute truth that what chiefly strikes us in reading Burns is a feeling of intense and eager life, almost turbulent in its tumult and movement. His subjects are the outcome of reality, penetrated with the facts of real life. There is no repose. He was placed by destiny in a position excellently calculated to develop that particular bent of his genius. He took his happy and novel metaphors from his daily toil, and in earning his bread learned his language. He described the life immediately round him, and is in some senses a purely national, nay, a purely local poet. A small village is often better for the observation of men than a big city. In the latter, individuality becomes rapidly obscured; while in the former, men keep their native imprint. It must also be remembered that Burns, like Chaucer, Shakespeare, Bunyan, and Dickens, among the great English painters of reality, received no literary education, had no literary ideal. Such men do not strive after literary perfection, but after truth. Burns's characters are not, M. Angellier points out, poetical peasants, as in the pastorals of George Sand; nor are they philosophic vagabonds, as in the songs of Béranger.

The humour of Burns is characterised as merry and gay, his raillery as without ill temper; he is no moralist, but a purely picturesque painter like Teniers and Ostade. In the forcibleness and realism of words, he resembles Villon, Rabelais, and Regnier. His humour is so natural that the fun seems part of the things themselves, and so true that it never disfigures reality or savours of caricature. The French critic declares that it reminds him of French gaiety, of the joviality that lurks in French wines, and also of the wit and merriment of many French writers. Neither does he forget that tears and true humour are never far apart.

"On the roads in Ayr you may often meet merry laughing girls. They walk in short petticoats, with animated gestures. They are smaller, less poetical, than English girls, but better proportioned and more lively. Their limbs are more delicately formed, their step lighter, more alert. If a fat farmer, sitting his horse awkwardly, passes, they jeer at him and laugh consumedly. But if they see a little wounded bird, tears come into their eyes before the merriment has had time to fade from their countenances. The humour of Burns resembles them."

M. Angellier devotes some pages to proving that Burns possessed the qualities that go to the making of a dramatist, and that, under more favourable circumstances, he would very likely have followed in the footsteps of Shakespeare. We confess to a certain distrust of criticism of the might-have-been order. To our mind the best proof that Burns would never have made a dramatist, great or small, lies in the fact that he did not become one. Poets and others have written tragedies in their youth, but have failed nevertheless to become great dramatists in their prime. Like Chaucer, like Browning, Burns had a strong

dramatic sense; he makes his characters speak to us themselves. But the possession of such a sense, very highly developed, did not make Browning's plays a success on the stage. We conclude that therein lies the true test of a drama's excellence.

Besides his gift of humour and of keen observation, M. Angellier finds in Burns the gift of seeing the nobleness of things, the beauty that there is in life. He was sensible of the artistic aspect of society, although not, perhaps, in the manner of Spenser, Keats, or Tennyson, of Shakespeare or Browning. Burns possessed, however, a feeling for colour, for brilliant detail, a taste for gracefulness of movement and for harmonious sounds, and his appreciation of the beauty of women is beyond dispute. The poet who pleaded so eloquently for liberty and equality cannot be denied a feeling for what is great and noble in life. Wordsworth and Coleridge were affected by similar feelings, but they regarded equality from the standpoint of historical philosophers; they saw it as a promise for the future, they had the optimism of the ideal. Burns was more terrestrial; he hated inequality, and demanded immediate relief.

It is not surprising that M. Angellier should find Burns one of the most charming, and perhaps the most varied, of love poets. He grows eloquent on the subject:—

"All phases of love are included and described. Early bashfulness, chaste confessions, transient dreams, felicity, anguish, reproaches, despair, the pain of parting, the eager passionate joy of secret and rare possession, the heavy intoxication of commonplace possession, declarations thrown out in passing as if by a hurried traveller, memories long carried in the heart's blood, professions of inconstancy and oaths of fidelity, humility and revolt in the face of disdain, the worship inspired by the soul and that inspired by the body, the delight of the beginning and the bitterness of the end of love, chaste reveries and burning desires, friendship that is almost love, and love that is on the high road to friendship, the ecstasies, the trials, every shade of deep passion in its transports and delicacy, a mingling and confusion of everything poetic, refined, and brutal with which love can inspire the human heart. . . . Betrothals, desertions, separations through death or distance, farewells, returns, absences that redden the woman's eyes, lawful love, adultery, the birth of children that cause joy in the home, the advent of those no home will recognise, all the dangers, the follies, in which strong passion involves men."

The finest of the love poems are undoubtedly those addressed to "Highland Mary," who, from a standpoint of literary consequences, deserves to rank, so M. Angellier declares, with Laura and Graziella. The love that Burns celebrates in song is the frankest, most impersonal, most general that has ever existed. It is made of pure emotion, of unalloyed passion. It is the love of everybody, accessible to all, the most universal ever yet sung by a poet. He restored ardent passionate love to English literature.

"He will remain the poet of young, frank, fresh, sincere love, happy or unhappy in itself, love that is only love, the love of sweet-and-twenty, in which, according to Shakespeare, it is always May."

A long chapter is devoted to Burns's feeling for nature, and certain fallacies that have grown up concerning it are corrected. To state briefly the conclusions arrived at, we may say that Burns turned the feelings of a peasant into works of art. He not only contemplated nature, but he toiled

at her. Fine as are his landscapes, reminding us of Millet's paintings, and deeply as his poems are penetrated with nature, he regarded her chiefly as a background for human activity, and thus differs considerably from Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats, of whom he is often regarded as a forerunner. In his love for animals he stands alone. He knew them well, rejoiced with them in their happiness and sorrowed with them in their pain. Perhaps it is to the deep tenderness, the pity, the compassion, and affection for all animated things that Burns owes his originality in regard to nature. Wordsworth was too serene, too far removed from particular phenomena. Shelley possessed tenderness, but it was vague, impersonal, elementary, applying itself rather to atmospheric forces than to animated beings. Cowper approaches nearest Burns in this particular. Burns has also nothing in common with the feeling for nature of our modern poets. He never occupies himself with nature for her own sake, the characteristic note of modern poetry: he regards her as a frame for his passions and his toil. He is the only poet among the moderns who loved nature in the fashion of the ancients. His likeness must be sought among the old Greeks, who alone loved nature with the simplicity of Burns.

In conclusion, M. Angellier thinks that Burns stands apart from all other English poets as the veritable singer of the peasants and the poor:—

"Others have attempted to relate their sorrows and their joys; they have sung the poor. Here it is the poor themselves who sing. They speak on their own behalf. They lift their heads; they proclaim themselves prouder and happier than others. They claim the right of being fully men, often better men than those above them. Wordsworth spoke of them like a virtuous optimistic pastor; Crabbe, like a far-sighted and pessimistic physician. However serene or deep their sympathy, their counsel and pity have a touch of condescension. Burns was a peasant. If in poignant accents he sung of their distress, he is also the poet of their pride, their efforts, and their loves."

This rapid sketch in no way claims to be an exhaustive account of M. Angellier's able and sympathetic criticism of Burns. We have only roughly indicated its lines and endeavoured to emphasise those parts of it likely to prove attractive to British readers. For reasons stated before, we have carefully kept ourselves in the background, and have attempted nothing more than to set before our readers as clearly as may be the point of view of the French critic. The work must have cost him considerable care and trouble: a most formidable list of volumes, English, French, and German, consulted in the course of its preparation, is appended. Sometimes it would seem that the latest editions and most trustworthy biographies of English writers have been overlooked, but that is perhaps inevitable when one is not on the spot. Neither can we call to mind any poem by Tennyson on Mary Stuart. Can M. Angellier know the drama "Queen Mary" by its title only? But where so much is excellent, to carp at trifles is little-minded indeed; and all lovers of poetry owe sincere gratitude to M. Angellier for his careful, sympathetic, and luminous study

"Of him who walked in glory and in joy
Following his plough, along the mountain-side."

IN ORCADIA.

SOMETIMES of an evening when running noiselessly through the channels that separate the low sandy islands of the Orcadian group, I could have fancied that I was on the Lagoon. And the approach to the Capital by Scapa Flow is not unlike the approach to Venice. After the turmoil of the Pentland Firth, after the breathless struggle with the wild tides that meet at Dunnet Head, we have reached, as it seems, an inland lake, "where never wind blows loudly"; clusters of sad secluded islands lie about us; while, across the belt of sandy bent straight ahead, the sunset strikes on tower and steeple. And the impression deepens when, landing in the magical twilight of the North, we wander through curiously narrow and crooked lanes till we enter the vast cathedral, where solid pillars, that almost rival St Mark's, rise solemnly into the darkness overhead.

What is the meaning of it all? we ask ourselves later on. Might not these ocean-bound and wind-beaten rocks have been fitly left to seal and sea-gull? Why should sane men, who had heard no doubt of happier climes, have elected to pass their lives upon barren islands, where no tree will grow, where the sun is rarely visible through the Atlantic fogs, where the sea is bleak and inhospitable? It was a hard and strenuous life they were forced to lead to keep the breath in their bodies, and their scanty harvests were won by ceaseless toil. And yet they found leisure to raise a mighty minster, to pile vast mounds over the chambers where their dead were laid, to drag huge boulders from hillside and valley, and plant them in stately circles for worship or sacrifice. In such a race there must have been a good deal, not only of the heroic element in general, but of the dogged obstinacy that will not admit that it can be beaten. Nay, indeed, of something more.

> "They dreamt not of a perishable home
> Who thus could build."

Thus it is that the true lover of Orcadia lives, if I may use the phrase, a double life.

The sportsman, if he be a naturalist to boot, discovers enough, and more than enough, to interest him. The ornithologist especially will find the summer day too short. The "plaintive creatures who pity themselves on moorlands" (thank you, Mr Butler!) are never far off. Morning and evening, through the open window which looks out upon the bay, he hears wail of curlew and pipe of plover. While he is smoking his pipe in the twilight, the snipe high overhead are winging their way to fresh fields[1] and pastures new. (Why they thus suddenly change their feeding-grounds no man can tell; it has something to do with the wind possibly, something with coming storm.) What with ducks and geese in the mosses; what with wading-birds, dunlin and whimbrel and greenshank, on the shore; what with the gannet and the skua and the Manx sheerwater on the open sea; what with grouse on the moors; what with trout in the lochs; what with such rare plants

[1] I know, of course, that Milton wrote "woods"; but we have none.

as the adder's-tongue, and the horned pond-weed, and the *Primula scotica*, and the *Carex fulva*, —the sportsman who is not intent on killing only need never pass an idle hour.[1]

And for the artist there are the vast spaces of sea and sky; the shining sands; the glories of the sunset; and above and beyond all, the pageantry of the storm. For each day a fresh drama is transacted upon the heavens. The morning hours are often brilliantly bright; but ere mid-day the sun is suddenly obscured; the storm-cloud rises out of the Atlantic; sometimes the wind and rain lash the panes for hours; sometimes the cloud breaks upon the hills of Hoy, and passes away like a dream. The *dénoûment* of the drama is always obscure; you cannot predict what the end will be; and so the interest never flags.

And among the landlocked bays and through the narrow channels there is excellent boating for those who can circumvent the tides. Unless, indeed, you know something of the obscure laws which govern the ebb and flow of the ocean in this network of islands, you are pretty sure to come to grief. For round many of them it runs like a mill-race. Between Hoy and Stennis, for instance, the ebb is simply a foaming and swirling torrent, against which sail and even steam are powerless. That vast body of water pouring into the Atlantic is as irresistible as a Canadian rapid. But if you study the tides, you can seek out secluded nooks where the seals are basking on the tangle, and the wild duck are wheeling round the bay, and the blue-rocks are darting out of the caves, and the grouse are crowing among the heather, and where for ten months out of the twelve the peace is absolute, and silence unbroken save by the shepherd's dog.

This is Orcadia from the outside, so to speak; but beneath a thin layer of turf or peat there is the historic or prehistoric Orcadia. It is a history of immense antiquity,—a history, in the stately words of an old writer, "not to be computed by years of annual magistrates, but by great conjunctions and the fatal periods of kingdoms." Maeshowe and the Stones of Stennis stood where they stand before the Vikings came; and older than Stennis or Maeshowe are the weapons and implements in flint and bronze and iron which are dug up every day in bog and moss, and forwarded to the indefatigable Mr Cursiter. The ghost of many a primeval Orcadian, whose long sleep has been rudely disturbed by spade or plough, must haunt the pleasant and hospitable dwelling where all that remains of him and his tempestuous life has been safely put away under lock and key—each restless Spirit of the Storm on his own shelf.

We had seen the stones of Stennis, and the Brochs, and Maeshowe, and the Church of St Magnus, and the castles of Bishop and Earl; and when at length we went in our friend's yacht to visit the Old Man of Hoy, imagination was still busy with the pale ghosts of the buried

[1] But the sportsman who *is* intent on killing only should be warned that grouse (and snipe even) are dying out, and that in another year or two there will be few, if any, left. Ungenial springs, overshooting, the mania for eggs, the extension of small holdings into the moorland, untimely and indiscriminate burning of heather, are the causes assigned by those who know best.

and unburied dead whose rest we had dared to break. The tumultuous rush of the ebb had carried us through the narrow Sound into the wide Western Ocean; and before the wind went down we had passed the Kaim of Hoy, and St John's Head, and the long buttress of cliff which was raised no doubt to prevent the islands from being swept bodily away by the Atlantic rollers. We had not counted, however, upon an absolute calm, and had meant to return with the tide. But when we were told after our evening meal that we must wait where we were for the morning breeze, it did not occur to us to complain. The night was too exquisite for sleep —for sleep at least under a slated roof. The balmy air of the Gulf Stream was about us. Wrapped in our rugs, we could scan the mighty crags and watch for the moon to rise. Too exquisite for sleep; and yet I must have dozed; for when I looked again the moon was high in heaven.

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

There was not a breath of air in the sky or on the water. The ocean was flooded with pallid moonlight; the heat of the day had been converted into a transparent mist—a mist of ghostly transfiguration — through which, as in a dream or through a veil, we saw the solid earth. There was no sound save that of the moving waters "at their priest-like task,"—the tide that softly lapped the iron bases of the hills. At times, indeed, a murmur came from the rocks where in solid ranks thousands of parrots and marrots sat beside their nests. It was the first watch of night; but midnight was at hand. All on board were asleep except myself, and one seaman at the stern who idly handled the tiller. We were drifting slowly with the tide, no doubt; but the progress was inappreciable. A phantom ship upon a phantom ocean! Mighty precipices hundreds of feet in height rose out of the water—a bow-shot from us on our right. The moonlight did not touch them; did not at least pierce the gloom of the dark fissures and caverns into which the seals stole noiselessly as we passed. Only the Old Man of Hoy stood out clear against the sky—clean-cut as by a knife. But even while wrapped in my rugs I lazily regarded this titanic pile of weather-beaten stone, I was aware of a mystic change. Like the smoke that issued from the vase when Solomon's seal was broken, the gigantic pillar at our side slowly assumed the semblance—nor yet the semblance only—of a human form. I was not surprised; it seemed only right and fitting that the Titan who, during the primeval conflict of elemental forces, had been turned into stone, should be permitted to converse with the representative of a later race. In that illusive light, indeed, nothing was incredible,—nothing too weird and extravagant for belief. *Certum est quia impossibile est*, I said to myself, as Sir Thomas Browne had said before me, and Tertullian before Sir Thomas Browne. The voice was low and placid and passionless,—serene with the serenity of an immeasurable past. I did not dare at first to interrupt the monologue, which began in a speech as unknown to me as the gurgle of the guillemots. For he did not notice us for a time; he was looking across the sea, straight across to Newfoundland, whence the sunset had struck age after age upon his upturned face; and

"the large utterance of the early gods," which had grown quite archaic before Homer was born, was doubtless his native tongue. The Gaelic of the Garden of Eden, the Norse of Odin's Walhalla, can still be construed by scholars; but Thea and Saturn are dumb. It could not well be otherwise, perhaps; for—to judge from what I heard that night—the language they used must have had more affinity with the sough of the wind and the ripple of the stream than with articulate words.

But after a while he appeared to become conscious that he was no longer alone, and that a monologue in a dead language was out of place, and indeed barely civil. It may be true that Titans are not naturally communicative; but for ten or twelve thousand years he had led a life of extreme seclusion; and the sociable instinct is deeply seated. How it came about I cannot exactly undertake to explain; but ere many minutes had passed I found myself, as matter of fact, engaged in amicable conversation with my gigantic neighbour,—a conversation devoted mainly to the more striking incidents of his long, if not varied, career. Much of the conversation is lost—irrevocably lost; but a few fragments cling to the memory.

The interchange of the customary civilities was followed by the usual remarks upon the inclemency of the weather. By mutual consent, implied rather than expressed, anything in the nature of political controversy was avoided, and Mr Gladstone's name was not even mentioned. The conversation might consequently have flagged had we not accidentally discovered a topic of common interest. We were both naturalists; and the sea-birds with whom he had cultivated friendly relations, and who treated him with the most absolute confidence, had been my special study. He had known the Great Auk intimately, and regretted his untimely end. (I promised, by the way, to let him have Harvie Brown's monograph.) But the King was never, he said, the same bird after his wife's death, and had told him, indeed, that he did not care to live. He could not honestly say that he missed the white-tailed eagle (who had deserted his eyrie a year ago); for, though a gentlemanly bird of good family, he was a bit of a glutton, and his relations with the lesser gulls were strained, and led to constant unpleasantness.

"What amazes me most," he went on, "is the freshness of interest which the numberless generations of marrots and parrots I have known contrive to maintain. My brisk little neighbours never lose heart. They continue to lay their eggs summer after summer with an intrepid faith in the future that never fails them. One would have fancied that by this time they might have come to see that the game was not worth the candle. The father and mother birds have seldom opportunity to hatch more than a brood or two before they are cut off; and how many of the chicks survive? The perils of the deep are incalculable; and yet no experience will convince the overwhelming majority that the life of storm and stress on which they have entered, and from which they cannot escape, is not worth living. Whence comes that seed of day which forces them to persevere, and which the most bitter frost cannot kill?"

I looked at him anxiously; I was afraid that his observations, ostensibly confined though they

were to the parrots and marrots, might have a wider application. But there was no irony in his tone, no cynicism on his lip; and I ventured to remark that when the breeding season was over, and the birds had scattered, he had possibly had leisure to observe what his fellow-creatures (if I might without impropriety use the word) were about.

"Yes," he continued, thoughtfully, "I have seen something of them. The races of men that make haste to destruction! But they do not interest me much—as little indeed as the monotonous procession of the Seasons. I have, however, more than once talked over their prospects with my good friend and neighbour, the Dragon of Maeshowe, who is a shrewd judge of character, though his field of observation, no doubt, has been comparatively limited. When I first came here," he went on, "some æons ago, the scrath and the phoca had the islands pretty much to themselves. They led an easy life,—fish were plentiful and the weather was fine. We have no such summers now as we had then, and salmon and sea-trout have become comparatively scarce. Indeed the salmon, I hear, has left us for good. That Golden Age of peace and plenty came to an end when the first boat-load of bearded rovers was driven by stress of weather upon our shores. These sailed away and brought back others,—men and women who bred and multiplied — yea, multiplied exceedingly. That," he concluded, "is the whole story — a story as tedious as it is trivial."

"But," I interrupted, "consider the Progress that has been made!"

"What is Progress?" he responded. "As it does not occur in the vocabularies I have consulted, it is a word, I presume, that has been only recently coined. May I ask you to be good enough to define what it embraces?"

"Oh—progress—progress—why, my dear sir, every one knows what Progress means. Progress is the telegraph, the telephone, the half-penny paper, the right to vote as you please, sixty miles an hour by express——"

"That will do," he replied, gravely; "I shall not trouble you further. I find that in effect the phrase must have been in use ever since I can remember anything. Even in these remote islands it is a household word. You have seen my friend Cursiter's museum of Orcadian antiquities? So you know something of our history. We have had the flint age, and the bronze age, and the age of Maeshowe and the Stones of Stennis, and the devout medieval age which built the great church at St Olaf, and the modern secular age which built the squalid little barn in which, if I am not mistaken, you sat last Sunday. But what has come of it all? Do you mean to tell me that you are happier or handier or wiser all round than the men who shaped the flints and hammered the bronze? Only consider what invention and ingenuity were required to light the first fire, to wing the first arrow, to fashion the first frying-pan, to boil the first leg of mutton. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte;* when the initial difficulty has been overcome, you are within measurable distance of the printing-press and the spinning-jenny."

"True," I answered; "but on the ethical side you must surely admit (if you are not an absolute pagan)"—I could see that he

winced at the implication—"that we have outstripped our fathers. The rapacious instinct has been subdued. The wolf who worried the sheep has been tamed into the sheep-dog. That is what Professor Huxley maintains."

"That, too, was the contention of Zeus and the younger gods when they turned us out of heaven. But you know how Zeus behaved himself, and what kind of place Olympus became? Be sure that the sheep-dog is still a wolf at heart. With the least encouragement the native savageness will assert itself. Paris, they tell me, is the centre of your civilisation, and yet you will hardly deny that the Parisian petroleuse is just the wild-cat over again. The puzzle, my ingenuous young friend, is as old as the hills. Evolution can only evolve; it does not create. How are you to get out of yourself? Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? What you call Progress is merely the change of manners—due to bit and bridle, to the scavenger and the policeman; the essential element, the dominant and determining factor, remains the same. The tide of mortal affairs is like the tide of the ocean; by an invariable law the flood is followed by the ebb. Huxley—if it be the Huxley I knew when speech was pellucid as the mountain spring, and logic cut like a sword—will tell you as much; for Huxley, like myself, is a survival. Has he not confessed indeed that you have reached the stage—the fatal stage in national life—when the duties of the individual to the State are forgotten, and his tendencies to self-assertion are dignified by the name of rights?"

"But Mr Huxley admits that the ethical force will prove superior to the cosmic, and that the return to the ruthless and unscrupulous struggle for existence which we call barbarism——"

He shrugged his shoulders (or was it only an optical delusion?), and I fancied that I heard a contemptuous whistle, which, however, may have come from a half-awakened curlew,—for the dawn was at hand.

"Even your most lucid thinker cannot escape from his environment," he answered; and then he added—"Neither you nor he, indeed, can be expected to recognise and appreciate as I do the essential truth of what one of your own poets has said:—

> "He might not:—No, though a primeval God;
> The Sacred Seasons might not be disturbed."

He was exasperatingly cool, and I was rather nettled; so I said slowly, looking him straight in the face, "Do you mean to assure me, my venerable friend, on your word of honour, as a Titan and a philosopher, that there is nothing new under the sun?"

"Well," said the Old Man, after a prolonged pause (it may be that he was wearied by my pertinacity), "it is possible that I am doing you less than justice. I beg your pardon. But it is only of late years — only the other day, indeed—that my attention has been directed to a practice for which in my experience no precedent can be found. The art is distinctively modern, if not characteristically English. In this respect I am ready to admit that you have not been anticipated. Look there!" he exclaimed, pointing to the opposite bluff, on which in monstrous characters a facile but au-

dacious brush had inscribed these words :—

Pratt's Little Liver Pills.

* * * * *

BUNTINE'S POWDER FOR BUGS.

* *

Thoms's Soft Soap

IS THE BEST.

* * * * *

TRY OUR CASTOR OIL.

The day was breaking ere I had spelt out the last word, and when I turned to the Old Man,—

"There is a breeze in the offing," said the skipper, touching his cap. "We shall have it directly. We did not care to waken you, Mr Shirley; but, now that the tide has turned, we shall be at Stromness in an hour."[1]

That Sabbath-day was long memorable to us. The breeze that wafted us slowly along the coast had come with the Gulf Stream from tropical islands, and was soft and mellow. Stromness was only half-awake when we passed into Scapa Flow; a purple haze rested on the hills of Hoy; and though now and again we saw a group of country people on their way to church, and though far off there was a clamour of sea-gulls, the peace was absolute and unbroken. The beatific hush of the seventh day had fallen upon us. Nature, like man, was at rest from her labours. Even the shy wild birds knew that they were safe — safe while the brief truce lasted. Eider-duck and black guillemot, too lazy to fly, too confident to dive, looked the "auld enemy" fearlessly in the face. It was growing dark before we dropped our anchor beside the Chapel of the Rock. The service was closing; they were singing their evening hymn. It is a hymn made solely for pastoral and seafaring people who are sorely tried by wind and evil weather, and has no place in the authorised mainland version. "The E'en brings a' Hame," they call it (after the

[1] We may gather from the report of a conversation in the House of Commons the other day, that the art to which the Old Man of Hoy referred is cultivated over a wide area :—

"Mr Boulnois asked the President of the Board of Agriculture whether he could take any steps to prevent the face of the country being disfigured by the advertisements of vendors of quack medicines?

Mr H. Gardner said that, speaking from the æsthetic standpoint only, he shared the views of the honourable member in regard to the inartistic results of the practice in question; but he had no power to interfere. He could not say he was surprised to find the owners and occupiers of agricultural land should, under existing circumstances, be unable to resist the temptation held out to them by advertising contractors. (Laughter.)

Mr Boulnois asked whether, if farmers took to cultivating crops of pictorial and other advertisements, the right honourable gentleman would consider the advisability of introducing a controlling and regulating bill in order that the amenities of rural districts might be preserved?

Mr H. Gardner said he was not prepared to admit that the authority of the Board of Agriculture extended over 'the face of the country.' Nor was he quite sure that the duties of the Board involved the restraining of advertisements of this kind. (Laughter.)"

Mr Huxley does not doubt that "some day we shall arrive at an understanding of the evolution of the æsthetic faculty;" it is to be regretted that that understanding has not yet been officially arrived at, and that the Minister of Agriculture is in the meantime "powerless to interfere."

beautiful old proverb), and it is set to Mendelssohn's music :[1]—

"Upon the hills the wind is sharp and cold,
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,
And we, O Lord, have wandered from Thy fold ;
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks ;
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
Their pitiful complaints, — oh, rest is sweet,
When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts.
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for Thy coming,—when the light departs
At evening, bring us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star
Rises to guide us. We have wandered far.
Without Thy lamp we know not where we are.
At evening bring us home.

The clouds are round us, and the snow-drifts thicken.
O Thou dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken
In the waste night, — our tardy footsteps quicken ;
At evening bring us home."

It was only a coincidence, no doubt ; but I said to myself, as we pulled the dingy ashore, that I had somehow found an answer to the gloomy vaticinations of the Titan.

SHIRLEY OF BALMAWHAPPLE.

P.S.—It has been insinuated, I know, that the conversation, which I have endeavoured to record to the best of my ability, did not in point of fact take place, and that the existence of the delusion (delusion, forsooth !) may be traced to a more or less hazy reminiscence of a reported interview with a mummy. But if you can converse with a mummy who has been dead for thousands of years, why not with the Old Man of Hoy, who is certainly still there ?

Though there have been malicious rumours to the contrary, I am bound to say that our G. O. M. (as we came to call him in the freedom of family intercourse) was scrupulously polite. The vexed question of "bracing air," which has been the cause of so much domestic dissension, was the only one on which we seriously disagreed ; and the slight misunderstanding was speedily composed.

"You are still at the Hermitage ?" he said.

I admitted that we were.

"Don't you find it Damp ?" he inquired, in the tone one employs when addressing the victim of chronic rheumatism. I was tempted to point out that his own position (in ten fathoms of water) could hardly be called Dry ; but I forbore.

"Yes," he continued, "it *is* rather in a hole ; and for my own part I prefer a free current of air —such as we have on this coast ; but I presume it suits *you*." The retort that a succession of Atlantic gales would try the soundest constitution was obvious ; but I said only that for minds innocent and quiet the most sheltered monastic retreat (celibacy not being imperative) might have charms of its own :—

[1] Adagio non troppo in E major, from the 'Lieder ohne worte.'

"The moan of doves in immemorial
elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

It is only fair to add that the Old Man's familiarity with modern English literature was highly creditable. Cheap editions of our standard poets circulate in these northern parts, and to them he may have had access; but by what route an early copy of Mr Huxley's recent discourse on Evolution and Ethics had reached him, I am unable to explain. He is obviously a warm admirer of that pre-eminently lucid writer; though he is mistaken, I fancy, in holding that Mr Huxley is nothing if not critical. One who is a critic only could not have written such a sentence as this:—

"I venture to count it an improbable suggestion that any such person,—a man, let us say, who has wellnigh reached his threescore years and ten, and has graduated in all the faculties of human relationships; who has taken his share in all the deep joys and deeper anxieties which cling about them; who has felt the burden of young lives intrusted to his care, and has stood alone with his dead before the abyss of the Eternal,—has never had a thought beyond negative criticism. It seems to me incredible that such an one can have done his day's work, always with a light heart, with no sense of responsibility, no terror of that which may appear when the factitious veil of Isis—the thick web of fiction man has woven round Nature—is stripped off."

It may be observed, in conclusion, that our very latest school of thought does not appear to look forward with implicit confidence to the future of "Progress." Thus Mr Leslie Stephen:[1]—

"Popular writers are fond of describing Utopias in which man's power over Nature has indefinitely increased, and machinery been employed to hitherto unimaginable results. An imaginative writer might, I fancy, employ himself to equally good purpose in describing a state of things in which some mechanical discoveries should remain, but serve only as a memorial of a distant past, their principles forgotten, their use only known by tradition; in which the power of discovery should have perished, and a steam-engine be the object of superstitious reverence—like a gun in the hands of a savage—as a mysterious survival from the days of the ancient demigods. To bring about such a result it would only be necessary so far to emasculate the intellect that men should be reluctant to encounter the labour necessary for extending the borders of science. There are abundant precedents for decay as well as for progress, and regions enough in which authority has succeeded in shifting the impulse to active thought. Why should we regard such an ellipse of intellectual energy as henceforth impossible?"

Such warnings coming from our most strenuous thinkers may profitably be laid to heart by those who fancy that manhood suffrage on the one hand, and sixpenny telegrams on the other, mean the Millennium. S. OF B.

---

[1] An Agnostic's Apology, and other Essays. By Leslie Stephen. London, 1893.

EARLSCOURT: A NOVEL OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—A NEW CONFIDANT.

THE consternation which Dorothy's irruption brought with her into the room was equally distributed among all the three. Probably Cloete Sparshott was the least affected. She had come on legitimate banking business, although of a delicate nature, and conscious of her own integrity and having no secret hanging over her, she readily overcame her embarrassment.

The sight of Cloete, however, was to Dorothy a furious stimulus to her jealous feelings. She knew the girl immediately, and her fresh young beauty, her colour delicately heightened and her eyes still glistening from the agitations of her interview with Brancepeth, were an intolerable offence to the older woman. She could forgive her her beauty, which she scanned with harshly critical eyes, but she could not pardon her her youth. That was a damning fact in Dorothy's eyes, which neither taste nor criticism could get rid of.

As for Stephen, he was at first perfectly staggered by the intrusion. A bitter thought of the Don-Juan-like comicality of the situation flashed across his mind, only to give place to a feeling that here was retribution brought bodily home to him in the person of both his victims. The last half-hour had precipitated him so much towards Cloete Sparshott, that he could not readily disentangle his mind from her, and a feeling of resentment rose up against Dorothy as the aggressor and the wanton destroyer of his peace of mind. Mastering himself with a desperate effort, he held out his hand towards Dorothy. "I hope I see you well, Miss Colpoys. Is there anything I can do for you? I shall be at your service in a minute." And placing a chair for her, he turned his back upon the angry lady and again addressed himself to Cloete: "You may assure your father, Miss Sparshott, that I shall attend to his instructions about this—this memorandum. I see the date is to-day—it must be looked to at once" ostentatiously reading over the notice, "and you will remember that in any other matters of the same kind, it will give me much pleasure to forward the Doctor's views;" and shaking hands with Cloete, he had bowed her out before she could utter a word in rejoinder.

"And now, Dorothy," he exclaimed, coming hastily back to the chair where his wife was seated fanning her face with a pocket-handkerchief,—"what in heaven's name is the matter?"

"The matter!" she echoed, indignantly. "Yes, you may ask what is the matter! What were you doing with that girl?"

"That girl! Was it because Miss Sparshott had business to transact with me that you have burst in here in all this flurry?"

"Business! Pretty business, I daresay. This is what you do at the bank. Did you not swear to me that it was all over between you and her."

"It is all over between me and her in the sense you mean. This is a bank, and I am obliged to see any one who comes to transact business with me."

"So I suppose. And Miss Sparshott? Does she often come here to transact business with you? And in your private room too."

"A great deal of banking business has to be transacted in private rooms. People do not always care to state their wants across a public counter."

"I suppose not," said Dorothy, loftily. "Does she come here every day?"

"She has never been here before, and may not come again. I hope for her own sake she may not have to come, poor thing."

"Poor thing indeed!"

"Now, look here, Dorothy," cried Brancepeth, impatiently. "I must have a stop put to this. You know quite well that I am a faithful husband to you, and that any jealousy on your part is solely of your own causing. One word from you, and the whole of your suspicions are removed. Once let our marriage be known, and there will be no possibility of any future misunderstandings."

"Ah!" said Dorothy, her face falling, and her wrath vanishing, "it is about that I have come here. I have had such a horrible letter from Jim. He knows all."

"From Colonel Colpoys? Well, he must soon have heard of it at all events. I trust Colonel Colpoys does not intend to visit our marriage with his heavy displeasure."

Brancepeth spoke with somewhat of a sneer, for the Honourable James Colpoys's opinion was not one that mattered much to the other members of his family.

"No; poor Jim!" returned Dorothy, hesitatingly; "but he threatens to tell Earlsfield everything at once unless——"

"Well, you had made up your mind to tell Lord Earlsfield everything yourself."

"Certainly; I have been waiting for a good opportunity, but there has never—there has never been a proper occasion."

"I should think the present occasion a very proper one, unless you want Lord Earlsfield to learn from your brother's lips what he should certainly have heard first from your own—or from mine. I am quite ready to go to his lordship and tell him the whole truth, to-day if you like."

"No, no, not to-day. I shall do it myself. As you say, he ought not to hear it from any one except myself. And I will try hard to get a chance. But what am I to do about Jim? I was so frightened when I got his letter that I could not rest until I had come straight off to you."

"I don't know what you should do about him. Tell Lord Earlsfield, and then you can do anything you like."

"Here is his letter," said Dorothy, handing her husband a missive written in a scrawling hand, with which numberless Jew discounters and bill-brokers would readily have confessed their familiarity:—

"St Leger Cottage, West Ham.

"My dear Dora,—You must have thought it very unbrotherly of me not to have congratulated you long ago on your marriage with young Brancepeth, but I only heard of it by accident the other day. Not much of a match for a Colpoys, but *anni labuntur*. What did Earlsfield say about it? Or is he too in the dark? I hope he will give you his fraternal benediction, and make no bones about Lady Anna's money.

"Can you, my dear Dora, lend me five hundred pounds until after the Goodwood Meeting, when I shall be in funds to repay you? You know I don't care to trouble

Earlsfield with letters, and if you can let me have the money, I shall not bother writing to him now, although I clearly ought to condole with, or congratulate him—which is it?—upon the new alliance which our family has contracted.

"Please let me hear from you within a couple of posts. Wishing you happy experiences of the holy state of matrimony, I am, dear Dora, your affectionate brother, JAMES COLPOYS."

"Well," said Dorothy, when Brancepeth had finished the letter with a lowered brow and curling lip, and now returned it to her between his finger and his thumb, "what do you think of it?"

"Think of it," repeated Brancepeth; "I can only think of it as a very cool attempt to levy blackmail."

"But he will write to Lord Earlsfield, and all will come out."

"It will be entirely your blame if you leave Colonel Colpoys any revelations to make."

"But, Stephen," faltered Dorothy, "you do not know my difficulties. Of course I shall tell Earlsfield, but I must take him at the right time. His one idea just now is the marriage of his son to Mary Donne. When this is settled, he will be quite happy, and disposed to be generous. Only trust me, and I can manage all for us. You would not like me to be stripped of my aunt's money?"

"I have enough for us both," said Stephen, curtly.

"How unkind you are!"—and Dorothy began to cry, and to have recourse to her handkerchief—"when it is only for your sake that I want it. You would care nothing for me if I brought you nothing."

"I am quite content to have yourself, Dora," said Brancepeth.

"No," cried Dorothy, "you must not allow me to be robbed this way. You must let me manage for myself. Only have patience and trust me."

"If it comes to paying blackmail, I do not think that is good management, Dora. You are compromising my honour."

"I shall not pay black-mail. You would not grudge my giving money to poor Jim in his difficulties. I have often helped him before, and now you will take nothing from me."

"You must certainly dispose of your money as you please, Dora; but I would be ashamed if my wife paid a farthing away under compulsion of a threat. And this must really end. My position is becoming unbearable. You might have seen for yourself—that is, you might easily guess—what difficulties this mystery exposes me to."

"Ah yes, I know, I have seen," cried Dorothy, her jealousy again taking fire. "I saw that girl here to-day. She of course thinks you still unmarried, the designing——"

"Hush, Dora! be reasonable," said Brancepeth, putting his arm round her,—"be reasonable, for heaven's sake, and don't make any more scenes here. Miss Sparshott came here purely on business—some money troubles of her father's—and very likely may never come again. There was not a word passed between us except purely on business. You can surely trust me, Dora."

"Yes, I can trust you, but I cannot trust her. She throws herself in your way, and all men are weak. But she shall have a lesson some day soon. She shall see——"

"For heaven's sake don't be absurd!" said Brancepeth, impatiently; "and now you must go away. Some one may be in any

moment. Let me know when I can meet you, and we shall talk all this quietly over when you are less excited." As he spoke the door hastily opened, and his father put his head into the room. At first he was going to withdraw, but recognising Miss Colpoys, he came in and shook hands with her, and inquired for all the family at the Court.

"You have been too much a stranger in Earlsport lately, Miss Colpoys," said the old man, blandly. "We haven't attractions here to compare with the Continent, but we are always glad to have the Earlscourt family with us as much as possible."

"You cannot complain of some of us," said Dorothy, laughing. "Earlsfield and my sister are here all the year round."

"True," said the banker, "but we do not see so much of them as we ought to do. But Earlsport has itself to blame; it has not always behaved well to a family to whom it owes so much—but there, I must not talk politics to ladies. Stephen, when you are disengaged I should like to see you in my room."

"I am going," said Dorothy; and giving her hand to the old banker, who shook it with effusive cordiality, she went out escorted by Stephen, who bade her good-bye at the bank door.

When he returned to his own room his father was still there, pacing thoughtfully up and down. "So, Stephen, that is your wife," he said, as he suddenly whirled round and confronted his son.

"Sir!" cried Stephen, aghast, and almost staggering against the door in his astonishment. "My wife! Then you——"

"Yes, I know all," said the banker, coolly sitting down in Stephen's own chair, and mechanically taking a pen in his hand while he looked critically at his son.

"How long?—how did you come to know?" exclaimed Stephen, unable to think clearly in his bewilderment.

"For a good while back, before I offered to take you into partnership. In fact, it was your marriage that made me think of taking you into the bank. When you returned to Earlsport, I felt bound to ascertain the source of the money you were in possession of, and made inquiries which led me to infer that you had married Miss Colpoys. I wanted nothing but the actual acknowledgment, which I have got to-day."

"Well, sir?" said Stephen, interrogatively, after a pause.

"Well, Stephen," continued the banker, "I think you have done right. I quite approve of your marriage. Of course, there are difficulties to be faced, but we must meet these firmly, Stephen. I suppose Lord Earlsfield is still ignorant of the step his sister has taken?"

"It is no fault of mine, sir. I have constantly pressed upon Dorothy the necessity of letting her brother know at all risks, and have only reluctantly yielded to her entreaties to be allowed to manage the matter her own way. She is terribly afraid of Lord Earlsfield."

"Ah yes, that is where Lady Pye's money comes in. She marries without the knowledge or consent of her brother, who can consequently claim her ladyship's legacy. It is awkward. 'Against the wish or without the sanction of Lord Earlsfield' is, I believe, the expression in Lady Anna's will. But we must have that money, Stephen," and the old man laid his clenched hand firmly down on the writing-table.

"Well, sir, but how are we to

get it?" said Stephen, gloomily. "Dorothy certainly does not wish to give it up."

"You have no plan of your own?" inquired the banker. "No? Then I am disappointed in you. I thought you had, and your sharpness in the matter was one of the inducements that made me think of having you in the bank. But this is a speculation, not an investment. Well, we must make the best of it, and we must make a bold fight for the money."

"I am entirely in your hands, sir," said Stephen; "my wife has insisted on having her own management of the affair. For my own part, I am anxious that Lord Earlsfield should be told without further loss of time."

"It would only be right," said the banker, doubtfully.

"Certainly, sir. You must see for yourself that my position is a very unpleasant one, with this disclosure hanging over me. But for my promise to Dorothy I would bring the matter to issue at once, whatever the result."

"Umph," returned the banker. "I see no need for doing anything rashly; the income is still coming in, and Lord Earlsfield cannot recover from you. Still, as you say, we must think of something to be done. We may take it that Lady Pye's will is definite enough. Miss Colpoys would have married Weatherport the barrister, who fought George Colpoys's first election petition; but he—and everybody allowed him to be a good lawyer—fought shy of the proviso, and backed out. So we may safely take it that not much is to be done there. Our chance on the whole seems to be with Lord Earlsfield."

"So Dorothy has always said, but she is slow in approaching him."

"Naturally, the stake is a large one, as you will do well to bear in mind. We must think carefully over the matter, and act with caution. You must make settlements upon your wife equal to the means she has already under Lady Pye's legacy, but there will be no difficulty about that."

"Thanks," said Stephen, carelessly; "but, settlements and all, I do not suppose Lord Earlsfield will be particularly pleased to salute me as his brother-in-law."

"I don't think he has much cause to complain," said the banker, haughtily. "Nothing is more common than for the peerage to marry into banking families, and there are members of the House of Lords themselves who are bankers. We are not Rothschilds, but then we are not Jews. We Brancepeths held lands in Northumberland and Durham, when the Colpoyses were selling fish in Billingsgate. We have not a title, it is true, but dignities in our day are cheaper than they were. We shall hold our own with Lord Earlsfield on that score, but with regard to this money, he has decidedly got the pull upon us."

"And what do you advise me to do?" asked Stephen.

"We must look carefully into the matter, and do nothing hasty. I am inclined to think that your wife should be allowed to take her own time to approach Lord Earlsfield; but let her do nothing without telling us. The loss of the money will not be a deadly matter to us, but still it will be a feather in your cap if you can secure both it and the lady. It would not be pleasant for you to have it said that you had married an heiress and missed the fortune. And now, about these colliery bonds which I have been seeing about——" and here the banker plunged into a labyrinth of dry business details which have no interest for us.

CHAPTER XXIX.—DOROTHY'S PLOT.

When Dorothy Colpoys left the bank her mind was racked by a multitude of perplexities. To her, who had always regarded her elder brother with fear and suspicion, the disclosure which now pressed upon her was a terrible ordeal. Lord Earlsfield to her, as to all others except his son, had always been hard and unrelenting. He was just, he prided himself upon doing justice; but Dorothy could not help feeling that the exercise of Lord Earlsfield's justice always involved less hurt to himself than to others—and if he was just, he did not make profession of being generous. The title and his son as his successor in it claimed his whole interest; his brothers and sisters were so many undesirable encumbrances; and if they could be made useful instead of burdensome, it was only just that they should be compelled to do their duty to the house. These Dorothy knew well would be the principles on which Lord Earlsfield would act, when she came to confess the step she had taken; and in consequence of it Lady Pye's legacy lay at his mercy. She had known this all along; she had foreseen that it would be so; and yet she had boldly faced the risk. When Brancepeth had discovered her not very carefully disguised partiality for him, and in his gratitude for her kindness, and longing for affection of some kind in his distressed and solitary condition, had offered her his love, she knew well what she was doing. But the temptation was strong. Dorothy wanted to be married, and she knew quite well that to any marriage whatever Lord Earlsfield would discover sufficient excuses for offering opposition. In her inmost heart there had lurked a feeling that all this might be evaded by judicious secrecy; she might keep her dear husband all to herself and no one the wiser; and by living abroad and keeping out of the way of English people, she might continue to draw on Lady Pye's legacy for an indefinite period. She had also some vague ideas about prescription; if she could conceal her marriage long enough, if she had children to inherit, she thought that perhaps Lord Earlsfield's objections would be inoperative. In short, she wished to live ostrich-like, with her head hid from the perils which she had drawn upon herself. She did not tell Brancepeth until after their marriage of the conditions which attached to her fortune; and her anxiety was increased by the resolute pressure which he at once brought upon her to make a clean breast of everything to her brother. Brancepeth had thought little about her money, or if he had thought at all, he had expected that she would have the moderate provision proper for a lady of the Earlscourt family, which would probably be enough to maintain them both in some species of comfort. He was then in a drifting mood; disposed to do anything, to accept anything; and the selfish avarice of his father, which he blamed as the cause of his own untoward fate, had given him a loathing for money. But when Dorothy told him how matters stood he was sensitive enough to realise that the full difficulties of their position were more than she could easily be made to understand. It was with difficulty that Dorothy could comprehend that there was anything immoral in retaining

possession of money which was probably forfeit. The money was left to her; in strict justice it should be her very own; if there was any wrong, it lay with Lord Earlsfield, who was oppressively making use of his authority to deprive her of it. That was true, Brancepeth admitted, but it did not alter the practical aspects of the case, nor would it affect the condemnation of the world when the matter was made public. They must face the consequences of their position; should Lord Earlsfield follow an invidious course, then let the odium rest with him. Besides, as Brancepeth urged, there was his honour to be thought of. What would be said of him if he allowed the marriage to be kept secret, and continued to live upon the money which was properly Lord Earlsfield's? He was not sure that his position was not fraudulent; and he would not run the risk of being regarded as a cheat and an adventurer. No; Lord Earlsfield must be told all without delay, and the best terms possible made with him; and Brancepeth had offered to spare her the unpleasant task by going himself to her brother. But this Dorothy would not hear of.

All this had been talked over and over again during their early married days on the Continent; and at last Dorothy, goaded into some show of action, had come to England with Brancepeth, and they had settled that he was to purchase the Dunes House, and be close to his wife if she required support when the difficulty with Lord Earlsfield arrived. Brancepeth was not much disposed to show himself again in Earlsport; but agreed to his wife's urgent request that he should be near to her. He felt, too, that he would like to have some information about his father's movements. The banker had no relations but himself; and, unless he left his money to a charity or some public object — a mode of benefaction of which he had always spoken with contempt — Brancepeth thought he had still an interest in his father's property. If the old man died intestate, or if he had not taken the trouble to revoke the will which the son knew had been made in his favour, then Brancepeth would succeed to everything. So he made up his mind to accompany Dorothy to Earlsport, not without some sense of pleasure in swaggering his independence in the vicinity of his unforgiving parent, and of assuming an attitude of mysterious importance in the eyes of his fellow-townsmen.

With Brancepeth all had gone smoothly, and the reconciliation with his father had completely altered his prospects and lessened the importance of Lord Earlsfield's decision. It is to be feared it also lessened his sense of gratitude and obligation towards Dorothy; and he came to feel that he had acted like a fool, and to bear a half-grudge to her as an accomplice of his folly. Then, too, the sight of Cloete Sparshott had roused dangerous feelings of regret, and had thrown his mind back more and more upon the old life, with its tender associations and promises of what might have been. Dorothy and the marriage difficulty fell more and more into the background; his pressure to bring her to the point became relaxed, except when in any conversation with her the subject was forced upon him; and now that his father had learned the secret and counselled him to let his wife take her own time, he was happily content to let matters slide for the present.

As for Dorothy, she found herself, on her arrival at Earlscourt, no nearer the courage necessary to make a confession than she had previously been. The atmosphere of the house was full of Lord Earlsfield's domination, and under its influence she at once sank into the abject state of vassalage in which the other members of the family had to live. There was no one in whom she could confide. If she told Mrs Firebrace, the sense of religious duty which always animated that lady to make mischief would, she was sure, lead to her betrayal. Her brother George was good-natured; but since her marriage she had not been able to respond so readily to his frequent demands for loans, and it was decidedly against his interest that she should incur expenses upon a husband. Mary Donne she looked upon as a girl whom it would be of no advantage to confide in.

Only one opportunity had presented itself of saying anything to her brother, and that had not been a very promising one. Shortly after her arrival, Lord Earlsfield, remarking upon her taste for prolonged stays abroad, had remarked—

"It is a most providential thing for you that Lady Pye's money is so securely tied up. All these health-resorts are so full of adventurers that they would be sure to make an attempt to entangle you. You would do well, wherever you go, to let it be clearly understood that the money only remains with you as long as you are single."

"I should be giving them to understand what is not true then," said Dorothy, flushing up. "My aunt's money is mine, single or married, unless you forfeit it by refusing your consent. You mean, I suppose, that you do not intend to consent to my marriage under any circumstances, and look upon the reversion of the legacy as secure."

"Hem! no; I do not mean that," said Lord Earlsfield, rather taken aback by the frank imputation. "Of course the money is yours, and I have never sought to interfere with it. However, if it came to your wanting to throw yourself away upon some *roturier*, I should feel myself justified in interposing."

"*Roturier* or not," returned Dorothy, "I have no doubt you would find some pretext for objecting, whoever came forward. There was——" and here she stopped short a flow of unseasonable recollections.

"Yes, you are thinking of Weatherport, the barrister," provokingly supplied his lordship. "Well, I had no doubt about the interested nature of his suit; and when I told him that he might have you but not the money, he very quickly turned his back. Should a suitable marriage offer, you may be sure that I would waive my own interests for what promised to be for your happiness."

"And what would you call a suitable marriage?" demanded Dorothy.

"One your equal in birth and years," said Lord Earlsfield, judicially; "one who is rich enough, so that no suspicion of mercenary motives may be inferred. A man whose past character will be a guarantee that he will not squander your money in the future. I do not see," continued Lord Earlsfield, "why, if you want to get married, you should not have found a proper match long ago. You are not so young now. You were born—let me see——"

"I am not in the way of going about looking for marriageable men," interrupted Dorothy, hastily. "I have no thought now of marrying."

"Well, well," said Lord Earlsfield, resignedly, "have your own way. It is no fault of mine, and if you can't get a husband to your liking, don't saddle the blame upon me;" and his lordship broke off the conversation, pleased with his own disinterestedness, and fully convinced that he had shown himself fraternally anxious to promote his sister's happiness.

These remarks gave Dorothy little encouragement to relieve her mind, and she continued to put off the evil day, thinking more of how she could pacify her husband than make the necessary disclosure to her brother. But now a fresh incentive had been added to having her marriage made public. The sight of Cloete Sparshott in Brancepeth's room had stirred a lower depth of jealousy than she cared to betray, especially as she was conscious that her own reticence was chiefly to blame for any misunderstanding. She came away full of wrath against this designing girl, who, as she fancied, would not quit the hold which she had once had over her former lover. For Brancepeth she was ready to find a thousand excuses —women easily pardon the opposite sex, though they are implacable to one another—but Dorothy could see clearly the dangerous character of this girl, who was striving to intrude herself, even though unwittingly, between man and wife. The question now was, how she was to be foiled, how she was to be removed from Brancepeth's path. For a minute the idea of paying Cloete Sparshott a Rowena-to-Rebecca-like visit passed through Dorothy's mind, but the idea was too luxurious to be given effect to. No; that brief moment of crushing triumph, which would see her standing in all the majesty of her undoubted rights over the crushed and baffled hopes of her rival, was distinctly not to be realised. That would precipitate the disclosure, and in a way, too, that would be unbeseeming to all parties, and fatal to any chances of appeasing Lord Earlsfield. But something must be done to rescue Stephen Brancepeth from the snares of this designing woman.

While she sat in her own room thus pondering over her troubles, on the afternoon of her interview with Stephen, Dorothy conceived a plan which seemed to her so original, so comprehensive in its results, that she was almost frightened at her own cleverness, and wondered how she could have ever thought of it, and whether it was not a direct instigation of the Tempter. Harold Colpoys had evidently been much struck with Cloete Sparshott's beauty, and in the case of so young a man there was but one step from that to actual love. And he already had a character for obstinacy, and Lord Earlsfield had been cautioned that he was to avoid thwarting his son wherever possible. If Harold should entangle himself with Cloete Sparshott and marry her, two objects of importance would be effected. She would be taken out of Brancepeth's way, and amid the ruin of Lord Earlsfield's plans and ambitions, her own offence would be a matter of little consequence in comparison. In the wrath which Lord Earlsfield might be expected to feel at his son's disobedience, he would possibly care but little to add to the fortune which would one day fall to Harold; and by judicious submission and penitence on her own part, his lordship might be induced to sanction her marriage with Brancepeth.

It was a bold, a Catiline-like idea, and Dorothy shivered as she thought of the part that it would

naturally fall to her to play in the plot. To urge on Harold's passion for Cloete Sparshott and to get them married would serve all her ends. Yes, she would encourage Harold as much as she could in his love; she would make this girl's acquaintance and bring the two together. Harold would be easy enough to manage; and as for Cloete, would not Harold be Lord Earlsfield some day, and what girl, especially what girl brought up as Cloete had been, would be insensible to the prospects of such a position? Miss Sparshott removed from Brancepeth's way, and Lord Earlsfield's plans upset by Harold's marriage, she would the more readily find some chance of settling her own affairs in a favourable manner. She felt there was something wicked in these suggestions; but, on the other hand, there were good excuses in support of her resolution. Lord Earlsfield was unjust; and when injustice cannot be met with open resistance, it must be foiled by secret craft: and what evil was there in plotting to forward her nephew's happiness against his father's foolish pride? Nay, it was rather a praiseworthy plan, argued Dorothy with herself; and she there and then made up her mind to carry it into execution.

CHAPTER XXX.—THE DOCTOR'S AFFAIRS.

Quite unconscious of the Machiavelian genius his wife was developing, Brancepeth mechanically plodded through his work on the afternoon of the interview with Cloete and Dorothy. He sought refuge from his thoughts in running over long columns of figures, in checking accounts, in looking up balances, and in dashing off letters which made the recipients shrug their shoulders over the courtesy and complaisance of Brancepeth Brothers. And when all was done, he threw down his pen with a sigh at finding himself once more alone with his own thoughts.

His father then knew the secret, and was prepared to give him his support. That was a relief, and to his father's shoulders Brancepeth was well content that the burden should be transferred. And now there was the future to be faced, and the prospects with which it was charged were coming very close to him indeed. Of Lord Earlsfield proving amiable he had very little expectation: the stake involved was too great a one for him to cheerfully waive his rights; and Dorothy, so far as he could see, had no ground to go upon. Some effect might be produced by exposing the line Lord Earlsfield had adopted towards his sister by forcing her to remain single; and he might be shamed, through fear of publicity, into making concessions. But this was a course not to be thought of. Brancepeth already sensitively shrank from what would be said about his marrying a woman older than himself, and keeping the affair a secret from her family. Whatever else was insinuated, he must not be exposed to the reproach of being a baffled fortune-hunter. But he quite felt with his father that the money ought not to be let go. If he lost this, what, he thought with a sigh, had he for his marriage? A woman a good deal older than himself, who offered him but limited prospects of happiness, and with whom he would very likely have a good deal of worry and trouble

in the future. He was now convinced that he had acted foolishly, and, like most men who let themselves drift down life, he charged his ill-luck to fate. But fate or no fate, he had chosen his way, and he must play out his part in an honourable manner. But the path of duty seemed to him neither pleasant nor promising just then.

And there was Cloete Sparshott. Well, she was the most disturbing feature in the situation—a perpetual reminder of his lost happiness, of the sacrifice of all that would have made the future bright and gladdening. If she were away, if she were married, if she were dead even, Brancepeth thought, with some bitterness, that his life would be more bearable. But to see her in the full flush of fresh beauty and gracious maidenhood flitting before his eyes, drawing his thoughts away from the severe engagements which he had to fulfil, and making him curse his lot by contrast, was wellnigh too much for his endurance. But this, too, was fate.

There lay the memorandum which she had left with him. If he would, he could not avoid concerning himself with her affairs. He wished to be kind to her, to help. Perhaps, on the whole, he had not acted well towards her. True, he had set her at liberty from their engagement; but he had acted on his freedom, while she had apparently remained true to her vows. Then when he had come back, he had kept silence. He had not made the explanation to which she was perhaps entitled, which, at all events, would have removed the possibility of misconception and the risk of pain. It was his duty to make her some reparation, and here was the chance. Dr Sparshott's embarrassments had always been notorious; and if he could now do something to rescue him from his difficulties, Brancepeth tried to think that it would be something to add to the creditor side of his account with conscience.

The doctor's acceptance for twenty-five pounds was to Mr John Spung, a name which Brancepeth recollected in his young days as that of a small dealer in an out-of-the-way street, who had an evil reputation as a poacher in the Elsedale preserves, and who had more than once been in trouble over small smuggled consignments, which he had got through sailors in the dock or by the Earlsport fishing-boats. This was not a customer of the class in which Brancepeth Brothers usually interested themselves, and it was in some astonishment that he rang his bell for the requisite explanation.

It was answered by young Briggs.

"What do you mean by showing people pell-mell into my room, Briggs?" demanded Brancepeth, pouncing down upon that facetious gentleman as the prime cause of his morning's disquiet. "I won't have any one shown in here unless I am disengaged."

"Well, sir," returned Briggs, with all the assurance he could muster, "I knew you were alone when I brought Miss Sparshott up—wouldn't have done so otherwise, I assure you, sir. And when the Hon'ble Miss Colpoys heard you were alone with a lady, she followed hard at my heels and *would* come in."

"You're a fool, Briggs," was the uncomplimentary rejoinder. "Take care that this does not occur again, or it will be the worse for you. Do you know a man called Spung?"

"Spicey Spung! Yes, sir," re-

turned Briggs, readily. "I have that hon—I mean I know Spung keeps a grocer's shop in the general way, hard down by the Elsedale Coal Wharf."

"Has he a bank account here?"

"A bank account? No, not here nor anywhere else, I imagine. He is a shifty customer is Spicey. They call him so from the hodours in his shop. What though the spicy breezes——" and Briggs began to feel his spirits rising at the thought of his reminiscences of Mr Spung.

"Then what does he mean by sending his bills to us for collection? What have we to do with the fellow? Look there," and Brancepeth handed to Mr Briggs the doctor's promissory-note.

"Ah," said the clerk, taking up the document between his finger and his thumb and looking at it meditatively. "That is a part of Mr Mold's little game, I fancy."

"What do you mean by Mr Mold's little game?" demanded Brancepeth, testily.

"Well, it was Mr Mold asked us to undertake the collection of any of Dr Sparshott's bills that Spung had in his hands. He has been looking after the doctor's affairs has Mr Mold; at the same time after the doctor's daughter, if all tales are true;" and young Briggs turned his eyes towards the ceiling in a careless manner, as if his remark had no earthly interest for his interlocutor.

"Indeed," said Brancepeth, with equal indifference; "if Mr Mold is looking after Dr Sparshott's affairs, why should he bother us with them? Meantime I have undertaken to arrange this matter. Take this cheque on my private account for the amount of Dr Sparshott's bill. And Briggs,—you know this man Spung. I want to have a talk with him. Bring him here to me to-morrow forenoon. Say I want to see him about this bill."

"The Spicey one, sir!" returned Mr Briggs, gladly. He scented an intrigue which would be an agreeable relaxation to the monotony of business, as well as something rousing to relate to the Vikings. "Yes, I'll produce him alive or dead. You may rely upon my discretion and secrecy, sir."

"You are an ass, Briggs. There is no secrecy involved in the matter, and if it had required discretion, you are the last man in the world I would have intrusted with it. Be off now, and mind what I told you about visitors to my room, after this."

Outside the door young Briggs made a grimace, struck an attitude, and tapped his forehead. "Thou hast it now," he soliloquised, addressing an imaginary listener in the passage. "The iron hast entered into thy soul. Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy; it is the green-eyed monster which doth mock, *et cetererr, cetererr*. Now we are a-going to do business;" and Mr Briggs returned to his ledger, to waste the time paid for by Messrs Brancepeth in constructing a drama of love and revenge and intrigue, with a leading share in the cast assigned to himself.

And so Mold was interfering in Dr Sparshott's affairs. There was no reason why he should not, if he felt any pity for the doctor's embarrassments; but Stephen was disposed to be very angry at his interposition. And he was looking after the daughter, according to young Briggs. Well, he knew Briggs to be a fool and a tattler, and there was little good in laying stress upon what he said. But why should Mold bother himself about the doctor's troubles? Brancepeth had never detected any signs of benevolent weakness about him. On the contrary, he

had heard that Mold was rather partial to sharp practice when he could indulge in it, and was only kept in bounds by the opposition of his partner, George Fossebraye. He had noticed Mold's affectionate manner towards Cloete at Mrs Fossebraye's dinner-party, but had thought nothing about it then. He had been too much engrossed by his own feelings. But this revelation about the bill and Spung gave the matter quite a different complexion. He would see Spung and sift him; he had meant to examine the man as to whether he held any more of the doctor's acceptances; and if he found that there was any foul play going on, let Mr Mold look to himself. But why should Cloete Sparshott not marry Mold? was the question that suggested itself to Stephen as he sat at his desk pondering over these things. The match, in a worldly point of view, was good enough, doubtless. Mold must be passing well off, and would be able to save her from the difficulties and struggles of her father's household. It would be a marriage of convenience, and he himself had made one. What right had he to trouble himself about the matter? And yet his heart stood up in arms at the idea of Mr Mold, with his age, and his rolling eyes, and his cat-like treacherous manner, becoming Cloete's husband. He had wished she were married, that she might be removed from his thoughts; but this was not the kind of marriage he had contemplated. And if Mold were making her father's affairs a means of influencing her, he, Brancepeth, would soon let him know with whom he had to deal.

Impatient and excited by his thoughts, Brancepeth in vain tried to apply himself to work. He strolled out, intending to walk to the club and lunch, in search of distraction; but as he passed the end of Colpoys Square, the fresh sea-breeze blowing up Else Street, with a bracing salty nip and fresh odours of ozone, made him change his mind. Yes, a sail was what he wanted. The wind blew fair from the south-west, and it was just an afternoon for a cruise along by the cliffs on the headland, as far, perhaps, as Muddleham Point. He had frequently of late taken excursions on the water with Tom Bowse, a smart fisherman whom he had often accompanied in his younger days, who had a trim sail-boat which he hired out for pleasure trips. As he passed along the quay, Charley Hanmer, the Alderman's son, who was grumbling at being kept on duty there in a wooden box superintending the lading of one of his father's vessels bound for the Baltic, hailed him, and invited him to share his primitive lunch of sandwiches and bottled stout, which Brancepeth cheerfully accepted.

"So you have settled down to the bank for good," said that ingenuous youth; "jolly good billet too. Look at me stewing all summer and freezing in winter in this infernal sentry-box, and without even a share in the business. You are a partner now, ain't you?"

"Well, I believe I am something of that sort, but I can't say that I know much about the business."

"I daresay you'll soon learn. My governor, who was about your place the other day, said he was hanged if he didn't think you would turn out as great a screw as the old un."

"Well," said Brancepeth, laughing, "I suppose I ought to feel greatly flattered by the Alderman's good opinion; but I suspect it will take me some time before

I am able to fill the old one's shoes."

"Say," said Master Charley, his mouth half-full of cold pie, "have you quite given up that young woman of yours? Saw her the other day as blooming as a peony, and stepping like a three-year-old. If you are off, I wouldn't mind going on. She is quite another sixpence to that confounded scraggy girl, Emma Manx, my revered parents are boring me to marry."

"Which young woman do you allude to?" fenced Brancepeth. "Really, Master Charley, your provincial mind does my reputation for gallantry an injustice if you expect I could recognise the subject of your remarks under so very general a description."

"Oh, come, I say, as if you didn't know well enough who I mean. Miss Sparshott, to be sure, whom you were always dangling after. Never heard of any other girl who had anything to say to you."

"The field is clear for me, I can assure you, Hanmer," returned Brancepeth; "and now, thanks for your hospitality. Come out soon to the Dunes House, and I will pay my debt."

"Oh, hang it, I say, you are not going off like that!" cried Hanmer. "I am just going to open some more stout. Don't go, my dear fellow, for I won't have a soul to speak to all the afternoon, except that oaf Flukes, the first mate, and he is half-screwed already. Stop and have a split soda, and I'll——" but Brancepeth was out of earshot already, and the deserted Charley took out his watch with a sigh of despair, and returned to his box to look out for any chance acquaintance who might help him to beguile the working hours of the afternoon.

It is a stiff pull over the Earlsport bar when the tide is racing in against you, and Brancepeth and Tom Bowse had to bend to their oars as the boat tossed about upon the rollers; but once outside Wreck Point, as the southern extremity of the harbour was called, from the many vessels that had met their fate there while making for port, the wind was caught, the sail hoisted, and away the boat flew, coasting the Dunes, with their low swelling expanse, the Earlscourt woods beyond it, with the grey gables of the house peeping over the tree-tops, and the wooded heights of the uplands beyond closing in the background. Brancepeth, with the tiller-ropes in hand, could throw himself back in the stern; and, when pipes were lit, Tom Bowse had much to tell of maritime adventures of old days, of recent boating perils, of being blown off the coast and forced to run to the Wash for shelter, of little smuggling adventures with the Dutch and Belgian hookers, and tricks played upon the watchful coastguards. And Brancepeth cast his cares to the winds and listened and chattered as lightly as he had done in the excursions which he and Tom had been wont to make in his old college vacations before he had conceived that life could contain such perplexities and troubles. "Hold her off a bit, Master Stephen," said Tom, as the headland, with its rugged border of beetling cliffs, came over their bow; and away they flew, past stern-looking black rocks, polished and slippery with the fierce dash of the sea, green coves that led down in terraces to the water's edge, and dark recesses where the waves lapped with a sullen lull, and which were carefully noted in the smugglers' chart in older days. Past the Devil's Nose, frowning upon them as they hugged the wind to clear the North Point, and opened up the

low sandy coast that stretched as far as the town of Muddleham, with its point and lighthouse and the shipping lying between. And as they turned they could see the Basket Shoal, a black dot upon the sea-horizon, with the white tower of its lighthouse in the evening sunset. They tacked back more leisurely, and it was dark before Brancepeth was again landed at Earlsport Quay. He shrank from his lonely house upon the Dunes, and preferred to invite himself to dinner with his father, and listen to the maxims of financial wisdom that fell from the old man's lips.

CHAPTER XXXI.—A WARNING.

The piety of former lords of Earlsfield had built and endowed a row of red brick almshouses for the wives and spinster daughters of decayed citizens of Earlsport, and though their successors had sorely grudged the benefaction, they still exercised a certain control and patronage over the institution, which, half buried among shrubs and creepers, stood picturesquely enough upon the western outskirts of the town, looking down upon the open valley of the Else below. Lord Earlsfield grumbled at the property which had been alienated, and George thought ruefully of how much better the £1200 a-year which it now brought in would have been in his own pockets; but the deed was done, and there was no help for it; and Lord Earlsfield turned the charity to the best account he could by making it a provision for old servants and for the widows or daughters of political supporters in Earlsport, a course which furnished a fruitful source of attack for the editor of the Opposition papers. The ladies of Earlscourt had always been looked upon as under an obligation to take an interest in the pensioners; but Mrs Firebrace and the vicar, who was Warden, had quarrelled over the doctrine suitable for the condition of the inmates, and Lord Earlsfield had sternly decided that the vicar was to be left to discharge his spiritual duties unmolested. Mrs Firebrace had accordingly washed her hands of the almshouses; Dorothy had never been able to take any interest in them; and the duty had been delegated to Mary Donne since she had come to stay at the Court. No better fortune could have befallen the old ladies, for Mary came and went like a ray of sunshine, brightening their old lives with her kind cheery presence, reading good books to those who were so disposed, and entering into all their chat and gossip with those who were still of the world worldly. She knew the full history of all the pensionaries, and the Christian names of their friends and relations, was deeply skilled in all their troubles, had by heart the treasured letters which they would make her read to them over and over again. Thursday, the day of her coming, was a *festa* in the almshouses, and the privilege of giving her tea was a source of much jealousy and rancour among the pensioners, and of nice discrimination on the part of Mary herself, so that she might not encourage rivalries. In late visits, she had envied these old ladies the repose and peace of their lives, and had thought what a happy escape from her troubles it would be if Lord Earlsfield would only allow her to stay there and rule over them for the rest of her life.

On Thursday morning, as Mary was crossing the hall on the way to her room to prepare for her visit, George Colpoys came hurriedly up to her.

"Look here, Mary!" he burst forth in a tone of fierce eagerness that was the extreme reverse of his usual indolent utterance, "I must speak to you to-day — to-morrow it may be too late. It isn't merely to tell you that I love you. I have told you that pretty clearly already, one way or another; and it isn't altogether to ask you if you will try to love me, though that question may have to be put too. But it is to talk over yourself and how we can serve you; for, by heavens! Mary Donne, you are in a hole, and I don't see that any one but myself can take you out of it."

Thus, when Mary appeared in considerable perturbation, equipped for her walk, George was waiting for her in the hall, thoughtfully tapping his boot with his cane. But before they could set out, the library door opened, and Lord Earlsfield came out. He stood upon the door-step, and carefully scanned the sky, as if settling in his own mind the chances of a speedy change of weather. At length he turned suddenly round to the member.

"My letter made it quite clear to you what my views are with regard to Miss Donne?" he sternly asked in a low voice.

"Quite clear," retorted George, with a sullen look shot right into his brother's eyes.

"And can I depend on your co-operation?" demanded Lord Earlsfield, in tones which had an accent of menace in them.

"I won't have anything to do with it," said George, who, though he would gladly have temporised, yet also felt his courage sustained by the unwonted fact that he was fighting his brother from a superior moral position. "It is a business entirely out of my line. I have done several fishy things in my time, but I must say——"

"Say nothing, sir," interrupted Lord Earlsfield, sternly; "it was your assistance, not your criticism, I asked. But you will be good enough to impress upon your mind that my ward and the daughter of Colonel Donne is not a fit subject for your flirtation."

"I never regarded her as such," broke in George.

"Any more than she is a fitting wife for a pauper to marry," pursued his lordship, kindly.

"I know that only too well," sighed the member.

"You will therefore take care in future how you divert her attention from her duty, which is to accustom herself to the idea that she is to be Harold's wife—to be Lady Earlsfield one day," continued his lordship, emphasising his warnings with his forefinger in the face of the unfortunate listener. "It will be better for her, still better for yourself; for as sure as I stand here, George Colpoys, if you cross me in this, the dearest wish of my heart, I shall make you suffer for it all your life long."

These last words were rendered all the more impressive by the speaker dropping his voice into a whisper as Mary Donne now came up to them, hatted, and gloved, and cloaked for her walk, with a dainty little basket on her arm, well loved of her friends, the pensioners.

"I am afraid the roads will make rather heavy walking, my dear," said Lord Earlsfield to her with a pleasant smile, as he turned away towards the library; "after so much rain, you would have done much better to have taken the pony-carriage."

AMONG FRENCH CATHEDRALS.

The little trip, of which the following notes record the more interesting memories, took place in our Easter holidays, and its object was the hope of increasing our architectural knowledge by a visit to some of the cathedrals and churches of Northern France.

Now this sounds as if we all were architectural adepts. Let me, therefore, promptly explain, that out of a party of three, only one member had this claim.[1] The remaining two were but aspirants!

We left Victoria on a bright sunny Saturday morning, and arrived at Amiens at 5.30, after a splendid crossing, but without any excitements. The Hôtel du Rhin we found clean and quiet, and there was an excellent *chef*. Let me remark that our architectural soarings could always be sufficiently forgotten to allow of our thinking of the good things of the table; and we can thoroughly recommend at Amiens—besides its cathedral—its *pâté de canard* and its macaroons. Even the greatest minds must unbend at times, and we found—sad as it is to own the fact—that our appetites often swayed us during our wanderings.

We decided to remain at Amiens as a convenient centre till the Tuesday, and on Sunday morning we attended the service in the cathedral. Being Palm-Sunday, High Mass was preceded by the office for the blessing of palms. The plant used for this purpose was a kind of box. This was distributed from the high altar amongst the clergy, choir, and seminarists; but the laity had apparently to content themselves with the sprigs to be purchased at and about the doors of the cathedral. This function was followed by the orthodox procession round the church, bearing palms and singing the hymn for the day, known to us Anglicans as "All glory, laud, and honour," of course to its proper plain-song melody. But we were not impressed either by the procession or the music. It is true that, according to the rubric, the procession was quite "correct": first came the thurifer, then the cross-bearer, supported on either side by acolytes with lighted candles, and the celebrant was duly accompanied by the deacon. But the long train "processed" badly; some laughed, some talked, and all straggled, while for a few minutes after starting, there were not eight or ten men singing (besides the boys) out of a procession of seventy or eighty.

Amongst the black cassocks and white surplices in the choir, we were puzzled at seeing some military uniforms. But we found on inquiry that they belonged to those seminarists who were undergoing the period of military service, from which a liberal (?) French Government will not exempt even candidates training for the priesthood.

But to return to our subject. Though we were much disappointed with the religious service, it was not so with the fabric of the cathedral. It is a noble edifice, and to thoroughly appreciate it, one ought to stay for a month, so as to take in all its details. But even a short visit suffices to impress on the

[1] And he, on reading this account, forthwith disclaimed any pretension to the honour.

mind its grandeur and beauty. Of course, one notices at once some of the distinctions between French and English Gothic architecture: the much greater height of French churches—the elaborate west fronts—the highly pitched roofs — the much ornamented string-courses — and the immense array of buttresses, though these latter hide the external form of the buildings, which in our English churches we see so clearly. Still the French flying-buttresses are very beautiful, and their richness of treatment extremely fine. Having passed the morning in the cathedral, we thought we would spend the afternoon in looking at the surrounding country; so after a hearty luncheon—in which the aforesaid *pâté de canard* and macaroons played a distinguished part—we drove off in a landau to view the neighbourhood. But this was a disappointment. The country is painfully ugly—very flat and chalky, and the roads dusty and not well kept.

The next day we rose full of zeal, and decided on visiting two neighbouring churches—Abbeville and St Ricquier, the railway journey to the former place only occupying just over half an hour. A few minutes' walk from the station brought us in front of the west façade of the church. This was our first view of the Flamboyant style, and it was impossible to avoid being struck with its beauty and richness, though the eye longs for rest after a time. The mass of detail becomes bewildering. Still the church at Abbeville is well worthy of a visit, though the inside falls far short of the exterior.

From Abbeville, we hired a carriage and drove to St Ricquier, a distance of six or seven miles. The west front of the church here is also a very fine specimen of Flamboyant, but evidently of later date than Abbeville. It contains some forms of decoration which plainly indicate the near approach of the Renaissance. The interior is nobly proportioned, though the restoration it has undergone as a *monument historique* has rendered it painfully white and garish.

As it was Holy Week, there were special services each night in Amiens Cathedral, and on this evening we attended an *instruction* by a Dominican. Here we were pleased to find a thoroughly devout and attentive congregation. The preacher had a voice to which it was a pleasure to listen, and his delivery was excellent. His subject was chiefly the necessity for repentance, and there was nothing in his sermon to which the most Protestant of Dissenters could object. This preaching was in the nave, which was lit with only a few lamps, and the deep shadows and dim distances produced some wondrously picturesque effects. Until then I had not fully realised the vast and noble proportions of the building. At the conclusion of the sermon, a *salut* was performed at a small temporary altar placed at the gate of the choir. The music was rendered with charming effect by a few voices seated in the choir, the singers being concealed from sight.

On Tuesday morning, we left our nice hotel with regret, and started for Laon. This was certainly the most picturesque of all the towns we visited. Its situation is singularly fine. Perched on the top of a steep hill, which rises abruptly from a wide plain, it commands far-reaching views of the surrounding country.

In a modest little account like this, the reader will not expect a

full description of, or even a faint attempt at describing, the various beautiful churches we visited. But at Laon Cathedral we were introduced to an earlier type of French Gothic than we had hitherto met with. The square east end, and other points of resemblance to Early English, are ascribed to the influence of one of those master-builder prelates who had held preferment in England, and much attracted our insular attention. We sat for some time opposite the west front, admiring its dignified simplicity, which was not an unpleasing change after the storied imagery of that of Amiens. In the interior, the effect of the double triforium was quite a revelation. The open and gallery-like character of its lower stage is a marked feature to eyes accustomed to English Gothic. But perhaps what most impressed us was the unique group of five towers, of which the church boasts. On those at the west end, the huge stone oxen looking out over the town are very remarkable. These towers form extremely picturesque combinations with the old buildings which abound on the walls of the place, happily not yet swept away in the rage for "improvements."

The objects of interest in Laon are not, however, exhausted with the cathedral. Alongside of it are considerable remains of the Bishop's Palace (now used as a *Palais de Justice*), which has a picturesque cloister, and a good Romanesque chapel and crypt. Then there is an interesting little round Templars' Church with apsidal chancel and narthex, the latter being of two storeys. And at the farther end of the town is the Abbey Church of St Martin, which contains early and severe work, and has two towers in a rather unusual position at the junction of the transept and nave.

Let me strongly urge intending travellers in this part of France not to miss Laon. It is most picturesque; and let them conclude their visit, as we did, by a parting general view of the place from the spur of a hill on the side of the town opposite to the railway station.

The cathedral at Rheims is probably too well known to need any description on my part. One is almost overwhelmed with the marvellous richness of its western front; the tiers upon tiers of statuary, the elaborately canopied niches, the richly crocketed gables, in short, the wealth of decoration of all kinds, combine to produce an effect quite bewildering in its magnificence. As regards the interior, though the triforium is much less developed, and in other respects the architecture falls short of Amiens, yet, in one particular, I was more impressed than in any other church we visited. The beautiful old stained glass in the clerestory produced a subdued and softened effect in the distances, which delighted and reposed the eye. With the gigantic clerestories so much affected by French architects, the amount of light thrown into their churches often becomes positively harsh and garish, unless relieved by stained glass.

We were fortunate in being able to be present at High Mass on Maunday Thursday at Rheims Cathedral. The celebrant was the Cardinal Archbishop himself, and the whole service was conducted with a dignity and reverence that was in marked contrast to the Palm-Sunday functions at Amiens. The music was accompanied by an orchestra, in addition to the small

choir organ and the great organ high up in the north transept. It was mainly plain-song, but the "Kyrie" and "Gloria" were sung to modern settings.

A pleasing little episode occurred to us at this service. We had taken our places high up in the nave, which we imagined was a good position, when a priest, to whom we had addressed some few words the day before, rose quietly from his devotions in the choir, and, explaining where we could better follow the service, took us round to a spot in the transept, where we could command a close view of the high altar (here placed under the eastern arch of the crossing), and exactly opposite the throne of the Cardinal Archbishop. Having obtained chairs for us, he simply bowed and withdrew, scarcely waiting for a word of thanks. The whole action was replete with a quiet courtesy and dignity.

After this service, the Philistines of our party felt themselves entitled to a little respite, and decided to pay a visit to the Pommery and Greno wine-cellars, which our landlord, in company with many others, seemed to consider of equal importance with the cathedral! The explorers reported that the descent was rather a formidable affair down a straight flight of some hundred and sixteen steps, unbroken by any landing. At the bottom, long galleries cut in the chalk extend in all directions over several miles. In them they saw hundreds of thousands of bottles of champagne stored in various stages of preparation. The galleries are lit by electricity, and are labelled "London," "Vienna," "St Petersburg," "New York," &c., many of them being decorated with appropriate cartoons cut in the chalk.

We three met again, not in Macbethian style, but under a blazing afternoon sun, at the old abbey church of St Remi, which in some respects is even more interesting than the cathedral itself. Here we became involved in a prolonged discussion over the transition from Romanesque to Gothic; and we concluded our afternoon with a drive round and about the city, seeing *en route* a picturesque old building known as the Musicians' House, and a relic of the Roman occupation in a triple-arched gateway.

At Soissons, we were rewarded by seeing the *Lavement des Pieds*, a most novel ceremony to us. In the nave of the cathedral an oblong space was fenced in, around which were placed chairs for the congregation. At the west end of the enclosure was a slightly raised platform, on which sat the twelve old men whose feet were to be washed. Before them was placed a long table, covered with a white cloth, which bore piles of loaves. The commencement of the ceremony was heralded by a procession of some fifty seminarists, in cassock, cotta, and short black cape, who quietly took up their allotted places. Presently, from the east end of the church, came a procession of canons of the diocese similarly vested, in the rear of whom was the Bishop with his pastoral staff, and wearing a violet cope and a mitre of white and gold. After a short preliminary office, the Bishop took his seat in the centre of the enclosure, facing the nave pulpit. Thence, an Oblate of the Sacred Heart delivered a sermon, which was chiefly an amplification of the Gospel narrative of our Lord's washing the feet of His disciples. When the address was concluded, the Bishop was divested of his cope, and girded with a towel, and the actual ceremony began. One

priest bore a basin, which he held under the foot of each old man, while another poured water over it from a silver-gilt ewer. The Bishop then dried and kissed the foot, and other assistants successively handed him a cup of wine, a loaf, and a piece of money, which he gave to each recipient. It may be imagined that this function was a very trying one to the chief actor in it. Nevertheless, the Bishop, a fine, venerable and benevolent-looking old gentleman, performed his part with great dignity and kindliness of manner. It was a touching sight to see him after the ceremony, going the round of the enclosure, and placing his hand on the heads of the little children, whom their mothers eagerly put forward for his blessing.

We stayed a short time in the cathedral after the conclusion of the ceremony, and heard the commencement of *Tenebræ*. The plain-song to which Psalms were sung was the 2d Tone, which one frequently hears in Anglican churches where Gregorian music is affected.

Now as to the architecture of Soissons Cathedral. On the whole, we were rather disappointed with the west front. This may, perhaps, be owing to the fact that only one of its two towers is completed. But I think we had been rather spoiled by the elaborate gorgeousness of the fronts of Amiens and Rheims. As to the interior, however, we had nothing but praise, save in one particular, of which more anon. The proportions are most beautiful; the height is not exaggerated, and the clerestory, triforium, and main arcade have each their due relation. There is an apsidal end to the south transept, which also has a chapel on the east side in two storeys, the upper of which opens into the triforium. Then there is a portal which is in the singular position of the east side of the north transept. And it is not of subordinate importance, for in elaborateness of design it ranks closely after the entrances in the west front.

Now for the fly in the ointment. The cathedral is another of the edifices committed to the care of the Government as a *monument historique*. And, verily, it has been cared for! The interior has been scraped and restored to such an extent that it looks like a brand-new building. All outward semblance of age has been obliterated. Oh for the intervention of a Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, if such a body exists in France!

Before leaving Soissons, we succeeded in catching a glimpse of the west façade and spires (alas! all that remains) of the Abbey of St Jean des Vignes. Here the west front of the cathedral is quite eclipsed, and one could only grieve to think what must have been lost when the rest of the church was destroyed at the Revolution.

Our next halting-place was Compiègne, whence we visited Beauvais Cathedral, which most people must be disappointed with from its unwieldy shape. It consists merely of a choir and transepts, the nave never having been built. The height is so gigantic that the eye cannot thoroughly grasp it. This exaggerated loftiness is so great that it allows of the aisles around the apse having a triforium and clerestory of their own! To me, architecturally, this cathedral was the disappointment of our trip. It attempts too much and fails.

We came across another church, however, at Beauvais, that of St Etienne, which much attracted us.

It has many notable features. There is a good Romanesque north portal, and a curious wheel-of-fortune window, with figures in its circumference, ascending and descending.

The next morning an idle fit seized me, and I allowed the other enthusiasts to go off to Noyon, whilst I quietly strolled about Compiègne. Here I was rewarded by seeing three fine churches, one with a good Flamboyant east end, the second earlier in date, and the third with a Renaissance altar-screen.

Our party again became united at early luncheon. The Noyon expedition returned with the somewhat vague statement that it was a "very interesting old place," and that if they had had more time, they could have found much to tell me. However, I got hold of the more amenable of the two, and gathered from him that the cathedral is a Transition church, containing both circular and pointed arches, and that both transepts have apsidal ends. The west front has a large porch extending its whole width, which is more akin in general outline—though, of course, not in detail—to a classic portico.

The afternoon we spent driving through the delightful forest of Compiègne, and visiting the Chateau of Pierrefonds. But the latter we did not consider worthy of our admiration, as it has been so completely restored by M. Viollet le Duc that no trace of the original building is left. The whole effect is so glaringly new as to be decidedly unpleasant to the eye. On our way back, however, we found consolation in a charming little village church, St Jean aux Bois. It is quite simple in character, without aisles, though cruciform and vaulted.

We reached Compiègne once more about five, and caught the train for Paris. By this time, it might be imagined that our architectural cravings were satiated. But this supposition is wrong. Any one who has been bitten by this craze will tell you that the more churches you see, the more you still long to explore.

On Sunday we first attended High Mass at St Roch. The music was very florid, and on the whole well rendered, though in one subject in the "Gloria," which recurred, the tenors failed to keep up the pitch, and, as a consequence, dragged down the boys' voices. The sermon was preached by the *curé* of the parish, and was thoroughly French in character. Speaking of those who disbelieved in the doctrine of the Resurrection, he apostrophised them as "Vous, misérables pygmées!" We concluded the morning by an hour, very pleasantly spent, refreshing our memory of the masterpieces in the *Salon Carré* of the Louvre.

In the afternoon, alas! our higher aspirations were all put aside, and we drove in the Bois de Boulogne. We were thoroughly fascinated and amused by the smart carriages, and the sometimes pretty (and sometimes eccentric) toilets we saw. In fact, we simply sank to the level of the conventional tourist.

Monday, however, brought with it soberer thoughts, and we determined to devote a long morning to churches to make up for Sunday's neglect. Hiring a victoria, we first "did" St Germain l'Auxerrois, then had a glimpse of the solitary tower of St Jacques, and so reached Notre Dame, which it is unnecessary here to describe. Let me say, however, in passing, that it was a great joy to our eyes, and we came to the conclusion that, all things

considered, we preferred its comparative simplicity and grandeur of proportions to any French cathedral we had seen. As regards the front, also, the towers are more really towers, and not, as at Amiens and Rheims, mere parts of the façade, simply intended to hide the roof.

Thence we crossed the Seine, and, after visiting St Severin, made for St Julien le Pauvre. But the whereabouts of this latter church utterly puzzled even the Parisian coachman, and we had the pride and glory of showing the Frenchman where it must be sought. It is a most interesting fragment of an early Transition church, and I would strongly advise all lovers of Gothic architecture, when visiting Paris, not to omit seeing it. It has been wofully neglected in the past, but now, apparently, has better days in store.

Our morning concluded with a visit to St Eustache, where it was sad to see the falling off that the seventeenth century brought with it in the mixture of Gothic plan and general outline, with Renaissance details and ornament. Nevertheless, it must be owned that the proportions of the church are distinctly fine.

Our coachman drove us on two subsequent occasions, and became so impressed with our craving after churches that he insisted on stopping at each one he came to. And the more modern the church, the more determined was he to give us full details about it, little knowing the supreme contempt his fares had for all modern buildings!

Here, I am sorry to say, ends the serious portion of our trip. The remaining two days in Paris were spent in frivolity, shopping, dining at restaurants, and general gazing about. We made one effort to recover our self-esteem, and succeeded in reaching the Chateau de Vincennes. Here we viewed the chapel of the fortress, mounted the 237 steps of the tower, and peeped into the rooms once compulsorily tenanted by Cardinal de Retz, Thiers, and others. But the attractions of Paris were taking too strong a hold on us, and we determined to return to the more sobering climate of London, in which less exciting atmosphere we hope to renew our architectural studies. So ended a ten days' very pleasant trip. We had glorious sunshine the whole time, we met with the greatest kindness and courtesy everywhere, and ended by proposing a tour in Normandy for our next holiday.

A. S. Northcote.

FONTINALIS IN SCOTLAND.

"ANGLING may be said to be so like the mathematics that it can never be fully learnt." Old Isaac never said a wiser or truer word; and never have we realised this more completely than when, in making the acquaintance of the game, eager, and gorgeous *Fontinalis*, we opened a new volume of piscatory knowledge and experience. Many people in these latter days have practised fish-culture, and many have attempted the naturalisation, in British waters, of varieties of fish from over seas; but no one has had a greater share of success than Maclaine of Lochbuie in the naturalisation of the American brook-trout, *Salmo Fontinalis*, or, as it has been later named, *Salvelinus Fontinalis*.[1] In the year 1879 ova were imported by him from Seth Green's establishment near Rochester, New York, and after being hatched out in fish-hatcheries at Lochbuie House, were transferred to a series of tarns, then unoccupied by any kind of fish, about 900 to 1000 feet above the sea-level, in the hills at the south of Mull. Since the fry were placed in these tarns, they have thriven and increased amazingly, till at the present day the fisherman can nowhere in Great Britain have a better or more interesting day's sport than any one of these tarns will afford.

Let us cull a few facts about the American brook-trout, *Salvelinus Fontinalis*, in its native home, from the magnificent volume on the Fishery Industries of the United States, issued by the U.S. Commission of Fish and Fisheries. It is found

"between latitudes 32½° and 55°, in the lakes and streams of the Atlantic watershed, near the sources of a few rivers flowing into the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico, and in some of the southern affluents of Hudson's Bay. Its range is limited by the western foothills of the Alleghanies, and nowhere extends more than three hundred miles from the coast, except about the Great Lakes, in the northern tributaries of which trout abound. At the south it inhabits the headwaters of the Chattahoochee, in the southern spurs of the Georgia Alleghanies, and tributaries of the Catawba in North Carolina. They also occur in the great islands in the Gulf of St Lawrence, Anticosti, Prince Edward's, Cape Breton, and Newfoundland."

In the opinion of most American experts the *Salvelinus Fontinalis* and the Canadian sea-trout are identical; but this is still denied by some, and in the meantime it must remain a moot point whether this trout is or is not in the position of the land-locked salmon. It is unquestionable, from experiments that have been carefully made in our own country with imported *Fontinalis*, that they will live and thrive in salt water. The temperature which best suits its constitution appears to range between 40° and 68° Fahr., and it is in this respect particularly that the mild, and, compared to other parts of the British Islands, equable temperature of Mull, appears to be peculiarly adapted to it. In America it is noted that

[1] Day, in his standard work on British fishes, calls the *Fontinalis* the American charr. It, however, differs altogether in characteristics and appearance from the English charr.

"when trout have no access to the sea, they still contrive to avoid a change of temperature with the seasons. In midsummer they lie in the bottoms of lakes cooled by springs, in the channels of streams, or in deep pools, lurking behind rocks, and among roots. In spring and early summer they feed industriously among the rapids. At the approach of cold weather in autumn, they hasten to the clear shallow water near the heads of the streamlets. It is at this time that they deposit their eggs in little nests in the gravel which the mother fish have shaped with careful industry, fanning out the finer particles with their tails, and carrying the large ones in their mouths. After the eggs are laid, the parent fish covers them with gravel, and proceeds to excavate another nest. The same nests are said to be revisited by the schools year after year."

The spawning season begins in New England in October, continuing from three to six months, and the eggs yielded by a fish are in direct proportion to its size, the average being from 400 to 600. When hatched artificially, Seth Green finds that, at a temperature of 50°, they hatch in fifty days, every degree warmer or colder making a difference of five days.

By the kindness of Maclaine of Lochbuie, we have enjoyed many days' sport with the *Fontinalis* in Mull, and have had frequent opportunities of gaining experience in their habits and peculiarities in the country which they have adopted so kindly as a home. The tarns in which they have been placed are, as has been said, from 900 to 1000 feet above sea-level, and none of them have any connection with the sea. Into each flow one or two little rills from the neighbouring heights. Their volume is not maintained, however, by any such feeding, but by the general drainage from the slopes of the hills forming the hollow in which each lies, and probably also by springs welling out from their own basins. Their water is never stagnant or drumly. No vegetable scum rests upon it, but it is ever pure, sweet, and limpid—"a glassy, cool, translucent wave." In all of them the banks are formed partly by rocks rising from the water, partly by peaty sods overgrown with heather and alpine plants, and partly by gravel and stony *débris*. We may reasonably suppose, therefore, that the bottom is of the same description—rock, peat, and gravel.

The island of Mull lies in the wash of the Gulf Stream, and its temperature in winter never falls to that of less fortunate parts of Scotland, or rather, if there is a cold snap, it is of the shortest possible duration, while the heats of summer are always tempered by a refreshing breeze from the Atlantic. (By the way, why is this land, so equable in climate, not more frequented as a health-resort by people who suffer from the snell blasts of the East Coast?) The *Fontinalis*, therefore, have all climatic conditions to favour their health and development, and, as far as temperature goes, find every advantage, which, as we have seen above, naturalists of their native land have noted as most desirable. The *Fontinalis* are keen feeders, and appear to find sustenance in every kind of animal life indiscriminately. We have found in their maws and stomachs flies, beetles, grubs, minute crustacea, frogs, and indeed specimens of all the abundance of life that swarms in and near the lochs where they dwell. A large grasshopper, thrown into the water, is certain to be sucked down with little delay, and we cannot acquit them of the charge of cannibalism, for we have found half-digested small *Fontinalis* in the gullets of bigger ones.

With all these advantages that we know of, combined possibly with other mysterious conditions of trout-life which investigators have not yet mastered, the *Salvelinus Fontinalis* have, in all the tarns in which they have been introduced, thriven and multiplied exceedingly. They have multiplied indeed so much, that it is even a question whether they are not so numerous, and, to a certain extent, overcrowded, that the development in size of individuals may be somewhat interfered with. At present the *Fontinalis* on the Lochbuie estate have attained a size quite equal to that which characterises their species in American waters. A fine trout of seven pounds weight was caught two or three years ago; and though no similar giant has been lately captured, very large fish have been seen moving, and, last year, several three and two pounders have been put in the basket. The average fish taken run from half a pound to a pound weight; but it is always more than probable that a man who is privileged to pass a day with rod and line on the loch-side, will have several much more bulky fish before he finally reels up in the shades of evening. The heaviest basket to a single rod in 1892 was 27 lb.—surely a noble result to a day's sport.

But the greatest delight to the angler is the extreme beauty of the fish when they first come out of the water. Never have we seen such gorgeous and brilliant colouring in any finny creatures, except perhaps in some of the quaint tropical varieties from the Caribbean Sea which are shown to the traveller by negro fishermen in Jamaica. No purely British fish can boast the hues which deck the *Fontinalis;* lines of the most brilliant crimson passing along the side of his white belly, his crimson-tipped fins and tail, and back and sides mottled with spots, purple, green, and red, impossible to analyse in description. But this beauty lasts not after death. The colour rapidly grows dim, and the extreme loveliness passes away. If, however, after death the outward beauty of his person disappears, the *Fontinalis* still retains the solid merit of being able to furnish a dish for the table of the most excellent description, indeed "a dish of meat too good for any but anglers or very honest men." Curiously enough, the colour of the flesh varies. Sometimes it is as pink as that of a salmon-trout, sometimes it is almost yellow, and sometimes white, and this not with reference to any difference in size or condition while the fish was in life. We have never found any rule by which to predicate what colour of flesh our fish will present when we pay him the last tribute of respect. We can only say that the *nuance* of flavour will be always the same, delicious. Epicurean seekers after exact knowledge may be glad to know that the *Fontinalis* will secure their highest appreciation when presented *en papillote* or in a *souchet.*

We have seen that the *Fontinalis* spawns in America in October, and, as far as we have been able to ascertain, it follows the same period in Mull. In the latter part of September the fish cease to rise freely at the artificial fly, and the condition of the few which we have taken at that time, full of spawn, marks the season at which they cease to be fit objects of sport. They appear to get into condition again about April; indeed, in the exceptionally warm and forward spring of this year, we caught good fish on the 29th March. Early in the season, however, their colour, though bright

and healthy, is generally of a silvery grey; only few of them have assumed their brilliant prismatic colouring, and it is not till the middle of May that they can be said to be in their highest pride of size and vigour. At the end of winter they are exhausted by their family cares and the lack of animal life for food; and, till the warm sun brings them their regular meals of things that fly and things that crawl, they cannot attain to the thick and rounded proportions which mark them in the later summer.

The essence of all sport in fishing is the liveliness of the combat which takes place between the fisherman and his game after the latter is hooked, before he is finally withdrawn from his native element; and no fish, not even excepting a fresh-run sea-trout, will be found to fight so hard for life and freedom as the *Fontinalis*. Game and combative as they are, they differ from all other Salmonidæ which we have met, in the battle tactics which they practise. A salmon-trout, when hooked, will leap out of the water time after time and dart hither and thither in wild challenge before he is tired out and resigns himself to evil fate and the landing-net. But a *Fontinalis* never, in our experience, leaps out of the water. Rather, he plunges into the lowest depths he can find, runs out line, and shows an acute perception of the possible safety which he may achieve under weeds, banks, or massive stones by making use of their assistance to break or entangle the slight filament that connects him with his enemy. His physical power is exceptionally great also. To the last he plunges and lashes the water with his tail like a whale in the death-flurry, and his enduring pluck never relaxes till his brilliant side lies upon the purple heather. With remarkable physical power, he seems to possess also a much greater tenacity of life than other Salmonidæ. We have not unfrequently seen a lusty *Fontinalis*, which had been rapped on the head, and had its neck bent back in a way quite sufficient to ensure immediate death to any of its English relatives, suddenly show vigorous signs of returning life a quarter of an hour after it had been put in the basket. His manner of taking the fly is quite unlike that of other trout. He seldom rises to the surface to suck down the artificial lure, though he rises to feed on the natural fly like other fish. No. However temptingly and deftly the cast may be made over him, he generally waits till the fly sinks below water before he decides to open his mouth, and then he does so quietly and without any fuss, so much so in fact that, in many instances, the angler does not know that he has attracted a fish's attention until he is withdrawing his line for another cast. And this peculiarity not seldom brings final safety to the fish, as the fly is pulled out of its mouth, with the effort of withdrawing it, unless the hook has taken a very firm hold indeed.

Let us remember a day's *Fontinalis* fishing about the middle of last May, not as an example of a startling success, but as recalling the varied interests which attach to the sport in the sea-girt and romantic Hebrides. We start from the grim old castle, which still stands a weatherworn warder on the shore of the long inlet from the Atlantic. No longer watch is kept from its battlements for the approach of hostile galleys, or for the return of warrior chief from raiding the island of a rival sept. Two or three fishing-boats only are to be seen at work in the salt-

loch, and the long trail of smoke from a passing steamer blurs the outline of distant Colonsay, and tells of the peaceful nineteenth century. We pass along the rocky shore, by great blooming groves of fragrant gorse and broken banks, studded with primroses, violets, and wild flowers of early summer: pass sandy dunes covered with coarse bent, the home of innumerable rabbits, where here and there we can see, sitting at the entrance to the burrows, some of this year's progeny taking a first look-out upon the world, and meditating escape from the parent nest: pass the old chapel, one of the many primitive sanctuaries built by Columba and his followers when, in the early centuries, they evangelised the west of Scotland, and now restored as a resting-place for the ashes of chiefs and people of the Maclaines of Lochbuie. We reach the mountain-foot, and press on to "set a stout heart to the stey braes" which we must ascend before we gain the level of the tarn which is our goal.

We are well inside the deer-forest, and as we traverse wild ravine, gloomy corrie, and boulder-strewn moorland, we look in vain for those fertile spots fit for the holdings of small occupiers, which we suppose that Sir George Trevelyan's Commission is expected to find here as in other estates in the north-west of Scotland. As we ascend we find ourselves passing through distinct zones of vegetation. The primroses and violets, which made such a brave show near the sea-level, become sparser and sparser till we have mounted about 400 feet, when they altogether disappear and give way to a carpet of harebells, which in turn are lost at the greater heights, where there is little greenery but moss, lichen, and heather. We are following a faint track, worn by the infrequent feet of the shepherd in charge of the black-faced flocks, which share the solitude with the deer, and, from a tuft of heather at one side, an old hen-grouse flutters across our path and drops from sight behind a boulder twenty yards further on. A cock also silently appears in the neighbourhood and joins his consort. The defiant crow, to which he would give vent at any other time, is silent while he has the cares of an inchoate family upon his mind. We carefully part and peer into the tuft of heather where the hen-bird rose, and find, as we expected, the rude nest with six mottled brown eggs in it. With a hurried glance we leave the place, that nursing cares may not be interrupted and the eggs chilled by the absence of the alarmed mother. So far we have met no deer, but, as we pass the shoulder of a hill, we see on the other side of a ravine cut by a mountain burn, seven hinds, which stand for a moment gazing at us with wondering eyes, and then trot away beyond our ken. They appear extremely brown and dark-coloured, and we find that they are thickly covered with wet mud, as a few steps bring us to a little pool where they have been cooling themselves with a comfortable and refreshing roll.

At last we are on the crest of the ridge, and, between the hummocks to right and left and in front of us, we can catch glimpses of the blue tide that sweeps from the Atlantic, and breaks into sea-loch and firth on the nose of the great promontory. We traverse a mossy plateau for half a mile, ascend a small rocky eminence, and find lying below us the little sheet of water that we have been seeking. A light south-westerly breeze is ruffling its surface; but the sun is so bright that the ripples

sparkle like facets of a gem, and if it were not that some light clouds are floating overhead, and promising an occasional shadow, we fear that the finest tackle to which we can attach our flies will be betrayed, fatally to their seductive powers. Here and there in the glassy spots sheltered from the breeze by a high bit of bank, we can see the surface broken by dimples, which tell that some fish are rising, and once or twice the swirl of the wave shows that it is not only small fry that are on the move.

We have a double intention in our day's operations. First, to fill our basket with sizable fish if we can; and, secondly, to save tenderly all the yearling and small *Fontinalis* which may hook themselves, and transfer them to another tarn, half a mile distant, which has not yet been stocked. To this end we have two keepers with us, one carrying landing-net and basket, and the other a large bucket, into which we shall drop all those fish whose youth and insignificance may warrant that the death-sentence is commuted to transportation for life. The Zulu, the teal and red, and the red hackle are always very effective flies in the waters of Mull, and a tempting arrangement of these is prepared for action. The end of the tarn, which is struck by the breeze, is selected for a commencement, and the line is cast near a bunch of water-weed which shows itself above the surface. There is a commotion in the depths as the cast is slowly drawn through them, and, though no break is seen above, there is a succession of tugs which sends a happy thrill through the angler's consciousness. "Eh! ye've got two on!" cries one keeper. "No, but there's three!" says the other. So it is; and, with three lively fish all struggling at once, well is it that the tackle is fresh and strong. Fortunately the biggest of the three is on the topmost drop-fly, so the others are disregarded, and all attention is given to him. We reel up carefully, and, one after another, all three are secured. None of them are big, or the consequences would have been disastrous. The biggest is nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ lb., and is worthy of the basket, while the others are about $\frac{1}{3}$ lb., and are consigned to the bucket. As the day is sultry, and the sun's rays strike with much power, a bunch of heather is plucked and laid upon the top of the water in the bucket, to keep its temporary occupants in cool shade. This is a promising beginning, and we begin to have a vague hope that we are to have a "record" day. *Fontinalis* seem to us to be a more gregarious fish than English trout, and to lie generally in small shoals or schools. Whenever one is caught it is always likely that two or three more will rise in the same place until the spot is thoroughly disturbed, so we do not shift our first ground. We are right on this occasion, for the contents of both basket and bucket are added to in the next ten minutes before the rise ceases.

We move on to another standing-place, but luck, for a time, forsakes us. The breeze has dropped to the lightest zephyr, which just stirs the water in the centre of the tarn, and every vestige of cloud has passed from the blue sky. Still, by assiduous work, and by taking advantage of the shadow cast by an overhanging rocky bank, we are able to add to the number of our victims, though they are for the most part small. The wise and lusty patriarchs are not to be roused from the dark recesses where they lie hidden. We are beginning to feel discouraged when a swash in the

water strikes our ear, and the keeper says, "I've been watching a fly drift out from the bank, and a good fish has just taken it where the ripple begins. Ye might try over the place, but it's a long cast." We mark the spot which is pointed out, and let out every inch of line that we can command. Long yards of water are perfectly smooth and glassy, but far out, where the trout rose, the breeze just kisses the surface lightly. We make our most vigorous effort, and manage to drop the flies successfully where the ripple begins. No result, and the flies begin to drag towards the shore. They must have come back a yard from the place where they dropped, when there is a quick heave in the water, a throb like an electric shock thrills along the tightened line, and the reel begins to give the first notes of a musical whir. The fish has followed the fly, and has at last made up his mind to seize it. Away he plunges into the cool depths to seek for safety and relief, but he has taken too firm a hold to be able to shake himself clear, and his gallant struggles are in vain. For a time he manages to keep out of sight, but his strength begins to fail, the line is shortened up, the light rod bends with the weight of his bulk, and perforce he comes in, still fighting desperately. He sees the shadow of his enemies on the bank, and fear gives him strength for another effort. To no purpose. His end has come. The deftly handled landing-net receives him, and he lies gasping at our feet in all the gorgeous panoply, which, like bold Sir Lancelot's,

> "All in the blue unclouded weather,
> Burned like one burning flame together,"—

a noble two-pounder, in the highest condition of any that we have seen this year.

But now the breeze has altogether died away, and our further toil is in vain. So clear is the sky and so limpid the water of the tarn that, though sometimes a fish will come to look at the fly, we can see the distrustful movement of each, can see it detect danger, and can see even the smallest and most insignificant give a disdainful and insulting flip of its tail as it turns away in retreat. Obviously there is nothing for it but to resign ourselves to luncheon, tobacco, and repose till the sun begins to decline, or a sea-breeze comes up to help us. The bucket, which now contains a dozen nice lively fish, is sent to the neighbouring tarn which is to receive them, and where we trust they may be the progenitors of a thriving colony. As we stretch ourselves on the most fragrant of heather cushions and look around, we can see unfolded before us the most magnificent and romantically beautiful panorama. Surely from few points in Scotland can such a one be viewed, and most certainly there can be no loch or river where the fisherman, in the intervals of sport, can turn his gaze on a scene of so much variety and loveliness. There towers Ben More, looking down upon ranges of mountains clustered round him, and only second to himself in magnitude. There stretches into the Atlantic the long Ross of Mull, at whose far extremity lies Iona, the Mecca of Scottish pilgrims. Colonsay lies blue on the horizon. There are the Paps of Jura, Arran, Islay, and the mountains of Kintyre. The Argyleshire hills, where Cruachan raises himself supreme, are separated from us by the broad Firth of Lorn, in whose silvery bosom rest the Garvelloch Islands,

and, sacred by the church and habitations where Columba and his fellow-apostles lived and worshipped, the Eilean na Naoimh, the Island of the Saints. Clear and distinct we can trace every mountain, inlet, and headland, and there is a great and solemn calm and stillness under the sun's intense and all-pervading glare. No sign of life but a white-winged yawl becalmed in the sea below us, and a solitary buzzard hovering in the sky far overhead. If *Fontinalis* fishing had no other pleasure, sufficient would be found in the charm of this spot where the American fish have in exile made their home.

We have dallied over our sandwiches, we have shared the flask with our companions, we have watched with eagerness the light smoke from our pipes, disappointed to see it rise straight into the air, driven neither to the right nor to the left by any faint promise of a fishing breeze. But no man dare complain of *ennui* who can be entertained by the conversation of Highland keepers, men from whom bird, beast, and fish have no secrets, and who generally know every piece of folk-lore and every legend of their district. We can only now record one item of what we were told that day, among much that was full of interest. "Do ye see this plant?" said one of our friends, showing us what, in our botanical ignorance, we believed to be a kind of mountain orchid with a purple flower on a long stalk and long linear leaves. "This is what folk call the witch-plant: ye see the root is shaped something like the teats of a cow. They say that a witch is able to draw milk from these roots, and that the milk comes from her neighbours' cows. If ye break the root in two, one piece will sink and the other float, when they are dropped into water." We tried the experiment with the broken root. One piece certainly did sink and the other floated. Unfortunately we could not secure the co-operation of a witch to verify the possibility of drawing milk from them. Can any one tell us if the belief in this quality of the plant is justified?

Ha! Is that a catspaw that we see on the loch? It is, at last; and, commencing by the smallest tremor in the silvery sheet, it becomes more and more decided as the afternoon sea-breeze sweeps up the heathy heights, till in five minutes there is a curl on the water which will give us a fair chance of sport. Away with sentimental raptures over the wide panorama! Away with legend and folk-lore! They are all very well, *faute de mieux*, but they are not business. The only prospect that moves us now is the surge made by each weighty trout as he darts at the fly, and the only witchcraft that we care for is the glamour laid upon sundry bunches of feathers, wool, and tinsel which gives them the seeming of a royal banquet, tempting the "monarchs of the pool." Bootless to tell of the afternoon's deeds: how we raised, played, landed, or lost fish after fish; how many we put into the basket, and how many we transferred as unwilling emigrants. But

> "Be the day short or never so long,
> At length it ringeth to evensong."

The sun is dipping behind the western hills, and we must gird ourselves for our homeward journey across the darkling moorland. We have told all that we know of a bonny fish. "*Vale.*" Dare we add "*Plaudite*"?

C. Stein.

PRIEST-RIDDEN IRELAND.

In the month of April 1885 there was issued by Dr Nulty, Bishop of Meath, a pastoral inveighing against the interference of the Vatican in respect to the land agitation conducted under the auspices of Mr Parnell, and predicting the possibility of a severance between the Catholic Church in Ireland and the parent Church of Rome. This pastoral was publicly condemned by the Pope by an admonition to the whole Irish episcopacy against the immorality of the means and methods in which that agitation was conducted. That Dr Nulty has neither changed his opinions nor altered the direction of his influence has been proved by the evidence produced, and the decision arrived at by a Catholic judge, in the recent petitions against the return of Messrs Davitt and Fullam for the constituencies of North and South Meath. These petitions, moreover, proved that even towards the latter end of this nineteenth century there still exists in Ireland a religious fanaticism which maintains a firm hold over the superstitions and understandings of the more credulous and ignorant portions of the population.

Let us glance at the causes which lie at the root of this enmity borne by the Irish hierarchy towards the existing government of Ireland under English rule. It has always been considered a leading argument by the Separatist faction of English politicians that religious creed had nothing whatever to do with the land and Home Rule movements; that these movements arose purely from the mismanagement and misappropriation of land tenure by the landlords in the one case, and the laudable ambition of a nation to administer to its own lawful wants and requirements in the other,—the chief argument in support of this theory being that all agitations in the past, whether of an insurrectionary or of a constitutional nature, had, with the notable exception of the movement for repeal under Daniel O'Connell from 1840 to 1848, been conducted by Protestant leaders and under Protestant auspices. This, no doubt, is to a great extent true. During the latter part of the eighteenth century the Catholics were no doubt a fairly loyal population, though suffering under various penalties and disabilities. There is also no doubt that the rebellion of '98 was almost entirely planned by Protestants, as such well-known rebels as Wolfe Tone, Fitzgerald, and Napper Tandy; also that what is now the loyal district of Ireland, Ulster, was more disaffected than the now disloyal south and west—the present loyal Belfast showed in a more rebellious spirit than that now exhibited by "rebel Cork."

With the commencement of the present century there is distinctly to be traced a change of feeling towards Great Britain by the Irish Catholics, the root of this evil probably being the omission on the part of Lords Cornwallis and Castlereagh to include a measure of Catholic emancipation in the provisions of the Act of Union, and the consequent postponement of the consummation of Catholic aspirations to the year 1829, when the passing of the Act by Sir Robert Peel only averted the

catastrophe of a religious civil war. Henceforward from this date we trace that any hostility to British interests received not only the support of the Catholics, but under whatever leadership that hostility displayed itself, its origin had the encouragement and support of the Catholic population. Pursuing our investigations through the present century, and passing over the events of 1840 to 1848 up to the years 1867, 1868, and 1869, we discover a remarkable proof of Mr Gladstone's tendency to yield the interests of one class to those of another exemplified in the confession that the outrages known as "the Clerkenwell explosion" and "the Manchester rescue" were the material factors which prompted him in his measure for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church in the latter year.

During the latter half of this century the part played by the priests has, taken as a whole, been one of hostility to England, and of occult conspiracy against the landlords of the country, whether Catholic or Protestant; and the power that they have exercised over their flocks in this direction has probably never been equalled by any influence, secular or religious, in modern times. That this has been a growing influence we may conclude by the culminating point it has reached, when brought to the light of day in the petitions against Mr Davitt and Mr Fullam.

The position of an Irish parish priest, as regards the power he has over the sympathies, religious and secular, of his parishioners, is at once peculiar and unique. In a great degree he appeals to their sordid instincts by agitating for a reduction of rents. Besides this, in many districts in Ireland the priest is the only resource for advice and assistance for the ignorant peasants. He acts as lawyer, counsellor, and judge in matters of dispute, and is the silent if not avowed agent of secret societies of a political nature. He has also been in most cases the arbitrator between rival factions, separating contending parties either with the persuasiveness of his tongue or by the more crude method of the application of a blackthorn stick. Such is the class of man in whose hands is the preponderance of political power at present in Ireland,—a man whose very partial amount of education, whose laxity of principles, whose position in the country, can give him no incentive to use this undoubted power he has acquired for the good of his race and his religion. The only possible incentive to the improvement of his cure would be the firm hand of an unbiassed and earnest prelate, working for the amelioration of the population, both respecting their welfare in this world and their hopes in the world to come.

Formerly the priests in Ireland were in this respect better off than they are at present. Only eight years have passed since the decease of an arch-prelate of the Catholic Church in Ireland, who professed the warmest sentiments of loyalty to England. This prelate was Cardinal M'Cabe, Archbishop of Dublin, who was preceded by an equally loyal subject and zealous promoter of a pacific state of affairs, Cardinal Cullen. The successor to these two most orthodox occupiers of the archiepiscopal see of Dublin is none other than the enterprising Dr Walsh, the real leader of the Anti-Parnellite party. He (Cardinal Walsh) is supported in his political opinions by Dr Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, in an equally virulent and pro-

nounced type of Nationalist doctrine; but the support of the other two archbishops, Archbishop (now Cardinal) Logue, Catholic Primate of Ireland, and of Archbishop M'Evilly of Tuam, has hitherto been of a more veiled and less obtrusive character, though, since his elevation to the cardinalate, the former has evinced his political partiality in a more marked degree than he exhibited previous to his promotion. It is, then, little to be wondered at that, with such leaders of the Irish episcopacy, the priests have deteriorated in what little loyalty they ever possessed.

During the dictatorship of Mr Parnell over the Irish party, the influence of the priests asserted itself in a minor degree to that which has been manifested so openly by them since his appearance and disgrace in the Divorce Court in the case of O'Shea *v.* O'Shea and Parnell. Since the establishment of the Anti-Parnellite party, under the nominal leadership of Mr Justin M'Carthy, but under the real leadership of Dr Walsh, that party has been identified with the ecclesiastical interest in Ireland alone; thus we may find it harder to reconcile with moral consistency than does Dr Walsh himself the conduct of those who, up to the time when the Nonconformist conscience in England repudiated the alliance with Mr Parnell, were perfectly willing to retain him as their leader, and who now, under the guiding spirit of the Romish Church, are so bitterly antagonistic to the memory of the deceased agitator.

Let us glance over the late Meath elections. In examining the pith of the evidence given on behalf of the Redmondite candidates against the so-called Church party, we find the indefatigable Dr Nulty, whose public devices on behalf of Nationalist principles date from a period of nearly twenty years ago, surpassing himself in the zeal with which he throws himself into the contests. He issues a pastoral, in which he dictates not the principle on which a man was to vote (the number of illiterate voters in each constituency in Meath being considerably over a thousand), but the way, and the *only* way, in which a Catholic *was* to vote. The pastoral went on to identify the cause of the Anti-Parnellites with the highest religious beliefs; it cut off from the Catholic Church any one who did not obey its injunctions, and it, in the eloquent words of Mr Justice O'Brien, the Roman Catholic judge who tried the petition, "arrayed itself in the shroud of a dead man's sin." The priests joined in the fray with avidity; they threatened with the refusal of the sacrament, with the refusal of consolation to the dying, those who were unwilling to record their votes in favour of Messrs Davitt and Fullam. It is scarcely, then, to be wondered at that the petitions of the Redmondite candidates were successful. In England the smallest act which may be construed into intimidation, or promise which may be interpreted as a bribe on the part of one who has any connection whatever with one of the candidates, meets with the immediate forfeiture of the seat; but when motives are urged which not only pretend to affect those influenced in this life, but threaten penalties in the next, a mere loss of a seat in the House of Commons seems scarcely sufficient punishment for those who bring to bear the weight of their authority on the superstitious fanaticism of a credulous and ignorant electorate.

What is the attitude of the Catholic religion in general with respect to this use of spiritual power for the furtherance of political objects? and how is it regarded from the precincts of the Vatican? That the whole movement of Irish Nationalism has been looked upon by the Pope with mistrust from the first, we may gather from the fact that the Pope at the commencement of Mr Parnell's agitation sent a missive to Cardinal M'Cabe exhorting him to warn his clergy against secret societies, as being contrary to and subversive of the doctrines of the Church of Rome; and further, in 1888, when the efforts of Mr Balfour were directed towards the suppression of the Plan of Campaign, and of that form of conspiracy which has contributed another word to our vocabulary under the name of "boycotting," —reduced to Mr Gladstone's English under the definition of "exclusive dealing." The Pope having had his attention drawn to these matters by the report of Monsignor Persico, who had been expressly sent on a mission, extending over many months, to Ireland to inquire into the methods under which the land agitation was being pursued, edited a rescript addressed to the archbishops and bishops of Ireland, respecting these matters, of which the following is the translation :—

"My Lord,—A letter from the Supreme Congregation of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition was written on the twentieth day of the present month of April, which is to be sent to each of the Irish archbishops or bishops. Enclosed I send to your lordship a copy of that letter; and having thus performed my duty, I pray that God may preserve you and have you in His safe keeping for many years to come. Given at Rome by the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, April 23d, 1888.—Your devoted brother,

John, Cardinal Simeoni,
Prefect.

✠ D., Archbishop of Tyre,
Secretary."

"My Lord,—The Apostolic See has frequently given salutary advice and counsel to the Irish people, for whom it has always felt a special regard, at such times as their affairs seemed to demand, whereby they might defend and maintain their rights in accordance with the dictates of justice and safety of the public peace. Now, however, our most holy Lord, Leo XIII., fearing lest the true sense of justice and charity should be perverted in that species of warfare which has arisen amongst that people in the disputes between the owners and tenants of farms and estates, called the *Plan of Campaign*, and in that form of civil interdict called 'Boycotting,' which is made use of in the aforesaid disputes, has commanded the Supreme Congregation of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition to submit the matter to a serious and diligent examination. The following question, therefore, has been proposed to their Eminences the Cardinals, who, in common with myself, are General Inquisitors in matters of heretical corruption, Whether it was lawful in the disputes between the landlords and tenants of farms and estates in Ireland to make use of the means commonly called the 'Plan of Campaign' and 'Boycotting'? and after the matter had been canvassed for a long time and due care by the Eminent Fathers, the unanimous response was in the negative. This answer, moreover, the Holy Father approved and confirmed on Wednesday, the eighteenth day of the same month. Every one may easily see the justice of this judgment if he considers that the rent, which has been agreed upon by mutual consent, cannot be reduced at the desire of one of the parties alone without a violation of the contract, especially when special courts have been established for settling disputes of this nature, which may restrain within just limits, and reduce rents which

are higher than they justly ought to be, after having taken in consideration any want of fertility or depression in value of land which may take place. Neither can it be held right that rents should be extorted from the tenants and placed in the custody of unknown persons without regard to the landlord. Finally, it is in every way abhorrent to natural justice and Christian charity that those should be pursued by a novel kind of persecution and interdict who either are content with the rents which they have agreed upon with the landlords of the estates, and prefer to pay them, or who value empty farms, as they have the right to do; therefore it will be your lordship's duty to warn, prudently indeed, but effectually, both ecclesiastics and the faithful with respect to this matter, and to exhort them that while seeking for an alleviation of their sad condition, they must preserve Christian charity, and must not transgress the limits of justice. Meanwhile it will be my pleasing duty to pray our Lord to grant you prosperity in all things. Given at Rome, April 20th, 1888.—Yours most affectionately in our Lord.

R., Cardinal Monaco."

In examining the rescript carefully, without undue bias or prejudice, it is impossible for any one to arrive at any conclusion other than that it is directed at the whole system of agrarian agitation in Ireland, whether carried on under the auspices of Mr Parnell, or as it is at present conducted, under priestly domination. It is necessary for us to look at what has been the effect of the rescript of Leo XIII. on those to whom it was more specially directed, those who were to warn both "ecclesiastics and the faithful" against this system, condemned in such strong and unmistakable terms in the rescript. Only one prelate in the whole Catholic Church of Ireland has been found with the inclination and the courage to obey the commands of one who is acknowledged at once the head and the centre of their faith. That prelate was the Bishop of Limerick, who immediately ordered that copies of the rescript, to be implicitly obeyed, should be printed and disseminated throughout his diocese. That the priests are still amenable to upright dealings, is proved by the fact that this order of the Bishop of Limerick was obeyed throughout his diocese; for in a letter to an English Catholic, just after the publication of the Papal rescript, he writes, that though things were very bad in Ireland, yet at any rate his priests were still faithful.

But the Irish archbishops received the papal communication far differently. They first took no notice of the rescript, with the exception of a mere acknowledgment of its acceptance. They then, on being reproved by the Pope, through the medium of Monsignor Persico, replied that although the Irish Church bowed to his Holiness in ecclesiastical matters, yet in political matters they considered they were allowed to hold their own opinions, and to act upon them. Probably no reply from a subordinate to a superior power, whether a power of feudal or moral suzerainty, had ever displayed itself under so arrogant an assertion of independence.

To realise the effect that the reply produced on the mind and inclination of the Vatican, we have only to look at recent events as enacted between the Church of Rome and the Church of Ireland. For nearly twelve months the United Kingdom has not been represented in the cardinalate: the deaths in rapid succession of Cardinals Newman, Howard, and Manning had left England without a representative in the College of Cardinals for a period of nearly twelve months. On the

other hand, no cardinal had been appointed in Ireland since the death of Cardinal M'Cabe in the month of February 1885. The circumstance of Ireland having been so long without a cardinal is a remarkable one of itself. The Pope, therefore, deemed it necessary that at least one cardinal should be created in England, and, as precedent had pointed out, one cardinal in Ireland. The choice of the Pope in the former case was not difficult for any one, who has followed even in a perfunctory manner the ordinary run of matters ecclesiastic among different religious sects in England, to prognosticate. Dr Vaughan, late Bishop of Salford, and elevated during last year to the Archbishopric of Westminister, was marked out as a man of great theological and doctrinal distinction, and eminently qualified, through his energy as the organiser and the founder of the Roman Catholic College and Home at Salford, as the successful candidate for cardinalatial honours. Dr Vaughan has been characterised by his impartiality, and refusal to recognise any political creed as embodied with the faith of the Romish Church. So far has he carried his opinion in this direction, that during his tenure of the see of Salford he warned his priests not to indulge in any references to politics in the pulpit, and this order being disobeyed by an Irish priest, was immediately followed by his suspension.

Turning to Ireland, a much more difficult task was to be encountered by the Pope. As in England, the abilities and record of one man shone conspicuously above his fellow-prelates: that man was Dr Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, and late President of the College of Maynooth. To the surprise of every Irishman — to no one probably more so than to Dr Walsh himself — it was announced that the far less brilliant Dr Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, would be summoned to the Vatican to receive the honour that had for some years seemed destined for Dr Walsh. The reason wherefore may be found in the rescript just quoted: it is true that Dr Logue had subscribed to the denial of the temporal power of the Pope over the matters treated in the rescript; but there is reason to believe that he was influenced in this direction by the persuasion and strong inducements held out by his fellow-archbishops. He, like them, was in politics a Nationalist; but he had never promulgated his political professions with the same ardour and force of expression that Dr Walsh and Dr Croke had propounded their political faith: his sympathy with the Nationalist cause had, till the publication of the rescript, taken the form of a silent and secret partiality to the movement, in contradistinction to the open and blatant partisanship exhibited by his two more ardent archiepiscopal brethren.

It may be argued by the supporters of Dr Walsh that Dr Logue was appointed cardinal in his stead owing to his being Archbishop of Armagh, and therefore Catholic Primate of all Ireland. This, however, is an argument in the opposite direction; though the holder of the archiepiscopal see of Armagh holds the title of Primate, yet the Archbishop of Dublin has always hitherto been selected for the honour, as in the cases of Cardinals M'Cabe and Cullen, the predecessors of Dr Walsh, who have been already cited in this article. Another instance of the displeasure incurred by Dr Walsh at the Vatican is that there is no doubt that during his visit to Rome about

two years ago he had an interview with Leo XIII., which was commonly reported not to have been of as pleasant a nature as it might have been for Dr Walsh. Another argument in favour of the latter being created cardinal was the length of his tenure at Dublin (he was appointed in 1885) in comparison with the short duration of the tenure at Westminster of Dr Vaughan. It will hardly be contended with any force of conviction, after these facts have been made known, that the exclusion of Dr Walsh from the cardinalate was due to any other reasons than the two following: (1) his disobedience to the Papal rescript; (2) his undue encouragement of what was believed by every right-thinking member of the Church of Rome to be an unrighteous and immoral cause. The evils which have arisen, and the outrageous actions of the priests themselves, must have brought even the unwilling vision of Dr Walsh himself face to face with the doctrines he has propounded and the methods he has advocated by his unwillingness to interfere.

What, it may be asked in the first place, is the reason for this seeming revolt of the hierarchy of Ireland against the Vatican? and, secondly, In what direction does this revolt of the Irish priesthood lie? To consider the first of these two questions, the whole matter lies in the deterioration in social and educational qualities among the Irish ecclesiastics. This must be attributed to the foundation and endowment of the College of Maynooth. The day on which the College of Maynooth was established, towards the end of the last century, as a sop for the Catholic population, was the worst day for Ireland, not only for her religious opinions of every creed, but also for her political and social system. Formerly, when the priests were educated abroad, chiefly at Saint Omer in France or at Salamanca in Spain, they, together with a superior knowledge, gained a respect for themselves, not only in religious matters, but also in the courtesies and manners of a people far above their social sphere in Ireland; consequently they returned better fitted to minister to the educational and social requirements of their congregations, owing to the advantages they had enjoyed in the refining influences to which they had been subjected during their sojourn abroad. Since the foundation and endowment by Government of the College of Maynooth we have seen a great falling off in the class of men initiated into the priesthood. The reason is not hard to find. If any Catholic farmer has a son of a certain amount of ability, coupled with a small competence, he is sent to Maynooth to study for holy orders. There he is kept under a certain amount of rough discipline, imbued with Nationalist views, and finally let loose on Irish society with little to do, a good deal of power, with that most dangerous of all commodities in a person in such a position, a modicum of education, and with all the prejudices of the class from which he has sprung. To crown the whole, Dr Walsh was President of Maynooth before his accession to Dublin, and we are now experiencing the deplorable weaknesses of his *alumni*.

Secondly, the fault of the Irish prelates is one which has ever afflicted mankind—the love of power and ambition; that is encouraged by the opportunity of events and circumstances, at different times in the history of different nations, with the hope of a possible though improbable ultimate fulfilment of their desires. In re-

viewing the history of the different Catholic nations of Europe, it is impossible not to recognise an era when certain members of the more powerful grade of ecclesiastics have usurped, or have attempted to usurp, the secular functions of the State, either to the partial neglect of their spiritual duties, or else to their forsaking their religious professions.* It is impossible also to shut one's eyes to the fact that, with scarcely an exception, such prostitution of religious exercises to the services of a State has turned out disastrously to the fortunes of that State, and has also generally recoiled with pernicious results on the head of the prelates themselves. The instances which are among the most notable are those to be found in French history—Richelieu, Mazarin, De Retz, and last but not least, that remarkable ecclesiastic Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun; while England has the example of Cardinal Wolsey as her pre-eminent representative in the secular connection between Church and State. If men with the ability and the resources possessed by those just enumerated have failed, how can the archbishops and bishops of Ireland hope to succeed in combining political agitation with religious fervour without prejudice to themselves, their religion, and the cause for which they are working? This excursion of theirs into secularism betrays a feeling of most dangerous import. We are living in democratic times, we are living in days when less and less respect is paid to what are known as the ruling powers, and we cannot but accept the revolt of the Irish bishops as a sign of the times. The pastoral of Bishop Nulty in 1885 is beginning to fulfil its prophecy: the strides made by the Catholic Church in Ireland in its revolt from the Church of Rome have increased in length and number. The methods employed by, and the actions so openly sympathised with by Archbishops Walsh and Croke, and now also by Cardinal Logue, would long ago have alienated the support which the old time Catholic Church of Ireland accorded to O'Connell's motion for repeal from 1840 to 1848. It is a fact that the agitation in Ireland has long passed the limits set to it by the late Dr M'Hale, Archbishop of Tuam, "the lion of the fold of Judah" of O'Connell. To what end, then, are the hierarchy of Ireland pursuing their headlong career? Is it that they are working honestly and steadily for the improvement socially and religiously of those who are committed to their charge, or is it that they are following the dictates of their own ambition? To the best of the belief of the writer their aim is to establish a power over the Irish nation, that they may constitute a protectorate of ecclesiastical authority, to the exclusion of any other creed, and to the exclusion of any secular interference from Great Britain. They have refused to obey the rescript of the head of their own Church; they have equally refused to obey the mandates of the English Government; and the last deduction to be drawn is, that the greater part of the Irish priesthood have joined in a conspiracy to resent the control of any domination—be it the spiritual power of the Pope and the Inquisition, or be it the temporal power of their rightful and lawful rulers in Great Britain—with the ultimate view of acquiring the possession of a power not only over their co-religionists, but also of a power to crush their loyal and Protestant fellow-subjects in Ireland.

NEW BOOKS.

The Home Rule Bill has been weighing heavily on the book market, and we look forward with pleasurable anticipation to the flow of a spring-tide in the autumn. Nevertheless, there have been many volumes that deserve a better fate than to be brought out when the public attention is preoccupied; and we have little difficulty in making a pleasant selection from works of travel, adventure, and sport, and, above all, from the biographies and suggestive reminiscences which recall the memories of the past, and supply materials for history. Any allusion to Home Rule naturally associates itself with Mr Gladstone. The second volume of the autobiographical Annals[1] of the late Bishop of St Andrews is in some respects of less general interest than its predecessor, as it deals chiefly with the foundation of the Glenalmond College, and with the affairs of the Scotch Episcopalian Church. But Dr Wordsworth's correspondence with his old friend Mr Gladstone appears with singular appropriateness when the Premier is engaged in subverting the constitution of the empire. Nor does the volume fail to throw fresh and pleasant lights on the Bishop's personal character. In the preface, written by himself, he naively betrays his sensitiveness to criticisms on his literary works, even when the criticisms came from quarters he might well have regarded with indifference. On the other hand, he goes out of his way to reprint commendations of which he might have been equally regardless. For he was widely known as a gifted scholar, and was distinguished as a theologian and an acute logician. The weight he carried with men of light and leading is significantly shown by the conspicuous *rôle* he played in Mr Gladstone's Oxford election. He made a mark repeatedly as an able and incisive pamphleteer on burning questions, ecclesiastical and secular. But we can conceive he felt he was hiding his lights under a bushel, when he contributed articles replete with learning to a periodical comparatively obscure like the 'Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal.' Though curiously susceptible as to literary fame, his modesty in other respects is remarkable. It is only incidentally, for example, and *apropos* to the financial difficulties of Glenalmond, that we learn how liberally he had come to its support, out of private means which were far from ample. As Bishop he drew insignificant emoluments, yet he contributed generously even to schemes he disapproved. Nor can we doubt that the smaller charities of which we hear nothing made serious inroads on his purse. And it would not be easy to overpraise the dignified serenity with which he accepted his dismissal from the Wardenship of the college he had done so much to establish.

He had left Winchester on account of broken health, and we can believe that he was not ambitious of the office he was induced to accept. He accepted it chiefly because his friends Gladstone and Hope were deeply interested in

[1] Annals of my Life, 1847-1856. By Charles Wordsworth, D.D., Bishop of St Andrews, &c. Edited by W. Earl Hodgson. Longmans: 1893.

the work; and had he foreseen how Mr Gladstone, as a director of the college, would act in the future, he would assuredly have declined. It must have been a strange change from the charge of a great and venerable establishment like Winchester to nursing the small beginnings of a remote school with only fourteen boys. The feelings of individual parents had to be considered, and opponents were on the watch to catch him tripping. The buildings were incomplete; the funds and endowments were insufficient; the approach to the door was barely practicable; and in the quarters he temporarily occupied with his family, the rain beat in through the windows and deluged the new carpets. However these worries and inconveniences might have preoccupied him, he soon had grave causes of distraction, which kept him in touch with a far wider public. He had always been a devoted admirer of Gladstone; he had hoped much from his future career as statesman and churchman. In 1846 and 1847 his sagacity was already suggesting apprehensions he was slow to entertain, and in fact he feared his friend was not to be trusted when there was a question between ambition and principle. "I came to the conclusion that his political career would prove to be a very different one from that which his friends had hoped and expected—so different that it would be impossible for me to follow and support him in it." The matter was speedily brought to the test. Mr Gladstone stood for Oxford, and the contest was to be very close. Each vote was of value, and the defection of such a trusted intimate as Wordsworth would be extremely serious. Naturally Mr Gladstone would neglect nothing to secure him, but the Warden's conscientious scruples were an awkward stumbling-block. He desired nothing better than to be convinced and reassured, but he was pertinacious in exacting precise declarations. That was what he could not obtain, and so the correspondence is equally characteristic and instructive. Mr Gladstone fenced sophistically with his friend's searching interrogations, and it was impossible to bring him to book. The master of scarcely perceptible shades of distinction in English, wrote that "it would please him to give his answer in conversation. He was known for obscurity, and would have more hope of making himself understood *vivâ voce* than if he could have used the pen." If Wordsworth could come south, he would be glad to talk with him; but that Wordsworth could not do, for duties detained him in the north. As Mr Gladstone would answer neither yes nor no to plain questions, Wordsworth decided to abstain from voting, and we may quote the passages from the letter which closed the correspondence:—

"I am afraid I must conclude, from your letter to Mr Warter, that the hope to which I clung could only have ended in more bitter disappointment; that is, that I can no longer doubt that while I still hold, not by any partial or anti-Popish prejudice, but by the 'State conscience' doctrine, you are more than ever bent as a politician upon the social justice one, and you expect 'to obtain through the medium of Parliament real advantages to the Church,' without asserting the high principles upon which these advantages (so to call them) are due from us as a nation. . . . The 'ruin' of your policy will (it may be) be more distant, but I believe it is no less certain; and when it does come, being, as it appears to me, disgraceful and unblest, it will be irretrievable."

That was strong and earnest language, which Mr Gladstone would seem to have neither forgotten nor forgiven. Looking at the more recent conversion of Lord Selborne, it is interesting to refer to a letter from Sir Roundell Palmer, dated 1852. It was written with reference to Wordsworth's election to the bishopric, but the writer says incidentally, "I confess I have seen with strong dissent, and even disapprobation, the line you have thought it your duty to take as a political writer, and which has been (so far as its influence extended) a stumbling-block in the way of those who might have looked for your co-operation." It was a case of Cassandra, as usual crying in the wilderness and getting no credit even from far-sighted and sympathetic contemporaries. For Wordsworth had again in 1851 crossed swords with Mr Gladstone, in a letter on "The Doctrine of Religious Liberty." We have no space to go into the details of the controversy. But Mr Gladstone argued characteristically, "that having yielded the principle in the State's treatment of religion, however faulty the original concession may have been, we could not stop where we were —we must go farther; the concession was a point not to be argued upon, but to be argued from." That promulgation of the perilous doctrines of opportunism and expediency, seems to us the most suggestive commentary and explanation of the consistent inconsistency of the Premier's later policy. Wordsworth bluntly answered, that because a man had been betrayed into breaking some of the commandments, it did not follow that he need break them all. He complained that his old friend had veered from one extreme quarter of speculation to its opposite; and even then he expressed the fear that Gladstone, having finally broken with the Conservatives, was courting by all means the Dissenting interest of every kind, which he was to call "the backbone of the Liberal party."

We cannot dwell on Wordsworth's selection for the bishopric of St Andrews, and the satisfactory explanation of the ambiguous step of recording a casting vote in his own favour. Suffice it to say, that he adopted that course, from his concern for others rather than for himself, and that it was approved by the leading members of his communion and justified by the most eminent legal authorities. The chief point made by his opponents was the embarrassing accumulation of offices. Had the vacancy occurred somewhat later, that objection would have been removed. In 1853, it was found that Glenalmond was deeply in debt. Bishop Wordsworth says he had nothing to do with the finance; and he had been almost imprudently generous in his contributions to the college. Yet, "I am afraid it must be said that Mr Gladstone was not sorry to find in those pecuniary difficulties an occasion for suggesting the removal of the Warden. . . . Certain it is, that he made my ceasing to be Warden a condition of his continuing his support of the college." He wrote to the convener of the county of Perth, who was a member of the College Committee—"The Bishop and I are old friends, and I believe that our sentiments of friendship remain to this day quite unchanged. But he for many years past has so strongly disapproved of my public conduct as to find it his duty to take some very remarkable steps in regard to it." The confession of motive is frank enough,

though we may not see what the direction of Glenalmond had to do with disestablishment or the endowment of Maynooth. But when Mr Gladstone says, in the circumstances, that the old friendship is unchanged, we cannot help thinking of Thackeray's comment in 'Vanity Fair,' on Mrs Frederick Bullock's relations with her sister Miss Jane Osborne—"What does a lady mean when she says, 'I shall always regard Jane as a sister?'"

Even Mr Gladstone's memory does not carry him back to the Waterloo campaign, though he had personal knowledge of the Duke of Wellington as a statesman. When many of the old landmarks set up at the beginning of the long peace had been obliterated; when Kinglake, the brilliant historian of the Crimean war, was already taking rank among our standard historians,—Lady de Ros was still living on, a survival of that golden and glorious age when England, by arms, and statesmanship, and the indomitable British pluck and perseverance, rallied the desponding patriotism of the Continent, and saved the Europe she subsidised from subjugation to the Corsican autocrat. Lady de Ros arrived at a genial old age, retaining to the last a marvellous memory. The daughter of the Duchess of Richmond of the historic Brussels ball, the hero of Waterloo had made her a special favourite, and to his death he seems to have treated her as a child of his own. Her pleasant recollections of Wellington are the most interesting parts of a lively memoir.[1] We see the Iron Duke unbending in playful notes and in humorous anecdotes. The earliest memories of Lady Georgiana Lennox carry us back to almost prehistoric days. She had seen Dublin illuminated for the jubilee of George III., when her father was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. As Colonel Lennox, he had scandalised the courtiers and offended the Regent by calling out his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief. Nevertheless, the Richmonds were always on friendly terms with the Royal Family, and she remembers the Duke of York sending her off with her sisters in a hackney coach to see the pantomime of "Mother Goose." As a girl she had accompanied "Brunswick's fated chieftain" when he inspected his famous Black Brunswickers the day before the battle in which he fell. And she rode the Duke of Wellington's old charger Copenhagen—who was afterwards pensioned in the paddocks of Strathfieldsaye—when the Duke went to review his troops near Cambrai. Copenhagen "was an unpleasant horse to ride," and had an ugly reputation in the ranks. Once she found herself *en tête-à-tête* with the Duke within a square when the troops were firing. "To the Duke's great amusement we heard one of the soldiers saying to another, 'Take care of that 'ere horse—he kicks out; we knew him well in Spain.'" The Duke, when in a conversable mood, was full of anecdote, and very free in his trenchant criticisms of the public men he had come in contact with in course of his career. He gave Napoleon great credit for the brilliant Champagne campaign, when he had lost all hope of driving the Allies out of France; but always declared that

[1] A Sketch of the Life of Georgiana, Lady de Ros, with some Memoirs of her Family and Friends. By her Daughter, the Hon. Mrs Swinton. John Murray: 1893.

he was no gentleman. He said that Polignac was an able man; "but his fanaticism was inconceivable, and there never was a more bitter enemy of England. . . . The expedition to Algiers was entirely his scheme, with a view to courting popularity by the delusion of military glory. Even Bonaparte did not go further than Polignac in aversion to England, and in the idea of military glory being the only engine by which to govern the French." Like Napoleon, he dreamed of making the Rhine the boundary of France, and was intriguing with the malcontents of Flanders when surprised by the Revolution. The Duke, who was a judge of gentlemen, declared that Charles X. was much more gentlemanlike and refined than George IV., who, "from his flourish and display, might have passed for the other's valet." He had many a good story of his old campaigning days. This is perhaps one of the best. He had issued an order in the Peninsula against plundering beehives. "I met a fellow one day who had got one, and was carrying it off. I stopped and asked him where he had got it. 'Why, out there where the picket is; but if you don't make haste, they will all be gone!'" In 1824 Lady Georgiana had married her cousin, Captain de Ros, who, although then a younger son, afterwards succeeded to the family title. The Duke, of course, looked after the fortunes of the young couple; and Lord de Ros, who was a man of tact and ability, had various important and confidential missions before he was appointed Deputy Lieutenant of the Tower, when he conducted the city arrangements for the old hero's funeral. In his letters there are clever sketches of people and courts. He wrote his wife a long account of the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, and of the death of Huskisson. With that fatal exception, the only drawback to the success of the proceedings was the eagerness of the populace to shake hands with the Duke of Wellington. His lordship assures his wife that there was no fear of danger, notwithstanding "the speed with which one was whirled through the multitude of spectators"; and he mentions casually the tunnel, a mile in length, which traversed "*the whole town of Liverpool.*" Communicating with the Emperor Napoleon before the Crimean war, as confidential agent from our Foreign Office, he writes, "My astonishment increases the more I see of that marvellous being!" Going with the Emperor to some military experiments at Vincennes, he saw him, when he had walked into the chapel, stand for a time in silent meditation before the tomb of the Duc d'Enghien. Lord Raglan and the other Englishmen were much struck by the tacit recognition of the perpetration of a great crime. When in Turkey, Lord de Ros was captivated by Omar Pasha, who was as pleasant a host as he was a capable strategist; but he was equally puzzled and amused by the Pasha's polyglot speech. He jumbled up French, German, and Italian just as they happened to come—which must have served him well as a protection against the reporters, of whose persecution he made comical complaint.

To the last Lady de Ros celebrated Waterloo day; and when in London, she held *levées* in her house in Eaton Place. Once she had five Wellesleys in the company; for the kinsmen of the Duke made a point of paying their respects to her, and the illustrious

veterans of the Peninsular and Belgian campaigns seem to have regarded her as the guardian of their immortal memories. They could not forget that the venerable hostess had been the first lady to welcome the Duke on his return to Brussels the day after Waterloo. He came down from his hotel to join her and her father in the park: he told them he had been driven to take refuge in the town, having given up his bed at the camp to Sir Alexander Gordon, when the groaning of his wounded friend had prevented his going to sleep on the floor. And to the last, on Waterloo day, unless baffled by the weather, she went to present old Lord Albemarle with a sprig of laurel.

Lady de Ros was not only a wonderfully gifted woman, but, with her high birth and her exquisitely refined breeding, she was one of those *grandes dames* who govern society. Mr Arden Shee revolved rather in an outer orbit, but his reminiscences[1] are entertaining and sometimes instructive. Like Greville, he took an interest in politics, though he had not Greville's exceptional opportunities of getting to the fountain-heads of information. There are shrewd appreciations of statesmen and clever sketches of contemporary celebrities. There is a sprinkling of old gossip and scandal, and there are not a few good stories which were worth recording. Moreover, he has a refined taste in literature, and gives evidences of sound and independent judgment, which show that he had decided opinions of his own. We can only direct attention to the book by dipping in it.

When the French Revolution of 1830 was in full swing, there is a characteristic reminiscence of the time-serving Talleyrand. We believe we have heard it before, but still it bears repeating. When the fighting was going forward, the Prince was pacing the lobbies of the Chamber of Peers in irrepressible agitation. At each discharge of the cannon he would exclaim, "*Ha! le jour est à nous*," &c. A friend ventured to ask which party he favoured, when he answered, "*Je vous dirai tout 'à l'heure.*" In the agitation over the first Reform Bill, the wits, in happy unconsciousness of the extravagances of future legislation, were satirising the absurd degradation of the franchise. A labourer stood gaping at his cottage door, and was asked what he was waiting for. "Why, sure, to see the passing of the bill," was the reply of the intelligent voter, who was to have a voice as to England's destinies. There was certainly room at that time for reform in manners. The traditions of the Mohocks were still perpetrated in London streets in 1841; and, somewhat to the scandal of society, Lord Waldegrave and Captain Duff, boon companions of the notorious Lord Waterford, were sentenced to imprisonment for one of their habitual night riots, with a brutal assault on the police. In that year, Shee, who much affected literary society, met Theodore Hook at dinner. Already, and for long, as we know from Hook's biography, he had been in the habit of priming himself in his corner at the Athenæum with tumblers of gin-and-soda. Now he kept the party waiting for half an hour, and then he came with T. H. (Tom Hill?) for his bear-leader. He sat in moody

[1] My Contemporaries. By Wm. Arden Shee. Hurst & Blackett: 1893.

silence for an hour, sipping whisky-and-water. Then he began to brighten, and Hill drew him on and drew his fire, sacrificing himself *à la* Boswell for the pleasure of the company. When the smouldering ashes flickered up in a blaze, there were many good jokes and as many bad ones. Shee is no indiscriminate admirer. Much as he admired Macaulay, he was disappointed when he first dined in his company, and compares him rather disadvantageously with Hayward. He ridicules the pedantry and affectations of Carlyle, when the world had begun to run mad after the Chelsea philosopher; and he denounces the fashionable idol-worship which raised Tennyson on a pedestal above the illustrious predecessors whose works were already neglected. So he has a sneer for Browning, whom he does not name, when commemorating the death of old Sam Rogers, whose "poems, of course, no one reads now, as you can both scan his measure and guess his meaning." He says of Rogers that he was a man whose society was to be enjoyed with fear and trembling. Though really kindly and generous, he could not control his cynicism nor repress his sarcasms; you always felt, if worth powder and shot, that you might have a charge in the back when you were leaving the company. In the Revolution of 1848, when all Continental kings had taken to the cock-boats (*vide* contemporary cartoon in 'Punch'), Prince Metternich was to be seen sauntering daily on the pier at Brighton, waiting till the storm he had done much to raise should have blown over; and the late Emperor William was paying a visit to Dublin while revolution was in full blast in Berlin.

Mr Shee's political perspicacity failed him in appreciating the qualities and forecasting the fortunes of Louis Napoleon. But in 1845 he had already discovered that Gladstone, though a rising man, was sadly deficient in ballast; and that Disraeli, although heavily handicapped by various circumstances, was "unquestionably the most rising man" on the Conservative side. In 1864 he has completely lost faith, like Bishop Wordsworth, in Gladstone's stability of purpose or sense of the imperial dignity. The Government had given Garibaldi a warm invitation. He came, and the warmth of the popular reception embarrassed the Ministry, for it provoked a reaction among Irish Catholics. When Garibaldi had arranged to star it in the manufacturing cities, the Government sent him a peremptory notice to quit. Gladstone wrote to the papers, saying that the grave indisposition of the Liberator had obliged him reluctantly to abandon his programme. Garibaldi bluntly and flatly contradicted the statement, "so that her Majesty's Ministers, and especially Mr Gladstone, cut a very dirty figure."

We have read nothing on Russia so light and lively as 'Out of Doors in Tsar Land'[1] since Laurence Oliphant, ballasting his travelling carriage with biscuits, drove southwards from Moscow to the Crimea to write his 'Shores of the Black Sea.' Mr Whishaw has struck into fresh country and novel scenes, though he scarcely goes beyond a day's drive from St Petersburg. He disavows all

[1] Out of Doors in Tsar Land. A Record of the Seeings and Doings of a Wanderer in Russia. By Fred. J. Whishaw. Longmans: 1893.

intention of trenching on politics, and honourably keeps his word. Economical questions he does touch indirectly, in vivid sketches of the lives, the virtues, and the vices of the lower classes in the capital as well as the rural districts. The Englishmen who are doomed to a Russian exile, after the manner of their nation make the best of things. The members of the little colony settled in St Petersburg formed a sporting club and rented shootings, which they preserved. It speaks volumes for the backwardness and barbarism of the colossal empire of the Tsars, that in the communes immediately within reach of the capital there are bears to be ringed and elks to be stalked, to say nothing of such smaller carnivoræ as wolves and lynxes. The villages, with the reclaimed lands around, are isolated amid forests and impracticable swamps. The tracks are as primitive as the vehicles, and travelling is at the best in the depths of the winters, when stumps and ruts are buried away beneath the snow. The carrying trade is in the hands of Fins, who make a monopoly of it, like the Maragatos of Spain and the *arrieros* of Mexico. As for the native *moujik*, he seldom goes further out of his ancient ways than to drive a drosky in St Petersburg. Emancipation was a doubtful boon, and he is still to all intents and purposes a serf. He is always in debt to the general dealer, and to the village money-lender if the money-lender will give him credit. So any land that may have fallen to his lot is passing from his possession to the land-speculator. Yet his wants are so few that he would be fairly well off could he only keep his foot from the *vodka*-shop; but when he earns a few kopeks, he immediately drinks them. He is used to hard fare and to mud hovels, in which the sole furniture is the great brick stove on which the whole family repose. They huddle together with pigs and poultry in indescribable filth; they never wash, and they seldom strip, except for the periodical bath, when, after a course of steaming, they roll with impunity in the frozen snow. Their natural indolence is encouraged by the clergy; they are punctiliously idle on the innumerable saints' days, and celebrate them by drunkenness and debauchery. Although the *moujik* when tolerably sober may be a good-natured fellow and a pleasant companion, it is hard to see how a civilised empire can ever be solidly established on such unstable foundations. There is an almost impassable gulf between wealth and poverty, between intelligence and ignorance. The Tsar, who is still an object of reverence, is as far removed from the masses as the Grand Lama of Thibet; and the Church, with its immense power, profits by the foibles it fosters.

In shooting, the Russians are thorough Cockneys; but there is considerable excuse to be made for them. They have not been brought up to the business; they do not take kindly to country life; they are very indifferent shots: looking for the game in their great forests is like hunting for a needle in a bundle of hay; and most of the birds they pursue are mere migrants. They seldom spare game in the breeding season, and never scruple to take sitting shots. Indeed, Mr Whishaw, who protests and apologises, fell nevertheless into the fashion, and consequently he tells us much that is curious. He lay in nocturnal ambush for the blackcocks, when rival cham-

pions were fiercely challenging each other, and disputing the favours of the ladies. According to him, the blackcocks of Northern Russia must be different from their plucky congeners in other climes, and, in fact, they seem to be vapourers and swaggerers. Generally they have a good notion of taking care of themselves, and in autumn they gather into packs, set their sentinels, and cluster on the highest trees. In the winter, on the other hand, they have a habit of taking snow headers, which frequently proves fatal. Mr Whishaw gives a dramatic description of his surprise, when one day gliding over the ground on his snow-shoes, a blackcock suddenly rose under his feet from nowhere. Then another and another shot up, like so many sky-rockets, till there was a scattering constellation of some five-and-thirty. He found that it was the practice of a flock to make a plunge at the snow, when each bird, by sheer initial velocity, would bury himself to a depth of a couple of yards or more. The Russian capercailzie has even more remarkable eccentricities. Naturally he is the sharpest of birds, and it is next to impossible to stalk him in his woodland haunts, over crackling twigs and rustling leaves. But in the spring he is so far left to himself as to go in for spasmodic paroxysms of amorous intoxication. In the sane intervals he is "all there," with neck outstretched and each sense on the alert. Then the tail spreads and rises; the quivering wings go down; the great body is convulsed by nervous tremors, and the bird sings sadly and softly like any nightingale. In these moments of melodious abstraction, the pothunter makes his approaches, literally by leaps and bounds, till, blending his shadow with that of a tree-trunk, he sights the capercailzie against the sky. The capercailzie would seldom give a chance if he were always in his right mind, but the solitary snipe or double behaves more generously. He will play at hide-and-seek with a gunner for the livelong day, as if delighting in the chances of the game. Hence his arrival towards midsummer from hyperborean breeding-grounds is always eagerly expected by the Cockneys of the capital. He has his favourite haunts, and puts in for a lottery. Should he affect some remote and sequestered forest-glade, no bird lays on fat more quickly or leads a more voluptuous life. But should he betake himself to tempting meadow-land near town or village, he is kept upon the wing from dawn to dusk, unless he is consigned to the netting of the game-bag. The best time for hunting down the big game is when their tracks can be followed in the snow. The bear may, of course, be an awkward customer at close quarters, but the lynx on occasion is even more dangerous. Subtle and stealthy, he has a nasty habit of doubling back upon his trail and lying up upon a convenient bough. Then as the unsuspecting sportsman passes, the lynx drops down upon him tooth and claw. As for a winter bear or elk-hunt, it is a blessing to the whole neighbourhood. If labour were not extraordinarily cheap, the chase would be impossibly dear. Orders arrive from St Petersburg to enlist a force of beaters which will "ring" a vast extent of country. As in Scandinavia, the beaters gradually close in, till the coils tighten around the entrapped victims, and the fun becomes fast and furious. As it is the custom, in case of successful shots, to distribute extra roubles among the

beaters, they enter into the spirit of the thing, and show great pluck. Indeed formerly, before the shootings were leased to foreigners, the peasants would rouse the bears from their winter sleep, and tackle them with only a spear and dagger. If Bruin were thoroughly awake, it was a sufficiently perilous piece of work; but the semi-oriental *moujik* is always a good deal of a fatalist, and the fur and fat were convertible into gallons of *vodka*.

Now that Sir Samuel Baker rests on his laurels, Mr Knight is among the first of living Englishmen who can invest tales of travel with the charms of romance. His 'Cruises of the Falcon' and 'The Alerte' are as exciting reading as either 'Treasure Island' or 'King Solomon's Mines,' with the advantage of being realistic and veracious. Fortunately for us, Fortune often follows the adventurous. In his expedition to the southern slopes of the Pamirs, and the bleak debatable lands where the three great empires of Central Asia meet, it was his luck to come in for the brilliant little Gilgit campaign, and to accompany that daring explorer Captain Bower to the isolated country of Ladak. His volume[1] has a many-sided value, and his descriptions are graphically picturesque. The countries he visited have exceptional interest at present, when the Russians are pushing their reconnaissances in districts with which they can have no possible concern, except as indirectly menacing our Indian empire. His wanderings were confined to the wide Kashmir Raj, which has annexed mountainous Ladak on the one side and the Gilgit valley on the other. But Kashmir, which has been tardily recognised as the indispensable bastion of North-Western Hindostan, is now virtually a province of British India. British officials have been reforming the gross financial abuses, and offering security of tenure in exchange for moderate taxation to the oppressed agriculturists. British officers have been drilling the Maharajah's contingent, which, being recruited among the warlike Pathans and wiry little Gourkas, did admirable service in the recent campaign. British engineers have been constructing excellent roads where the loads had hitherto been carried on the backs of starving coolies, who reasonably considered their impressment as a sentence of death. The changes should be heartily welcomed by all parties, except perhaps the Maharajah and his corrupt ministers, and the robber tribes who have raided on the caravan-roads. Should the Russians threaten a serious advance, they will find loyalty and tranquil prosperity in place of despair and disaffection. But the Kashmiris themselves are of little account, and Mr Knight says that they might have long ago been either exterminated or expatriated, had it not been for the readiness with which they bowed their supple necks to the yokes of successive conquerors. They are pleasant, good-humoured, able-bodied, and tolerably industrious; but as they are ruled by the descendant of a warlike Sikh dynasty, so they must be protected by the swords of foreign mercenaries. Happily all that can arrange itself easily; the robber tribesmen, whose occupation is gone, will readily take service under the imperial colours,

[1] Where Three Empires Meet. A Narrative of Recent Travel in Kashmir, Western Thibet, &c. By E. F. Knight. Longmans: 1893.

as the marshes of Afghanistan and Nepaul will always be inexhaustible recruiting-grounds. Mr Knight gives most humorous sketches of the abject cowardice of the noble-looking Kashmiris. Two spaniel puppies that followed the march to Leh were quick to discover the weakness, and the coolies would throw themselves down and piteously yell for help, while the puppies were playfully dancing and barking round them. Yet habit goes for much, and those same coolies would manfully face the chances of the wildest weather in the storm-driven passes of Thibet. In the early spring the expedition had often to wait, so as to rush the crevassed glaciers and some snow-drifted *col* under reasonably favourable conditions. God help the traveller if a blizzard caught him on the summit, for whole caravans have been known to perish in such circumstances.

Possibly it is the stern character of their surroundings, the frequency with which they must look death in the face, and the desperate daily struggle they wage for existence, which make the Thibetans an eminently pious people. For in those semi-barbarous regions we cannot draw any definite lines between piety and superstition. The pure worship of the benignant Buddha has been gradually degraded; yet a deep religious feeling is engrained in Thibetan customs. One-sixth of the population takes holy orders, and though they shave the head and take priestly vows, nevertheless they do not cease to be industrious, for the *gompas* have vast domains to be cultivated.

The Thibetan is always ejaculating prayers, and when he is silent and absorbed in worldly business, he is still at his mechanical devotions. The mountain-tracks are bordered by masses of inscribed stones, and each inscription is a silent prayer, which is sent heavenward by the mere act of striding past it. In one place Mr Knight saw a prayer-wheel driven by water, of almost incalculable power. Those *gompas*, or mountain monasteries, are farther removed from busy life than any of the *lauras* of the ascetics of the Thebaid, or the consecrated eyries of the pious misogynists of Mount Athos. Yet the Thibetans observe severe economic laws, and are as zealous traders as any of their neighbours. They limit their natural increase by means of polyandrous marriages, so that the sterile country is scarcely overpopulated; and thanks to irrigation and indefatigable labour, there are flourishing oases in the dreary wilderness. As for the capital, Leh, with all its drawbacks of a very inaccessible situation, of short summers and perilous approaches, Mr Knight says that till now it has been difficult to overrate its importance. It is the goal of the respective caravans from the north and the south, where the goods and products of India are exchanged for those of the Asiatic khanates and of Russian Asia. There many races have always met in a strange mingling of speech and manner—though, as at Nijni Novgorod, there is but the one great annual fair, and through all the rest of the year the grass-grown city stagnates. Now he seems to think that the prosperity of Leh is likely to depart; for with the assertion of British supremacy and the establishment of a fair and firm government among the lawless tribes to the west of Kashmir, we shall open up the natural trade-route down the valley of the Indus, and spare the caravans the risks

of the Thibetan plateaux and passes.

We might say a great deal of the triumphant little war in Gilgit, were not the sparkling chapters in great measure a reprint of the author's recent letters to the 'Times.' It is reassuring to be reminded in this age of narrow-minded Radicalism, that Englishmen are as staunch, as spirited, and as resourceful as ever they were. We are assured that the most warlike Indian races recognise the masterful English pluck and the superiority of the sahibs' brain-power, and that the most lawless hill tribes contrast our political consistency favourably with the shifty Russian diplomacy which has often played them false. We can record few more brilliant feats of arms than that by which the fort of Nilt was carried by feeble native forlorn-hopes, with English officers to lead them. It may be said that those gallant soldiers came to the front in the way of business, but the civil engineers and contractors were just as ready to risk their lives out of patriotism and sheer devilry. As for the faith in the English word: The Hunza-Nagaris fought us like men, and seemed to have settled down for the winter in their impregnable positions till the line of defence was turned. Then like shrewd fellows who have studied fighting as a trade, they wisely turned tail and bolted simultaneously. But within twenty-four hours Mr Knight followed the track of the weak advancing column alone. He found a friendly reception everywhere, and guides who guided him in safety through the darkness, along the ledges overhanging unfathomable depths. The fierce tribesmen trusted implicitly to our promises of quarter and peace, and knew likewise that they would have the worst if they broke the bargain and hurt a hair of an unprotected sahib's head. And so long as that feeling of confidence prevails, we may be fairly assured of our hold upon India.

Considering the comprehensive nature of the tour, Mrs Colvile made a wonderfully exhaustive promenade 'Round the Black Man's Garden.'[1] A Frenchwoman by birth, she enjoyed exceptional advantages, especially in the French Protectorate of Madagascar. The tour was undertaken for her husband's health, and the treatment was certainly a drastic one. They were knocked about in crank and overcrowded steamers under a torrid sun; they were nearly swamped in surf-boats, and continually soaked to the skin; they slept in native huts in malarious swamps; they were nearly shaken to death in South African coaches; they were always being roused for fatiguing journeys at abnormal hours; and at last they were permanently divorced from all their luggage. Indeed we should have said that both had constitutions of iron, and their Christian fatalism and resignation made them model travellers. The narrative of the eventful tour begins on board a small coasting-steamer on the Red Sea. It was an old P. and O. boat which the Sultan of Zanzibar had bought for the use of Zanzibari pilgrims.

"Later in the day I went forward to make acquaintance with our new fellow-passengers—a miserable sight. They were a ragged hungry-looking crowd of all ages—many of the men

[1] Round the Black Man's Garden. By Zélie Colvile, F.R.G.S. W. Blackwood & Sons: 1893.

seeming as if they had parted with all their worldly goods except the daggers, splendidly mounted in silver, which they still wore."

The first of the many amusing social studies commences with descriptions of the passengers, comprising the harems of oriental officials.

"There were two of these harems on board, one belonging to the Governor of Suez, and the other to a splendid-looking old man, who with his family was starting on the pilgrimage to Mecca. What a way to do a long and fatiguing journey, cooped up in a little enclosure, and never allowed to show one's nose outside! Harry told me that even on desert journeys the women are shut up in a sort of gipsy-tent pitched on the top of the baggage on a pack-camel. I am told that formerly their lords and masters used to sleep on deck near the harem enclosures, but they have now so far advanced with the times as to treat themselves to a cabin. They, however, did not have their meals below, but squatting in a circle on their shoeless heels, ate out of one big dish with their fingers. When not so engaged, or saying their prayers, they smoked a never-ending succession of cigarettes, and played at cards, chess, or backgammon, in which they were joined by the officers and crew, who, with the exception of the engineer, were all natives."

The travellers found a hot bombardment going forward at Suakin, where the dervishes were swarming like hornets in trenches, which they had constructed so as to invite murderous enfilading. In the contest between science and fanaticism, the English officers were killing time characteristically.

"Mr Bewley rowed me across to one of the nearer forts on the south side of the harbour, where, after making our way through the hedge of wire entanglements that surrounded it, I followed him up a high and very lightly made ladder into the guard-room, and thence on to the parapet. There I got a good view of the enemy's intrenchments, in which the dervishes, looking like black specks, were moving to and fro. At the foot of the fort, just inside the town wall, was a tennis-court, in which a game was going on; and as I could see it and the enemy's lines at the same time, the picture was a curious mixture of homely everyday life and the excitement of war. On the one side of the wall, the two men wholly absorbed in their game; on the other, the fanatics only waiting for a favourable opportunity to rush and cut all our throats; in the middle, the Egyptian soldiers in the fort, rather bored with their day on guard, and, purely as a matter of business, potting the Arabs as occasion offered."

They touched at Massowah, where they were hospitably entertained by the Italians, and then proceeded to pick up passengers at the pilgrim ports in Arabia. The little steamer was literally nearly swamped in crowds of sickly and unsavoury devotees who were to be dropped at Jeddah. It is impossible not to admire the sincere belief of those poor people; but as they suffer incredible hardships, so they play for heavy stakes. If they succumb on the outward journey, we presume they must take their chance of the future; but if they die after kissing the sacred stone, they die in assurance of the joys of Paradise. Aden was more parched and sultry than usual at the time of their visit, for no rain had fallen for three years. On the voyage they made acquaintance with Mr Gedge, who has now gone as 'Times' correspondent to Uganda; and with Mr Jackson, whose shipwreck on the Somali coast suggested to Rider Haggard some dramatic incidents in 'She.' Touching at the German settlements on the continent, they were impressed with the conviction, since

justified by facts, that the Teuton is not cut out for a colonist. He will try short and warlike methods with the natives, which result in chronic troubles and discontent:—

"The news had come some days before that a German missionary had been made prisoner farther down the coast, and that a ransom had been demanded. Not long ago three German sailors deserted and went up country in emulation of Rudyard Kipling's heroes, with the intention of forming a little kingdom of their own, but fared even worse than their antitypes; for the natives not only killed them, but roasted and ate a piece of each, the belief being that if they ate a bit of a white man, it imbues them with his knowledge and power.

"The Germans seem to be too unbending to get on well with the natives, and although they may succeed in establishing themselves by force, will, I fancy, always have to exercise it to keep their position. The officials of the British East African Company, on the contrary, are doing their best to make their presence desired: for instance, one of Mr Mackenzie's first acts on arriving at Mombasa was to build a new mosque as a substantial proof of British tolerance."

In Madagascar the adventurous lady broke almost untrodden ground. She was fortunate enough to make friends on the steamer with M. de Vilers, the French Resident-General, who is now on his way as special envoy from France to Siam, and that gentleman did all in his power to facilitate her plans. But he could not make decent roads or improvise comfortable means of conveyance. The *filanzana* of Madagascar is a chair with light swinging foot-board, slung upon poles, and borne along by relays of bearers. There is an amusing account of her first melancholy experience:—

"Our departure, which took place at 12.25 P.M., was quite as amusing to witness as that of the luggage. We had ninety-eight men to carry our party of eight, which consisted of Monsieur de Vilers, his private secretary Monsieur d'Anthouard, Doctor Baissade, a native officer, our two selves, and Monsieur de Vilers's French cook and valet. The porters were all anxious to seize upon the lightest weight, which was myself; so as soon as I appeared there was a rush towards me. It was at last settled who were to be my twelve bearers, and I had scarcely settled myself in my *filanzana*, when off they galloped down the street, leaving my umbrella and macintosh on the ground. Luckily Harry saw them, and picked them up.

The first start in a *filanzana* was certainly trying to my nerves,—the twelve bearers shouting and running as hard as their bare legs could carry them, jumping over any obstacle that came in their way, and throwing me on to one another's shoulders in a fashion that made me wonder how often during the day I should be landed on my nose. But I soon got used to it, and after the first day or two forgot to clutch hold of the poles. Four men at a time carry the passenger, always keeping step. The men on the left side support the pole on the right shoulders, holding it with their right hands; those on the right side have their heads between the poles, the right-hand pole resting on their right shoulders, while with their left hands they catch hold of their companions' right wrists, and so steady each other. Every half-minute, without slackening their pace, they throw the *filanzana* on to the shoulders of four others, who in anticipation have been running on ahead, so that there should be no pause. They were a bright and cheery set of people, never ceasing to laugh and chatter the whole day, and were like a lot of big children out for a game of ball—the unfortunate passenger being the ball. The sailor's description of his camel-ride over the Bayuda desert—that the beast played cup-and-ball with him the whole way, and only missed him twice — would have been equally suitable to this mode of travelling. The bearers are of a higher class and generally younger than the baggage-porters, and are spe-

cially trained to keep up a fast rate of travelling day by day. The latter have, as a rule, enormous bumps on their shoulders, which I have read are hereditary; but my own impression is that their growth on each individual is the result of the constant friction of the long bamboos on which they swing their loads."

As for the roads, like those of the Romans they go straight ahead, up and down hill, so that the traveller's feet and head are continually exchanging positions. A serious preliminary trial to the temper is making a bargain with the porters, who know nothing of the value of time. They did know that the Resident-General always paid on a fixed tariff; yet they chattered and waited for three days before coming to terms. Once started, they showed themselves most jovial souls, taking the severe exercise and any casualty as matters of course, and enlivening the silent woods with perpetual choruses.

There is an entertaining account of a grand reception in her Majesty's palace in the capital, on the occasion of the annual ceremonial of her taking the bath. The palace was furnished with all manner of cheap gewgaws from Paris, but the banquet did not remind the French guests of the *cuisine* of Brebant or the Café Anglais.

"As soon as we had all settled into our places the ceremony began, and a more extraordinary jumble I have never witnessed. First came a string of men-slaves carrying the different things needed for making a fire and for cooking purposes. Each in turn walked up to within a certain distance of the throne, bowed low, at the same time raising above his head whatever he was carrying. He then backed into the roped-off enclosure and deposited his burden. In the middle of this enclosure two square slabs had been laid, with bricks in the centre of each; on these fires were lit, reminding one of a gipsy camp. A big, fat, good-natured-looking native, dressed something like a French cook, who superintended the culinary proceedings, turned out to be one of the Queen's Ministers, who had for some years lived in Paris. Two enormous pots that had been used during several reigns on these solemn occasions were then placed on the tripods over the fires. Water was brought, which the ex-Minister poured into the pots, then filled one up with rice, spooning it with a big wooden ladle out of a bag held by a slave. In the other he put some meat which had been kept from the year before as an emblem of plenty, and which, as may be imagined, was fairly high. While all this was being cooked, slaves brought banana-leaves, which were given to some of the women, who cut them up, making fans to blow the fires, and square bits, with two of the corners pinned together, to use as spoons.

"The time for the bath had come. A large sheet was stretched and held by three women at the corner of the room nearest the throne. The Prime Minister got up, and bowing low to his Queen, gave her his hand, helped her down the steps, and led her behind the sheet, where she remained some time, evidently longer than her husband approved of, for he was continually peeping behind the sheet during the bath. Meanwhile a strange mixture of noises was going on. Inside the room the native Methodists were offering up prayers and singing doleful hymns, while the band outside struck up wild-sounding Malagasy tunes. At intervals somebody, who took great pains to copy the intonation of an English drill-sergeant, put somebody else through the manual and firing exercise. This was without doubt one of the relics of the Willoughby reign.

"At last her Majesty emerged from behind the sheet. I at once recognised the same crimson train, so I fancy the only change she had made was taking off her *lamba*, showing an entirely European dress with its bodice cut square in front. The beautiful diamond necklace presented to her by the French Republic, and

the massive gold crown she now wore, made her look very magnificent."

Bulls, though by no means respected as by the Brahmins, play a great part in these state ceremonies. They are presented to the queen by her loyal subjects in the country, and are then turned adrift in the streets to be baited by everybody and captured by anybody. So for days the streets of the capital are made impassable by a succession of improvised bull-fights, which excite the savage animals to frenzy. The journey from Antananarivo to the Western sea was through malarious swamps and forests, with fertile valleys made almost as unhealthy by irrigation for rice-culture. The country was infested by war-parties of rebellious tribes, and raided by brigand cattle-lifters. The stockaded villages were often deserted; and when inhabited, the travellers had to share the huts with the pigs, the rats, the snakes, and the poultry. They crossed flooded rivers in the dark in leaky dug-out canoes, and when they bivouacked had to choose between stifling themselves in acrid wood-smoke, or being devoured bodily by mosquitoes. Nothing could have been more wearisome or depressing than the boating on the sluggish rivers:—

"The bottom of a dug-out does not get softer the longer one sits on it, and having no room to move about, we had got terribly cramped. As darkness set in, we were enveloped in clouds of mosquitoes, which seemed as hungry as their victims. The natives hugged the right bank for fear of losing the turning into the narrow river Màravoày, a tributary of the Betsiboka. So near the edge, the water was in many parts shallow, and the paddles stirred up bubbles of miasmic gases, which were most upsetting. As we crept at funeral pace past that unending mangrove-covered bank, the hours seemed to be getting longer and longer; sleep was impossible, the maddening song of the mosquito for ever in one's ear. It was like a bad dream, from which one could not get away. I longed to get up and walk about, or even shout at the top of my voice—anything to break that awful monotony!"

Yet there is nothing so bad but it might be worse: and there was no lack of more perilous excitement. They had exchanged the boat for a dhow, which was to take them to the seaport:—

"We had hardly settled ourselves down on the sort of thatched awning of bamboos and palm-leaves, the only available space on the dhow, when the storm burst upon us, blowing apart our hastily donned waterproofs, and wetting us through in a minute. The wind blew the wretched, top-heavy little cockle-shell over on to her side, until the awning almost touched the water, and we had to hold on like grim death to the nearly perpendicular wall on which we were lying, expecting every minute either that she would capsize altogether, or that, the rotten thatch giving way, we should be dropped off one by one among the crocodiles. The next moment the wind whizzed her round, and catching her other side, sent our feet into the air and our heads resting on the ridge-pole towards the water: all this in inky darkness, except when a flash of lightning lit up the scene for a moment, and showed us our craft being blown like a cork along the water, and revealed the strange assortment of blacks and whites packed close together, lying face downwards, with hands and feet dug deeply into the thatch. Even in the midst of the extreme discomfort of the situation I could not help smiling, as each succeeding flash showed me the row of more and more arched backs silhouetted against the sky.

"At last a lull came; the storm ceased even more quickly than it had begun, and all seemed curiously calm and silent. Nevertheless we were in for an uncomfortable night; we were

drenched to our skins; the hold of the dhow was full of a confused mass of baggage, among which no room could be found either to sit or lie; while the thatch having been torn by the storm from our only resting-place, the awning, we were forced to pass the night as best we could on a sort of gridiron. The lazy natives let the dhow drift with the tide, taking no trouble to steer her, so that we soon found ourselves stuck fast in a mangrove-swamp, from which she was only poled off with a good deal of difficulty. After this we managed to drop into an uncomfortable sleep. . . .

"As soon as I was thoroughly awake, I discovered that we were again at a stand-still, and the dhow at such an angle that my feet were higher than my head, while by the light of the moon I saw that Harry, who was on the other side of the ridge, had his feet in the water. Being afraid he would wake with a sudden movement and slip in altogether, I hardened my heart and woke him, explaining the situation; but rubbing his eyes for a moment, he said, 'What does it matter? we are moored,' and went to sleep again. And so I found we were, the natives having taken advantage of our slumbers to stop and rest."

Dumas, in his 'Impressions de Voyage' never recorded an episode much more deliciously humorous than that of the crocodile bagged by the Colviles with infinite pride and pleasure. Thenceforth the monster became a cherished incubus, for the bulky carcass was unsavoury as ever after it had been stripped and embalmed. It was the cause of much diplomacy with kindly skippers, and of endless trouble with innkeepers. And, finally, the deliverance from it almost compensated the loss of luggage, when it was consigned per Congo boat to an agent in England.

On the whole, we think Mrs Colvile may be congratulated on escaping with nothing worse than intermittent fever, which has troubled her ever since. The narrative of the rest of the tour is at least as pleasant reading, but it takes us to places with which we are more familiar. A visit to the Portuguese settlements showed the baleful influences of stagnating trade and an enervating climate, as contrasted with the superabundant energy of the British adventurers in the diamond diggings of Kimberley and the gold-reefs of Johannesburg. Visiting the scenes of our humiliating campaign with the Boers, Mr Colvile was as much taken with General Joubert as he was repelled by President Kruger. A sojourn in the Canaries was followed by that excursion to West Africa and the Oil Rivers which is the subject of not the least dramatic chapters in the volume, but which has already been chronicled in 'Maga.' We may add that Mrs Colvile carried a camera, and her pages are profusely illustrated by excellent photographs.

Now that the tourist season is coming on, the prose works of the Rev. Mr Hawker[1] might tempt any one to make a pilgrimage to his own parish of Morwenstow; though it might be a question what accommodation they would find there, for even now there are few wilder districts in England. We may imagine what it was when Mr Hawker entered on his incumbency, very long ago, although he does not specify the date. For a hundred years before there had been no resident vicar in the parish. It cannot be better de-

[1] The Prose Works of Rev. R. S. Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow. W. Blackwood & Sons; 1893.

scribed than in his own glowing language :—

"There cannot be a scene more graphic in itself, or more illustrative in its history of the gradual growth and striking development of the Church in Keltic and Western England, than the parish of St Morwenna. It occupies the upper and northern nook of the county of Cornwall ; shut in and bounded on the one hand by the Severn Sea, and on the other by the offspring of its own bosom, the Tamar river, which gushes, with its sister stream the Torridge, from a rushy knoll on the eastern wilds of Morwenstow. Once, and in the first period of our history, it was one wide wild stretch of rocky moorland, broken with masses of dunstone and the sullen curve of the warrior's barrow, and flashing here and there with a bright rill of water or a solitary well. Neither landmarks nor fences nor walls bounded or severed the bold, free, untravelled Cornish domain. Wheel-tracks in old Cornwall there were none ; but strange and narrow paths gleamed across the moorlands, which the forefathers said, in their simplicity, were first traced by angels' feet. These, in truth, were trodden and worn by religious men—by the pilgrim as he paced his way towards his chosen and votive bourn, or by the palmer, whose listless footsteps had neither a fixed keblah nor a future abode. Dimly visible by the darker hue of the crushed grass, these straight and narrow roads led the traveller along from chapelry to cell, or to some distant and solitary cave. On the one hand, in this scenery of the past, they would guide us to the 'Chapel-piece of St Morwenna,' a grassy glade along the gorse-clad cliff, where to this very day neither will bramble cling nor heather grow ; and, on the other, to the walls and roof and the grooved stone for the waterflow, which still survive, half-way down a headlong precipice, as the relics of St Morwenna's Well. But what was the wanderer's guidance along the bleak, unpeopled surface of these Cornish moors ? The wayside cross. Such were the crosses of St James and St John, which even yet give name to their ancient sites in Morwenstow, and proclaim to the traveller that, or ever a church was reared or an altar hallowed here, the trophy of old Syria stood in solemn stone, a beacon to the wayfaring man, and that the soldiers of God's army had won their honours among the unbaptised and barbarous people ! "

He found a population of fishermen and farmers, who, with few exceptions, were smugglers and wreckers. Their moral sense had been so perverted by immemorial habit, that they thought the murder of a coastguardsman a meritorious action, supposing he were fool enough to refuse to be bribed. There were caverns in the iron-bound coast which were the resorts and magazines of the free-traders. In a series of picturesque stories and brilliant sketches, Mr Hawker carries back the parochial history to prehistoric times. He illustrates Christian traditions and ancient archæology from the architecture of his own quaint little church. He tells of the superstitions that haunt the churchyard, and shows us the rows of mounds lying apart where shipwrecked mariners have found their last resting-places. Once, indeed, he had been roused from his slumbers, after a night of fearful storm, to be told that his shepherd had come on the corpses of several drowned men on a shelf of rock beneath his windows. He tells humorously of the impossibility of convincing his own "man" that the lawbreaking, which often led to bloodshed, was reprehensible. The old sinner would chuckle complacently over those youthful indiscretions, and suggest cases of conscience to the clergyman which sorely tried his gravity. Here is a charming specimen of the logic which soothed the smuggler's conscience, if he cared about such trifles :—

"My efforts, however, to soften and remove his doctrinal prejudice as to the unimportance, in a moral point of view, of putting the officers of his Majesty's revenue to death, were unavailing. Indeed, to my infinite chagrin, I found that I had lowered myself exceedingly in his estimation by what he called standing up for the exciseman.

"'There had been divers passons,' he assured me, 'in his time in the parish, and very learned clergy they were, and some very strict; and some would preach one doctrine and some another; and there was one that had very mean notions about running goods, and said 'twas a wrong thing to do; but even he, and the rest, never took part with the gauger—never! And besides,' said old Trim, with another demolishing appeal, 'wasn't the exciseman always ready to put *us* to death when he could?'

"With such a theory it was not very astonishing—although it startled me at the time—that I was once suddenly assailed, in a pause of his spade, with the puzzling inquiry, 'Can you tell me the reason, sir, that no grass will ever grow upon the grave of a man that is hanged unjustly?'

"'No, indeed, Tristram. I never heard of the fact before.'

"'Well, I thought every man know'd that from the Scripture: why, you can see it, sir, every Sabbath-day. That grave on the right hand of the path, as you go down to the porch-door, that heap of airth with no growth, not one blade of grass on it—that's Will Pooley's grave that was hanged unjustly.'

"'Indeed! but how came such a shocking deed to be done?'

"'Why, you see, sir, they got poor Will down to Bodmin, all among strangers, and there was bribery, and false swearing; and an unjust judge came down—and the jury all bad rascals, tin-and-copper-men—and so they all agreed together, and they hanged poor Will. But his friends begged the body and brought the corpse home here to his own parish; and they turfed the grave, and they sowed the grass twenty times over, but 'twas all no use, nothing would ever grow—he was hanged unjustly.'

"'Well but, Tristram, you have not told me all this while what this man Pooley was accused of: what had he done?'

"'Done, sir! Done? Nothing whatever but killed the exciseman!'"

Matters had been mending while the veteran was growing up. There was a time, and only about a couple of generations ago, when all the people turned out to pillage a wreck; when the salvage was superintended by the churchwardens, while the curate would hold the lantern. And before that, were men like Cruel Coppinger—that Cornish worthy must have given his name, by the way, to one of Baring Gould's most truculent heroes—who at the head of a band of lawless ruffians set human and divine laws at defiance. For there were neither practicable wheel-roads nor resident gentry; and as the farming customers of the smugglers could not afford to quarrel with them, nor cared to combine for mutual protection, they had no redress against any deed of violence. Coppinger was a type of the times. He was drifted on the Cornish shore in a terrific hurricane, and his career must have confirmed Cornishmen in their superstition against saving drowning men. He was hospitably entertained by a wealthy farmer, and won the heart of his daughter. He married the unlucky girl, and as he treated her brutally, so he became the terror of the county. His schooner, the Black Prince, was the terror of the Channel:—

"In those times, if any landsman became obnoxious to Coppinger's men, he was either seized by violence or by craft, and borne away handcuffed to the deck of the Black Prince; where, to save his life, he had to

enrol himself, under fearful oaths, as one of the crew. In 1835, an old man of the age of ninety-seven related to the writer that, when a youth, he had been so abducted, and after two years' service had been ransomed by his friends with a large sum. 'And all,' said the old man, very simply, 'because I happened to see one man kill another, and they thought I should mention it.'

"Amid such practices ill-gotten gold began to flow and ebb in the hands of Coppinger. At one time he chanced to hold enough money to purchase a freehold farm bordering on the sea. When the day of transfer arrived, he and one of his followers appeared before the astonished lawyer with bags filled with various kinds of foreign coin. Dollars and ducats, doubloons and pistoles, guineas—the coinage of every foreign country with a seaboard—were displayed on the table. The man of law at first demurred to such purchase-money; but after some controversy, and an ominous oath or two of 'that or none,' the lawyer agreed to take it by weight. . . .

"Long impunity increased Coppinger's daring. There were certain byways and bridle-roads along the fields over which he exercised exclusive control. Although every one had a perfect right by law to use these ways, he issued orders that no man was to pass over them by night, and accordingly from that hour none ever did. They were called 'Coppinger's Tracks.' They all converged at a headland which had the name of Steeple Brink. Here the cliff sheered off, and stood three hundred feet of perpendicular height, a precipice of smooth rock toward the beach, with an overhanging face one hundred feet down from the brow. There was a hollow entrance into the cliff, like a huge cathedral-door, crowned and surrounded with natural Saxon arches, curved by the strata of native stone. Within was an arched and vaulted cave, vast and gloomy; it ran a long way into the heart of the land, and was as large and tall—so the country-people said—as Kilkhampton Church. This stronghold was inaccessible by natural means, and could only be approached by a cable-ladder lowered from above and made fast below on a projecting crag. It received the name of 'Coppinger's Cave,' and was long the scene of fierce and secret revelry that would be utterly inconceivable to the educated mind of the nineteenth century. Here sheep were tethered to the rock, and fed on stolen hay and corn till their flesh was required for a feast: kegs of brandy and hollands were piled around; chests of tea; and iron-bound sea-chests contained the chattels and the revenues of the Coppinger royalty of the sea. No man ever essayed the perilous descent into the cavern except the captain's own troop, and their loyalty was secured not only by their participation in his crimes but by a terrible oath. The terror linked with Coppinger's name throughout the coast was so extreme that the people themselves, wild and lawless as they were, submitted to his sway as though he had been the lord of the soil and they his vassals."

There is a story which shows how idle it was for a clergyman to protest when he had neither police nor public opinion to back him:—

"The clergyman had spoken above his breath of the evil doings in the cave, and had thus aroused his wrath and vengeance. On a certain day he was jogging homeward on his parish cob, and had reached the middle of a wide and desolate heath. All at once he heard behind him the clattering of horse-hoofs and a yell such as might have burst from the throat of the visible demon when he hurled the battle on the ancient saint. It was Cruel Coppinger with his double-thonged whip, mounted on his terrible mare. Down came the fearful scourge on his victim's shuddering shoulders. Escape was impossible. The poor parson knew too well the difference between his own ambling galloway, that never essayed any swifter pace than a jog-trot, and that awful steed behind him with footsteps like the storm. Circling, doubling like a hare, twisting aside, crying aloud for mercy,—all was vain. He arrived at last at his own house,

striped like a zebra, and as he rushed in at the gate he heard the parting scoff of his assailant, 'There, parson, I have paid my tithe in full; never mind the receipt!'"

The most absurd and revolting superstitions are hard to eradicate, and here is an example of some which still linger:—

"I do not exaggerate when I affirm at all events my own persuasion, that two-thirds of the total inhabitants of Tamar-side implicitly believe in the power of the *Mal Occhio*, as the Italians name it, or the Evil Eye. Is this incredible in a day when the spasms and raps and bad spelling of a familiar spirit are received with acquiescent belief in polished communities, and even in intellectual London? The old notion that a wizard or a witch so became by a nefarious bargain with the enemy of man, and by a surrender of his soul to his ultimate grasp, although still held in many a nook of our western valleys, and by the crooning dame at her solitary hearth, appears to have been exchanged in my hamlet of Holacombe (for such is its name) for a persuasion that these choosers of the slain inherit their faculty from their birth. Whispers of forbidden ties between their parents, and of monstrous and unhallowed alliances of which these children are the issue, largely prevail in this village. There it is held that the witch, like the poet, is so born. I have been gravely assured that there are well-known marks which distinguish the ill-wishers from all beside. These are black spots under the tongue; in number five, diagonally placed: 'Like those, sir, which are always found in the feet of swine,' and which, according to the belief of my poor people, and which, as a Scriptural authority, I was supposed unable to deny, were first made in the unclean animals by the entrance of the demons into the ancestral herd at Gadara. A peculiar kind of eyeball, sometimes bright and clear, and at others covered with a filmy gauze, like a gipsy's eye, as it is said, by night; or a double pupil, ringed twice; or a larger eye on the left than on the right side: these are held to be tokens of evil omen, and accounted to indicate demoniac power. And certain it is that a peculiar glare or a glance of the eye does exist in those persons who are pointed out as in possession of the craft of the wizard or witch. But an ancient man, who lived in a lone house in a gorge near the church, once actually disclosed to me in mysterious whispers, and with many a gesture of alarm and dread, a plan which he had heard from his grandfather, and by which a person evilly inclined, and anxious for more power than men ought to possess, might at any time become a master of the Evil Eye.

"'Let him go to chancel,' said he, 'to sacrament, and let him hide and bring away the bread from the hands of the priest; then, next midnight let him take it and carry it round the church, widdershins — that is, from south to north, crossing by east three times: the third time there will meet him a big, ugly, venomous toad, gaping and gasping with his mouth opened wide, let him put the bread between the lips of the ghastly creature, and as soon as ever it is swallowed down his throat he will breathe three times upon the man, and he will be made a strong witch for evermore.'"

Had we not exhausted our space, it would be pleasant to go back to the ride from Bude to Boss which came off when Mr Hawker was a gay Oxonian; or to turn to the romantic tale of the shepherdess, Thomasine Bonaventure, who, after a phenomenal succession of wealthy marriages, became the benefactress of the parish of which Coppinger was the terror. But for vivid pictures of old Cornish life, commend us to these striking memorials.

THE INDIAN CURRENCY COMMISSION.

It is matter for satisfaction to find that the step taken by the Government of India to improve the efficiency of their currency should have been received by the public, if not with a general consensus of approval, at least with a note of encouragement, and a hope that it may prove a palliative, giving the weary patient some relief from the intense acuteness of his disorder, and time to devise a further course of treatment in order to a permanent cure.

The principles upon which the recommendations of the Indian Currency Commission proceed are open to so much contention, and are sure to be regarded both by practical financiers and by theoretic economists as of doubtful soundness, that no surprise need be felt at the tone of hesitation which pervades the Report.

In view of so serious a step as the substitution of one metal for another as the measure of value, while both are in a state of constant fluctuation,—the extreme gravity of the situation, the calamities which the Indian Government is now experiencing, the existence of peculiar grounds for apprehending still greater calamities in the future,[1] the fear that these may be realised with but little notice, and that the opportunity of applying remedies may be lost,—inaction is held to involve as great risk as those which are unavoidably connected with the reconstruction of the currency. The Commissioners undertake the duty of advising the Secretary of State, fully conscious of the objections which are to be urged against the scheme they recommend, and aware that its adoption will be attended with important consequences, and some obvious inconveniences; and, it may be added, the possibility of results of which no forecast can be made. They decline to accept the responsibility of rejecting the proposals of the Indian Government for the closing of the mints and the adoption of a gold standard in India. They recommend some slight alterations in detail, which are certainly improvements, in the proposals coming from India; but reading between the lines they seem to throw upon the Viceroy and his Council the responsibility for the measure, affirming the deep interest which the Indian Government has in its success as a sufficient reason for accepting their choice of this instead of any other course of action open to them.

The aim of the measure is to secure a stable rate of exchange between the silver money of India and the gold money of England, and next to set up a gold standard and a currency of gold in India, in order to avoid (1) further increase, arising from a continuing decline in the value of silver, of the cost to India of the Home charges; and (2) to provide the commerce of the country with a constant rate of exchange, so far as that is carried on, with gold-using countries.

The Indian Government, it is needless to say, have been largely, and very properly, influenced by the opinions of the financial member of their Council, Sir David Barbour. To him no doubt will be chiefly due the credit of as much success as may

[1] Correspondence, p. 13; Report, p. 90.

be secured for the scheme; while those who differ from his views on the economics of finance, knowing full well the complexities of the question, and the added difficulties to its settlement arising from native habits of thought, and the methods and usages peculiar to the people of India in monetary matters, will be heartily glad if these ends are secured without fresh disorder arising as serious as any from which relief is sought.

The Government of India has in effect decided to proceed as nearly as may be possible by the example of the currency of France as it is now constituted. In that country (1) the mints are open to the free coinage of gold; (2) silver coinage is regulated by the State; (3) the limited circulation of the latter is legal tender for any amount; (4) the notes of the Bank of France are convertible into coin on demand, but whether they are paid in gold or silver is left to the option of the bank; (5) the Bank of France ordinarily pays away gold in exchange for silver or notes for home use; but if gold is required in large quantities, or for exportation, special arrangements must be made.

The peculiarities of this system are that a limited supply of coin (silver)—furnished not by the contributions of the public, but provided by the State—is full legal tender money; and that silver and notes are not convertible into gold on demand, but at the discretion of the bank, which is practically the State. Both in England and in India the full legal tender money, gold and silver respectively, have been hitherto provided by the action of the people without any official interference at all; and no restriction has been placed on the conversion of notes into the standard money in any amount or for any purpose.

The scheme of the Indian Government took effect immediately that the necessary Legislative Act was passed in the Viceroy's Council on the 26th June, and is as follows: (1) The Indian mints are closed to the coinage of rupees for the public; (2) Government will issue rupees to any persons paying for them in gold at the rate of Rs. 15 for every unit of gold equivalent in value to £1 sterling. It is important to notice that the Prime Minister stated in the House of Commons on the 28th June that "the mint in India will not be limited to the delivery of silver in exchange for gold."[1] (3) Gold will also be accepted by Government at the same rate; (4) the remainder of the scheme—*i.e*, the establishlishment of a gold standard and the creation of a currency in actual circulation of gold legal money—has been deferred for future consideration; (5) it is expected that by means of the sale of rupees for gold at Rs. 15 to the sovereign, which is 1s. 4d. the rupee, and by voluntary payments of gold money in substitution of silver money due to Government, a sufficiently large reserve of gold may be accumulated to make an effective gold standard possible; (7) the ratio of exchange thus established is stated to be only provisional.

The characteristics of this scheme are: (1) that the (at present) only money available for use in India is to suffer a considerable contraction in its volume, in order to bring the value of the rupee up to 1s. 4d. in

[1] §§ 65-108 and § 6, p. 40, would seem to imply that, in the opinion of the members of the Commission, such a discretion is not left to the Government.

gold, or, in other words, to an exchange ratio of 22.37 to 1, in the expectation that when this is accomplished bills of exchange will be drawn for gold from India at that rate and no other, or at least at no lower rate; (2) the limited rupee circulation is to be full legal tender for any amount; (3) its increase will be automatic, so far as the public may be willing to buy rupees at fifteen to the sovereign—and discretionary, so far as the Indian Government may coin and issue further supplies on its own account; (4) the receipt of gold, upon which apparently the establishment of a future gold standard depends, will be governed by the necessity or inclination of the public to provide itself with fresh coin at the cost of parting with its gold in payment; (5) the acceptance of gold in lieu of silver payments is probably designed as a guarantee that Government will put themselves in no better position than the people are placed in under the operation of this attempt to fix 1s. 4d. as a rate of exchange for gold and silver money. There can be but little expectation that Government will receive any gold at all under this provision.

The point about which the whole scheme revolves, to which every part of it is ultimately referrible, is the contraction of the currency to a volume less than that which experience proves the commerce of the country to require. Of the risks and inconveniences this involves we shall have something to say further on. The provision that rupees will ordinarily only be issued against gold, if much gold were likely to be taken up in that way, would involve an aggravation of the evils arising from the annual drain of gold to India. Be these trifling or important as men may think, the supply of gold to commerce is less by this amount every year than it would otherwise be India has taken annually, to speak of the last twenty years only, gold to the value of £2,790,000 a-year, and this is absorbed as bullion, not circulated as money. Whatever the increment may prove to be which this scheme will add to the volume of gold thus withdrawn from trade uses by India, its restoration to those purposes must be deferred until a circulation of gold legal tender money—without limit in amount or any restriction on its use, either inside or outside India—is set up and maintained; (6) the reason for deferring their decision on the form which the gold standard may take is that the Indian Government wish to see what effect their measure will have in raising the rupee to 1s. 4d.: it may be presumed that they hope to make this as permanent a rate of exchange as that of four five-franc pieces is for a napoleon in France; (7) the Indian Government, apparently, does not undertake to give gold for silver at all times, but only when it is able to do so (§ 50): this would lead to a premium being charged on gold, as is sometimes done by the Bank of France. This provision, coupled with the right reserved to issue silver coin irrespective of private purchases made with gold, joined to the provisional character of the declared rate of exchange, leaves the door open to an unlimited "regulation" of the currency. All men can adapt their bargains to the rise and fall of rupee prices, variations which at present are so slight and gradual that they distress no one; but for Government to undertake to adapt the principal money of the people to variations in its own value

against another metal, by alternately increasing and diminishing the supply, would derange every relation existing between money and the daily life of the whole community.

As the construction of this or any other permanent rate of exchange depends on the complete convertibility of the rupee into the gold money of the new currency, we can learn something of the probability of this being arranged from the circumstances of the French, to which the new system for India closely approximates. There is, however, a great difference in the proportions in which the two kinds of money are or will be held respectively in France and in India. The figures for the two systems, valued in sterling in millions, are as follows :—

FRANCE.

Gold, ...	about 171
Silver, ...	140
Notes, in terms of silver, .	132

INDIA.

Gold, . .	15 } by Sir D. Bar-
Silver, . .	75 } bour's estimate.
Notes, in terms of silver,	18, or nearly so.

Thus in France the convertibility of the silver money and notes to the value of 272 millions sterling depends on a gold circulation of 171 millions; and in India silver and notes to the value of 93 millions sterling will depend for their convertibility on 15 millions of gold. In France the silver and notes are not even twice the value of the gold money, whereas in India they will amount to nearly six times the value of the gold money. It must be remembered that in the new currency, when complete, the position of silver will be of the character of a token currency, but will differ from the token currency of England, in that it will be full legal tender for any amount. For this reason it is necessary that the values of the mass of each kind of money in use should converge much more closely than it is intended they should do under the Indian system. It is obvious that where a man can pay no larger a sum of money than forty shillings in silver in discharge of a gold debt, a much smaller proportion of gold will be necessary than in the case in which he can pay a million in either kind of coin at his option. This consideration, and probably another—viz., that the legal rate of conversion being very much better for the holder of silver than the market rate—makes it necessary to keep the proportions of gold and silver money very close to one another. This is secured under the French plan now at work; were it not, the public could not be at all confident that gold money from comparative scarcity might not rise to a high premium against the overvalued silver. Silver money, in fact, exchanges for gold money in France at a ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, because the relative value of the silver to the gold money in circulation is not even 2 to 1. Under the Indian system, in order that silver and gold should exchange at 22.37 to 1, a circulation in the proportion of 6 to 1 is considered sufficient. The proportions are respectively: silver money in France is to gold as 100 to 62; in India it will stand at 100 to 16—or, in other words, nearly four times as much gold is found necessary in France, relatively to the silver money, as will be provided in India to do the same duty.

Two members of the Commission justly considered this point of the convertibility of the rupee into gold

to be of special importance, and recorded their opinions upon it in a separate minute.[1] They point out that, as a necessary corollary to the closing of the mints, gold must be made complete legal tender, and circulate as freely as gold now does in England or silver in India. This would bestow on India a gold standard of value and a gold automatic currency. As the silver currency will be rated above—and we may add very considerably above—its metallic value, and since even after the closing of the mints it would be in immense volume, while the gold money would be very small in quantity, a token currency of unparalleled magnitude will be the result; and the question will arise whether such a currency can be maintained at its gold value without an ample supply of gold sufficient for the conversion on demand of any quantity of silver money which the public may desire to substitute for gold. The argument is used with much emphasis and equal justice, that "a silver token currency, though not in form a promise to pay, really implies an obligation to maintain its par value, and prudence as well as experience suggests that this obligation should be supported by the obvious means of fulfilling it." With, however, the two kinds of money circulating in the proportions above specified, the volume of gold may be expected to prove quite inadequate to this purpose. If gold flows in plentifully in exchange for rupees, or by the voluntary substitution of gold for silver payments, the Government may accumulate something towards providing the necessary stock of money; but that either of these sources of supply will prove even approximately sufficient for the end in view is extremely problematical. When the market rate for silver as to gold differs from the currency rate by 20 or 25 per cent, it will only be under the compulsion of a great necessity, or in view of exceptional profits to be obtained by trading in silver, neither of which can ever occur, that owners of gold will part with it when so greatly undervalued; nor for a similar reason will any one elect to pay gold when he can pay silver to Government. The expectation of any large stock of gold accumulating, either as a reserve for use as a gold standard or coming into circulation as money, seems wholly visionary. In this event, how will the currency system be completed and get into working order, or the deficient circulation of rupees be supplemented with even a moderate amount of gold money? or what obvious proof will be afforded, such as the easy and prompt conversion of silver into gold coins, supplies, that the legal rate of exchange has really and in fact superseded the market rate, and that any one parting with his gold at 1s. 4d. will be sure of getting it back without loss—that is, without having to pay a premium on it? If the mercantile class entertain any doubt on this point, there will be no gold bills sold at the Government rate. Even if the desired supply of gold is obtained, it will still be so disproportionate to the volume and the value of the silver money, that there will be nothing to rely upon for the maintenance of the legal rate but the restriction placed upon the coinage of rupees; and it may well be questioned whether this is in itself a sufficient guarantee that the object of the measure will be attained. Government will have to reckon with an adverse market rate outside

[1] Report, pp. 39-42. Minute by Lord Farrer and Sir R. Welby.

its own currency, and there is not a single circumstance in the fiscal history of India which justifies any expectation of its winning in this conflict of ratios.

On the contrary, when at the end of the last and the beginning of this century gold and silver were exchangeable by law in India at rates closely approximating to the market rate, the moment that gold was undervalued it went out of circulation. If we may be allowed to compare small things with great, there is evidence to be drawn from the facts of the copper currency of India to the disinclination of the people to use money except at rates of exchange identical with those of the market. The Government provides throughout British India a stock of token copper money very much overvalued in the currency in respect of its metallic value at the market. Consequently the copper coins most in use are supplied by the mints of the native States or private speculators, in the form of roughly squared lumps of metal with a few characters stamped on them. These exchange with silver money by weight, at rates varying with the price of copper; and the rupee fetches a much greater weight of coins of this kind than of the Government token money. The Treasuries consequently are never without boxes of these coins just as they come from the mint, lying unused for long periods of time together. A limited circulation of the authorised copper coins goes on, because to a small amount they can always be paid in at the Treasuries in lieu of rupees; but so far as the daily traffic of the bazaar in small quantities of provisions and similar goods is carried through with copper money, full value, but spurious money, in by far the larger proportion of petty purchasers, drives the token money out of use.

That which is most to be feared is, that as a long time must pass before any considerable quantity of rupees will be bought for gold at 15 to the sovereign, the deficiency of silver money consequent on the closing of the mints will be made good from other sources. That there is a great deal more silver money in use than Sir David Barbour estimates is extremely probable, not to say certain. He puts the figure at 1150 millions of rupees. One of those who, during the last few years, has gone over with considerable care, more than once, the statistics of the coinage of money in India, the export of silver treasure, and all the circumstances which would operate to carry coined silver out of India, computes the tale of rupees actually in the country at not less than 2900 millions.[1] It is not probable that the business of so industrious a population could be carried through with so small a circulation as 1150 millions, which gives a rate per head of a little over 5 rupees. In England the proportion is held to be about £7, in the United States about the same, in France about £14; yet those countries have methods for economising the use of metallic money much more widespread and effective than in India, which on this account and for other economic reasons stands in need of a larger, not a smaller supply *per capita* than more highly organised communities. If there is a much larger active circulation of rupees in India than Sir David Barbour estimates,

[1] Industrial Competition of Asia. K. Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., London, 1890. Pp. 252-259.

then a much larger gold currency than the 15 millions sterling which the scheme contemplates will be required. If, on the other hand, so little as 1150 millions of rupees constitute the amount of money in use, then there is a store of nearly 1800 millions of rupees ready to go into circulation, and prevent either the rupee rising to 1s. 4d., or make it necessary for the people to come to the Treasury with gold to buy rupees for business purposes. Whichever happens, the desired convertibility of the rupee into gold seems likely to be postponed for an indefinite time.

There are, besides, the currencies of Mauritius and Ceylon, which consist of the Indian rupee; and considerable quantities are to be found in Asiatic countries with which India trades, such as Persia, the Gulf, the coast towns of the Red Sea, Zanzibar, China, the Straits, and Japan. Rupees of the Indian currency coming from those parts will, on the hypothesis, buy as much more in India as 1s. 4d. can buy over what a shilling can buy abroad. They will be withdrawn into India, and their place taken by Mexican dollars or the trade dollar of America, now that India can no longer supply them with coin. There is also the prospect of perfectly good Indian rupees being imitated abroad and sent to Asiatic ports to supply the same deficiency, and these will be carried on to India in the course of trade. The dollar itself might appear in India: it is so nearly equal in metallic value to two rupees, that in a dearth of coin it would do duty for that sum of money very conveniently. The business would be so profitable that unless an import duty were to be placed on all coined money coming from abroad, it is pretty certain to be taken up.

Another source of supply is the currencies of the Native States. The annual out-turn of these mints, from information given in the Report (§ 126), does not appear to be very important in value or quantity; but at present they supply little more than the local requirement for money, which, for reasons connected with the trade and economic condition of those parts, does not grow very fast. But the machinery is there, and if a demand for those coinages were to arise, it would be very profitable to meet it to any extent within the appliances of fabrication which those mints possess. Rupees of a definite weight of pure silver would circulate, as in places where they are more easily obtained than British Indian rupees they do now, with the greatest facility. These coins can be imitated very easily, being only roughly made; and although the ordinary native coiner cannot, with the simple dies and stamps he uses, turn out many in the day, their fabrication outside India might become profitable were a divergence of 25 per cent between the State currency and bar-silver to arise. This could be prevented by a duty being put upon silver bullion equal to this difference of value, which would affect our own mints as much as those competing with them. Short of such a complete isolation of the Indian currency as prevailed in Japan forty years ago, before the ports of that country were opened to the commerce of Western nations, it is difficult to see how the restriction on the coinage can ensure the desired effects with any completeness, and this, with an open trade in commodities from all parts of the world, must be considered impracticable.

If it were practicable, there would

still remain the importation of gold into India, which in another way would tend to keep the rupee nearly at its market value in its purchasing power in India itself. Part of this goes into use in the arts—that is, for jewellery and ornaments; but, as the writer of this paper has frequently urged, a very much larger proportion, which is in excess of any quantity taken up in this way, is available for coinage, if the conditions laid down are calculated to attract it into the mints. It is, however, much more likely that, as it is now stored as a representative of wealth, and a guarantee for the individual credit of those who own it, it will be employed in developing a system, already common from one end of the country to the other, of documentary money privately issued. So far as this might make good the deficiency in the supply of silver coin, the necessity for purchasing rupees with gold would be reduced. Wholesale business to a greater extent than now would be done on credit balances being adjusted by payments of tolahs of gold. In either case the completion of the gold standard and currency on the scale designed would be as distant as ever. Whatever the effect may be when this part of the scheme is realised, so long as it remains hung up in the air, its postponement will be almost as great a cause of uncertainty and an element of disturbance in the relations of money to commerce as any which are in force now. Its steadying influence on the exchanges will not begin to act until it comes down to earth; and if no other means than those suggested for circulating gold money are found, the result may prove to be, to bestow upon India all the disadvantages of an insufficient currency, and of a one-shilling rupee into the bargain.

If, however, it really comes about that a steady rate of exchange is maintained by the action of the new currency on the relative value of gold and silver money in India, this will be preferable to a falling or a fluctuating rupee, and, for that reason, will be beneficial to the external trade of India in one way, while in other ways the means taken to bring it about will induce evils of their own, both on this part of the commerce and on the revenue and taxation of the country. Let it be assumed, for the sake of argument, that gold bills on foreign countries are procurable at 1s. 4d. to the rupee, and that the gold and silver money of India exchange at the same rate with complete ease, and we have the following position: India will have a silver currency to which few or no annual additions are made, and a gold currency of very moderate volume, the two together being less efficient in respect of purchasing power than the single silver currency has hitherto been —constituting, in fact, an artificial appreciated stock of money. Hitherto the money of the country has held a natural or commercial relation of value towards commodities, because the supply has been regulated by the people themselves, acting on their knowledge of the profit to be obtained by increasing the circulation, and the occasions most suitable for doing so. Government now steps in and undertakes to supply money, not in quantities regulated primarily by the commercial demand, but in such quantities and proportions as may consist with the maintenance of an artificial rate of exchange. For reasons given above, the volume of gold money must be very much raised above the 15 millions sterling, the limit

at present proposed, which, as we have seen, is not likely to be done, or the silver currency must be kept very low indeed, for the balance to be maintained at the desired level of 22.37 to 1. Now, as the coinage of silver money in India has, to take the last twenty years only, amounted on the average to 65 millions of rupees in the year, to cut off this annual increment, or any large part of it, is in effect to create a serious deficit, which cannot but act injuriously in every kind of business which has hitherto been fostered by unrestricted supplies of coin. Its consequences will be peculiarly serious in India, where, as we have shown above, a great void still remains to be filled in the money supply.

An opinion is expressed in the Report that India shows signs of being surfeited with silver; what signs they are which can be interpreted in this sense is not stated. According to the writer's own calculations, which appear to be considered by the members of the Commission rather excessive than too low, the coined money actually in British India, and therefore available for circulation, would come to about 15 rupees, or £1 per head. That this supply is not too large is shown by the economic condition of the country. Prices rise in India with only an imperceptible movement, in spite of the vast stores of money issued from the mints during the last forty years. The low rate of wages for labour, the high rate of interest for money, the custom of barter, and the practice of trading in the merest necessaries of life on book credits, settled to a great extent in kind, services paid in the use of land or with grain or provisions,—prove anything but a plethora of money. With a contracted circulation, the absence of the usual annual additions will be felt in an increasing ratio, corresponding to that which, in the contrary case, would have been the ratio of development; the action of every economic condition adverse to the progress of industrial production and the accumulation of wealth will be intensified; low prices must necessarily supervene, which at once reduces the principal stimulus to profitable labour; the interest of money will not be reduced; capital, which is the aliment of trade, will become more difficult to procure, because there will be less of it, and because the margin of profit, which is the real security for commercial loans, will be cut down; the burden of debt will be heavier, and that of taxation no lighter, as it will be necessary to surrender a larger share of the produce of labour than before to procure the same sum of money. Upon India we must expect to see inflicted some measure of that kind of misfortune which this country has experienced during the last fifteen years, of which the consequences are too well known to need description, but for which no remedy appears to be within our reach. While it is matter for dispute whether trade, during many years past, has been depressed in consequence of a scarcity of money, it is not denied that an increase of commodities and a stationary or failing supply of money act and react on one another: they are two sides of the same shield, the wider the lower surface, the more valuable the upper one becomes, and if increasing value cannot induce larger supplies, the results on trade are those arising from an insufficient flow of capital to commerce, which cannot be otherwise than injurious.

That there is always money forthcoming when it is wanted is not a fact in point: no one denies this; but that which interrupts the current is the narrow margin of profit which accompanies low prices, and the risks which traders consequently incur, as well as the impediment to free and frequent, and therefore profitable, exchanges of commerce, which a dearth of metallic money, especially in a backward country, necessarily involves. This is exactly the state of things which is being prepared for India by this scheme. Not one single particular throughout all the industries of the country can be pointed out which does not show the necessity for more, not less, money, and that the continued expansion of trade has been largely due to the influence of a free coinage of silver. All that was necessary to complete the monetary system was for the Government to put India on equal terms with those gold-using countries which provide two-thirds of her customers; and the present scheme is an attempt to do this at the cost of the very conditions upon which the progress of her prosperity depends.

The Report notices with much reason (§ 96) that five-franc pieces and dollars have by Frenchmen and Americans so long been taken for the equivalent of a definite quantity of gold, that it would be a shock to their feelings and habits to treat them otherwise; but they take no account of a similar prepossession in the minds of the natives of India in favour of the commercial equivalence between gold and silver money, of an infinitely longer growth. The surprising mistake is also made of speaking of India as a monometallic country in which a dual currency is to be introduced for the first time. India, however, has never been without gold money from the most ancient times, and has been used to exchange it with silver money at market rates; it is only in British India and within the present century that gold has gone out of circulation. This conservative feeling, so strong among Frenchmen and Americans, is ten times stronger in India, where the people habitually act under the influence of custom, and are but little governed by any of those mental processes which in the Western world supersede the force of custom. The instances of regulated currencies cited in favour of the scheme of the Government of India (§§ 67-98) refer to countries where methods of that kind have been in use for generations. The people concerned have known no others. But the system to be introduced into India is opposed to anything of which the native populations have experience, and is directly in conflict with usages prevailing amongst them from which there has never been any departure. There is probably nothing (apart from matters of religion) upon which the Hindu is so sensitive as interference about money and its use. There is no subject of conversation which the middle and poorer class of people are more likely to be found talking about at any idle hour than wages and the price of food. They are stock subjects for gossip among all but the richer class, and take the place of the "weather" or the "crops" with us. If the result of the introduction of the new scheme were a fall in prices, one large and very important class would be immediately touched, and as at the same time the rate of interest would rise, and loans of small sums of money would become more difficult to procure and harder to pay off, popular

feeling would go strongly against it. If Government failed to carry the people with them, and the latter were to think that the success of the scheme was to be obtained at their expense, it would certainly be defeated in some way or other, probably by being quietly ignored in favour of some expedients for the supply of money of the kinds already indicated, more consonant with the prescription of an immemorial antiquity.

If the silver currency, as is very likely to happen, assumes the character which attaches to an inconvertible paper currency, there will arise two prices for commodities, a silver price and a gold price, the former being the price in the limited currency, and the latter that prescribed by the full value gold money or aliquot parts of the same in their silver equivalent at the market rate. Travellers on the Continent will have no difficulty in recalling the advantage they got, a few years ago, by the use of sovereigns abroad over the State paper issues in more than one European country. Austria-Hungary is cited in the Report, as a case in proof that the price of silver may be held up by such currency arrangements as are proposed for India; but until we see the evidence taken by the Commission, it will not be possible to judge how far this and similar instances quoted, go on all-fours with that of India. In Austria-Hungary until quite lately (if it is not so now) gold used to be taken, not to say levied, by the Government, for certain kinds of payments instead of silver, at the market rate of exchange; and in cases where merchants elected to deal with one another on a gold basis, any dispute regarding the gold price to be paid was decided in the law courts on the basis of the market rate of exchange, as certified by the official quotations of the Bourse Stock Exchange of Vienna or Buda-Pesth, according to locality. In fact, nothing is easier to men of business than to set aside a conventional rate of exchange for gold and silver money in favour of a market rate, if it suits them to do so. Transactions of these kinds would necessarily deal blow after blow at a Government fixation of a rate of exchange for the conversion of silver into gold money and other like purposes. The currency, in short, will in no sense be automatic: it will possess no inherent capacity of mutual adjustment between its component parts, nor will it respond of its own accord to a growing demand for money on the part of the public. It is not to be expected, therefore, that fluctuations in the relative value of the two kinds of money will in consequence subside: they will on the contrary increase, and create an additional difficulty in the maintenance of the fixed ratio. It needs no argument to show that if such cannot be sustained in India, neither can it be in London. The Secretary of State's ability to keep up the price of Council drafts will depend chiefly on the circumstance that the means of remittance open to the public in the shipping of silver to India and its coinage there are curtailed by the closing of the mints; but if the effect of that measure is neutralised in any of the ways above mentioned, to the same extent the Government rate of exchange would be knocked down, and with it would necessarily go the control of the Secretary of State over the market for India bills.

The arguments used to meet the various objections to the scheme

are hardly calculated to create the impression that the members of the Commission feel very much confidence that they will in practice be successfully met and disposed of. Matters have been allowed to get to that pass that the choice lies between difficulties equally grave; the most that can be said in favour of the course taken, is that kind of apology which expresses a hope that worse evils may not be in store for the country than those which it seeks to leave behind. Existing losses will of course be stereotyped; but it is to be hoped that all concerned will feel glad to lose their chance of a future rise in the rupee on the terms of being secured against the effect of a fall (§ 107).

If the burden of taxation proves heavier under the new system, such a result, it is pointed out, would not have been "arbitrarily produced by the action of Government," but would be due to the fact that the new standard was depreciating less or appreciating more than that for which it was substituted (§ 111).

The effect of the measure on the trade with silver-using countries is not overlooked. The set-off against the anticipated derangement of that which has hitherto worked smoothly is, that that portion of the commerce of India "only amounts to about half of her trade with gold-using countries."

As a compensation for a diminished business in the Indo-China trade, consequent on the silver money of China coming to possess a lower purchasing power than that of India, the merchants in the latter country may look to the circumstance that the value of goods exported by China to foreign countries will bring home larger returns of silver, and thereby increase the capacity of the Chinese population generally to pay a higher price than before for the products of India (§ 115).

The apprehension that China and Japan may produce cotton goods at home in substitution of those now sent from India, is hardly met by the argument that there is little or no evidence of any relation existing between a fall in the exchange and the volume of exports (§ 116); for the point at issue is, whether the people of China and Japan, finding that they cannot get Indian manufactures so cheaply as before, will or will not make them for themselves. Manchester complains that in the past the divergence in value between the dollar and the £1 sterling has partly closed the China ports to their goods. If this is the case, then a similar divergence between the dollar and the rupee would have a similar effect on the India trade. On the other hand, if the decline of the Manchester trade with the East has been caused not by cheap silver but by cheap labour and other local causes, giving a peculiar impulse to the competition of Bombay, then causes of exactly the same kind, which are always in operation in China and Japan, will also stimulate local production in those countries, to the prejudice of India. The circumstance which is most likely to neutralise this impulse is, that with such a currency as India is about to obtain, the prices of goods in her markets may fall lower than is expected, and make their export to the further East still profitable.

It is expected that the opium revenue will not suffer, on the ground that Indian opium is the luxury of the rich Chinaman, and is so much superior to that made on the spot that he will not go without, or take less of it even at a higher price (§ 117).

In silver-using countries, where

the circulation is unlimited, silver will fall considerably in its gold value. In those places therefore, any silver price, being the equivalent of the gold obtained for the goods they export, will go farther than the quantity of silver which for the same sum in gold could be obtained in India. Hence it is considered likely that India will be driven out of certain markets in which hitherto she has traded with those countries on equal terms; but the Commissioners are of opinion that the history of the Indian export trade, during the period when silver was falling, in gold makes it doubtful whether the suggested advantage is not much less than those who use the argument suppose (§ 118).

The Report notices an apprehension on the part of the Indian tea-planters that they will be undersold by China, with the remark that though they will be handicapped in European markets by the competition of China tea with Indian tea, yet the latter is so much in demand and of such good quality that the trade will sustain no serious prejudice on this account. This argument is more consoling than another which they use, to the effect that whatever loss the Indian tea-grower may individually suffer, "it would not necessarily entail disadvantage on the country as a whole."

In the trade with gold-using countries, the advantages of a gold basis will be much diminished by the absence of any provision for, or prospect of, such a supply of gold coming into circulation as will make its exportation a matter of indifference both to the Government in its means of keeping up the exchange to 1s. 4d., and to the commercial public in their means of getting their gold back again from abroad without loss.

This brings us to consider the great benefit to all parties to the Indo-British commerce which would accrue from the incorporation of India in the circle of gold-using countries, in consequence of which the enormous stock of gold she now holds, to say nothing of the annual additions made to it, would constitute a source of supply from which, under the scheme before us, her customers in the West will be cut off.

It is evident that gold will, from the inducements offered, only trickle into the circulation in India in small quantities from time to time. All that comes to hand will be required for domestic purposes; any exportation of gold money to Europe will frighten holders of gold in India from parting with any more. That kind of confidence in the replenishment of the gold portion of the money in use, which a free and automatic currency inspires, will be wanting in the case of a regulated currency, upon which the course and circumstances of trade can exert no influence, except such as may filter through official channels; and as far as the use of gold as current money is in question, India will be no better off than she is now.

The commerce with silver-using countries will be in a worse position still. The trading facilities that two countries acquire by using a common metallic basis, which this category of countries has hitherto enjoyed, will cease. India will in future be to them in the same position in which gold-using countries have hitherto stood to India. To remove the disabilities arising from this state of commercial relations is one object of the scheme. It seems likely to fail not only in attaining that object, but to succeed in creating

similar disabilities, to the prejudice of the trade with China, Japan, and other countries using full value of metallic currencies of silver.

It may be expected, and has indeed been clearly pointed out in the Report (p. 42), that gold will be sent to India in increased quantities on private account, in order to be exchanged into rupees; and though the amount put to that purpose is probably overrated, yet there must be taken into account the demand in India for gold for business of the kind indicated above. The loan market in London will to some extent — how great an extent it is impossible to say—be affected for the worse by this cause. This is a matter apart from the trade of India, and concerns the English money market only. If instead of less than 3 millions sterling India absorbs 10 or 12 millions sterling a-year—which from the circumstances of the case will never return to the West in the course of trade—the inconvenience caused by a restricted supply of gold to the London market will increase every year.

A considerable drain upon the stock of gold in England to supply a deficiency of money in India would reduce the demand for Council drafts, and would, in correspondence with a scarcity of gold, raise the rate of exchange against silver. Both these causes would interfere somewhat with the ability of the Secretary of State to keep his drafts at 1s. 4d., or any other figure much at variance with the metallic par.

If the India trade with gold-using countries becomes affected for the worse; if the change of system disorganises productive industry in the country itself; if China, Japan, and other Eastern countries find, as a consequence of their money having through this artificial alteration in its metallic parity with the money of India lost part of its effective purchasing power, that their trade is not so profitable as before, and look about to extend their dealings with other markets more favourably situated; if, as the Report seems to anticipate (§§ 113, 115, 118, 119), producers in those countries would both take less of Indian commodities, and compete on better terms than before with India in foreign markets in those kinds of merchandise which both export—India may find herself left out in the cold. Certainly she has at present much in her favour, from her trade being well organised, from security, peace, and other aids to commercial progress which good government secures. But there is no such thing as standing still in these matters: the new currency measure is either better or is worse for trade. In no respect can we be sure that it will turn out a decided improvement—such advantages as it holds out are of doubtful prospect. Into the trade in the far East the certainty is that it will introduce disquieting influences from which that part of the commerce has been hitherto free.

The result to be looked for is a diminution in the balance of trade, which is now favourable to India. India now takes a large balance of the debt due to her in treasure of silver and gold, which is of course purchased by the excess in value of her exports over that of her imports. If India merchants become unable to coin or use this treasure as money, they may be expected to take their returns in European commodities; but presumably these commodities are of less value to

them than the precious metals, or they would take them in that way now: they must trade in future at a loss on their present scale of profits, which would of course be followed by a shrinkage in the export trade to the West. This, added to (possibly) a similar decline in the Eastern trade, would narrow the demand for bills on India, and affect the price of Council drafts, and add another difficulty to those above enumerated in the sustenance of an artificial rate of exchange between India and England. As the sum of gold which the Secretary of State requires in England every year cannot be materially lessened, but, on the contrary, shows signs of increasing, he may be compelled to sell his bills below the Government rate of exchange, or, as an alternative, ship silver from India to purchase gold in London. This contingency, though regarded in the Report as highly improbable, is alluded to as of barely possible occurrence (§ 123).

It does not seem to be contemplated in the Report that the new gold currency will afford a source of supply for the gold which has to be put down in London. It may be that the Government of India and the members of the Commission have no expectation that their scheme will set up any reciprocity of transportation, or any interchange in the courses of com merce between the gold supply of the West and that of India. Such a shortcoming marks the measure as one which is something more than defective, and suggests that the absence of so necessary an element of stability and usefulness must be attributed to some radical error of principle which pervades the scheme from top to bottom.

This error of principle is to be found in the provision that the legal tender money of the country, so far as it is gold, will be restricted in volume by the defective means taken to attract it into the circulation; and so far as it is silver, by the necessity of regulating its supply, with the view to the maintenance of a fixed rate of exchange. We regard it as a principle of universal application that full value money, to be as efficient as it can be, must be supplied in unrestricted quantities, otherwise the values expressed in terms of such money—that is to say, the prices obtaining in a "regulated currency"—are not true indications of value. In a free and open trade, of which an important part is trade with foreign countries, nothing but confusion can result from a want of correspondence between the nominal values of commodities in the appreciated currency and their natural values in all other currencies, to which money is supplied in exact correspondence with the requirements of commerce. Prices depend upon value, and not value upon price; and therefore to impose, by means of an appreciated currency, a price upon an article which only expresses a nominal value, is a hindrance, not an aid, to the exchanges of commerce. True money has a value of its own, arising from the same causes which give their values to goods; and if in two such countries as India and China you try to make the same weight of silver more valuable in the one country than in the other, you cannot expect to promote trade or industrial production by doing so.

Furthermore, and for the same reason, the precious metals will not flow into a regulated currency any more than foreign goods will come into protected markets in as large supplies as where

free trade prevails. In both cases their natural uses and applications are affected for the worse. Money affected by legal or arbitrary conditions cannot travel in and out of the regulated currency, any more than goods once taxed with a high import duty can be profitably sold in any other than a "protected" market. A true rate of exchange is that which results from absolute freedom of movement being accorded to the precious metals; any other is no more likely to prevail in the long-run than the artificial relation of value set up between merchandise of the same sort produced in a protected and in a free-trade country can be expected to survive the stress of open competition: the real value of the one will kill the artificial value of the other.

It may be inferred from the remarks in the Report on the proposals of the Government (§ 47 *et seq.*), that when a gold coin is issued as legal tender money, it will not be identical with the £1 sterling of the realm, but a ten-rupee, and a double coin, or twenty-rupee piece. It is assumed that the preliminary measure of stopping the coinage of silver has raised the rupee to 1s. 4d.: the gold coin would then contain ten times as much gold as is taken to be worth 1s. 4d. in our own token currency—technically speaking, it would contain $\frac{160}{240}$ of the £1 sterling. Now 10 is no more a convenient multiple than 15, and the proposed ratio of exchange gives 15 rupees to the sovereign. Why, then, should a new coin of ten rupees, which corresponds with no enumerator in use in any part of the empire, be adopted for India? The sovereign is from weight and size a far more convenient coin than one two-thirds its value, and information is telegraphed from Simla[1] that the Government of India have ordered sovereigns to be accepted at the mints to an unlimited extent, at 15 rupees apiece, not, it is to be hoped, for recoinage, but to be reserved for the fund upon which the gold standard is to be based. The £1 sterling of the realm is, moreover, a universal isobar of values throughout the commercial world. It is accepted in payment of debt in all markets, from Shanghai to New York, from South America to Northern Europe, as readily as in London. It is better known, because it is more common in India, where it is always called "guinea," than the gold mohur, and is scattered in thousands through the length and breadth of the country. It is no merely sentimental idea that, apart from commercial convenience, there is something particularly appropriate in making the symbol of sovereignty, which the royal effigy on the standard coin implies, one and the same in every part of the British empire. Every Act of State which the name or personality of the Queen-Empress has been connected with, in the affairs of India, has been calculated to confirm and emphasise the principle of unity. It is on every ground desirable to foster as well as to give practical effect to the claim which her Majesty's subjects in India assert—that her dominions in that quarter of the world are as completely an integral part of her empire as either of the islands which constitute the United Kingdom. This feeling as a political force is apt to be underrated, and it is difficult to explain, much more to prove, how strong an attachment

[1] 'Standard,' July 5.

it provides between the races of India and the British Crown. Those who have watched the principle of loyalty to the Crown and person of the Sovereign among the people of that country need no argument to press its importance upon them. It is indeed to be hoped that such an opportunity as this affords for recognising and approving these feelings will not be thrown away by the Government of India.

That Government deserves much sympathy for the extraordinary difficulty of the situation in which it finds itself placed, arising to a great extent in circumstances beyond its control. The Viceroy and his Council (p. 13, § 8) describe themselves as appealing for ten years to successive British ministries for liberty of action, although the scheme now sanctioned did not find a place among their previous proposals. If the scheme now adopted had been put into force ten years ago, whatever good results may come of it would have been obtained long since. The policy of "waiting" has not answered—"Rusticus exspectat dum defluat amnis"—and at last he has to make a plunge into the stream, in the hope of getting across somehow without drowning.

THE *COUP D'ÉTAT.*

A BODY of noblemen and gentlemen, called by courtesy her Majesty's Ministers, have made a bold attempt to carry through the House of Commons a bill for the disruption of the empire. The bill itself, though effecting a fundamental change in the constitution of the country, is not, of course, in one sense of the word, unconstitutional, since every nation is at liberty to change its form of government when it pleases. The really unconstitutional proceeding, and one to put us all upon our guard, is the method by which it has been sought to cram this particular change down the throats of the British people against their will, with the help of a Parliament whose consent to it has only been obtained by a dishonest compact. Of the means employed, and of the traffic which alone made them possible, we shall speak presently. A very few words must first be devoted to the bill itself. It is needless to say that the mere repeal of the Act of Union, if we had simply gone back to Grattan's Parliament, would have been a change of momentous gravity—one not to be completed till the terms of it had been exhaustively discussed and the nature of them fully comprehended by all concerned in it. It would have been the dissolution of a contract which could not lawfully be set aside without the consent of both parties to it—both Great Britain and Ireland. But the constitution which Mr Gladstone would establish goes far beyond Grattan's Parliament. The settlement of 1782 left the British Government, says Mr Dicey, not only absolutely supreme in all British and Imperial affairs, "but with a predominating weight in the government of Ireland" as well—a weight that was enormously increased by the simple fact, now too frequently forgotten, that the dominant party in Ireland in those days was one which, however hostile to England on particular occasions, was bound to her by the closest ties, and dependent on her arm alone for the security of their religion and their property. The reverse is the case now; yet England is parting with powers to an unfriendly Government which she studiously withheld from a friendly one.

If this bill passes, England will possess none of the indirect weight in the Irish Government which she possessed under Grattan's Parliament; and as for the direct weight which Mr Gladstone proposes to retain for her, it is of no more value than the helmet of Don Quixote, which the knight, after having broken it once, wisely forbore to put to any further test. The Irish Parliament under this bill, either by passing Acts in defiance of the restrictions, or by refusing to enforce the law for the protection of coastguard officers, landlords, Protestants, or any other obnoxious classes, might easily render worthless all the "securities" in the bill. For mark what would happen. If England attempted to interfere, to veto the Acts, or to enforce protection to life and property, instantly the old agitation would be revived,—the veto would be the badge of servitude; protection to life and property would be English tyranny; and eighty Irish members in their places at Westminster would want to know the reason why; and

would dare any English Minister to carry out the law. This new brigade would form an Irish garrison in England, holding a position of impregnable strength, owning no allegiance to any English party, knowing no law but the will of the Irish Cabinet, without the slightest interest in English legislation, and scornfully ignorant of both the wants and wishes of the English people. Yet to this little band of Irish swordsmen, having no more interest in the internal affairs of Great Britain than if they were French or Germans, is to be handed over the absolute mastery of the British House of Commons, the uncontrolled power of making and unmaking ministries, the casting vote upon every question affecting either the religion, the property, or the liberties of England and Scotland!

Mr Morley himself has said that if the Irish members were retained at Westminster, "no power on earth could prevent them from being the arbiters of British policy and of the rise and fall of British Administrations." What need we any further witness? It would be at very rare intervals indeed that a party of eighty acting together as one man would not be able to turn the scale on a division whichever way they liked; so rare, indeed, that Mr Morley himself did not think them worth referring to. As a general rule, to which there would be very few exceptions, England would be governed from Dublin.

That the Lord Lieutenant, acting on the advice of an Executive Committee, appointed either wholly or in great part by the Irish Government, would withhold the assent of the Crown to bills "passed by the two houses of the Irish Legislature," is an absurd supposition. That the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council would long be allowed to reverse the decisions of the Irish Courts of Law, and still more to pronounce on the validity of Irish Acts of Parliament, as proposed by the 23d clause of the present bill, is equally incredible. Such a clause would at once be denounced as a second Poynings' law, and the brigade would at once boycott it.

It is to be understood then that by Mr Gladstone's measure the whole executive, legislative, and administrative functions of the Imperial Government would be practically at the mercy of the Irish party; that this result, which the bill from the first made a strong probability, the presence of the Irish members at Westminster converts into a certainty. As pointed out again by Mr Dicey, it would not be beyond the power of the Irish Government to raise something very like an army. It would be foreign to our present purpose to travel any further into detail. We merely wished to remind our readers briefly and in outline what it really is for the sake of which Mr Gladstone has not scrupled to violate the spirit of the constitution, and to silence parliamentry discussion with all the arrogance of a Cromwell.

It is perfectly well known that a great many English Radicals are opposed to Home Rule. It is equally certain that many of them detest the gag. The measure, in fact, is being carried by the votes of men who are notoriously hostile to its principle, and who would never have supported it in the Commons but for the certainty of its being defeated in the Lords. Their consciences would have forbidden them to vote for it, if its passing had

depended on themselves. Their constituencies would have forbidden them to oppose it, because they do not wish to unseat the Government from which they expect further favours. With the help of the Lords, they have satisfied both their consciences and their constituencies at the same time, with what credit to their courage or generosity we forbear to inquire. The price of their votes was the recognition by Mr Gladstone of certain Radical demands, and a promise to undertake them at the earliest possible opportunity. The Radicals accepted the consideration, thinking after all that no harm could be done, since Home Rule was sure to come to come to grief whether they upheld it or not. The knowledge of the suppressed hostility underlying the silent support which the bill has received in the House of Commons will of course greatly strengthen the House of Lords in meting out summary justice to it. Yet it is much to be regretted on public grounds that members of the House of Commons should have thought it consistent with their duty to throw the whole burden of rejecting so mischievous a measure on the shoulders of the House of Lords; and we say this not because the shoulders of the House of Lords are not broad enough to bear the burden, but because of the false impression created in the public mind through the seeming acceptance of the measure by the popular Assembly. At all events, if ever the question of abolishing the House of Lords shall be seriously entertained in any quarter, it will of course be able to rely with implicit confidence on the support of those gentlemen who have at the present moment so much reason to thank God for its existence.

Peace to all such. The far more important feature, by which the progress of the Home Rule Bill is differentiated from all previous essays, successful or otherwise, in the field of constitutional reform, is the method by which it has been forced on a reluctant Legislature, and the silence which was observed upon the subject before Parliament assembled. We now, of course, understand why this was done. Discussion was to be burked as far as possible, both in Parliament and out of it. The bill was to be carried by a rush, before people understood what it meant. A general discussion of its provisions during the autumn and winter would have been fatal to its prospects in the spring. The dissection and analysis which it has undergone since Parliament met have already sealed its fate. Had its provisions been made public, and the same process been applied to it six months ago, it is doubtful if it would have passed the second reading. Secrecy was an essential part of the game: secrecy, and a sudden rush. These were the highly constitutional methods by which a measure of organic change was to be hurried through Parliament by Whigs and Liberals, who have hitherto dubbed themselves the special guardians of the constitution!

The Home Rule Bill, then, as far as it has gone, has been carried by a *coup d'état*. It is not, we are aware, every *coup d'état* that is necessarily reprehensible. But those which are not so presuppose the rawness or rottenness of the system superseded. When a form of government is antiquated or effete the finishing stroke has often to be put to it from the outside, and is justified by necessity. When the constitution

subverted is itself new, and only one in a series of experiments, nobody can feel that it is any great crime to supersede it by another. So Lord Palmerston said in 1851 of the *coup d'état* in France :—

"Respect for the law and constitution, which you say in your despatch of yesterday is habitual to Englishmen, that respect belongs to just and equitable laws framed under a constitution founded upon reason, and consecrated by its antiquity and by the memory of the long years of happiness which the nation has enjoyed under it; but it is scarcely a proper application of those feelings to require them to be directed to the day-before-yesterday tomfoolery which the scatter-brained heads of Marrast and Tocqueville invented for the torment and perplexity of the French nation; and I must say that that constitution was more honoured by the breach than the observance." [1]

Now the constitution against which Mr Gladstone's *coup d'état* is aimed is one "founded upon reason, and consecrated by antiquity and the memory of long years of happiness which the nation has enjoyed under it." It is not perfect either in theory or practice. It has not the swiftness or concentrativeness of either absolute monarchies or absolute democracies. It may cause even wholesome changes to be brought about more slowly than they would be by a Napoleon or a Pericles. It cannot conduct military movements with the precision and celerity of a Bismarck or a Frederick. The celebrated Mitylenæan decree could never have been passed through a British House of Commons in a few hours without the assistance of the closure. But constitutional government is slow and sure. Its well-considered decrees are seldom reversed; and this is one of the best securities for a settled and orderly state of society, the source of so much human happiness, which a nation can possess. What were the memorable words of Mr Gladstone himself, spoken more than forty years ago? Speaking of religious toleration, he says :—

"Show, if you will, the Pope of Rome and his cardinals and his Church that England as well as Rome has her *semper eadem;* and that when she has once adopted the great principle of legislation which is destined to influence her national character and mark her policy for ages to come, and affect the whole nature of her influence on the nations of the world—show that when she has done this, *slowly and with hesitation and with difficulty, but still deliberately*, but once for all—she can no more retrace her steps than the waves of the river which bathe this giant city can flow backward to their source." [2]

And why can England never retrace her steps? Because her rulers have *not* acted on the principle now espoused by Mr Gladstone: because it is not "rapidity in forming constitutions" for which foreigners have admired them; but the "slowness, hesitation, and deliberation" with which they have always adopted great changes: because they have considered that a controversy was always well settled when it was finally settled. Finality, once the great recommendation for giving Irishmen what they wanted, and "a done with them," has been almost avowedly abandoned by the advocates of the present bill. We should still have the Irish question round our necks for a period to which no one can assign a limit, were the mea-

[1] Life of Lord Palmerston. By the Hon. Evelyn Ashley. Vol. i. p. 291.
[2] Speech on Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, March 25, 1851.

sure to become law to-morrow. Justice to Ireland would soon again become the battle-cry. Some new O'Connell or some new Parnell would set the whole agitation afloat again. For there would be no lack of unsatisfied aspirations to launch it; and the whole sad history would be re-enacted.

> "Trojæ renascens alite lugubri
> Fortuna tristi clade iterabitur."

Not only on the Irish question, but on every other, the closure must destroy finality, or, if not finality, permanence, the great quality of English legislation which makes it the wonder of the world.

We have next to consider what the change is which has come over parliamentary government of late years, and how it is that things can be done now, with at all events temporary impunity, at which the hair of Manners Sutton or Shaw-Lefevre would have stood on end beneath their wigs.

The very history of the closure itself shows how little we can now rely on that forbearance, common-sense, and moderation which are essential to the healthy action of parliamentary institutions. It is impossible to provide by the letter of the law against the misuse of those powers which are intrusted to a Minister of State on the honourable understanding that he will exercise them in conformity with the unwritten laws and tradition of parliamentary government. If he chooses to strain the machinery of the constitution to bursting point, to push to extremities every right which his position confers upon him, and to employ for the promotion of organic change instruments designed only to accelerate administrative reforms, he has nothing but the fear of consequences to restrain him. This is what Mr Gladstone is now doing. Tossing to the winds all those moral considerations which temper the strictness of sheer legality, he has carried his encroachments so far as distinctly to overstep the line which divides what, however violent, is still within the strict rights of a majority from what is not. The closure cannot supersede the constitution, a truth which neither side of the House seems sufficiently to recognise. And the constitution undoubtedly requires that changes of this magnitude shall not be carried through without full and free discussion, even if it occupy two entire sessions. It is unnecessary to speak of the absolute farce to which legislation is reduced, when ministers have to closure their own amendments; for what else can be in store for the shower of amendments which have been piled up by the Treasury bench.

The despotic and essentially unconstitutional application of the closure is, however, only a symptom. The root of the disease lies deeper. It may be that parties in turn will closure each other to death, and that it is in some such ludicrous and ignoble strife that parliamentary government is destined to expire. The disrespect shown for the position and authority of the Speaker, by English members as well as Irish, is another sign that representative institutions are, to say the least of it, passing through a crisis in the country of a very grave and serious character. Probably nothing would sicken the British people of the House of Commons more rapidly than the frequent repetitions of such scenes as occurred in that assembly both on the 5th and on the 11th of last month. But for the present we are more concerned with the probable effect of Mr Gladstone's abuse of the

closure, and with the state of feeling in the House which makes it easy for him to abuse it. The germ of the evil was indicated by Lord Salisbury at the Junior Constitutional Club on the 7th of July. And we may well devote a few pages to following out the train of thought which is suggested by his speech.

The meaning of constitutional government, says Lord Salisbury, is this, that no one power in the State shall be absolute. Constitutional government is a combination of forces by which the supreme power, necessarily intrusted to some one, is placed under certain checks, none the weaker because they are rather felt than seen. It was noticed, however, from the very commencement of constitutional government in this country, that the guarantees which we possessed for the maintenance of this system in England lay rather in the quality of English statesmanship, the ancient traditions of the House of Commons, and the good sense and good faith of its members, than in any positive enactments which a Minister could be impeached for violating. Walpole, as it seemed, endeavoured to make himself absolute by corruption; and Bolingbroke at once saw that there was a species of despotism for which the forms of liberty might be only a convenient cloak. When told that the system was necessary to secure the Hanoverian succession and prevent the restoration of personal government, he said that "liberty was undermined for fear it should be overthrown." That particular danger passed away. By degrees the conditions under which alone parliamentary government could succeed became better understood, and gradually grew into an unwritten code, which till lately each party alike implicitly obeyed. And for a long time there did exist powers and interests outside of Parliament to which the most powerful Minister was compelled to listen, and which would certainly have arrested Mr Gladstone long ago in the headlong course which he is following. In the Crown and the nomination boroughs there were effective means of bringing a Minister to reason who was inclined to take the bit between his teeth. These powers might be abused, as they were in 1783 and in 1827. But in our opinion they did more good than harm, and the removal of them left the Minister of the day having a large majority at his back beyond the reach of any influence except public opinion, which only matures and concentrates itself very slowly, and cannot often be brought to bear on political delinquents till they have had time to do a great deal of mischief.

But this was only one stage in the departure of the House of Commons from its original ἀρχή. As the people have been admitted by instalments to political power; as they have gradually learned their own strength; and as they have begun to return to Parliament representatives of a very different kind from those who sat behind Palmerston, Peel, or Canning; as a school of doctrinaire Radicalism has sprung up out of touch with the past, and despising both the prescriptions and conventions of the House of Commons as relics of an antiquated system,—so by degrees have the relations between the Liberal party and constitutional government undergone a total change. Precedent, usage, parliamentary dignity, free speech, constitutional forms, are in the eyes of modern Radicals but so many obsolete shibboleths, which

only impede the onward march of democracy, and are fit only to inspire veneration in political old women and children. It is not to these men we can look for any help against attacks upon the liberties of the House of Commons. It is these men who egged on Mr Gladstone to extremities from which he shrank himself: and the representatives of the Labour party, taking no pride in an institution of which they do not know the history, having no sympathy with its aristocratic past, and caring little for anything but the exaltation of their own class, will join hands with anybody who promises them the rapid realisation of their own ideas. All alike reverse the saying of Lord Eldon. With them it is *sat bene si sat cito.*

The House of Commons no longer occupies the same place in the estimation of the people which it did thirty years ago, and this it is which emboldens Mr Gladstone to trample on it. He would have resisted the dictation of the ultras if he had thought that there was any feeling among the working classes in favour of the House of Commons on which he could rely for support. But on the subject they are utterly apathetic. Their apathy indeed does not extend to the Irish question, as Mr Gladstone will very soon discover. But it does extend to parliamentary liberty and free speech, for which the working class care very little, and of which they may think perhaps they have had too much. What have these blessings done for labour, they may ask, and many of them do ask. We know that there is a powerful party among them who have an intelligent faith in our national institution — and an instinctive dread of the ascendancy of modern Puritanism, whether religious, social, or political. We know that. But we know that the spirit of democratic intolerance is abroad also, and that it is at the bottom of the support which the suppression of debate has met with in the House of Commons. This, in our opinion, is the most dangerous sign of the times. Home Rule we may in time get rid of, but not of the spirit which has inspired this attempt to storm the House of Commons. Yet the spirit professes to speak in the name of liberty. Mr Gladstone's party claim to be true Liberals, and declare that all their measures make for freedom in the end. Have we not, then, come round again to a state of things in which we, too, may say that liberty is being undermined for fear it should be overthrown? For liberty substitute liberalism, and the application is exact. Mr Gladstone's followers go to the country and proclaim that Liberal principles are safe only in their own hands; that they will be snubbed if the Conservatives come in; that progress is in danger from the hostility of the present Opposition. And all this while they are steadily undermining the only security we possess for the protection of public opinion,—the only machinery that exists for ascertaining and giving effect to the real sentiments of the people. When the people find out that the confidence which they bestowed for one purpose has been wrongly made use of for another, how are they to obtain redress if their representatives in Parliament are gagged? In this particular instance, indeed, no such confidence *was* bestowed by the people of Great Britain. What they find is that an Irish contingent is called in to swamp their own votes, and that when their

representatives protest they are ordered to hold their tongues. If this is not using the forms of liberty to establish virtual tyranny, we do not know what is. We might as well say that when a Japanese noble was ordered to rip himself up, there was no interference with his liberty because he did it with his own hand.

We may be told that the people have the remedy in their own hands. What remedy? We write these words on the supposition that Mr Gladstone's audacious scheme is allowed to succeed for the time, and that the author of it escapes with impunity. In that case the gag will be established as a precedent, and will become a recognised weapon of parliamentary warfare. What remedy will the people have then? What security will even the most powerful minority possess against tyrannical oppression? If in their own hands, what is it? The remedy under the old system was the right of criticism lodged in the party out of office for the protection of minorities. They had the means in their hands of securing that both sides of every question should be properly represented, and exhaustively debated before legislation on the subject was finally settled; and they could compel ministers to give them a hearing by refusing to pass minor measures until those of the first importance had received the consideration which was due to them. The struggle could never end in the defeat of any measure on which the country had really set its heart. The Reform Bill of 1832, the Free Trade measures of 1846-49, the Divorce Bill of 1857, were all argued at great length, and in great detail, without its occurring to anybody that there was any absolute necessity for passing them in a single session. Supposing Lord Grey or Lord John Russell or Lord Palmerston had closured any of these debates, the minority would naturally have declared that the subject had not been threshed out, that all their own arguments had not been heard, and that legislation therefore was premature. The complaint would have been quite just. But what remedy would have remained had their old constitutional protection been taken away from them? What remedy will they have now? It must come now as it must have come then, either from above or from below the House of Commons—either from the House of Lords or from the people themselves assembled in public meeting. Is either of these alternatives what the country is prepared for? Is it prepared to see minorities transferred from the protection of the popular assembly either to the protection of the Peers or the protection of the platform? The statesmen we have named, no doubt, if such a system as the closure had been suggested to them, would have replied that it would be handing over new powers to the House of Lords.[1] And, in fact, an assembly in which freedom of speech has been arrested must necessarily, and under any circumstances, appear to great disadvantage by the side of one that still enjoys it.

Nobody can question the truth of these assertions. Nobody can pretend that the country has had time to think it over, or has even grasped the nature of the situation. We wish to rouse the people of Great

[1] Cf. Lord Salisbury's speech, July 7.

Britain to some perception of what is really hanging over them. There is a passage in one of Arnold's Lectures on Modern History in which, describing Massena's defence of Genoa in 1799, and the straits to which the population were reduced, he says: "It is not all at once that the inhabitants of a great city, accustomed to the daily sight of well-stored shops and an abundant market, begin to realise the idea of scarcity; or that the wealthy classes of society, who have never known any other state than one of abundance and luxury, begin seriously to conceive of famine." And it is not all at once that the people of a great country, who have never known any other state than one of liberty, and even licence, begin to conceive of despotism; or to recognise the fact that institutions under which they and their ancestors have reposed for centuries, and which they have come to regard as inextricably interwoven with the life of the community, are slowly slipping away from them. Yet we repeat that if Mr Gladstone's tactics are allowed to form a precedent, as, if successful, they certainly will, the old system of parliamentary government with which Englishmen have so long been familiar must necessarily disappear, to be succeeded by some modified or mutilated form of it, not likely to be equally favourable to civil and religious liberty. The power of silencing opposition whenever he pleases will make a Liberal Prime Minister a democratic dictator; and if the Conservatives retaliate when they succeed to office, as it is not in flesh and blood that they should refrain from doing, a conflict will commence which, whatever its ultimate results, must inevitably destroy the political system under which we have all been brought up.

If the constituencies wish to avert this result, they must give up the system of perpetual change which now seems to have so much attraction for them, and disabuse themselves of the absurd notion that Radicals and Conservatives should hold office alternately for the sake of fair play. The game of politics is not like cricket, at which each side is entitled to an innings. Those who believe that either Conservatism or Radicalism has any deeper root than the convenience of rival politicians, that they represent great principles on which the happiness of mankind depends, must wish them to enjoy uninterrupted predominance. But there is a further and very practical consideration to be taken into account when we are weighing the merits of this turn-and-turn-about system. Have we thought of its effects on ministerial and party responsibilities? Have we reflected on what must naturally be in the mind of that statesman who knows that, whatever he does, he is almost sure to be turned out at the end of seven years? Is it not morally certain that such a consciousness must engender a spirit of recklessness, and an almost total disregard of anything but the present moment? When seats and Ministers are changed at almost every general election, ministerial supporters will prefer a bird in the hand—that is to say, they will do nothing to overthrow a Government or bring about a dissolution of Parliament, simply for fear of their constituencies. They will prefer the certainty of sitting in Parliament for another three or four years to the doubtful chance of being returned again at a general election.

Both ministerial responsibility

and individual responsibility must be seriously impaired, if not totally destroyed, by this system. The Minister will naturally say to himself, All I have got to do is to see that I am not turned out before my time is up: after that, the deluge. Many of our readers will remember what Thucydides says of the effect upon society of the plague at Athens—"Καὶ τὸ μὲν προσταλαιπωρεῖν τῷ δόξαντι καλῷ οὐδεὶς πρόθυμος ἦν, ἄδηλον νομίζων εἰ πρὶν ἐπ' αὐτὸ ἐλθεῖν, διαφθαρήσεται" —Not knowing whether he would ever live to reap the fruits of his self-denial. No ministry, in the circumstances we are supposing, need trouble itself much about public opinion outside Parliament. Should Mr Gladstone's bill become law, a statesman might absolutely despise it. With his Irish retainers to back him, he might do what he liked till a general election came round again, and impeachments and imprisonments are things of the past. The unjust steward will cling to power while he has got it. Whatever is necessary for that immediate purpose he will do without scruple; and as for the future, he will chance it.

Such are the conditions of parliamentary government which the people of this country will bring upon themselves if they do not take all the more care—a septennial dictatorship supported by an Irish bodyguard, and largesses all round to those who can influence votes, however mischievous or exorbitant their demands.

We see the beginning of the system now. Mr Gladstone is acting on it already. We have spoken of a dishonest compact. Mr Gladstone has bought the vote of the Radicals for a measure which they know to be wrong, by the promise of concessions which it is more than doubtful if he himself believes to be right. We have already referred to the Radical position in reference to this compact. If they think they have done no harm because Home Rule will never be carried, they are wofully mistaken. They have done all the harm which must necessarily arise from the Home Rule Bill going forth with their apparent sanction, and conveying to the public a false appearance of unanimity in the ministerial ranks. They have done all the harm which can be done by imparting to the Home Rule Bill such weight as it must necessarily derive from being carried through the House of Commons; and by allowing the Upper House at the same time to be brought into conflict with the Lower, as if opposing itself to the popular voice, when in reality the popular voice, if its representatives had the courage to speak out, is in perfect agreement with the Peers. This cowardly and selfish policy will, we trust, meet with the reward which it deserves by the failure of those revolutionary measures on which the Radicals have set their hearts, and for some of which, at all events, Mr Gladstone hopes no better fate than the Radicals hope for Home Rule.

Take the Welsh Suspensory Bill, for instance. Who that has read Mr Gladstone's 'Chapter of Autobiography,' published in 1868, can think it possible that he believes in the case he has put forward against the Welsh Church? Thirty years before the disestablishment of the Irish Church, Mr Gladstone had the question on his mind. And this, as he says, is what he thought about it in 1835:—

"Moreover, it was a duty, from my point of view, completely to exhaust every chance on behalf of the Irish

Church. At the period of the appropriation clause I represented to myself, and, I believe, to others, that the true power of the Church as a religious engine had never up to that period been fairly tried. In name a religious institution, her influences, her benefices, her sees, were commonly employed for purposes which we must condemn as secular, even if they had not been utterly *anti-national*. Only within a few, a very few, years, had her clergy begun to bestir themselves; and they had forthwith found that, from the unsettled state of the law of tithe, they were in the midst of an agitation both menacing to public order and even perilous to life. I was desirous to see what, after person and property should have been rendered secure, and a peaceful atmosphere restored, a generation of pious and zealous men could accomplish in their actual position. I am still of the opinion that, thirty-five years ago, the religion of the Irish Church had not—to her and to our shame be it spoken—had fair play. From the days of Elizabeth downwards, with the rarest exceptions, the worldly element had entirely outweighed the religious one (whatever the intention may have been) in the actual working of the ecclesiastical institutions of Ireland."—Pp. 32, 33.

Therefore the Irish Church in that generation was entitled to her "day of grace." During the thirty years that followed, the experiment which Mr Gladstone wished to see tried *was* tried—we are only stating his own view of the case—and with what results? Writing in 1868, he says the Irish Church Establishment has since that time had fair play and something more.

"She has enjoyed an opportunity extending over a generation of men with circumstances of favour such as can hardly be expected to recur. What has been her case? She has had ample endowments; perfect security; an almost unbroken freedom from the internal controversies which have chastened (though, in chastening, I believe improved) the Church of England. The knowledge of the Irish language has been extensively attained by her clergy."—Pp. 33, 34.

Yet in spite of all this the Irish Establishment had made no progress, and therefore Mr Gladstone concluded that it was hopeless to expect she ever would. Without discussing the justice or injustice of these views, let us apply Mr Gladstone's plea for the Irish Church in 1835 to the case of the Church in Wales at the present day, and see if it does not fit it in every particular. Is it not quite true that the Church in Wales has not for many generations had "fair play"; that her influences, her benefices, and her sees have been employed for secular and political purposes; that only within a few years have the clergy begun to bestir themselves; and that they have only recently been delivered from a tithe agitation "both menacing to public order and even perilous to life"? Why should not we too wish to see in the case of Wales "what, after person and property should have been rendered secure, and a peaceful atmosphere restored, a generation of pious and zealous men could accomplish in their actual position"? Why should not Wales have her day of grace as well as Ireland, when the conditions which justified the demand for it in the one country are exactly the same in the other? And the Church in Wales has a stronger claim to it than the Church in Ireland, since in spite of all these adverse circumstances she has made wonderful progress during the last quarter of a century, and has given an earnest, not to be mistaken or explained away, of what may be expected of her in future if she is only allowed to reap the harvest she has sown. How can any one

suppose that all this is not perfectly plain to Mr Gladstone, or that he is not quite well aware how completely his argument for Welsh Disestablishment can be answered out of his own mouth? Mr Gladstone's support of either Welsh or Scotch disestablishment, therefore, we take to be just as unprincipled as the Radical support of Home Rule. And we say unhesitatingly that no such disgraceful compact is to be found in the history of English parties since the reign of Queen Anne, when the Whigs bribed the ultra-Tories to vote against the peace of Utrecht by supporting the Occasional Conformity Bill, which they had always bitterly denounced.

The Home Rule Bill will, of course, be rejected by the Lords. A Ministry which is glad to get majorities of fourteen and fifteen, and is positively jubilant over a majority of twenty-seven, can expect nothing else for a Bill which is a virtual revolution. But even if Home Rule should disappear from sight altogether, mischief will have been done which, supposing that the constitutional party regain their ascendancy immediately, it will take years to undo. Freedom of speech, which held its own in the House of Commons for more than two centuries, has at last been successfully invaded. The brute force of the majority has been used to crush debate. It is a thing of evil omen. Freedom of speech is surely the test *aut stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ*. When its banner has once been lowered, it must necessarily be a long time before the same respect is felt for it again. What has been done once can be done a second time. It is impossible to help feeling that a blow has been struck at our Parliamentary constitution which, if deserved, means that the constitution is effete, and, if undeserved, that those from whom it comes have executed a criminal *coup d'état* for the gratification only of personal ambition.

That the blow should have been struck by Mr Gladstone adds poignancy to the grief and indignation with which we must all witness it. That he who has in turn represented so much that is good in both our great political connections; that he who was the hope and the pride of the great Liberal party which, with all its errors, and we believe them to have been many and serious, has always professed itself the champion of constitutional principles; that he with all his long experience, his splendid fame, and his brilliant genius,—that he should have sunk to be the tool of Irish agitators who can hardly spell their own names, and of political prigs and pedants who hardly know what statesmanship means, is indeed scarcely less lamentable than the measures to which he has committed himself. How art thou fallen from heaven, Lucifer, son of the morning! It is currently reported that there are those among his colleagues who are not best pleased with the position in which they find themselves, and would be glad of any decent pretext for resigning it. It is obvious at the same time that, if the Radicals could bridle their impatience, they would do well to wait for a stronger and more unanimous majority before attempting to carry out changes so distasteful to a large part of the nation. An attack which failed now would greatly prejudice their chances of success hereafter. It is unlikely, however, that even those combined motives will have sufficient weight to cause any change of Government at present. The

Radicals may calculate perhaps that to carry their bills next year through the House of Commons, and get them thrown out by the Lords, will answer their purpose well enough. Parliament might then be dissolved, they think, with a good Radical cry. But then what will the Home Rulers say to this strategy? and how will they relish being thrown over to 1895? The action of the Ministry will depend, we should say, very much on the attitude of the country, and on the turn which public feeling takes during the autumn and winter. During the past spring and summer it has been steadily rising against the bill. Of this we think there can be no doubt. But though this manifestation of opinion might help a Government who were prepared to eat their words a second time, and renounce Home Rule as suddenly and cynically as they adopted it, no additional strength will be conferred by it on a Government still pledged to the demands of the Nationalists. Either way, Ministers will have to choose between two parties, of whom one or the other must necessarily be dissatisfied. The Radicals will have a strong argument, in that another attempt to force Home Rule through Parliament can only end as this has ended; and what, therefore, is the good of trying it again till the country has declared more plainly in its favour. Unless, therefore, the Government intend to humour the Radicals, and postpone Home Rule, it seems that they must necessarily dissolve. And if they do intend to give up next session to the Radicals, they will have the Irish to reckon with, who will not very readily be "squared" when they see Home Rule slipping through their fingers. With next session the real difficulties of the Government will begin. The Irish will say that Mr Gladstone went to the country on Home Rule, that his majority is a Home Rule majority, and that the Irish party, who placed him where he is, have the first claim upon him. The Radicals will say that all this is very fine, but that the Irish have had their chance; and as they have not been able to do anything with it, they must make way for the Radicals, who will be able to turn their opportunity to better account. With their supporters divided into these two rival camps, how can Ministers possibly go on without calling a new Parliament?

Printed by William Blackwood and Sons.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCCXXXV. SEPTEMBER 1893. VOL. CLIV.

GLENGARRY AND HIS FAMILY.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF A HIGHLAND CHIEF.

THE following account of life in the Highlands of Scotland at the beginning of this century, and the notices of Colonel Ranaldson Macdonell, Chief of Glengarry and Clanronald, are based entirely upon the unpublished autobiography of Miss Macdonell of Glengarry, this chief's daughter, and upon material supplied by her:—

I was born at Glengarry, says Miss Macdonell, on Loch Oich, the highest point on the Caledonian Canal, in 1814. I was the fourth daughter of Colonel Ranaldson Macdonell of Glengarry and Clanronald. There were seven daughters of us and seven sons, of whom six boys died under three years of age, one boy and six girls grew to full age, and the youngest sister died at twelve years of age.

Garry Cottage, a charming villa near Perth, is the first place of which I recollect anything. There at three years of age I had the measles very severely, and my eyesight was nearly lost. I next remember travelling from Glengarry to Inverie, one of my father's houses, where we generally spent a few weeks every summer. The journey in those days was a very curious one. We started from Glengarry in our own carriage; twenty-seven miles to Loch Hourn head — stopping half-way at Tomdown to feed the horses and get something for ourselves at the little inn, which consisted of three rooms, was built of turf, and was always brimful of peat-smoke: this hurt our eyes so much, that we children kept running out and in. I remember on one occasion our father telling us that we had better lie on our

backs on the earthen floor, and we acted on this suggestion for a little. When we reached Loch Hourn we got into a large boat rowed by four men, generally singing Gaelic songs to keep time. My elder sister and I, who had splendid voices, used to sing the whole way, each placed on a bench beside one of the rowers. After about eight miles' rowing, we arrived at Barrisdale, one of our tacksmen's houses, where we generally spent a night. A precious night it was! The governess and three of us children occupied two box-beds in the parlour proper, the wall-paper of which was covered with roses. Immediately after breakfast we all got into the boat again to row round to Inverie by Loch Nevis. But on the occasion of my early remembrance there was a terrific storm. The maids were groaning and screaming with fear, and the men declared that we children must all sit in the bottom of the boat. When about half-way, it was resolved that we should leave the boat and go across country to Inverie. How the rest of the party accomplished the five miles, I do not know; but I was packed up in a plaid on a Highlander's back, and the sister a year younger than I was carried by the nurse.

Our house at Inverie was a very curious one. A considerable portion of it was built like an ordinary house of stone and lime; but the dining-room, drawing-room, and four bedrooms were built by my father on the old-fashioned wattled system. Magnificent beams of Scotch fir sprang from the clay floor to a roof with similar beams. Between the beams was regular basket-work of hazel-wood. The outside of the walls and the roof were slated. The front door opened into this part of the house, and opposite it was another door entering into the stone-and-lime part.

The scenery of this part of Knoidart is perfectly beautiful. There were slightly sloping grass-hills at the back of our house rising to perhaps two thousand feet high; with North Morar in front, nearly shutting in the loch, and the mountains of Rum in the far distance.

The return from Inverie was often made over Mambarrisdale—a low pass between hills, and about five miles long. How the elder members of the family travelled, I cannot tell; but my next sister and I were each put in a creel—one on each side of a pony, over whose back we could talk and play together nicely. On these journeys there was always plenty of men at hand to carry us if we wished.

My mother was a daughter of Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, and before her marriage, at twenty-two, had always lived in Edinburgh. On coming to the Highlands she was somewhat bewildered by the sort of life she had to lead. Instead of going to shops for butcher-meat, whole animals were brought into the larder at once; and, that she might really understand how to arrange the pieces for use at table, she got a sheep cut up exactly as if it had been a bullock. The smallness of the sirloins and rounds that this produced may be imagined, but she learned her lesson. Soon after she went north the housekeeper said she was short of needles. To my mother's amazement she heard that none could be got nearer than Inverness, forty-two miles distant! The needles being an absolute necessity, a man with a cart and horse had to be sent for them.

Our education was of the most practical kind. At five years of age we were formally taken into

the schoolroom, and handed over to the governess, in whose bedroom we now slept, instead of in the nursery. We at once began to learn the alphabet and to sew, and at six or seven years of age we were not contemptible needlewomen. We made our own pinafores ourselves, and lots of the family underclothing was made in the schoolroom; parts of everything were done by us at that early age. Every Saturday forenoon, from 10 to 12 o'clock, was spent in mending our clothes and darning our stockings. Broken strings had to be unpicked, the worn part cut off by our governess, and the good bit of tape neatly sewed on again. Frocks and pinafores, torn in getting over or through fences, had all to be nicely darned: these we considered very troublesome, and to avoid such work, we often took more care of our clothes. But the two hours of mending were far from dull, as we sang song after song the whole time, at least after Miss P. became our governess. She sang no end of Scotch songs, and paid attention to make us sing correctly, by the ear, no end of Jacobite ones, of which our father was very fond. And she also did, at enormous trouble to herself, teach us to sing Gaelic ones, though she knew nothing of that language. Sometimes our father wished us to learn a good old Gaelic song he had once heard one of our maidservants, or perhaps a shepherd's daughter, sing: the servant or country girl was sent into the schoolroom on various occasions till Miss P. and one or more of us mastered the air by the ear, and then she wrote down the words, also by the ear, till we had it fit to sing after dinner, when our father corrected any wrong pronunciation; the air was certain to be correct. I know I was working my sampler before M. was sent to school in London, about 1819, when I probably was hardly six years of age. I was always far behind with reading and spelling, in consequence of bad sight. I think we began arithmetic at seven years of age, as well as writing, and never touched the piano till we were nine; French, I think, when we were about eleven; dancing, vocal music, Italian, when we were about sixteen, at which age most of us had final class masters, and were at school in London. This arrangement was not calculated to make us first-rate musicians or linguists. Most of our aunts admired my mother's children for their practical usefulness, which their own, though far more accomplished, failed in. My mother cut out most of the family underclothing, and had one of us down from the schoolroom to fold up the pieces neatly as they were cut; so at nine years of age we had a very good idea of cutting out, which we practised in making our own dolls' clothes, which, when new, were dressed as ladies, with bonnets, tippets, cloaks, &c. When these dolls got old and tashed, we painted their faces to look like men, with whiskers, and dressed them as sailors or Highlanders, and even got the gamekeeper to dress the skin of a mouse (head and all), of which we made a suit able purse for our Highlander.

Sunday, and all through the week, we were called at 7 A.M., and did our Bible lesson from 8 to 9, at which hour we breakfasted, which could never have taken us more than ten minutes; then out to play. Sometimes, I may say in general, we three schoolroom children breakfasted alone on porridge and milk, and nothing

after it, no bread and jelly—nothing of the sort. A plate of porridge and a small bowl of milk must be finished by each of us; for if left, and seen by the governess on her return from breakfast, we were sent for and had to finish it cold. Now and again we managed to get part of it given to one of the deer-hounds, but this was not easily done. From 10 to 12, lessons; at 12, lunch—oatcake or broth; 1 to 3, walk round the home parks, the same walk every fine day; at 3, dinner; at 6, supper, porridge, or oatcake and milk. After 6, dress and go down to the dining-room at fruit-time, when we always got some; and J. and I had to sing any song we were desired, for which purpose J. and I were often kept longer, seated on the dining-room floor with the baby on one of our laps, the other amusing it with a bunch of keys, while both of us were singing it song after song. The piper always played during dinner three times, and three times after the ladies had left the dining-room. He played for us too. As there were only three of us (then) in the schoolroom, and as four were required for a reel, a strathspey, or a reel of Tulloch, we were allowed to go for the housekeeper, mamma's maid, the nursery or the schoolroom maids, to dance with us. We might have the piper any night; but if we were too long between our dances, he was sent away, as papa insisted he was not to be kept idle for us. The pipes must have been the first instrument we ever heard played, as the piper played in front of the house six days in the week. My elder sisters and the governess all played the piano, and one of the men-servants played the flute, which we thought beautiful. The violin we heard our master playing when we had dancing lessons. I also remember dancing to it when played by one of our tenants in his own house. One night my two eldest sisters and our brother settled they would waltz with us, and the piper played the "Highland Laddie." We had great difficulty in getting him to play it so as to suit our dancing to it. In the dining-room, our father wondered what the piper could be about, and was so angry when he came out and saw us waltzing to the pipes that I do not believe any of us ever did such a thing again.

I do not remember if there was a child in the nursery at the time the following event happened, but we three schoolroom children, our governess, and the maid-servants, were alone in Glengarry House. It was during the winter, and the elder members of the family and the men-servants were all south. One Sunday evening our governess was quietly writing in her own bedroom, not the schoolroom, where we were. It was a well-understood rule that none of us should meddle with the fire, but in due time my sister J. said the fire would soon die out, and put on some peats. Soon after, I proceeded to do the same, and to prevent my doing so, J. held her dress across the fireplace with both her hands: in our struggle about the peats her dress caught fire, causing a shout which soon brought in our governess, who at once crushed out the flames without catching fire herself, though dressed in white muslin, with an Indian shawl, in which one or two small holes were burned. What would people think now of such clothing for the dead of winter? cotton dresses for old and young when indoors, with woollen ones above them when out walking. We children were constantly out

in frost and snow in our house-dresses. There was a pair of white swans on Loch Oich which it was my particular pleasure and charge to feed during the winter; and when out doing so, I was just dressed as if in the house, no bonnet, standing on the snow or frosted grass, calling the swans across the water till they came and ate my corn or raw potatoes.

Once when at Inverie, as usual we were wading about on the sand, the tide being very far out, when the boat with my brother and his tutor (a divinity student, afterwards the parish minister of Kilmonivaig) came near us, and I waded, asking them to take me in, which they refused to do: but J. urged me on, saying they could not let me be drowned; and so I waded on till they got frightened, and took me in. They continued rowing about for hours, of which I soon got tired, but could not get back, and in the distance I could see the rest all bathing, whilst I was a prisoner in the boat. All of us could swim more or less, but none could dive, which we wished to do: we had some lessons, but reported to our brother how we got on. Mamma would not hear of swimming with bladders, as they might burst; so we tied two bunches of sedges so as to be under our arms, which was very successful, and they were left on the beach, ready for use when we went to bathe, but had soon to be given up, as when dragged into the water we were just surrounded by earwigs.

It must have been about 1824, on our way from Inverie, that Barrisdale gave my brother a young kid which he called Solomon. In due time Solomon became a strong goat, and was always in or about the house. One dark winter night, the elder members of the family and all the men-servants being away, the best bedroom bell began to ring violently. Our governess and we three came to the stairs, where we could see the nurse-maid at her door, and in the front lobby the housekeeper and the maid-servants had collected. All wondered what had happened, and at intervals toll, toll went the bell. Some said it must be a ghost, others a madman who was said to be at large. At last the house-maid, a Cirsty Macleod from Skye, said she would face either ghost or madman, and see what the meaning of this was. So with her lamp in hand and her long broom, she opened the passage-door, some of the others timidly following her; then she opened the bedroom-door, when out came Solomon, greatly to every one's relief. When shutting the windows for the night he had been shut in by accident, and very fortunately had begun to destroy the bell-rope instead of the furniture. He was a torment to the laundry-maid when he visited her green and nibbled the clothes hanging over the ropes. She declared he had a real notion for the flowers on Miss F.'s dresses. At length he constantly lay close by the fire in the men-servants' hall, and was frequently seen walking through the passages with a piece of red-hot peat on his hair, which never seemed to burn him; but it was considered unsafe, and Solomon was banished the house, and we saw no more of him.

Our allowance in the way of pocket-money was always very much restricted. Each of us got, on Handsel-Monday, from 6d. to 7s. or 8s., according to our ages, and not one farthing more till the following Handsel-Monday. At Glengarry we had no temptation to spend our money, as there were

no shops; but when our elder sisters went from home they executed our commissions, consisting perhaps of a shilling book, or a piece of print for a doll's frock—half a yard costing 1s. in those days. At Glengarry the coming of a packman was a great event. I remember on one occasion, just before New Year, a packman arrived who had among his goods a lovely knife with a blue horn handle, costing 1s. 6d. I was at that time in possession of only 10d. Nothing could be bought without my mother's consent, and when told of this knife, she at once asked if I had the money. I said I had 10d. and it was close on Handsel-Monday; but she declared the knife could not be bought unless I had the money in hand, so the packman departed with the knife unsold.

Most of mamma's friends from Edinburgh arrived in their own carriages; but I heard mamma's youngest sister say that, on her first visit, our factor met her at Dalwhinnie to drive from thence to Glengarry in the gig. The whole thing must have been very strange to her, accustomed to Edinburgh and its neighbourhood, as the inn at Dalwhinnie was nearly full of Highland farmers and drovers attending some market; and before she got home a man had a long talk with the factor about buying the wood which would be required for his coffin.

About this time (1823) a new governess arrived. She had heard all about us from mamma's youngest sister, who told her she would find her three pupils as wild as goats. No doubt she had been driven from Dalwhinnie, and must have been surprised at her welcome, for in walking round to the front door one of the large deer-hounds seized her fur muff and carried it off, when her eldest pupil appeared on the scene and presented it to her again, having taken it from the dog, and no doubt scolded him in Gaelic. I remember the amazement of the governess at the manner in which her pupils vanished out of the schoolroom when the arrival of a packman was declared, or a dog-fight heard, in which case, she was told, we were always allowed to go to help in case any stranger's dog might be worried, whose position would be very critical among the many deer-hounds that were sure to be about.

My father was a very keen deer-stalker, and must have been so from his youth. At a friend's house the whole evening would be spent in relating anecdotes of their early feats; in one of which my father gave a long account of following his deer over hills, through glens, for more than one whole day, in the course of which time he sent to inform his parents where he was; and it surprised me to hear that both of them came to meet him there. He never cared for grouse-shooting nor salmon-fishing, in which his only brother, Sir James, delighted. We from our infancy were accustomed to picturesque sights: one in which we delighted was seeing from our bedroom windows an early start for the hill. About three in the morning we were wakened by the pipers playing "Hey! Johnnie Cope," in front of our window, and at once we were seated on the window-sill to see all that could be seen, just in our night-dresses as we got out of bed: we never expected to catch cold, and certainly we very seldom did. And what a sight! probably a September morning. There was our father and two gentlemen or so, visitors at the time; deer-forest-

ers moving about with lanterns; two or three Highland ponies; some six deer-hounds in couples, all much excited; sportsmen loading their guns, some of which were frequently fired off before starting. The Highland dress predominated; those who intended riding only wearing shooting-clothes. At the end of the day, say about five or six o'clock, the sportsmen returned. Their game was brought off pony-back and laid on the lawn for ladies and children to come and admire. In those days there was no wholesale massacre of game; one deer was frequently the whole day's exercise, sometimes two: on one memorable occasion I think there were two red-deer and a roe. No shot was allowed, only bullets might be used, and a wounded deer must be secured and brought home. Once hit, I believe the dogs did the rest; but the wounded animal had to be kept in sight for fear of being lost and left to die on the hill. At this distance of time I cannot be sure of numbers, but I know my father preferred small herds of deer to large ones. His herds numbered about ten, while some in Perthshire numbered thirty, and consequently the animals were inferior in size and condition. A few years before my father's death, he shot a very old stag: it had a slit in its ear, well known as the mark given by a former sportsman to all young stags he laid hold of, upwards of thirty years previously, so this stag must have been far above that age; and notwithstanding, its flesh was very tender and good. It was my father who presented Sir Walter Scott with "Maida," his favourite stag-hound, named after the battle in which my uncle, Sir James, fought. This dog was Sir Walter's chief favourite, and was often painted along with him. It died at Abbotsford in 1824, and was buried underneath the "leaping-on-stone," with this couplet inscribed:—

"Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore,
Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door."

My father's birthday, the 15th September, was always celebrated with Highland games. They generally took place in a field about two miles from the house. We children always walked there and back with our governess; the elder members of the family drove in the carriage, which sometimes seemed a very perilous undertaking, as they had to cross a wooden bridge over the river Garry, which used to shake violently. The horses particularly disliked the sound it made, and my mother was quite afraid; but my father was always determined that horses and servants should do their proper work, and her only relief was to patter her feet on the floor of the carriage, as he said screaming both frightened the horses and made the servants useless.

It was a grand day for us children. Tents were always pitched for shelter. The feats were splendid, and very different from what they are nowadays. I don't remember the weight of the stones and hammers thrown, nor the length or weight of the caber-tree, but the leaping was admirable—over a pony's back, probably thirteen or fourteen hands high: this, I think, was allowed to be done with a run. The leaping over a double breadth of plaid, held by men at each side, was done without a run. Our piper used to tell us that he had performed the feat of leaping in and out of six

herring-barrels placed close together in succession. Another feat of the games was to dislocate the forefoot of a dead bullock. I was about ten years old when I saw this done, and I must have escaped from the governess, as such a sight was not meant for me. Two bullocks were driven into a circle surrounded by men, and knocked down dead by means of a hammer on the forehead: they were not bled in any way, but rolled on their backs. Three men attempted the feat, one upon one animal and two upon the other, and one of the legs was entirely dislocated, and shook like a leaf inside the hide, which was left untorn. For long I quite gave up talking of this feat, as people would not believe me, considering it impossible; but about the year 1870, when I was in Iona, the parish minister, the Rev. Mr C., told me he saw it done when a boy of about thirteen, at school in Inverness, where at that time three volunteer regiments — my father's, Lord Lovat's, and Davidson of Tulloch's—came up every year to be reviewed, when Highland games were always gone through, and this was a feat in which the Glengarry Fencibles particularly excelled.

At Glengarry, after the games, there was always dancing to the pipes in the evening; and the foresters and deer-stalkers did dance most beautifully. The lobby where they danced was very small, and my father would not allow more than one reel at a time. We children, and perhaps my mother and elder sisters, all sat on the stairs; and if any of the men wished to dance with us, two of them came and bowed us down. No one could appear at these games, or dance, but in Highland dress, kilts and plaids looking beautiful. When any kind of entertainment took place on Saturday, my mother was most careful to put the clocks twenty minutes forward, so that the house should be cleared before twelve o'clock: a *doch-an-doras*—that is, a parting glass of whisky — was given to each man in passing out. We used to have a variety of people who could dance Gilliecallum, which was danced first forward and then backward — a feat rarely attempted now, even at Highland games. The reel of Tulloch was also danced. Papa was very particular, and the reel of Tulloch was never a romp: all of us, old and young, took hands, not arms or elbows, in going through the figures, and none of the ladies danced it except with such as dined at table.

About 1824 the Caledonian Canal was opened, and soon after the first boat-load of coals arrived at Glengarry: formerly nothing was burned but peat and the outside bark of staves for herring-barrels. About that time my father had a very pretty barge built, by a piper named Archy Monro, who belonged to Oban; and we children were all taken in this barge through the locks. About a year after this the barge was sent to Inverie for the amusement of my brother, then a lad of sixteen, who was intensely fond of boating. On one occasion he and the five eldest girls of us were at Inverie for sea-bathing without our parents, and one day he invited us all for a sail in the barge, he and the piper to work it. We were to visit some beautiful caves at Doon, a place on our own property; and to make the barge look smart, he decked her with every flag he could find in the house. Great was our surprise on arriving at our destination that none of

the men came down to welcome us. Here and there a woman or a child could be seen peeping over the rocks at us in a furtive fashion. The sails were lowered, and the piper shouted in vain for some one to come and take the rope. At last, in a perfect rage, he sprang on the rocks, and soon returned with plenty of men to help us. It turned out we had run up a Government pennant among the flags, and had been mistaken for a revenue cruiser. We went through the caves, one of which was large and roomy, with a floor as well swept as could be. In this they malted their barley. At the far end it had a very narrow passage into the open air: no doubt it was a very convenient escape for men who were likely to be pounced upon by her Majesty's revenue officers.

On our way home we had a variety of adventures. First of all, our mizzen-mast broke clean over, and gave us all a great fright with the noise it made; and after that, the main sheet gave way. My sister C. being persuaded that we were all at death's door, began to repeat with great fervour "The hour of my departure's come." We put in at one of the farms, as the whole of us were quite wet, and I, for one, was so sick with terror that I wished to walk home, which I could easily have done, as far as the distance was concerned; but after getting some spirits, of which we were in great need, my two elder sisters insisted that we should all go home in the boat. That very afternoon my father arrived unexpectedly: he had met some one on the hill, when crossing over, who told him he should go home and say his prayers, as his six eldest children might all have been in the sea. He said my brother should have taken Rorie Ruaich, Red Rorie, as well as the piper, in the barge;—the last thing my brother would have wished to do, as Rorie, though a capital seaman, was a coarse-looking fellow, red-headed, and always barefooted — the last man my brother would have liked to see in his beautiful barge.

It must have been about the year 1823 that we started from Invergarry for Perth, to spend the winter. We children always rejoiced when told we were going to Perth; we could see coal-fires, and we could eat loaf-bread: not that we disliked our bright fires of peat, nor did we dislike oat-cakes, the only sort of bread we children ever got to eat; flour-scones and water-biscuits were used by the elder members of the family. We were dressed as plainly as possible; our travelling frocks were dark cotton prints, made up to the throat, with a frill of the same round the neck, and long sleeves, and buttoned down the back with large white thread buttons. A few years later mamma brought the first hooks and eyes to Invergarry. Our shoes were made of kip leather, precisely the same as our father always wore with his Highland dress, and for deer-stalking; they were neither bound nor lined; the latchets were tied with leather thongs. The shoe was ornamented with notches round the sole, also a row of small punched holes, and holes round the mouth of the shoe. These "brogues" were nearly indestructible, and were often used to carry water, or to sail down a burn as a boat. In winter we wore Waterloo bonnets, such as those worn by soldiers; and they were charming bonnets, used for all purposes — carrying water or sand

for a short distance to our garden, &c.

That winter, on starting for Perth, I remember our brother's trousers were made of Glengarry tartan, fringed at the ankles. That sort of hand tartan is not now made. It was made only of the longest hairs out of the wool, and probably spun by the hand on the small wheel. But now for our journey. Four post-horses and two postilions arrived from Perth or Dunkeld the night before, and reported that there were a few inches of snow on Corrieyairack, which they said would give us no trouble unless it drifted through the night. But by mamma's wish orders were given for some twenty men with shovels to start early and clear the road for the carriage if necessary. Next forenoon we started. First the carriage and four post-horses, with front and back dickie; then the small carriage with only two horses, and our coachman driving it; after that the gig. My brother, one of our elder sisters, the governess, and I, were in the small carriage. As we began to get over the hill, it was easily seen that the men had been much needed. Snow was falling, and a message was sent back from papa in the first carriage that we were all to get out and walk. In those days, when travelling carriages were very heavy, having a variety of boxes fitting under the seats and on the top, our all walking was a great relief to the horses. Our coachman was an old English dragoon, who always talked to his horses when airing them: it was said he told them of his battle-fields. On this occasion he was constantly saying, "Keep up, little horses; keep up, little horses." My youngest sister was carried and kept dry; the rest of us were sometimes deep in snow. One of the maids fell into a wreath, and papa made a joke of her requiring two handsome fellows to pull her out. My second youngest sister was very cold, and ready to cry—and no wonder, the frost was so keen that our wet clothes were frozen, and the fringes of my brother's trousers were like icicles; but she kept from crying, as she was told it would be worse still if the tears froze on her cheeks. Mamma was very poorly, partly with fright; but we all got to a shepherd's hut with a fire, where some of us could get a little dry. Papa, my brother, his tutor, two postilions, three or four men-servants, and the men sent to clear the road, were all busy about the horses and carriages. At last we were sent for, and proceeded on our journey. We slept at Dalwhinnie that night, at Dunkeld next night, and the following day arrived at Garry Cottage, on the Tay, about a mile from Perth.

At Garry Cottage we were more civilised and better dressed than at home; but our hair was cut quite close all over except a little on the top of our heads, which was tossed up like a boy's, as papa thought much hair only caused headaches. It was during this visit that we saw some of our Edinburgh cousins for the first time. I think they were on a visit to Lord and Lady Gray. Our uncle John (Lord Medwyn), being sheriff of Perth, was with the judges, and we saw the procession come along the South Inch quite well from our windows, and were told which carriage our uncle would be in. On our mamma's return, she brought a delicate cousin, K. G., about my age, to try and strengthen her in our Highland air, having had leave to

cut her hair much shorter. Many were the things that seemed wonderful to me. The stage-coach, the Saxe-Coburg, passed the house every day on its way to Dundee; and then there were the boats from Newburgh on the opposite side of the Tay, drawn by horses, and painted in bright green. Kinnoul Hill was our loveliest Saturday walk, with its stone table at the top, and its views. I remember we used to visit some wonderful gardens at Belwood, where we first saw the sensitive plant. About April or May we all started for the north again.

Reminiscences of Glengarry, "the last of the Chieftains,"[1] are still common in the Highlands, and indeed throughout Scotland. A correspondent of Miss Macdonell contributes the following stories, which show the genial, kindly temper of the chief:—

"I remember," he says, "your father coming upon me fishing in the Garry. I felt afraid lest he should be angry, but he soon put me at ease. He asked a while of my rod till he would try his luck. He caught a large trout, and with a kindly smile bade me take it home to my supper, and added, 'Tell your mother Glengarry sent it.'"

To Miss Macdonnel of Glengarry.

Knight's Land, Church Street,
Broughty Ferry, *May 6th*, '92.

"When your father was returning homeward from deer-hunting, I remember very well in passing my father's door he would pull up his horse, and stop his hunters, and call my mother and all her children to the door, and mother and family were made to partake of and drink healths round, your father good-humouredly telling us that 'Our teeth were longer than our beards.' The children were served with bread and cheese, and nothing delighted them so much as to see Glengarry coming home and his followers from deer-stalking. My father's house was at the back of the gardens near the old castle. We used to see you all passing every morning with Miss Drysdale, your governess. I think that I can still see in my mind's eye Glengarry passing in full Highland costume. He had a grand stately step, and a fine manly bearing, and always had a kindly joke with any of my brothers and myself when he happened to meet us.

"When George IV. visited Edinburgh Glengarry presented the following gentlemen to the king—Macdonald, jun., of Dalness, Macdonell of Barrisdale, Macdonell, Shian, and other gentlemen of the name of Macdonell, officers in the army. At banquet given by the Lord Provost and Magistrates in honour to the King, Glengarry made a warm speech extolling the virtues and patriotism of one who had been the patron of his early life, then gave, 'To the memory of Henry, Lord Melville.' I find that Miss Ronaldson Macdonell of Glengarry was presented to the King by her mother, and Miss Alpina Macdonell of Glengarry also. I will send other documents soon. Many thanks for portrait I esteem highly. —I have the honour, madam, to be your humble servant,

"William Robertson."

Glengarry was present at the coronation of George IV., and the adventure which there befell him has been amusingly related by that diverting and now not sufficiently known novelist, Galt:—

"The first part of the banquet being ended, the sound of an encouraging trumpet was heard, and in came the champion on horseback, in warlike apparel of polished armour, having on his right hand the Duke of

[1] "The last of the chiefs was Glengarry, and the last of the lairds was M'Nab."—*Gaelic Proverb.*

Wellington, and on his left the deputy of the Earl Marischal. But it does not accord with the humility of my private pen to expatiate on such high concerns of chivalry; and I was besides just tormented the whole time by Mrs Pringle speering the meaning of everything, and demonstrating her surprise that the Duke of Wellington could submit to act such a playactor's part. Really, it is a great vexation to have to do with either men or women of such unicorn minds as Mrs Pringle's, where there is anything of a complexity of sense as there is in that type and image of the old contentious times of the monarchy, shown forth in the resurrection of a champion in a coat of mail, challenging to single combat.

"In this juncture of the ploy we were put to a dreadful amazement by a lady of an Irish stock, as I heard, taking it into her head to be most awfully terrified at the sight of a Highland gentleman in his kilt, and holding his pistol in his hand. The gentleman was Glengarry, than whom, as is well known, there is not nowadays a chieftain of a more truly Highland spirit. Indeed it may almost be said of him, as I have read in a book it was said of one Brutus, the ancient Roman, that he is one of the last of the Chieftains, none caring more for the hardy mountain race, or encouraging by his example the love of hill and heather. Well, what does the terrified madam do but set up a plastic to disarm Glengarry, thinking that he was going to shoot the King, and put to death all the blood-royal of the Guelph family, making a clean job o' it for the bringing in of the Stuarts again. Then she called to her a knight of the bath, and a young man of slender nature, one of the servitors, and bade them arrest Glengarry. It was well for them that the Macdonell knew something of Courts and the dues of pedigree, and bridled himself at this hobleshow; but it was just a picture, and a contrast to be held in remembrance, to see the proud and bold son of the mountain, the noble that a king cannot make, for it is past the monarch's power to bestow the honour of a chieftainship even on the Duke of Wellington, as all true Highlanders well know,—I say, it was a show to see him, the lion of the rock, submitting himself calmly as a lamb to those 'silken sons of little men,' and the whole tot of the treason proving but a lady's hysteric."

In further explanation of this episode, we may reproduce the letter written by Glengarry himself in answer to a paragraph in the 'Times' headed "A Mysterious Circumstance," only adding that when the news reached Edinburgh every one knew it could only refer to Glengarry; but a Highlander, on hearing that the offending pistol had been found unprimed, exclaimed, "By Got! it couldna be Glengarry, for she's aye loaded!" This is Glengarry's letter:—

"Sir,—The alarm expressed by a lady on seeing me in Westminster Hall on the day of his Majesty's coronation, and the publicity which her ladyship judged it becoming to give to that expression of alarm by means of your paper, I should have treated with the indifference due to such mock heroics in one of the fair sex, but that it has been copied into other papers with comments and additions which seemed to me to reflect both upon my conduct and upon the Highland character. I trust, therefore, to your sense of justice for giving to the public the real history of the 'mysterious circumstance,' as it is termed. I had the honour of a Royal Duke's ticket for my daughter and myself to see his Majesty crowned, and I dressed upon that magnificent and solemn occasion in the full costume of a Highland Chief, including, of course, a brace of pistols. I had travelled about six hundred miles for that purpose;

and in that very dress, with both pistols mounted, I had the honour to kiss my Sovereign's hand at the Levee of Wednesday last, the 25th. Finding one of our seats in the hall occupied by a lady on our return to the lower gallery (whence I had led my daughter down for refreshments), I, upon replacing her in her former situation, stepped two or three rows further back, and was thus deprived of a view of the mounted noblemen by the anxiety of the ladies, which induced them to stand up as the horsemen entered; whereupon I moved nearer the upper end of the gallery, and had thereby a full view of his Majesty and the Royal Dukes upon his right hand. I had been standing in this position for some time, with one of the pilasters in the fold of my right arm, and my breast pistol in that hand pointing down to the seat floor on which I stood, when the champion entered, by which means I hung my body forward in anything but 'seemingly as if going to present it'—in fact, I had taken it into my hand in order to relieve my chest from the pressure of its weight, after having worn it slung till then from four o'clock. It was at this instant that a lady within a short distance exclaimed, 'O Lord, O Lord, there is a gentleman with a pistol!' To which I answered, 'The pistol will do you no harm, madame.' But a second time she cried out, 'O Lord, O Lord, there is a gentleman with a pistol!' This last I answered by assuring her that the pistol was not loaded, but that I would instantly retire to my place, since it seemed to give her uneasiness; and I was accordingly preparing to do so when accosted by a young knight-errant and closely followed by two others, likewise in plain clothes, one of whom—the first who began to mob me (for it merits no other term)—laid his hand on my pistol, still grasped under a loose glove in my right hand; and observing the numbers to increase on his side, he asked me to deliver him the pistol. Need I say that, as a Highland Chief, I refused his demand with contempt? The second gentleman then urged his friend's suit, but was equally unsuccessful. A Knight of the Grand Cross was then introduced with all due honours, by the name of Sir Charles, into this pretty contention; and he also desired me to give up my pistol to that gentleman, which I flatly refused, but added that, understanding him, by his dress, &c., to be a Knight of the Grand Cross, he might have it, if he chose, with all its responsibility, for, as I had already said, 'it was not loaded, and pistols were a part of my national garb in full dress.' Again Sir Charles desired me to 'give it that gentleman.' But my answer was, 'No, Sir Charles: you, as a soldier, may have it, as the honour of an officer and a man of family will be safe in your hands; but positively no other shall—so take it or leave it, as you please.' Sir Charles, after the conversation referred to, took possession of that pistol — the other being always worn by me in its place; and the Knight Grand Cross, having first declined my turning up the pan to show there was no powder in it, I told him that I had a daughter under my protection in the hall, and consequently proceeded in that direction on his signifying a wish that I should retire, adding, 'I have worn this dress at several Continental Courts, and it never was insulted before.' I

begged the favour of his card (which he had not upon him), at the same time giving him my name and the hotel where I lodged, expressing an expectation to see him. Sir Charles at this time begged that I would move forward, and I begged of him to proceed in that direction and that I would follow. This he did a short way, and then halting, requested that I would walk first. I said I had no objections, if he followed. However, he and the squire remained a little behind, probably to examine the pistol I had lent Sir Charles, which the latter shortly came up with and restored. Meantime, Sir Charles must recollect that I spoke again to him, and that I mentioned the name of a near connection of mine well known in command of the Coldstream Guards. As neither of these gentlemen have called on me since, I presume that they are satisfied that the blunder was not upon my side, and that my conduct would bear itself through. The conclusion of the day went off very pleasantly; and when satiated therewith, my daughter and I drove off amidst many marks of civility and condescension even from strangers, as well as from our own countrymen and acquaintances in the highest rank.

"This, sir, is the whole story of the absurd and ridiculous alarm. Pistols are as essential to the Highland courtier's dress as a sword to the English courtier's, the Frenchman, or the German; and those used by me on such occasions are as unstained with powder as any courtier's sword with blood.

"With respect to the wild fantasy that haunted Lady A.'s brain of danger to his Majesty, I may be permitted to say that George IV. has not in his dominions more faithful subjects than the Highlanders; and that not an individual witnessed his Majesty's coronation who would more cheerfully and ardently shed his heart's blood for him than your humble servant,

"Ard-Flath Siol-Chuinn
Mac Mhic-Alastair."

Which may be Anglified, "Colonel Ranaldson Macdonell of Glengarry and Clanronald."

Glengarry bore no grudge for the insult offered to his national garb, and when George IV. visited Edinburgh, the Chief took a prominent part in the festivities of welcome. An eyewitness writes to Miss Macdonell:—

"There were with your father on the occasion of George IV.'s visit to Edinburgh about twelve gentlemen who acted as officers, and these were headed by his own brother, of Waterloo fame. The Highlanders were remarkable as tall, stalwart, handsome men, fit for any emergency, and the whole retinue was much admired. When the King landed and was seated in his carriage, Glengarry burst through all opposition, and placed himself alongside, and bade the King 'Welcome to Scotland'; the King rose and courteously thanked him. At a banquet given in honour of the King, your father made an animated speech, and told the King that he had no soldiers more loyal and brave than the Highlanders, who at all times might be trusted to give a good account of their enemies. The King was so delighted with the display of sturdy clansmen, that he appeared among them in full Highland costume."

The 'Courant' of August 24, 1823, has the following notice of Glengarry and his men:—

"Glengarry has a small but select following of twelve of his house, among whom we noticed the gallant

Colonel Macdonell, brother of the chief, and famous for his achievements at the defence of Hougomont, where, assisted by only a sergeant of the Guards, he slew or drove back six French grenadiers who had forced their way into the courtyard; also we saw Barrisdale, Scotthouse, Major Macdonell, and others of this ancient line. Each had a gillie in attendance —tall, rawbone, swarthy fellows, who, besides the sword and target, carried guns of portentous length. We believe they were chiefly foresters of the chieftain, and indeed they looked as if they had done nothing all their lives but lived by hunting and slept in the woods. To legalise the meeting of so many of the clans, they were all sworn in to act as guards to the Lord High Constable and Knight Marshal; and nothing could be more orderly than the conduct of these military strangers. Sir Walter Scott, by universal consent, acted as adjutant-general to these gallant mountaineers. 1. About 50 Breadalbane men. 2. Celtic Society under the Duke of Argyll. 3. Strathfillan Society under Stewart of Ardvoirlich and Graham of Airth. 4. Clan Gregor. 5. Glengarry's men. 6. 60 men from Dunrobin. 7. About 30 Drummonds sent by Lady Gwydyr."

The 'Caledonian Mercury' describes the reception of the King:—

"The procession halted in St Bernard's Street, Leith, to await the arrival of the King. Here it was joined about eleven o'clock by the Royal carriage, which was guarded by the Glengarry Highlanders, consisting of twelve gentlemen, with their Tearnachs, under the command of Colonel Ronaldson Macdonald of Glengarry and Clanronald. These kept close to the Royal carriage, which was drawn up at the end of the lower drawbridge, until his Majesty had entered it, after which they occupied the place appointed them in the procession, next to the Royal Company of Archers."

Resuming Miss Macdonell's reminiscences, we find the following account of the death and funeral of Glengarry:—

It was in 1828 my mother's youngest sister arrived to spend the winter. All were to be at home, except my brother, attending the Edinburgh University, and my two elder sisters, who were to spend the winter in Edinburgh. Papa started with them on the 16th January, intending to return from Edinburgh himself in about three weeks. They joined the steamer at Laggan, about three miles off, and spent the night at Corpach. There was a frightful storm at Glengarry on the 17th. Mamma was ill and anxious; various of the servants and ourselves had dreamed bad dreams. But an old woman bade one of us tell mamma not to be frightened, as the steamer would never leave Corpach in such a gale. Unfortunately, the steamer had left before the gale came on, and was wrecked at Covan farm. All the people got out on the rocks; in leaping from the steamer papa knocked his head on the rock, but it was bound up with various cotton neckties, then used by gentlemen, and nothing serious was expected. They were received by Mr and Mrs M. at Inverseadell. One of my sisters wrote to tell mamma that they were all safe. After they were in bed my sisters were roused. My father had taken brain fever, and expired that night.

On the 18th the first letter reached Invergarry, only a few hours before the second, with the last sad news. The house was now filled with consternation. Mamma saw from her windows many people passing who would not naturally be about the house. On hearing that both the carriage

and the barge were to be sent for our party, she sent to ask the factor why the barge was to go. We could not find the factor; he had hidden himself. No time had to be lost now. Mamma was told in such an abrupt manner that it was months before she recovered it: our governess told us as abruptly. Next day the carriage arrived with our two elder sisters, and the same evening the barge with our father's body. A day or two later my brother arrived from Edinburgh.

There were no telegraphs in those days, and people from so many parts of the Highlands had to be invited that the funeral could not be till the 1st February. It was wonderful what mamma did, in spite of her weakness: all had to be arranged—where the men from the various districts were to walk, so as to prevent any quarrels or fighting. I remember the large quantity of cheese which was procured from two farms at a considerable distance, as food, cheese, oatcakes, and whisky had to be provided for about one thousand common men. A cook came from Inverness to prepare food for more than fifty gentlemen in some part of the offices in the square.

And truly the funeral was a considerable one. Hosts of men gathered on the lawn, to whom cheese cut in squares and oatcakes were handed round in hampers, followed by a man with bottles of whisky and a glass, during which time some rain fell, but not much fortunately, as no shelter could have been found for such a number. At last the funeral started; no hearse or carriages of any sort were at it. The coffin was carried on men's shoulders—the piper playing in front; our only brother, in full Highland dress, his arm covered with crape, at the head; papa's only brother, Sir James, in plain clothes, at the foot; mamma's two brothers, Lord Medwyn and Uncle George, Charles Stuart Hay, and others, at the sides. Mamma had given strict orders that no whisky was to be offered till after the body was under ground.

About the 21st May we all set out for Edinburgh. As on all former occasions, the carriages were quite full. At the top of Corriedenna we all got out and had some sort of lunch beside a well which formerly had no name. Mamma was prevailed upon to break a bottle of whisky into it and to name it "The Lady's Well"; and ever since it has been called Tobar-na-Bendeen. Merchiston Castle was now to be our home, certainly a well-chosen home for such wild creatures as we were. The old Castle consisted of two or three rooms on each of five floors, with a turret-stair from top to bottom. It belonged to Lord Napier. The look-out room at the top was locked and sealed; but there were battlements, so that we could play and run about on them as much as we liked. On these battlements we might sing our Gaelic and Jacobite songs as much and as loud as we liked. Our schoolroom was the old hall on the second floor of the Castle. Many things surprised us. I am not sure that we had ever seen an ordinary pump in our lives: anyhow, we delighted in pumping—it was exercise—and were amazed when the laundry-maid told us we should not waste the water. "Waste water!" We had never heard of such a thing, accustomed to Loch Oich in front, and the river Garry at the back

of the house. We soon thought the confinement of Edinburgh quite dreadful, and began to wonder how long it would take us to walk or run some three hundred miles back to Glengarry again. So we measured how often round the battlements would make one mile, and each of us ran so many miles a-day.

For Glengarry Sir Walter Scott wrote the following Lament. It has been in possession of the family ever since:[1]—

GLENGARRY'S DEATH-SONG.

Land of the Gael, thy glory has flown!
For the star of the North from its orbit is thrown;
Dark, dark is thy sorrow, and hopeless thy pain,
For no star e'er shall beam with its lustre again,
Glengarry—Glengarry is gone evermore,
Glengarry—Glengarry we'll ever deplore.

O tell of the warrior who never did yield,
O tell of the chief who was falchion and shield,
O think of the patriot, most ardent and kind;
Then sigh for Glengarry in whom all were joined.

The chieftains may gather—the combatants call,
One champion is absent—that champion was all;
The bright eye of genius and valour may flame,
But who now shall light it to honour and fame.

See the light bark how toss'd! she's wrecked on the wave!
See dauntless Glengarry on the verge of the grave!

---

[1] Miss Macdonell writes:—

"Mavis Bank, Rothesay, 17*th April* 1893.

"My father died in January 1828, and my mother came to Merchiston Castle, Edinburgh, where she lived from May 1828 to May 1830. It was there I first saw the 'Death-Song,' and was told by mother that Sir Walter Scott had written it and sent it to her. I believe she got it soon after we all came south in May 1828, and it has always been in whatever houses we lived ever since."

See his leap—see that gash, and that eye now so dim!
And thy heart must be steel'd, if it bleed not for him.

Arise thou young branch of so noble a stem,
Obscurity marks not the worth of a gem;
O hear the last wish of thy father for thee:
"Be all to thy country, Glengarry should be."

Why sounds the loud pibroch, why tolls the death bell,
Why crowd our bold clansmen to Garry's green vale?
'Tis to mourn for their chief—for Glengarry the brave,
'Tis to tell that a hero is laid in his grave.

O! heard ye that anthem, slow, pealing on high!
The shades of the valiant are come from the sky,
And the Genii of Gaeldoch are first in the throng,
O list to the theme of their aerial song.

It's "welcome Glengarry, thy clansmen's fast friend."
It's "welcome to joys that shall ne'er have an end,
The halls of great Odin are open to thee,
O welcome Glengarry, the gallant and free."

THE SOUDAN.

A TALK WITH FATHER OHRWALDER.

So rapid is the change of sequence in these days, and so closely does one event tread on the heels of another, that what is the subject of universal conversation one day is almost forgotten the next. It may be, therefore, that with a large proportion of the British public the very name of Father Ohrwalder has more or less passed into oblivion.

And yet not eighteen months ago he was the hero of the hour. The story of his romantic career, his protracted sufferings, his fortitude and endurance, and his almost miraculous rescue, was the theme of admiration and discussion in every rank of society. The book in which his experiences are recorded, 'Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp,' was very widely read at the time of its publication. In this book, which was edited by Major Wingate, R.A., from the original manuscripts of Father Ohrwalder himself, were for the first time published to the world many of the most important and interesting details connected with the career of that mysterious individual, Mohamed Ahmed, who was commonly known as "The Mahdi." A considerable amount of valuable light was thrown upon the principal events attending the Mahdi's rapid and remarkable conquest of the Soudan, including the annihilation of Hicks Pasha's army, the destruction of Khartoum, the murder of General Gordon, the death of the Mahdi himself, and the subsequent conduct of affairs under his successor, Abdullah et-Taishi, Khalifa Abu Bekr, usually called in short "The Khalifa."

Father Ohrwalder is now in Cairo; and in the month of February in the present year I was fortunate enough, in company with four friends, to have a long and interesting interview with him, in the course of which I gleaned much information from him over and above that which has been already published in his book. Some of this information may probably have a very important bearing upon the future course of events in the Soudan, and I therefore propose to discuss it in the present paper.

Before doing so, however, it may not be out of place to sketch in the briefest manner the history of Father Ohrwalder's career.

Born in a small village in Austria, of humble but respectable Roman Catholic parents, Joseph Ohrwalder from his childhood was destined for the priesthood. Foreign-mission work, in particular, had a powerful fascination over him as he grew up into manhood, and in the year 1880 he left his native country to join a mission-station in the heart of the Soudan. The precise sphere of his labours was at a place called Delen, in Dar Nuba, a picturesque, fertile, and healthy mountain-district to the south of Kordofan, and north of the Bahr el-Ghazal, one of the principal tributaries of the White Nile. Though he started from Cairo on December 28, 1880, it was not until December 5, 1881, that Father Ohrwalder reached Delen, and commenced his labours

amongst the jet-black natives of the Nuba hills. To these people he soon became deeply attached, for he found them peaceful, tractable, and well disposed to receive his ministrations, and to regard him as a friend. He was then in the bloom and vigour of youth, having just completed his twenty-fifth year, and he looked forward hopefully to a lengthened career of usefulness and happiness amongst them. The mission staff consisted of himself and another priest named Father Bonomi, two lay brothers, and four nuns. These were the only Europeans; but so zealously did they labour, and so abundantly were their efforts blessed, that within a few months they had a body of no fewer than 200 converts around them, in addition to large numbers of other natives upon whom a profound impression was being made.

But in less than a year from the time of Father Ohrwalder's arrival at Delen, the whole work was shattered by the Mahdist uprising in the Soudan. On September 18, 1882, they were taken prisoners by Mek Omar—one of the Mahdi's officers, and a notorious slave-dealer—and despatched to El Obeid, the Mahdi's headquarters, under the charge of Mek Omar's son, Nasr, and a detachment of Arabs, who treated them with every kind of cruelty and contumely on the way. From this date until November 29, 1891, when he escaped so miraculously from Omdurman, Father Ohrwalder remained a captive in the camp of the Mahdi and of his successor the Khalifa. During that time he was subjected to bitter persecution and untold suffering, every effort being made to induce him to forsake his religion and become a Moslem, in which case he was promised great honours and rewards. In short, his period of captivity was in every sense a *martyrdom*, as severe and cruel as can be well imagined. On several occasions he was mercilessly flogged, and once at least he was condemned to death. In graphic language he described to me how he was led out to the place of execution; how his hands were tied behind his back, and he was made to kneel on the ground; how one executioner had already taken hold of his head by the hair, and was holding it forward so as to expose his neck to the sword; how the other executioner was standing by, and was already raising his arm to deal the fatal blow, when the message of reprieve arrived from the Mahdi.

"I remember distinctly," said Father Ohrwalder, as he related this incident, "the feeling of actual disappointment which came over me when I was informed that I was not to die at that moment. All sense of fear had been taken away from me, and I was literally welcoming death as a kindly relief from my sufferings."

Of those who had been taken prisoners with Father Ohrwalder at Delen, Father Bonomi escaped from El Obeid to Dongola in June 1885, the two lay brothers and two of the nuns died in captivity, and the other two nuns, Sisters Catterina Chincarini and Elizabeth Venturini, were rescued at the same time as Father Ohrwalder himself.

The Soudanese Refuge Home, where Father Ohrwalder had appointed to receive us, is a large white building, facing a broad square open space near to the beautiful Gezireh Palace, which is being transformed into a mag-

nificent hotel. Several smaller buildings surround the open space, in the midst of which, as we drove up, a few children of both sexes, and all black and shiny as jet, were playing happily about. These, as we afterwards discovered, were Soudanese children, who had been rescued from the troubled regions of the Upper Nile, and amongst them were some who had come from the Jebel Nuba itself, the district where Father Ohrwalder's ministrations had been conducted.

At the central entrance of the Refuge Home we were received by an Austrian priest, and conducted into a spacious apartment, with whitewashed walls and marble floor, the coolness of which was most refreshing, as the afternoon happened to be exceptionally hot.

Scarcely had we seated ourselves before a tall, thin man, with sunken cheeks, long black hair, and straggling beard, entered the room and greeted us kindly. It was hard to realise at first that this was really Father Ohrwalder; that, there before us in actual flesh and blood, was the patient, noble, heroic martyr, who had endured such terrible sufferings for the last ten years; who had been intimately acquainted with the Mahdi and the Khalifa; who had enjoyed the personal friendship of General Gordon, Emin Pasha, Slatin Bey, and most of those whose names are as household words in connection with the Soudan; who had actually been at El Obeid at the time of the annihilation of Hicks Pasha's army; who was familiar with every nook and corner of Omdurman and Khartoum; and who had so lately emerged from what had been in literal truth "the valley of the shadow of death."

Plain, simple, straightforward, and unaffected, without the slightest trace of self-consciousness on the one hand or of mock modesty on the other, ready to answer all inquiries fully, freely, and without exaggeration or reserve, Father Ohrwalder might have been the most commonplace of individuals, for all the pretension which he made to the contrary.

And yet, as the conversation deepened in interest and intimacy, one became gradually more sensible, not only from his words but from the expression of his countenance and from his general demeanour, that he in whose presence we were was no ordinary man. When he described the horrors which he had witnessed, the cruelty of the Dervishes, the sufferings of the prisoners, and the hopeless misery of the enslaved, his eyes flashed forth with almost fiery vehemence; whilst they softened again into an irresistible tenderness as he pleaded the cause of his beloved Soudanese converts, now crushed beneath the yoke of oppression and bigotry. His firm, strong mouth revealed the spirit of determination and steadfast endurance within him; and his wrinkled brow and hollow cheeks betrayed only too clearly the agony of the conflict from which he had come out so triumphant a victor. He appeared to us terribly emaciated and thin, though he assured us that he was now putting on flesh every day. With this assurance in our ears as we gazed upon him, we could well believe that he was, as he told us, little better than a skeleton when he first reached Cairo after his flight.

It was remarkable to notice how powerless his trials and sufferings had been to crush his good-humoured sense of enjoyment and fun; for his countenance was constantly

lit up by a smile, and every now and again, when relating some amusing incident, he burst forth into a genuine and hearty laugh, his features vividly expressing his keen appreciation of the humour.

His voice was powerful, sympathetic, and attractive; and when he was dwelling upon the sufferings of others, he spoke in a quiet and subdued tone, which added greatly to the force of his words. On the other hand, when dilating upon the injustice and rapacity of the Mahdi and his followers, and when depicting the atrocities of the slave-market at Omdurman, his voice rose to a tone of indignant excitement, and his face became suffused with a flush of bitter wrath and indignation, which revealed the passionate strength of the emotions within his breast.

His account of the two nuns who had shared his captivity, and who had so miraculously escaped with him, was touching and pathetic in the extreme. As he justly observed, marvellous as it was that he himself had been enabled to emerge safe and sound from the fearsome persecutions and privations to which he had been subjected, and from the awful dangers and difficulties of his flight, he was nevertheless a man, strong and wiry by nature; whereas his two companions were but delicate women, and the strain upon them must have been tenfold more severe. As it was, he believed and hoped that one of the nuns had more or less recovered from her exhaustion and fatigues; though he feared that the other, in the hospital at Abbasiyeh, had but a short time longer to live. She it was who had fallen from her camel on the second day of their flight from Omdurman, as is described in Major Wingate's book. The fall had been occasioned by her having been overcome by sleep, worn out by sheer lassitude in her efforts to keep awake. At the time of the accident her companions thought that she was killed, for she lay on the ground motionless and without any sign of life; but so precious was every moment in their flight that they could not even wait to ascertain the truth, and all they were able to do was to dash some water over her face, and then tie her as securely as possible on to the camel's back with stout cords, in front of the Arab guide who shared the animal with her. It was not until several hours after this that they dared venture to make a temporary halt; and by this time she had recovered her senses, though Father Ohrwalder had no hope that she would ever rally entirely from the shock which her system had sustained on that awful ride. For seven livelong nights and days they scarcely quitted their camels' backs for a minute; and on they were compelled to go, wearily trudging across the desert, never halting, never relaxing their march, every second pregnant with issues of life or death. In those seven days, those hundred and sixty-eight hours, they travelled over 500 miles, with but the barest supply of food to quell the pangs of hunger, and the merest modicum of water to assuage their thirst. Never for an instant were they free from the anxious dread that they might be overtaken and recaptured, in which case the certainty lay before them of shameful torture and an agonising death.

When at length they reached the Egyptian outpost at Murat, in the middle of the desert between Abu Hamed and Korosko, they knew that they were safe from

capture at last; but even then their lives were in imminent danger, for the reaction after their perils, fatigues, and constant tension was so severe that their senses nearly gave way, and though for a whole week they had had no sleep, sleep at first refused to come to their relief. It was not until they had restlessly tossed about for several hours on the mattresses provided for them by the hospitable soldiers of that desert garrison, that "Nature's soft nurse" consented to "steep their senses in forgetfulness"; and then they slept almost without intermission for two whole days and nights.

Father Ohrwalder graphically narrated all these incidents and events to us, in a manner so plain, unvarnished, and natural, that it was evident that he in no respect was drawing upon his imagination, but that all that he told us was literally true.

Another point he was very careful to impress upon us. He was very anxious to make it clear that he and the two sisters were not the only heroes in that bold and hazardous escape from captivity. Four others shared with them the fatigues and risks which they underwent, and one at least of these was worthy of being handed down to fame for the fidelity and courage which he displayed. Of him we shall speak more fully presently. But first should be mentioned a young Soudanese girl, named Adila, who had been a Christian from her infancy, having been born in the Roman Catholic Mission-house at Khartoum. On the fall of that city she was taken prisoner, and sold into slavery. The Emir who purchased her presented her afterwards to Father Ohrwalder, in return for a kindness which the latter had shown to him. This black little maiden, scarcely more than a child, rode behind Father Ohrwalder on his camel throughout those seven long days and nights; and now she lives in safety, freedom, and happiness in the Soudanese Home at Cairo.

We saw her before we left, and she was introduced to us by Father Ohrwalder. A bright, merry little thing she seemed, with a shining jet-black face, a splendid row of pearly teeth, and clear, sparkling, expressive eyes. Having youth and a robust constitution on her side, she exhibited no evidences of having suffered from the toils of the journey.

Besides little Adila, the priest and nuns had had three companions on their flight, without whose skilful assistance and noble fidelity their escape would have been, indeed, impossible. These were three Ababdeh Arabs from the district of Korosko, the leader of whom was named Ahmed Hassan. This splendid fellow had entered into an agreement with Monsignor Franz Sogaro, vicar apostolic at Cairo, to attempt the rescue of Father Ohrwalder and the nuns; and the final success of the undertaking was mainly due to his clever sagacity and undaunted courage and faithfulness. It is true that he received £300 in payment of his exploit, in accordance with his covenant with Monsignor Sogaro, in addition to the expenses which he had incurred, including the purchase of the four camels and the pay of his two companions. But this in no way detracts from the merit of his conduct, nor can it be considered by any means too high a price to have been paid for the difficulties which he surmounted, the labours

which he endured, and the perils which he had to encounter. At any moment, had his scheme been discovered whilst he was at Omdurman, or had the party been captured before they reached Murat, he would have been subjected to tortures at least as severe as those which would have been inflicted on the refugees, and would certainly have been punished in the end with death. The same remark applies equally to his two fellow-Arabs, and the slightest failure in constancy or fidelity on the part of any one of the three would have been absolutely fatal to the whole party. Still, to Ahmed Hassan belongs the honour of having planned and arranged the whole scheme of escape; and his name deserves to be recorded amongst the list of brave heroes who will be for ever remembered in connection with the troubles in the Soudan. Of him Father Ohrwalder spoke in terms of the most grateful affection, and tears were in his eyes at the mention of his name.

Having thus fully discussed his wonderful escape, Father Ohrwalder proceeded, in answer to our numerous questions, to give us most interesting items of information in regard to his own experiences during his lengthened captivity, as well as concerning the principal events in the Soudan during that period, and the most noted characters with whom he had been brought into contact. So closely, indeed, did we catechise him upon almost every conceivable aspect of the subject, that I began to fear we should exhaust his patience, and appear to him in the light of inquisitive busy-bodies; and, in truth, I felt myself almost descending to the level of an American interviewer. But the subject was one of such engrossing interest, and every answer that he gave was so suggestive of fresh thoughts, that we could not resist the fascination of inquiry. Nor did our informant exhibit, from first to last, the slightest evidence of any sense of boredom or impatience: on the contrary, at the close of our interview he thanked us heartily for our visit and our inquiries, and assured us that he had most thoroughly enjoyed the conversation. This, I believe, was perfectly true; and it is scarcely to be wondered at when one remembers those long, weary years of captivity and solitude, when he scarcely had a single companion with whom he could interchange communion of thought, and when he was cut off from every channel of communication with Christian, civilised humanity. Even now, in the retirement of his semi-monastic life at Cairo, he seldom has the opportunity of intimate intercourse with outsiders; and under these circumstances it is readily comprehensible that he regarded our visit, notwithstanding the importunity of our questioning, as a pleasant relief to his monotonous loneliness.

A great portion of our conversation was held on the flat roof-top of the Refuge Home, whither he had taken us to show us the view, and where he told us that he spent many an hour, meditating upon the vicissitudes of the past and the prospects of the future. And, in sooth, the scenery outspread before us on every hand was well worthy, both in its intrinsic beauty and in its historic interest, to be the theatre of most solemn and inspiring thoughts.

Away to the north and south, far as the eye could reach, trailed the blue line of the river Nile, its surface dotted with many a quaint and picturesque sail, such as Abra-

ham, Moses, or Herodotus may have beheld in the days gone by. Gazing on such a scene, one almost imagined one's self wafted back to the classic ages of antiquity; save that such tokens of modern civilisation as the iron railway bridge of the Assiout line and Cook's comfortable but commonplace Nile steamers rudely recalled one to the nineteenth century.

To the east of us lay the crowded city of Cairo, and beyond it the minarets of Mohamed Ali's mosque, pointed needle-like to the sky from the elevated plateau of the citadel. Almost immediately beneath us, on the north-west side, stretched the broad, level plain where Napoleon fought the battle of the Pyramids; whilst southward of this, at a distance of seven miles from our post of observation, were the Pyramids themselves, so situated with regard to us that only that of Cheops was visible, the other two standing in a direct line behind it. Far away on the southern horizon were the fainter outlines of the pyramid-tombs of Sakkârah and Dahshûr; whilst the sandy ridges of the desert hills closed in the view both east and west. The luxuriant herbage of the hill valley was then in the height of its freshness and verdure; and this, together with the clusters of palm-groves which were visible at intervals, and the long shady rows of the avenues which stretch in all directions on the west of the Nile, added inexpressibly to the charm of the scene.

Familiar as we were with almost every object of interest upon which we were gazing, we had never before beheld them under our present associations, and I think that all of us were impressed with feelings of pleasure and solemnity in a more than ordinary degree. Especially was this the case when Father Ohrwalder, pausing abruptly in the middle of the conversation, shaded his eyes with his hand and gazed abstractedly, first towards the north and then towards the south, as though he were endeavouring to follow the whole course of the Nile, from its very source to its mouth. It was evident that his thoughts for the moment were far away from us, and we forbore instinctively to disturb his inward reverie. Then, after a brief silence, he heaved a deep sigh, and turning to me, he softly said—

"Thus I often do, as I pace up and down this roof. I gaze towards the north, and I think of the home of my childhood in Europe. I gaze towards the south, and my thoughts float up the river — hundreds, nay thousands of miles — to Korosko, where I breathed the fresh air of freedom, after all my long years of captivity; to Omdurman and Khartoum; and beyond these again, to Jebel Nuba and to Delen, where I lived so peacefully and happily with my poor black mission flock, until our lives were overwhelmed in the deluge of blood. Shall I ever see my dear people again? Would that I could fly to them with comfort and help!"

"And do you intend to go back at any future time?" we asked.

"It is the dream of my life," he replied, and his eyes flashed fire as he spoke. "It was the one thought which held me on to life, when I often would fain have lain down and died. But it can never be realised except under one condition," he sorrowfully added.

"And what is that condition?" we inquired.

He clenched his hands in the intensity of his earnestness, and

the same fiery flash which we had before observed shot forth from his eyes, as he cried, in a voice more impassioned than he had hitherto employed, "England, my friends, I tell you England is the only possible condition! Ah, if you in England did but know the power of your name in the heart of the Soudan! I speak of what I know, and I bid you believe me, there is but one chance for those poor millions of slave-bound, crushed, and helpless beings,—one and one only, the protection of England. Until England, as a nation, awakes to the consciousness of the power of her name and the gravity of her responsibility in the Soudan, there is nothing on earth that can bring a ray of hope to that poor country."

"But," we suggested, "surely the destruction of Hicks Pasha's army, the fall of Khartoum, the murder of Gordon, and the failure of the Nile expedition for his relief, must have irretrievably shattered the prestige of England in the Soudan?"

"Not in the least," he emphatically replied. "It is well known in the Soudan, both by the peaceful natives and by the Khalifa's dervishes, that Hicks Pasha's army was mainly composed of Egyptian soldiers who had fought against the English under Arabi Pasha, and who had been sent on the Soudanese expedition against their will; that the troops had been demoralised from the very outset; that vast numbers had deserted before the force reached the neighbourhood of El Obeid; and that the want of water had decimated the rest. No one regards the annihilation of the army as in any way reflecting on the English name. Its only effect was to increase what was already existing, an utter contempt for the Egyptian troops. The retreat of the British force after the fall of Khartoum did indeed, for a time, damage England's prestige in the Soudan; but the crushing defeats of Osman Digna at Teb, Tamai, and Tokar; the decisive victory of Wodehouse Pasha over Wad Nejumi at Argin, and the reports of England's military skill and power which have been brought to the Soudan from Sawakin and Wady Halfa, have completely counteracted the temporary effects of the failure of the Nile expedition, and England's name is now as powerful in the Soudan or more powerful than it ever was. The only thing in the world that the Khalifa fears is England; and to my personal knowledge he has been heard to say that if 50,000 Egyptian troops were marching towards Omdurman, he should not trouble to turn round in his bed; but that the approach of merely 1000 English soldiers would be the signal to him to collect the whole of his forces, for he should know that his power and position, if not his very life, were imperilled."

"Do you think that Khartoum and Gordon might have been saved if the British troops had pushed on faster after the battle of Abu Klea?"

"I am not sure. On the one hand, it is certain that the Mahdi practically held Gordon in his power from the moment of the treacherous murder of Colonel Stewart, when Gordon's despatches fell into his hands. Khartoum was simply full of traitors, who were secretly on the Mahdi's side; and I think it very probable that, with his overwhelming numbers, the latter could have taken the city whenever he made the serious

attempt. On the other hand, there is no doubt that he was mightily alarmed at the approach of the English; and if the news of his defeat at Abu Klea had been promptly followed by the appearance of the English, I believe he would have made no attempt to fight, but would have retired with his forces to Kordofan. At least, I have heard as much, more than once since, from some of his own officers."

"Do you know what has become of those despatches which were captured at Colonel Stewart's death?"

"They are now in a strong box in the Khalifa's house at Omdurman, and are guarded with the strictest and most religious care."

"Is Gordon's name still honoured in the Soudan?"

"It will never, never die. Even the Moslem dervishes themselves revere it, and say that he would have been a perfect man if he had only been a Mahomedan."

"Do you think he was himself to blame in any way for his sad and tragic fate?"

"I think he overrated the power of his personal influence in the Soudan, at least at that particular crisis. There is no doubt that his name was almost omnipotent at one time—that is, before the Mahdist movement; and under any ordinary circumstances his arrival at Khartoum might have quelled the revolt. But between the time of his departure from the Soudan and his return to Khartoum the Mahdi had appeared, and the religious movement had taken such a hold on the people that they literally worshipped the Mahdi, and regarded him as the very Messiah. Gordon's name and influence could do more than those of any other living European, immeasurably more; but they could not prevail against the religious fanaticism. This was the mistake that was made both by Gordon and those who sent him to Khartoum: they did not rightly appreciate the force of the boundless enthusiasm with which the Mahdi had inspired the souls of his followers."

"And what has become of that enthusiasm now?"

"It is dead, quite dead. The Khalifa himself has thrown off almost every shred of pretence to any religious power; the great majority of his followers are alive to the fact that they were deceived by the Mahdi's pretensions; and the movement is now purely worldly and political."

"What is your opinion of the Khalifa?"

"I think him, almost without exception, the cleverest man I ever met. He used to be slim and spare, but has now grown abnormally unwieldy in fatness; and whereas he was formerly exceedingly active, his stoutness has induced a measure of indolence. At the same time, he rigidly discharges certain functions. Not a day passes without a personal inspection on his part of all the captives and foreigners in Omdurman. He is suspicious to the last degree, and as sharp and keen-eyed as a lynx. It was this which rendered our escape so difficult and dangerous, and I shall ever feel assured within myself that nothing but God's direct sheltering aid could have enabled our flight to be successful. When we arrived at Korosko we met a merchant who had come down the river from Omdurman, and he said to us, 'How did you arrive here? Did you fly through the air? or burrow underground? For I am certain you never could

have come on earth. The scouts sent off by the Khalifa in all directions, and the measures which he took to effect your capture, were such that no living being travelling on the surface of the ground could by any possibility have eluded them.' We answered, as we believed, that it was only our God who had misdirected their search, and thus prevented them from finding us."

"Has the Khalifa as much power over his followers as the Mahdi had?"

"By no means. Politically and strategically, he is far superior; but thousands are becoming wearied of his rule. They have found themselves deluded by the Mahdi's professions and promises; they have not obtained the power and the wealth which they anticipated; they feel the effects of the ruin and destitution of the country; and the great majority, I candidly believe, would heartily welcome any power which would put an end to the present state of things. The whole country is lying under a curse; Khartoum and El Obeid, populous and flourishing cities before the revolt of the Mahdi, are both now shapeless heaps of ruins; and their condition is merely typical of the change which has come over whole districts and tribes. If circumstances could bring about another English expedition into the Soudan, the results would be very different now from what they were before."

"But how can you expect England to bother herself again about the Soudan?" we asked. "What is there that she can gain from the conquest of such a desert country as that?"

"Gain!" exclaimed Father Ohrwalder, almost indignantly. "Ay, that is the way of the world all over. Did England but realise in her national conscience the hopeless condition of countless myriads whom she and she alone has the power to free, she would not hesitate at such a sordid consideration as gain. And yet, even on that score, it is evident that you English are mistaken. The Soudan is not a desert country by any means. On the contrary, a vast portion of it is most fertile and full of resources. The day will assuredly come when the Soudan is opened up, civilised, and peopled, as completely as the United States of America are now. And even from the mere mercenary point of view of 'gain,' it will be to the advantage of England to have the vast country then under her protectorate."

"And as to the climate?" we objected. "The case of America surely offers no parallel to that of the Soudan, for it would be impossible for European colonists to settle there."

"Of course there are extensive districts in the plains unfit for European habitation; but on the other hand, there are enormous tracts of country where the climate is superb, and where there is nothing to prevent the European from settling. All the upper regions of the White Nile, including the Nuba district, Dinka, and the watershed of the Bahr el-Ghazal,—in fact, the whole of what we may call the 'Uplands' of the Soudan,—consist of beautiful stretches of low mountains and broad valleys, several thousands of feet above the level of the sea, where the climate is healthy and enjoyable, the soil fertile and productive, and where every facility is provided by nature for health, life, and prosperity. Its great

drawback at present is its inaccessibility; but railways from Assouan through Dongola, from Souakin through Berber and Omdurman, and from Massowah through Kassala, would soon open up the whole of the country."

"This is all most interesting," we replied; "but at present we fear the prospect must remain a remote and uncertain contingency. If the realisation of your dreams depends upon the active intervention of England, there is little hope of their being at present fulfilled."

"Ah well!" observed Father Ohrwalder; "it may be as you say. But unless I am greatly mistaken, it will not be very long before the force of circumstances will compel your country to conquer the Soudan; unless, indeed, you are prepared to sacrifice all that you have done in and for Egypt, and intend to retire from your present position."

"And supposing England did so?" we inquired.

The Father shrugged his shoulders, as he smilingly replied—

"Oh, then, of course, her influence is for ever destroyed in Egypt and the Soudan, and she will never again be able to interfere. But," he added, with a sudden burst of vehemence, "it is not possible — England never can prove so false to herself. It would be a *crime*—a crime in the sight of God and of this African humanity, of which England could never be guilty."

"You speak strongly," we said, "and yet you are not an Englishman yourself. Are there no other nations who could achieve in the Soudan what you expect from England? What about France? Germany? Italy? or even Austria, your own country?"

"None," was the emphatic reply. "If you had lived in those distant regions of the Soudan so long as I have, if you had mingled in the daily life of the natives, listened to their conversation, and become acquainted with their ideas, you would know that the name of England is with them an almost magical spell, and that England is synonymous in their minds with freedom, prosperity, and civilisation. They scarcely even know the name of any other European country—I am speaking, of course, of the ordinary Soudanese peasants; and if any nation has a call from heaven itself to release these wretched people from slavery and oppression, to restore the distracted country to peace and security, and to lay the foundations of its future greatness and prosperity, that nation is England. Ah! would that I had the opportunity and power of stirring up your great country to a sense of its might and of its responsibility! Would that I could make every Englishman feel that he has a solemn mission from God in this matter! Would that I were able to impress upon his conscience the misery which the Mahdi and the Khalifa have spread throughout the Soudan! The accursed slave traffic was never so rampant in Africa as it is at this present moment. The slave-market at Omdurman is one of the largest and most frequented of any that have ever been known. It is no uncommon thing to see a thousand women and girls exposed for sale in one day. Buyers come from all parts—from Darfour, from Kordofan, and even from Morocco; and constant supplies of fresh slaves are being brought in from Abyssinia, Dinka, and Equatoria. Even from my own district, the

Jebel Nuba, I have frequently seen batches of both sexes. Of course, all missionary enterprise is completely at a standstill throughout the Soudan, and it would be simply a matter of sheer impossibility to attempt any such work under the present *régime*. This is why I said before that only on one condition would it be practicable for me to realise the daily desire of my soul, by returning to my labours amongst my dear friends at Delen. Now, perhaps, you understand what I meant when I said that that condition was England."

This authoritative testimony to England's prestige in the Soudan, coming as it did from one who himself could have no political bias in favour of our country, was, it must be confessed, most remarkable and suggestive, and it should carry with it considerable weight. Granted that Father Ohrwalder is influenced in his feeling and words by the oppressions which he endured so long at the hands of the Mahdi and his followers; granted that he is chafing under his enforced absence from what he considers the post of duty to which God has called him; granted that he sees no way for his return to his missionary labours in the Soudan, except by the overthrow of the Khalifa through the intervention of England,—granted all this, there still remains the testimony of one who is thoroughly competent to judge of the facts of the case.

It is not improbable that such a testimony may be of the utmost importance before long, for the state of affairs in Egypt and the Soudan must soon reach a critical point. Then England will have to determine, once for all, whether she is prepared to abandon the position which she has already taken up, or to follow it out to its logical end. The decision at which she arrives will, in either case, be irrevocable, and upon it will depend an issue as momentous as any that has ever been submitted to our country.

EARLSCOURT: A NOVEL OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE WAY OUT OF A HOLE.

Not a word was said between George Colpoys and Mary Donne as they walked down the avenue under the old elm-trees. The rooks had shaken the wet off their wings, and were now wheeling about in the air cawing loudly for wind. By-and-by they came upon a covey of Mary's pigeons, which circled round them in answer to her "coo-coos," and lighted a little distance in advance of them on the gravel, in hopes of crumbs or a passing petting. But Mary Donne's mind was too disturbed to take the usual notice of her favourites; and the doves, when they had seen her fairly pass them, flew up into a tree and sat upon the extremity of a bare branch, looking after her until she was out of sight, and pondering, doubtless, as to the causes of their being neglected. George, with a gloomy expression on his face, and his head bent, stalked along by her side with a forlorn-hope sort of stride, altogether unlike his usual jaunty and springy step. He felt in the mood for doing something desperate, if he could only hit upon the means of doing it. He would have hurled Jupiter's own thunderbolts back upon him if he could. He felt as if he would like to crush Lord Earlsfield between his hands, and thwart every scheme his lordship had in his head. And above all, how could he frustrate his brother's plans about Mary Donne without burying his own prospects in their ruins?

The silence was still unbroken when they left the park and came out upon the road leading to the town. Before them lay the Dunes stretching their green and withered-grey undulations from the outskirts of Earlsport northwards until they rose up to where their rugged heights marked the commencement of the cliffs. Beyond the Dunes the sea was tossing about its dark-green waters, and breaking up broad white patches of foam, which testified to last night's gale, the dull monotonous murmur of the waves now and again swelling into sullen roar. A fresh breeze laden with odours of sea-weed and salt water was blowing in upon the land, and over all the sun was struggling through broken clouds, now bursting forth in a flood of light upon the waters, and then speedily veiling itself in shadow, again to appear and disappear with equal celerity. It was a bracing morning, that could scarcely fail to have some stimulating effects even upon the unstrung nerves of the two walkers.

"Mary," said the member, as he gave a furtive glance back in the direction of Earlscourt, as if to satisfy himself that they were followed by no spy upon their motions—"Mary Donne, as I told you this morning, we are both of us in a deuce of a hole."

"I don't know what you mean by a hole," returned Miss Donne, very gravely disdaining to notice the special description he had given of the situation; "and I don't know why you should have spoken to me as you did this morning. It is unkind, it is ungenerous, Mr Colpoys."

"Do you know what Earlsfield intends for you?" demanded George, abruptly.

Mary looked straight before her and made no answer.

"You do then; and what do you

think of it? Well, a coronet always counts for something with most women, even when there is a mad head inside it. Take my advice, and see that the settlements and jointure are sufficient compensation. For as anxious as Earlsfield is to secure you for his son, his stinginess will come to the front as soon as he is face to face with parchment. But the game is in your own hands, and it will be your own fault if you do not run yourself up to a premium."

"Mr Colpoys!" gasped Mary, "how can you—how dare you talk thus to me—thus insult me? You have no right to mention such things. You insult me, and you are ungrateful to Lord Earlsfield. I—I do not in the least know what you are talking about—and my heart is breaking," as her passion gave way to a flood of tears.

"My dear Mary—my dear, dear, dearest Mary," cried George, as he caught her hand in one of his, while he placed the other on her waist—"forgive me. I am a brute, and I am mad. It is enough to make any one mad to see your young life sacrificed in this fashion, and my only chance of happiness—not a very great one, I know—sacrificed to Earlsfield's infernal selfishness and pride."

Mary only continued to sob bitterly, but she did not seek to withdraw her hand or to resist his attempt to press her closer to himself.

"I know all," he said, while he sympathetically pressed her hand. "Earlsfield wrote me a note last night telling me that he meant to arrange a marriage between you and Harold, and intimating that I was to do all in my power to aid him in bringing it about. In fact, he as good as warned me off you. I was to praise Harold to you, and keep your mind full of the advantages of the match; and I was to impress upon him your beauty, your amiability, and your accomplishments,—as if even poor Harold with his cracked brains could not see these for himself. That, in plain English, is what Earlsfield set me as a task in a letter of six pages full of finely turned periods and Foreign Office phrases. And now you know the worst."

"I knew it before," said Mary Donne; "Lord Earlsfield prepared me for it before his son came home."

"Then it is a shame — it is a damned infamous shame. It is a piece of greater villany than cheating at cards or hocussing a horse at Newmarket. I'm hanged if I would have done it. I don't believe even Jim Colpoys would have condescended to do such a thing."

It was always a consolation to George that his friends placed his brother the colonel on a much lower moral level than himself, and that in the reflection of Jim's demerits his own failings shone out in the light of positive virtues.

"But look here, Mary," cried the member suddenly; "it can't be. Just make up your mind to kick." Mary shook her head. "It is not possible that you could willingly consent to marry Harold, knowing as you do how uncertain he is—the —the lifelong misery that might be before you."

"I would sooner die," murmured Mary.

"There you are," cried George triumphantly; "and so you must just put down your feet and refuse the jump. There is no law in Britain can make a woman marry a man if she don't like him—more especially when that man is mad too. In fact," added he solemnly, "I believe there is something about it somewhere in the Bible."

"Ah! but," said Mary, shaking her head sadly, "how can I go

against Lord Earlsfield, who has been almost a father to me, who has given me a home, and who has never said an unkind word to me, and has always tried to make me happy? It would be base ingratitude if I were to set myself against his wishes now."

"Not at all," returned the member, sturdily; "he is asking you to do a thing that no man ought to insist upon a woman doing—that no gentleman would require a lady to do, considering your relative positions. If he has only been good to you for a motive of his own, the knowledge of that fact cancels all your obligations to him. Only show your spirit, and you will get out of the hole."

"Ah!" sighed Mary, "but how can I? What can I do?"

"Take me, Mary," returned George, drawing her to him. "I am not mad, at any rate, and I love you better than any one else in the whole world — better than myself even, which seems to me to be the only thing I ever cared about until I began to think of you. I can't make a fine speech or poetry, and it would be ridiculous to go down on my knees in all this mud, but upon my soul I love you dearly. Ever since I began seriously to think about you, I have never been happy unless when I was with you, or had my eye upon you. Your voice is sweeter to me than—than the best music at the opera. I always kiss your gloves when I light upon them in the hall and no one is looking; and see here, I have half-a-dozen of your hairs which I picked out of your hat"—here he pulled out an envelope from his waistcoat-pocket. "No, hang it, these are trout-flies—yes, see there," as he at last found the precious relics; "but, for heaven's sake, don't laugh, Mary," as Miss Donne's sadness gave way to a passing sense of the ridiculous. "I have kept them next my heart, and taken them out and kissed them every morning—like an idiot as I was, I daresay, and as you think me to be," concluded he, feeling slightly ashamed at finding himself plunging into such depths of sentiment. "Say something to me, for God's sake," he went on, as Mary Donne held down her head and remained mute, while the tears fell from her eyes. "If you can't say that you love me any just now, say that you will marry me, and try to love me afterwards. The smallest bit of love will set me up. Of course it will be hard lines, but we shall live somehow, and anything will be better for you than having to marry Harold; and after all, if Harold dies without children, Earlscourt and the title must come to me. Of course it is a drawback my being a good deal older than you."

"It isn't that," said Mary, in a low voice.

"What is it, then, my darling?" inquired George, bending his face down close to hers until they almost touched one another. "Only tell me what it is, and I'll move heaven and earth to do away with the obstacle."

"Lord Earlsfield!" sighed Mary.

"Lord Earlsfield be d—d," was the member's unfraternal exclamation, as he boldly impressed a kiss on Mary's brow. "We shall have to fight, or rather, I'll take it all upon myself. Don't you trouble about him, but tell me in one word, will you be my wife? No? You won't say so? Just one slight squeeze of the hand to tell me that you love me a little."

"But I don't know that I do," said Mary, sadly. "I am not sure. It is all such a whirl. I don't know that I could."

"It is easy enough," returned George, with the authority of ex-

perience. "You have just got to catch on to the idea, and the rest comes easy. Once you get the idea, the rest all comes by causation and evolution, and these sort of things. It will all come right if you marry me; and you will marry me, won't you?"

The desired information must have been silently conveyed, for George burst out, "God bless you, my own dearest Mary! You have made me the happiest fellow in the universe—much happier than ever a scamp like me deserved to be; and if I don't give up the whole of my life for you, may I be——"

"Hush!" whispered Mary. "I hear something coming."

They had been standing on a side-path of the road, screened from the town of Earlsport by a projecting corner of the park wall, and from the lodge at the gate by a bend in the way and a high beechen hedge. But the situation was not sufficiently private for love-making on a protracted scale; and as a gardener's cart came clattering round the corner from the town, the lovers resumed their walk. The minds of both were full of what had passed between them, until they found themselves nearing the cottage villas which formed the outskirts of Earlsport in that direction. Then George made another halt.

"Look here, Mary, my sweetest, let us understand each other. We are both pledged together, but we need not anger Earlsfield more than we can help by any hints about the matter. There will be row enough when the burst does come. We shall keep our own counsel until our chance turns up, and I don't think Harold will give you much trouble. His father does not see so far as he thinks, and the boy is madly in love with that Sparshott girl — the Museum man's daughter, you know — and as Earlsfield has been cautioned against thwarting him, why, he has got his work cut out. But if Earlsfield presses you again, you will tell me. It is my privilege now to look after you, is it not?"

"Yes," returned Mary, with a half-trustful, half-wistful look in her face, as she held out her hand. They were now at a small wicket-gate, which opened into a side-path to the almshouses. There was no one about, and regardless of the risk of being overlooked from villa windows, George raised her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Good-bye, my own dearest Mary," he said. "I have never been much of a fellow for any good, and for being useful, and that sort of thing; but if I do not try with all my soul to make you happy, I deserve to be hanged—yes, hanged, by Jove!" and with another kiss he relinquished her hand, and was presently striding along rapidly in the direction of the town.

Mary's head was in a whirl as she stood to take breath and think, once she was inside the almshouse grounds. The prospect was like a dream, an unsubstantial fleeting vision; but there behind it was the stern reality to which Lord Earlsfield had, she felt, irrevocably condemned her. Surely the means of escape now offered her must be as real too, else where was she? Yet it was difficult for her to grasp the fact that she was now George Colpoys's promised wife — George, whom but a short time ago she had, like all the rest of Earlscourt, regarded as a good-natured, indolent ne'er-do-weel, who only wanted money to be prodigal and opportunity to be dissipated. And though she had never thought his failings heinous, and had felt drawn to him through their isolation in the grim circle of the Court with a

kindly almost sisterly liking, she would have heartily laughed at the idea of regarding him as a lover. But when Lord Earlsfield had stunned her by disclosing his intention to marry her to Harold, it was to George that her mind had instinctively turned for sympathy, and she had found herself wishing that it had been him instead of the unhappy Harold that had been her destined lot,—that the compliments constantly paid her by the member, which she could not help treating as badinage, had been real love-making. But it was not easy for her to realise George Colpoys in the light of a lover. His shallow, careless, indolent disposition had nothing in it of the passion of a Romeo. And yet he must be in deep earnest, else how could he propose to brave the anger of his brother, to whom he had always been in subjection, and upon whose humours he was so much a dependant? And he must be brave too, for it took a brave man to combat Lord Earlsfield's resolutions, especially when one was so entirely in his lordship's power. But would his courage last? Might he not fail at the supreme moment when Lord Earlsfield met him with the threat of casting him off and withholding all further assistance? "What would be her position then?" thought Mary. To be obliged to yield to Lord Earlsfield's wishes, or to be cast aside as an ingrate to her benefactor? If George risked all, she risked not less also. But could he be brave? Ah! could he be brave enough?

She looked, as if for an answer to her doubts, after the figure of the member, now nearing the entrance to the town. He had recovered his nonchalant air, and resumed his jaunty walk; his white hat again inclined to one side of his head; and his cane was cutting its accustomed flourishes in the air. She felt sure he was whistling,—he was always whistling. Certainly he did not walk as if his mind was distracted by any doubt as to the issue of events. But was that his happy temperament which drew its colouring only from the present, and thought nothing of trouble until it met him face to face? Or was it the gait of a man who, having once made up his mind, was prepared to go forward whatever obstacles came in his way? "Ah! if he could be brave," thought Mary, with a sigh; "if he could only be brave enough to go through it all, then I think I could love him outright." And she went on her way to visit the pensioners.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE COLONEL'S COUNSEL.

It was certainly in no careless mood, despite his easy and indifferent air, that George Colpoys found himself entering Earlsport. He was quite aware that the step which he had taken must eventually lead to a breach with his brother; and that Lord Earlsfield was not a man who would be influenced by any sentimental feelings of generosity, but would make his opponent pay the uttermost penalty of his hostility.

"Of course he won't give me another farthing after I marry Mary," he reflected; "that is the most certain event on the card; and I shall have to give up my seat. Well, I fancy the Radicals would kick me out at any rate, so *that* loss is not so great after all. I believe Mary has a little trifle—but that I would not be mean enough to touch. But Dora surely would not see us starve, although

she has grown strangely stingy of late. And then perhaps the Government might do something for me, confound 'em; they ought, at any rate, after my support all these years. Hang it! how I wish now that I had wrought in the House, and spoken, and taken to Committees, and all that kind of thing. But that is gone and done. Come what may, I'll take the leap; and Mary is well worth it, the dear creature. How sweet she looked through her tears and trembling as we came along! I wonder if she really can love me. The idea of sacrificing her to that poor mad boy! By Jove, I'll save her, though I should ruin myself in the attempt! Eh, what? Good Lord! if that isn't Jim Colpoys,—and coming out of Brancepeth's Bank too, of all places in this world;" and a few strides brought him up with the person he had descried, whom he arrested with a hearty slap on the shoulder.

"What, Jim, old fellow!" cried George, extending his hand heartily; "what wind has blown you to Earlsport? Of all points of the compass, I would have least expected to meet you in the old town again."

Colonel Colpoys was a shorter man than his brother, and for the broad, open, somewhat florid face of the other, with his light hair and blue eyes, had a dark, sharply-cut face, clean-shaven except for a slight black moustache, and with a keen, piercing glance that looked straight through and through his *vis-à-vis*. His bearing was military though not soldierly, turfy but not horsey, sporting but not raffish; and his companions were wont to say that a better-groomed man than Jim Colpoys did not tread Pall Mall.

"And now," said George, "tell us all about it. Of course you didn't come here to see Earlsfield, and we have no races about. Any fellows here that you have been bringing to book? What *is* up?"

"Nothing very important," replied the colonel, smiling. "I *had* a little business in Earlsport, and so I thought I would run down and see to it myself. No; I didn't think of leaving a card at the Court. How are they all? amiable as usual? Earlsfield screwing sixpences out of these wretched tenants of his, and sister Firebrace mourning over her 'Morning Manna.' A lively time you must have! You have got Dora there just now, I believe?"

"Yes," responded George; and then suddenly, as an idea struck him, "You haven't been bleeding her, Jim, have you?" he asked, anxiously. He had hoped to essay that process in his own behalf at a very early opportunity.

"Make your mind easy," said the colonel, with a laugh. "I haven't seen Dora. You have that field all to yourself."

"It has not been much of a field lately," said George, with a sigh. "She is getting to be uncommon close, Dora is, compared with what she used to be."

"Well," observed the colonel, with a queer smile, "avarice is a common vice of old maids; and I suppose Dora may be set down as one. There is not much chance of her marrying now, is there?"

"As if Earlsfield would allow her—selfish brute that he is!" cried the member, indignantly; and then, as his own great perplexity crossed his mind, and a longing to unburden himself even to such a scamp as Jim Colpoys seized him with irresistible force, he added, "Come along with me to the club, and let us have a drink and a chat. There is something I want badly to tell you. I am going to get into a dreadful mess."

"Hem!" said the colonel, guardedly. "I was to have taken the first train back. And now look

here, George, it is no use asking me to help you, for I have a big settling day on Monday." "He saw me coming out of the bank, and guessed I had got money," reflected the colonel to himself; "and I promised Barbara not to break bulk," he concluded inwardly.

"It is not money," said George, gloomily; "it is quite another kind of trouble."

"All right," returned the colonel, cheerily. "I am your man so far as good advice goes. It has always been a specialty of mine to give good advice and take none myself. It is more blessed to give than to receive, is my motto."

But instead of the club, the colonel moved as an amendment that they should refresh themselves in the "Colpoys' Arms." In days before his excommunication from the Court, Jim Colpoys had been much about Earlsport, and as he gave himself no airs and freely borrowed the money of all the leading citizens who were willing to lend him any, he was naturally not anxious by his reappearance in their midst to revive the memory of many ancient I O U's which had long been covered by the dust of oblivion. And so the brothers made for the old hotel, where the coaches had stopped in the days before railways, where the Colpoys candidate had held his headquarters at election times, and had addressed his constituents from the bow-window after he had been duly chaired. But the "Arms" had now fallen from its high estate, and took tavern rank, resignedly yielding the palm to its palatial competitors which had sprung up around the railway station. But it was in a snug enough parlour, with an air of subdued old fashioned gentility about it, that the colonel and the member found themselves lounging over their cigars and brandy-and-soda.

"And now tell me all about it," asked the colonel, as he leaned back and pushed out his legs to pull another chair towards him whereon to deposit them. "Out with the murder."

"Tell me first," said George, "what you were doing in Brancepeth's. You don't mean to say that you got them to do a bill for you?"

"Umph!" returned the other. "It is wonderful where business will lead you. It brought me to Brancepeth's, and, singular to tell, they did do a bill for me."

"You don't say so?" cried George in amazement. "Upon my word, I never heard of such a thing. I once tried it on with old Brancepeth ages ago, and the look he gave me as he bowed me out froze my vitals for a week afterwards. I wish you would tell me how you did it."

"Security, my boy, good security," responded the colonel, loftily; "without that you can do nothing with bankers. But go on with your story."

Much marvelling what manner of security Jim Colpoys could offer that would be acceptable in the eyes of so cautious a firm as Brancepeth Brothers, George did at last unfold his tale: how Lord Earlsfield had decided to marry Harold to Miss Donne; and what a fine, warm-hearted girl Mary was, and as beautiful as an angel too, by Jove; and how it was an infernal sacrifice of the girl's future and feelings to force her to marry a fellow who was every now and then mad, and would assuredly go mad altogether some day; and how Mary, though she loathed the idea, would undoubtedly be coerced into compliance with Lord Earlsfield's views; and how altogether it was a shame, a most infernal shame; and how he, George, would be eternally condemned, if he did not

put a spoke in Lord Earlsfield's coach which would upset the whole concern.

Jim Colpoys heard all this in placid silence, with his eyes fixed dreamily upon his brother, as if the subject were quite transcendental to his interests; and after George had finished there was a considerable pause, filled up by gentle whiffs of smoke and modest application to the tumbler.

"Well?" inquired the colonel at length, when his brother showed no further signs of proceeding with his disclosures.

"Well!" re-echoed George; "well! what do you say to that?"

"Why, I say nothing; what does it matter to you or me?"

"Matter! why, it matters everything. Do you think I am going to let such an iniquitous marriage take place?"

"Why shouldn't you? What business is it of yours except for the reversion of the title and estates, and I should say Earlsfield's life is quite as good as yours or mine. You don't want to marry Miss Donne yourself, do you?"

"That is exactly what I mean to do," spluttered George, as in his excitement he nearly choked himself with brandy-and-soda.

The colonel only gave a long low whistle, and smoked steadily on with half-closed eyes.

"Well?" asked George at length, "what do you say? What do you advise me to do?"

"What is your game?" inquired the colonel, half confidentially.

"My game? why, what game is there? I step in and marry Miss Donne. I don't see much game in that—at least, I don't see much winnings in it."

The colonel again smoked on in deep reflection. At last he said, "Well, George, you are a greater flat than ever I have taken you for, and that is saying not a little. I suppose even *you* yourself"—with a certain contemptuous emphasis on the pronoun—"must have been able to see all the other sides of this question. You quarrel for good and all with Earlsfield; you lose your seat for the borough; you endow Miss Donne with debts in lieu of worldly goods; and you bring all your creditors in a pack about your ears. Any one can see that. But what I don't see, and what I bet you don't see yourself, is how on earth you are to live."

"That is so," said George sadly.

"And I suppose you would have to run away with her—elopement and special licence, and all that kind of thing?"

"Of course," returned the member blankly; "it would never do to let Earlsfield know until it was all over. He would be sure to find some way of stopping the business," he added gloomily, as if half uncertain whether such things as dungeons and *lettres de cachet* were not among the engines which his dreaded elder brother would bring to bear against them. "What would you advise me to do?" he asked anxiously.

"I suppose you have quite made up your mind about the matter?" said the other.

"Quite,—as firm as a rock," said George defiantly.

"Well, I had thought so. It is no use saying to you 'Don't.' Fellows never ask advice until they have quite made up their mind to take their own way. I really don't see how you can turn yourself. It seems to me it will be a pretty tight fit."

"Just think it over, there's a good fellow," pleaded George. "You have always had a much longer head than I have got."

And the colonel did think it over. Or rather he was thinking,

would it be worth his while to give Lord Earlsfield a hint of what was going on, and what sum he could reasonably hope to extract from his lordship as the price of such important information. "It would really be doing George a service, and the girl too," urged one tempter; but another broke in with, "Your revenge upon Lord Earlsfield—the harsh and arbitrary way in which he has treated you—his hardness about money matters—and his ostracism of you and your wife and children." And the milder demon of the two triumphed, for after a little the colonel remarked in a more kindly tone—

"Well, it is not a very bright outlook, but you must get the Government to do something for you."

"But what can they do? or what can I do? I would take anything that would afford the ghost of a living, but I am too old for Civil Service commissioners and competition, and that kind of humbug."

"Well," said the colonel, "I had a long talk with Elliott, one of your Whips, yesterday. He asked me to go down with him to Epsom to his trainer's, and give him my opinion upon a colt he thinks of trying for the Derby. A likely horse he is too—Clytus his name—I advise you to keep your eye upon him,—though I doubt," he added, reflectively, "if he has enough of bone in the hock. Well, I had a long chat with Elliott as we came back to town, and he *would* talk politics. The short and the long of it is, that the Government is in a mess through the defeat of the new Solicitor-General at Widgley last week. The Conservatives cut him out when he sought re-election, and it was most gratifying to hear how Elliott swore at their treachery. The Government can't get on without him, and they can't light upon a safe seat for him anywhere."

"Well?" returned George, uninterestedly.

"Well, he also told me that Godfrey, the Chairman of the Docks and Canals Board, was dead, and that the Treasury was being worried to death by applicants for the post."

"I knew Godfrey when he was in the House—a surly old brute," observed George. "But what has all this to do with my business? I don't believe they would make me chairman. And Elliott owes me a grudge since last session for not turning up at divisions."

"Why, can't you see, man," cried the colonel, impatiently, "you have got to give up your seat any way. Drive a bargain with the Government for the Board of Docks and Canals against your seat for the Solicitor-General. In their present circumstances they are bound to say done with you."

"By Jove, Jim, you are a trump," cried the member, jumping up and wringing his brother's hand. "Docks and Canals is £1500, and it is just a fortune to us at present. I'll do it, by all that is blue, and we'll have another brandy-and-soda to drink Mary Donne's health. What a head you have! Why, I should never have put things together in that way. And now I can hold my own with Earlsfield, let him do his worst."

When there had been a further consumption of brandy-and-soda, and Mary Donne's health and George's happiness duly pledged by the colonel, George saw the other off by train. He was in a state of the highest elation, and eager to begin operations at once. To-morrow he would start for London, and tickle Ministers with the bait of his seat.

"Won't Earlsfield storm when he knows," he chuckled. "Well, it is every one for himself in this world, and with no one more than

Earlsfield. And I shouldn't wonder though the Solicitor got thrashed after all," he grinned. "The Rads were uncommon strong last election. Well, I shall be all right anyhow by that time, and let them take their chance." And with these reflections, which showed that there was yet room for great development in his moral nature, the member set out gaily on his way back to the Court.

That evening, when Mary Donne went to her room to dress for dinner, she found a note on her dressing-table with a neat little packet inside. It was a beautiful ruby ring, for the cost of which the name of the Hon. George Colpoys, M.P., had that day been duly entered as debtor in the books of Messrs Morton & Byng, Goldsmiths and Jewellers, Exchange Street, Earlsport. The note contained but a few lines:—

"Dearest Mary,—If you have not forgotten, and have forgiven our talk this morning, let me see you wear this ring to-night, and ever afterwards, until I replace it by another. I have found a way to put everything smooth. I am off to London to begin the business. Think of me until I come back.—Yours ever, G. C."

George marked with a glow of delight the ruby glistening on Mary's finger when she took her seat at table. Lord Earlsfield, too, marked both it and George's glance towards it; and made up his mind that the time had come for him to put his foot firmly down on such foolery.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—A FAMILY MATTER.

We must go back a little earlier in the day than the conversation we have just reported, and ascertain the cause of so unusual a circumstance as the honour done by Colonel Colpoys to his native town of paying it a visit. Since accident had led him to suspect that his sister Dorothy had a secret, and he had successfully set all his wits to work to discover wherein it had consisted, Jim Colpoys had been greatly exercised in his mind as to how he was to make most of the hold he had got over her. With consummate judgment he took in all the facts and aspects of the case as concerned both Dorothy and her husband: his sister's nervousness and dread of their elder brother; the inevitable sequestration of Dorothy's fortune by Lord Earlsfield as soon as it was disclosed that she had violated the terms of her aunt's will; her natural wish to keep things quiet and enjoy both her husband and her money,—all these the colonel read as legibly as in a book. Less clear was the position of Brancepeth, who, he had ascertained, was now reconciled to his father, and a partner in the Earlsport Bank, and therefore presumably in an independent position. But the fact that Brancepeth showed no disposition of disclosing the marriage was a comfort to the colonel.

"All these Brancepeths have been money-grubbers, and they will keep Dora's money among them as long as they can get it," he argued. "It is decidedly their interest to keep quiet; and I don't see why they should not have to pay for silence. I, at least, ought to get a commission."

Like most men who make a comfortable living out of their wits, Jim Colpoys was too prudent a man to hazard killing a goose whose eggs

were golden. This secret he regarded as a part of his capital to be by no means drawn out, although it must be necessarily made to yield him a fair return. He had already extracted a first draught from Dorothy's fear, and would have been willing to let the Brancepeths alone for a time, had not an unexpected event occurred to derange his plans. A young Californian, who had inherited a silver-mine, and a million or two of paternal dollars to boot, had begun to plunge in London society, and among the many who had been trying to get in their hand, Jim Colpoys, unluckily, had been one of the first. The colonel had sat down to cards with the youngster with calm faith of assurance that here was a fish worth giving play to, and had obligingly gone on losing even when the stakes became high, and were doubled and redoubled; but when he settled himself down to win, he found his adversary a perfect "Heathen Chinee." Jim Colpoys had nothing to teach this graduate of the gambling schools of the Great West, and had to acknowledge to himself that he had met his match either at fair play or foul. But cards are only one branch of the noble art of pigeoning, and Jim felt that in other departments he had still a chance. The youth was rolling in dollars, was free-handed if he was fond of winning, and, under skilful phlebotomy, might cut up well if bled freely. The colonel felt bound in honour not to drop the game; and he must at once take up his I O U's to the Californian, and set himself to obtain his revenge. But how were these I O U's to be taken up? Dorothy's cheque was already melted, and there was no other means of raising money in prospect. Then it was that the colonel bethought himself of his newly acquired kinsfolk the Brancepeths.

"It is worth giving it a trial," the colonel said as he started; "at all events it will let us see how the land lies with the Brancepeths. If they cut up rough, why, it will be a good excuse for coming down again on Dorothy."

"Mind your hand and you must take your trick," advised his wife; "and for heaven's sake don't come back without money. I must have Jim removed to a better school. These boys at Parker's are corrupting him. I caught him smoking the other day; and the vicar's wife told me she heard him swearing at Haines the postman."

"D—d young rip," muttered the colonel angrily, as he gave his wife a tender kiss of good-bye. Mrs Colonel Colpoys was a smart little dark woman with no particular good looks, but the most affectionate wife and the best mother in existence. She only wanted independent means of living to develop all the highest feminine virtues. She would have been broken-hearted at discovering a taint of vice or a dishonest trait in one of her children, but she could advise the colonel in making up his betting-book, and there was no one like her for "putting him up to a thing or two," as he admiringly confessed. There are such anomalies.

So the colonel presented himself at the Earlsport Bank and sent in his card for Mr Stephen. He had tried to think over a line of action coming down in the train, and had resolved to be guided by events as they might arise. But when he was shown into the presence of both the partners, he felt for an instant rather taken aback.

Stephen, who was with his father when Colonel Colpoys's card was brought to him, handed it to the old man with a bitter smile.

"He is come to attempt to

blackmail me, of course," he said; "how sick I am of all this concealment, with its worry and anxiety! I shall send him off at once, and then the murder will be out—and a good thing too."

"Hear what he has to say first," counselled the more cautious senior. "Take care, and don't do anything rash. Remember you owe something to your wife's feelings, and Colonel Colpoys is now your brother-in-law."

"Brother-in-law! A blackleg!"

"At all events, better have him in here, as I know all about the matter. If he has come to blackmail, he won't find it so easy to have to do with two instead of one."

And this was exactly how the colonel found it. He was a man, however, of assurance and resource, and having returned the bows of both, at once addressed himself to the younger.

"My business is with you, sir; may I beg of you to give me the pleasure of five minutes' private conversation?"

"If you are come to congratulate my son upon his marriage with your sister, colonel, you may speak freely before me. Won't you take a chair?" said the old man, benignly regarding his visitor through his spectacles.

And the colonel did take a chair, or rather sank into it with a suppressed "Ah!" but in the same breath he had recovered his composure.

"Well, that was exactly the reason of my calling. Took the occasion of my being in Earlsport, you know. I am sure I trust you will both be happy," with a gracious smile to Stephen, who sat gloomily facing him. "But upon my word, I was never more surprised in my life. We had all set my sister down as destined to be an old maid," and he smiled in turn upon Mr Brancepeth senior.

"We were all surprised," rejoined the old man.

"And when, may I ask, do you intend to announce your marriage?" asked the colonel again, turning to Stephen with a gracious interest. "As I gather, it has not yet been broken to the family generally."

"Through no fault on my part," said Stephen, haughtily. "My wife, for reasons of her own, has wished the matter kept private — very much against my will, I must say."

"Ah yes, very naturally," returned the colonel in a sympathising voice. "I can easily understand her position. The unfortunate conditions in my aunt's will——"

"Are of no consequence to me," interrupted Stephen—"or, for that matter, to my wife either."

"No, I suppose not," assented the colonel; "every one knows the position and wealth of Brancepeth Brothers. Even a fortune such as Dora had left her cannot be of much consequence in their estimation;" and the colonel courteously bowed to the senior partner.

"I suppose Earlsfield will enforce his rights," continued Jim; "although I am sure I hope that, for the credit of the family, he will take a more generous view of the subject. But Earlsfield is a grasping man, as I have reason to know by experience."

"I make Lord Earlsfield quite welcome to his rights," drily replied Stephen.

"Come, that is very handsomely said," broke in the colonel, "and I only wish that the reversion of Dorothy's money had been to go to myself, who want it most of all the Colpoyses. But to him that hath shall be given. I suppose I had better keep quiet about the subject when I see Lord Earlsfield?"

"Not on my account, I assure you," observed Stephen. "I am extremely anxious that his lordship should be informed."

"I think," put in the old banker, quietly, "that this is a matter in which the lady herself ought to be deferred to. We ought to allow the Honourable Mrs Brancepeth to consult her own feelings about the proper time and place for taking Lord Earlsfield into her confidence."

"You are quite right, sir, perfectly right," exclaimed the colonel; "Dora ought to be allowed to manage the matter her own way. And now, as I am here, and find myself among relatives—and I am sure we shall be harmonious ones—will you pardon me if I trouble you with a little matter of business of my own? I know how cautious you bankers are—necessarily must be—and that you will not look at personal security; and yet that is what I have to propose. You see, I have been put upon a Californian investment, a thing involving and promising a return that will be a fortune to a poor man like me. I have been casting about in my mind everywhere for the money to buy into it, and was just thinking of getting Lord Earlsfield to help me, when your kind reception emboldened me to think that perhaps you might act as my bankers for the occasion. A short loan on a three months' bill, and an undertaking as safe as the bank. Now that we are connected together, I would as soon come to you in my straits as to Lord Earlsfield," added the colonel significantly, as he paused for breath.

"You do us much honour," the senior was slowly beginning, when Stephen promptly broke in—

"Look here, Colonel Colpoys, let us understand each other thoroughly. I have told you the plain truth that it is my most earnest wish that Lord Earlsfield should know at once of my marriage to his sister, and instead of paying you to conceal the fact——"

"Sir," interrupted the colonel, rising in righteous wrath, "do you actually think that I—I who have borne her Majesty's commission—have come here to levy blackmail upon you? My character must have been strangely misrepresented to you. You will permit me to take leave of you;" but though he took up his hat, he did not move to the door.

"Stay, colonel," interposed the old banker, quietly; "you misunderstand. Stephen, I am sure, meant no such imputation. The idea is quite absurd. But as you very rightly say, an advance on personal security is not our way of doing business, and you see how averse Stephen is to it. But as you say, we are all relatives now, and I would not like our first meeting as such to have any cloud cast upon it. For once in a way I think, Stephen, we may break through our rules to oblige your brother-in-law. How much do you want, colonel?"

"A—a thousand pounds," gasped Jim, hurriedly, as in his haste he sought for a golden mean between too much and too little.

While the banker was drawing out a bill, the colonel turned towards Stephen and said to him with courteous earnestness, "I trust you will come to understand me better, Mr Brancepeth, though I daresay one time or another you may have heard things that were not to my credit. I am sure I hope we shall be good friends; and if I can help you in any way with Lord Earlsfield, it will be a pleasure to do so."

"You are very kind, colonel," put in the old man, as he pushed a bill towards the colonel to sign, "but we Brancepeths have always

held our own legs, and hope to do so. We feel honoured in being connected with the Earlsfield family, and are prepared to meet his lordship in any way. If he claims my daughter-in-law's money, we shall offer no opposition; if he leaves her in possession, I shall make a settlement of an equal amount on my son."

"Very handsome, very handsome indeed," commented Jim, "and I think Lord Earlsfield ought to be highly satisfied. And now, if you will allow me, I shall just say what pleasure it has given me to make my brother-in-law's acquaintance, and thank you, sir, for your kind accommodation."

"Just for this occasion, colonel," smiled the banker, as he shook hands. "I have done a very unbusiness-like thing, and my partner, you see, is annoyed with me. I should not venture on doing it again."

"I shall debit you with that thousand pounds, Stephen," said the banker, when their visitor had gone with a cheque in his pocket. "We have seen the last of it. The scamp meant to have gone straight to Lord Earlsfield."

"I wish he had," said Stephen, gloomily. "He has succeeded all the same, however, thanks to you. But he shall never have another sixpence from me."

"I don't think he will try it again," said the banker, as he made a memorandum. "At all events, if anything is to be done by your wife's managing Lord Earlsfield in her own way, it is only right to give her a chance. We need not fling away her money, if we can help it. No, I don't think Colonel Colpoys will trouble us again."

Colonel Colpoys was of the same opinion himself, when he sufficiently recovered his faculties to form one at all upon the interview which he had just gone through, which was not until he had seated himself in a railway carriage after his encounter with the member, and had taken out the cheque to convince himself that he was wide awake.

"That was a tight hand, and I am not sure that I played my best, though I have landed the stakes," he soliloquised. "A very good game, to meet me two to one, with the sulky defiance of the young fellow and the bland rascality of the old chap. They evidently want to keep their hands on Dora's money, and are sure that Earlsfield will kick up a dust. Well, let them; it is the best thing for me, but I won't attempt the Brancepeths again. The old man as good as warned me not to. No, Dora must be put under contribution for the future."

"A nice pickle is preparing for Earlsfield," he muttered to himself, as he lit a cigar and made himself comfortable with his head in a corner and his feet on the opposite cushion. "Dora privately married, George eloping with Miss Donne, and all his schemes for his son knocked over. Well, he has made every one give way to him all his life, the old Juggernauth car, and we shall see how he likes it himself. Certainly I am not going to spoil sport. I don't believe I could make anything out of Earlsfield; and as for the new hedge George's marriage will put between me and the title, why, it does not count. It has always been too far off from me, confound it! So they may raise old pandemonium at Earlscourt for all I care."

And the colonel relapsed into dreamy visions of squeezing gold from every pore of his Californian, which kept his mind occupied until he arrived in peace with honour and the cheque in the bosom of his family.

THE GLENS AND THEIR SPEECH.

"The sunshine in the happy glens is fair."
—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

WE are Irish people in the Glens. But we do not say something funny every time we open our lips. We often spend whole days without rain and nights without whisky; and we do not begin every communication with

"Musha, faith!"

Neither do we curse the harmless Saxon as we meet him on our road. If he is circling the coast of Antrim on mail-cars, we call him a "Scooter"—nothing worse. If he is seeking health in some village by the sea, we call him a "Salt-water-dipper" simply, meaning no harm.

We do not dance jigs barefooted on the smallest occasion of mirth. At no local fair do I ever remember to have seen a man trail his coat on the ground, and invite other men to tread on its tails. They would probably remark that it was "ridic'lous carryin' on," if such conduct came under their notice.

I mention these few facts to remove some trifling misconceptions of which I have noticed that most of our English visitors seem possessed.

The speech of the English-speaking Irish is different in every part of the country. Only an exceptional genius like Charles Lever can reproduce the tongue spoken in Portrush, in Dublin, or in Galway with equal spirit and accuracy. I know no tongue familiarly except my own—that of the glens of Antrim—and let this be the apology for my English. But though I claim to know this one, I have never exhausted it, and never shall do so, I hope.

How soon most of our friends come to an end of their vocabulary! After less than a month of close intercourse, we have probably heard them use almost every expression they are accustomed to employ. If they produce a new one after that period of time, it is tolerably certain to be a new piece of slang. Strange that education should leave people impoverished and helpless in their language! Now amongst the untaught Glens-people there are several of my own acquaintances from whom I know that in the course of half-an-hour's conversation I shall certainly hear some new phrase, a turn of speech, or possibly a new word; though I have heard their talk as long as I can remember.

This faculty of rich and fresh expression seems to me a very high one. Shakespeare, it is said, has used more words than any other writer; and it is thought no small part of his glory that he exceeds by thousands in the mere number of words at his command. At the risk of ridicule, I wish to say that our people often seem to me Shakespearian in their expression of themselves—and not only in the *form* of their expression either. It is true that their grammar is that of some centuries past, and they make frequent use of Shakespearian idioms, as—

"That's his conceit of it"—meaning his opinion of it; or—

"It fits them ill to do the like"—meaning it ill becomes them; or—

"He hasn't the wit to keep himself warm"—an expressive phrase in such a climate as ours.

Shakespearian proverbs, too, are favourites among them to-day; as—

"Fly, pride! says the peacock;" and—

"He must have a long spoon that will sup with the devil."

But more remarkable than these colloquial survivals, which indeed are not, strictly speaking, remarkable, is the Shakespearian feeling they often show,—an awkward expression, but I do not know how else to characterise it. There is a freshness in their feeling, a force and simplicity, a union with nature, above all, an unconsciousness which mingles the childlike with the sublime, in a manner I cannot recognise except as Shakespeare's.

Hear a poor Antrim labourer find a comparison for utter whiteness in "the first snow o' the year, all one night's fall;"

or for purity in "the river sand, as clean as silver."

He does not mean to be poetical: he is using the forms of speech which come naturally to his tongue. Often, but by no means invariably, there is the touch of humour in his description; as when he calls a threatening but not formidable crowd of men—

"a wheen stares [pack of starlings] on an oak, chatterin' emptiness;"

or at the end of a tale, quaintly reflects on his own credit with—

"Now that's the truth,—or I can't spake it."

Perhaps retorts on some one who is trying "by argufyin'" to get the better of him,—no easy matter!—with—

"Aren't you like the new moon now, sharp at both corners?"

His retorts are generally of this kind—genial rather than injurious; but he can insert the sting, if the occasion seems to demand it. A well-bred labourer replied calmly to an ill-bred master, who was abusing him on an imaginary charge of insolence—

"'Tis well for you that has the good manners by nature. But *I* could never larn them off you, more's the pity!"

This observation, for which the man expected to lose his employment, was received as an apology.

The close sympathy with external nature, on which I have already remarked, is, like most instinctive sympathies, more generally understood than expressed. It seems to be nearly allied to what I can only call the dramatic instinct. Our people are dramatic in the extreme—not theatrical, as Italians are. They are not noisy in emotion. I remember how a poor widow of three weeks, whose husband had been drowned at sea, was sitting and speaking very low of her loss, while her hands were on the spinning-wheel. Suddenly she stood up and stretched out a bare arm towards the small dark window, pointing to where the sea lay shining miles away with a glitter like jewels.

"The sea, the sea takes all," she cried out to us in a voice of bitterness; "and a sailor's widow knows why tears are salt!"

Then she sat quietly down, and went on with her spinning. There was nothing in the nature of a "scene," but it seemed to me strongly dramatic—that is, long afterwards it seemed so.

Every one must have noticed how differently the faces of the earth and sea are turned to one who is looking on them for his guidance or for the means of life, and to one who is looking abroad for pleasure or for a stimulus to his idle imagination. Compare Elsley Vavasour, who knew that (in the province of poetry) the moon wooed the ocean, or something equally sensible, and knew

very little else about her, with the man who is counting, whether rightly or wrongly, on a bright harvest moon to ripen his rain-drenched, half-laid patch of corn. Oats are "corn" in the Glens, I should mention. The harvest moon will come "handy for the fishin';" with the harvest moon "flounders" may confidently be expected in the bay; the harvest moon will light him home,—or his wife hopes so,—on the night after the fair in Ballycastle, an occasion on which no assistance can lightly be dispensed with. Whether the moon wooes the ocean or not is with him "a question not to be asked."

But whether this north-easterly gale will last to the full of the moon or not is decidedly "a question to be asked." For it seems likely that if the tides and the gale are at their height together, that small brown dwelling known as "John o' the Rock's" will be swept bodily out to sea on the backs of the plunging waves.

John o' the Rock's neighbours and friends come down sometimes to the shore after a more than usually "coorse night," and exhibit a congratulatory disappointment at finding the house and establishment where they always found them before. They will greet John and talk to him for a little across the wall, shouting and growling against the wind, each with an arm up to keep the flying salt spray and sand from his eyes. A Glensman generally prefers to talk at some little distance from his listener, and if he has anything of real interest to communicate, he does it while turning his back. On his departure, the visitor is apt to shake his head in gloom, and repeat, with dismal iteration—

"The sea will have its own *wan* day, mind you that, John!—the sea will have its own yet."

A warning which produces no effect whatever, so often has it sounded in the ears of John o' the Rock. Besides, he has both reason and precedent for disregarding it. Did not his father live in that low house before him, and die a dry death? It was called "Jemmy o' the Rock's" then. That was all the difference, except the difference in the rent, which, to speak truth, is considerable.

Other men have territorial designations too. There is "Dan o' Park," for instance, whose ancestral dwelling-place is just visible, if you look up to where the dark heather comes down over the brow of the hill, and meets the pale barley crop waving in the breeze. That is the highest level of cultivation. You may hardly distinguish Dan o' Park's roof from the heather above it, unless a curl of blue smoke should be hanging in the air.

Where half the country-side owns the same surname, and the choice even of Christian names is limited, it becomes convenient to have some other way of distinguishing between individuals, and the mention of their dwelling-places is obviously the most natural. We are not much given to nicknames in the Glens, and those we use are often rather obscurely descriptive. It was long enough before I realised why two young men in our neighbourhood were known respectively as the Duck and the Daisy.

"For why? look at the height of him. Sure, a daisy 'ud bate him all out o' face!" it was kindly explained to me.

"An' in regard o' the other, isn't he—wouldn't he—well, what kind o' work is he after on the river now, d'ye mind me? Och, poor fellow! an' it's a pity of him, so it is,"—

which is one way of stating that the poor fellow is the most accomplished poacher in Glen Dun.

The women arrange their surnames on a system, or a defiance of system, peculiarly their own. A woman may take her husband's name when she marries, or she may not. If she keeps her own, she may keep either her father's name or her mother's maiden name. Suppose that a girl at the age of ten is called Mary MacNeill; she may grow up and marry a husband of the name of MacLarty, and subsequently another husband of the name of MacElheran, and after all she may die as Mary Docherty, because that was her mother's maiden name.

Not long ago I was taken by a personal friend to call upon her sister, who had been disabled by a series of unhappy accidents, and was in need just then—amongst other things—of a little cheerful society. My friend's name (in these pages) is Mary MacLarty. She spoke of her sister as Biddy MacLarty.

"Your sister is married, isn't she?" I asked.

"Ay, dear. She was married onest, on a man by the name o' Meelan. But that done her little good, for he up an' died on her in the inside o' six months. An' what was Biddy MacLarty the betther when himself was in it?—Pether Meelan, indeed!"

Mary swung the sack of mould she was carrying from one shoulder to the other, and gave an expressive little grunt.

It is wonderful what clearness of insight a woman often possesses where the character of her brother-in-law is concerned. Very few words generally suffice to explain, with the due reserve and the proper emphasis, how thoroughly she is alive to the weaker side of his nature. But I have never heard it better done than by that,

"Pether Meelan, indeed!"

Yet Mary is the gentlest of women; one of the poorest, the bravest, the most capable that ever was born. She is little, and slightly made, with a withered face, and bright eyes like a bird's. I think she was pretty once, but she says not; and nobody remembers it. She can dig the potatoes, reap the corn,—that is, other people's corn,—"work with the baste," cut and carry turf from the mountain, and mend the roof. As for minding the house, that is too small a matter to be mentioned. Probably in all her life she has never been praised, except by Biddy. I have seen Biddy raise her long brown hands in front of her face, and say—

"Och, may I never sin, but she is the best sisther—the best sisther that ever faced the sun!"

To which Mary replied calmly,

"Houl' yer whisht, now!"—

and went for fresh water to the spring.

One thing I am bound to confess that these sisters, with all their capacity, have never accomplished; and that is the ruling of Jimmy.

Jimmy is not a relation but a friend, and in his own eyes a superior. His age is ten; his gravity is such as only ten years can bring; his training is imperfect, but his face is lovely. When his parents bethink themselves how to do some kindness to the poor sisters, they will occasionally "lend them the loan o' Jimmy," and send him off with an injunction to

"Give a hand to Mary, the crathur."

He does so. If Mary should be bound for the mountain, he offers to accompany her, and will thought-

fully take the white goat off the tether on pretence of leading it to a better browsing-place as they go. Of course the goat and Jimmy have a disagreement about the way, and Mary on her return finds them still unreconciled.

This must be on a day when Jimmy is in the humour for active usefulness. But perhaps he is in the opposite humour, and Mary may be going down the hill to cut rushes for the pig's bedding. While she cuts away, then, with a ripping sound from the hook, Jimmy sits under a rock; stalks of red foxgloves—"wee folks' thim'les"—nodding over this small, ragged person, grave, preoccupied, carefully peeling the rind of the rushes away from the papery white centres—a proceeding the usefulness of which it would be impossible to exaggerate. He carries the hook as they go home; Mary carries the rushes. Then he poses before Biddy as the protector of the family, and asks for a drink of milk, "an' a wee lock o' sugar."

"It 'ud be the sore day for Mary if she had none o' *me* livin' down by," he reminds her.

Me! Three foot nothing of fluttering rags, surmounted by a round, unsmiling, beautiful face, brown over rose-colour, with a rose-red mouth, and eyes like brown amber. That is Jimmy.

It is curious how often two lone women like these sisters live together, and "betther the world," as they would say. I know another case, almost similar, where the marriage of one has been an unhappy failure, and the sisters have drawn together again and faced the extreme difficulty of living, with comparative success. But do they therefore recommend the single life, and announce that marriage is a failure? By no means. The teaching of experience is greatly over-estimated as a factor in the formation of human opinion. These sisters have no better wish to bestow on a young lady who enjoys their highest regard than the wish of a speedy marriage. It is at least a disinterested aspiration on their part, and they sincerely dread to be disappointed in it. Once, during a period of discouragement, this conversation was overheard between them.

"The Lord lift Miss Norah!" said one, earnestly, "an' send that she's not an ould maid."

To which the other, annoyed that such a misfortune should be regarded as even remotely possible, replied warmly—

"Houl' yer whisht, then! is it the likes o' Miss Norah? Sure, she can get heaps *an' heaps* o' men."

This fancy picture of Miss Norah's delectable circumstances consoled them hugely.

Only once have I heard the state of single blessedness upheld as a desirable one, and then it was under great provocation. A married woman,—one of those who make the souls of the single to doubt whether there be not worse possibilities in marriage than they have yet dreamed of,—was kindly giving an unmarried girl the benefit of some timely encouragement and advice. It was the same advice with which we are all familiar in substance,—don't be over-particular, don't be over-sceptical, don't be over-modest, and above all, lose no time; but expressed in language with which most people are rather less familiar.

"If there's no plasin' ye in this earth, why, then, ye'll not be plased: small blame to them that has done their best, an' no thanks for it! Is it settin' up to know better than all consarned ye are?

I declare to all that's good now, it bates the world, so it does. An' may I never do harm, but I said the same words to Brigid O'Nale over beyont, an' she afther tellin' me that poor Mick might kape on askin' her till he dhropped dead before she'd turn her head to look the road he was on. She did *so*.

"'An' hard feedin' to ye!' says I; 'what ails ye at him, then? a fine, affable, Christian boy as ye'll find within a great ways of him, is the same Mick,' says I. 'Set ye up!' says I. Well, well, well, that I should see the day!

"Och, never be lookin' crooked at me now, because I'd even yourself with the likes o' Brigid. Do ye think the sun himself 'll never rise on the day that sees ye oulder? Sure, anybody 'ud think, with the way ye go on, that nothin' in life 'ud suit you but to die an ould maid. Sowl! but that's the quare notion, entirely;—bates all, so it does. How-an'-ever, *I'm* done."

Not that she had done, or nearly done, but there was a moment's pause in the flow of the torrent; and a little old maid who had been listening silently in her place by the fire put out her hand and just touched the young maid on the arm.

"Never heed her, daughter dear," she said, consolingly. "Sure we all know it's betther weather down below nor what it is on deck."

Which put the case in a nutshell; for this old maid came of a seagoing family. "Down below" expressed the position of a girl in her father's house, safe, insignificant, and irresponsible, a mere passenger on the voyage of life. "On deck" expressed, of course, the married woman's lot, facing weather, risk, and responsibility, and helping to navigate the ship. It was a fair enough presentment of a question which will never be settled.

By some such metaphor as this, clear and picturesque, our people are wont to express themselves on any abstract point submitted to them. They seldom use general language; and you cannot answer for their views beforehand, however well you may think to guess them by analogy. There is a man of my acquaintance who is an exceptionally gruff and hard-judging individual. While his wife was lamenting one day over some improvident marriage in the Glen, and prophesying speedy "ruination an' repentance" for the couple, he muttered to his beard in an absent-minded way—

"Lave them alone, the crathurs! Isn't love the light o' life?—an' they've a hard road to thravel, annyway."

That reference to light as the blessing of life was quite characteristic. It would be impossible to find a higher appreciation of the divine symbolism of light than is shown by the poorest Glens folk in their habitual forms of speech. They had once a custom of saying grace for light, as people of more ordinary feeling say grace for their food. I have never heard it done, and I am afraid the habit is now lost from among us. The form of the grace was this. When the mother, or the oldest in the house, lit the first candle for the evening, she said—

"*Dhea grasthias!* [thanks to God!] now we have a light."

To which those who heard her made the due response—

"*Dhea grasthias!* may the Lamb of God lead us all to the Light of Heaven. Amen."

One cannot help regretting that a form of thanksgiving so simple, so beautifully natural, should be used no more. Thanksgivings are so few; requests are so many.

I heard once what I suppose

was a survival from this old grace, but in the form of a blessing. Of two poor creatures who lived alone, one was dying of a slow disease; and the other, who worked all day for the support of both, generally sat up half the night afterwards to nurse the sufferer. A lady who heard of their condition sent them help by a messenger, and, amongst other things, candles for those long night hours which they were accustomed to spend in darkness. The poor woman, as she took the gift, said simply—

"The Lord give them the Light of Heaven that thought to lend us a light below!"

It was unconscious poetry; and often in the blessings of such people you may hear such poetry. It is not a "criticism of life," of course. The inventor of that phrase may justly have defined by it his own and much contemporary poetry, but certainly not ours, which, being all unwritten, very naturally escaped his notice. Far from us is the criticism; ever present is the praise of life. Even in the language of sorrow the praise of life may sound, when the sorrow is a whole-hearted one, without the ignoble touch of repining.

But whence this curious enlightenment of spirit comes, so often in the midst of total darkness of intellect, I suppose even the wisest could hardly say, though the least observant may perceive it.

They seem, these Irish poor, to have, if one may so speak, a natural apprehension of the spiritual side of things,—a conviction of beauty, rather than a sense of it. Born idealists, they keep an outlook on the infinite, as naturally as a seaman scans the horizon. Can you say how an old sailor gets that colour and expression in his eyes which tells that they have been accustomed to looking far across the waters?—a look as easy to recognise as it is hard to describe. Imagine that effect transferred to language. Words may be the same, and only occasionally different from those you would hear on English lips. Yet the language is another language. Its most intimate meanings, its closest relations, are all with the invisible universe. Even the appeal of the natural world lying close around, to which the response comes quick and warm, is not so strong as the appeal of invisible realities. So language takes the impress of the unseen; it grows fine and clear, and when most natural then it is most ideal. But all in pure unconsciousness. There is not a single Glens man or woman, it seems hardly necessary to say, who could consciously use an artistic mode of speech.

I used to think that the speech was a result of the country,—simply the human effect of the beautiful face of the Glens. And this must be true; though speech is too mysterious to be wholly accounted for, when once we get beyond words to the choice of words, and finally to the images of things.

But if I could give, which I fear is impossible, a true impression of the natural aspect of the Glens, it would convey better than anything else a true impression of the speech of the Glens folk.

I was once asked by a sensitive and imaginative Englishwoman whether the face of nature looked at us with the same eyes on one side of the Channel as on the other? I knew very well there was all the difference in the world between the two looks. In England, nature is very fair; and I think the English are lovers of nature,—very often, at least,—in their homely, partial, inarticulate way. I have seen very beautiful

things in England: the rosy cliffs of Devon, the soft woodlands of Somerset with autumn tints upon them, or the pale ground light of primroses in spring; wild vales in Northumberland, each with a swift, black stream foaming against the scaurs; wilder moorlands, where clouds and the shadows of clouds are blown across the empty sky spaces, and drifted along the ground; sunsets lying soft on the folds of the lovely Cheviot hills; moonlight upon the still river reaches. Many a fair sight, many a stately or reposeful scene, lies through the length and breadth of England. Peace, fair peace, dignity, an age-long rest, and strong, immutable order have grown up everywhere. This is what English people love and take comfort in; this is what they understand. It "suits them"—to use their own favourite expression of all that is most desirable in life or landscape.

But think of Ireland.

Where is the peace, the long rest, the order? We have them not. I think they were never seen here. Only the sunshine is sweeter to us in our own land; rain falls more softly in the green glens. Between tears and smiles, there is a beauty more appealing for the trouble in the air. On the brightest day that brooding pathos is never absent. It is in the last ray of sunlight shot like a long arrow through a cleft in the blue western ridge; it is in the low sob of the summer sea on a night shore; it is breathing alive in the scents of the morning. We have not order in our world, but a lovely unrest. It is not peace at evening, but the trance of emotion stilled. We have an enchanted world to live in. The spells have never been taken off from Ireland; our days have mystery, our nights have magic. If the Tuatha Dedannan were still alive in their last shadowy retreats among the hills, with power to send a mist of darkness abroad upon the land and to spread a veil across the sun, they would hardly add another wonder to this mysterious earth and sky.

We are Inisfail, the fated island, the home of spirits. They have never left us, as the fairies left their England. They wander still in all our pleasant places, which are their own: along the sounding shore, where waves in the sunlight fall on the glistening sand; in the dim sea-caves, where the green water heaves against the rock and sinks again, murmuring deeply; up the soft glens, that wind away westward from the sea, where the dawn comes slowly and the sun sets soon; where the little birch-trees are full of secret whispers, and in autumn the waterfalls come down in tawny gold, and all the roan-trees up the Glens are given scarlet crowns. Every place is haunted,—one so sadly, one so gladly.

High over the hills, in long sweeps across the heather, the wind goes by with a soft rush like song. The purple heather flower has faded away; the grey and green mosses are soaked and flat; tiny moths come out to flit through the dusk, like the thinnest of ghosts. The snipe is a giant to them, as he rises on his long wings from a bed of rushes, and strikes away on his swift, crooked flight. There is not light enough to see the white under-side of his wings. But suddenly—a lake is gleaming. Here it lies in a fold of the hills, like a dark jewel in the hollow of a hand. The glimmering lake has black still waters; they never listen to the wind that is stirring all the heather, that is rustling in the reeds, and blowing such infant

ripples across the face of Loughareema. The black still waters are asleep below, and all the sky is waiting for its stars.

In the dark, in the daylight, it makes no difference. The life that is not our life, and is not nature's, breathes through every scene on which our eyes may open in Ireland.

The Glens are strangely haunted, but it is in no dark or cruel sense, for, indeed—

> "The sunshine in the happy glens is fair;"

and dark or bright, rain or shine, the sweetness and the mystery are on them. When the rain-storms sweep the hillside, and the sea-storms desolate the shore, their swift loud wildness is not deeper, not stranger, than the heart of the Glen on a midsummer noon, with the silence unbroken by a bird.

Darkness has somehow come to be the home of wonder, but the daylight sights are more mysterious. What strange sunrises you may watch over the sea, in late autumn weather!—the red dawn mounting from the horizon, the cold grey sea heaving against the sky, the light clouds taking wing to fly, and faint and fade in a wind of the morning: not a sail on the sea, not a sound in the bay, till round the headland the sea-gulls sweep by, piping their short weird cries, flashing the light from their wet white wings,—and the sun has risen. He climbs the sky, he lights the world, he sinks down brightly, slowly to his cloudy bed, and all the time it is fairy weather that we keep. Not the work-o'-day morning, the broad noon, the weary evening of other climes; but an airy, nimble, soft-shining, showery Irish day. You cannot well say when it ends. The sun has gone down, but still the west is green as an opal, while the east is grey. The lines of the hills alone are steady, amidst all that trembling of light,—the pure, dark hills, reared against the pure, bright sky. And the darling young moon is floating above them! Like a clear, golden boat, she hangs for a breathing-while between the ridge of Trostan and the dark-blue peak of Tievebuliagh; then she sinks away,—away, and under the world. The fairy day is over, the fairy night has begun.

And now—to return to the last remark but one—does it seem unnatural that all this beautiful enclosing mystery should have its effect upon the people who are born and living in it? that it should touch their minds and mould their language?

I know that the effect of beautiful nature is not always this. In the glorious mountain valleys of Cadore, for instance, the people who live in sight of the Dolomite snows, below their shadowy pine-woods, among the pastures and the clear alpine streams, yet speak a language that is flat, tame, and *common* to a degree. It is their own language, removed far indeed from Italian, as any one who has taken the pains to acquire it can testify; but devoid of interest, grace, or force. Its only wealth is in the matter of oaths. Plainly, the nobility of nature alone is not sufficient for the ennobling of a language.

Yet I have not, I think, exaggerated the effect of the Glens themselves on the Glens people; for there is, I believe, something in their spiritual beauty which appeals to the spiritual instinct of these Irish hearts. That instinct is a beautiful and mysterious thing, impossible to define but impossible to doubt. We all, I suppose, re-

cognise that instinctive motions are properly insusceptible of praise or blame. However they may ultimately and indirectly affect character, they belong not to the sphere of character but of temperament. Teachers on the School Board have frequently declared that they found in young Irish children an openness to impressions, and a readiness in apprehension of the spiritual side of things, before which the minds of English children sank down hopeless, dark, and blank as a new-washed slate. These differences may not be accounted for, even by the School Board, but they exist.

In close connection with this, which I can only call the spiritual instinct, is the susceptibility to beauty in the world,—the quick response to natural as to supernatural appeals; and yet one other quality which is no less characteristic of our people, a gentle, half-humorous contentment with poverty.

"Och, if it is a sin to be poor, God help the world!" is a common remark among them. It contains the sum of their philosophy on this subject, and is not indeed an unnatural conclusion for people to have reached in a country which Providence, in her highly unequal distribution of wealth, seems to have overlooked altogether. We do not suffer from our poverty, therefore, as people must do who feel in all poverty a suspicion of disgrace. Hunger is bad, certainly; the want of clothes may be aggravated to inconvenience; but neither of these ills would draw from a true Glensman his expression of unmitigated evil—

"*Wurra*, but that was the bitter day all out!"

For poverty—that is to say, an utter want of resources, the condition of living on the very edge of possibility—seems to him only the natural state of things,—at least, while he is at home. (In America he would readily allow that it might be different. For in San Francisco, as is well known, gold nuggets lie about the streets in beautiful profusion, and of a glaring yellow. "Ye pick them up as asy as pickin' potatoes, now." In the glens of Antrim a great deal of information may be had about America.) I do not care to decide whether this contentment with poverty be most admirable or most deplorable. On one side it shows in the shadow of very sad consequences; on the other side it shows in the light of an origin all but divine.

I have already connected it with the spiritual instinct, and the susceptibility to ideal beauty; and I think no one will doubt that these qualities, and an extreme desire or carefulness for earthly possessions, are mutually exclusive inmates of the soul. It is simply impossible that the highest imagination can move or breathe in the same atmosphere with that "covetousness which is idolatry." An Irishman grown covetous is more cursed than a man of another nation, because he is sinning against his own nature; he has become a distortion. You cannot form a conception of him that will be either humorous or tolerable. That highly acquisitive Yankee, Jim Pinkerton, may remark—

"You can't get it out of my head that it's a man's duty to die rich!"—

and be only the more endeared to us for it. But he is a Yankee, and is speaking after his kind. To the true Irishman, on the contrary, poverty has a kind of sacredness. The blessing of the poor seems to him only next in power to the blessing of God.

"Sure, an' he must have had some poor body's blessing on him,"
is a frequent way of accounting for any man's striking escape from death or calamity. And conversely—

"I doubt there was some poor body's curse on him,"
is held sufficient to explain the most startling misfortune.

In the Glens, a direct complaint of poverty, or even of illness and misery, is thought to be a little impious—as though it were an arraignment of that Providence which has plainly decreed poverty to be the general lot, thereby implying that poverty is a blessing.

If you should hear an old Glensman, who had lost one eye, exhausted all his money, and broken his hip, who had no prospect before him except that of pain and utter destitution, cut himself short in the middle of his very natural appeal for sympathy with a—

"Bad scran to me tongue, an' what am I sayin'? Sure, it's all for luck, anyway; well I know it!"—
you might gain a new idea of the kind of sacredness belonging to such poverty, the perfect faith of that "all for luck."

The spiritual instinct, the susceptibility to beauty, the contentment with poverty,—these are the things to which, most of all, I think, our people owe that distinction of character which gives its distinction to their speech, making it free, pathetic, light, humorous, or persuasive at their will. I have not been able to reflect the likeness of their speech as I intended, any more than I can reflect the very rain and sunshine of the Glens themselves.

Some things cannot be taken out of their natural setting and examined. Having realised this a little too late, I ask but credit for a good intention,—indulgence for an honest mistake.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

RECENT FRENCH NOVELS.

An unkind critic lately said of Paul Bourget that he was now ripe for the Academy, having reached that stage of literary distinction chiefly marked by incapacity to produce anything new — a sweeping judgment which we cannot wholly indorse, even while recognising the existence of that tiny germ of truth with which most such gross exaggerations are seasoned. Certainly the author of that vigorous, albeit highly unpleasant, creation 'Le Disciple' has given us nothing either before or since which can compete with that deep and powerful study, and no doubt many of his other subsequent works are but ingenious variations on the theme of his most popular work 'Mensonges'; but even granting all this, it is indisputable that Monsieur Bourget's warmed-up and secondhand dishes are infinitely more palatable than are the freshly served roasts and joints of many of his less robust *confrères*. The reputation of achieved sterility would seem, moreover, to be singularly inappropriate just at the present juncture, when within a very few months of each other Monsieur Bourget has let loose upon the world two such decidedly remarkable productions as 'La Terre Promise' and 'Cosmopolis,' each of which treats of a totally distinct psychological problem.

Of the two above-mentioned works, 'Cosmopolis' is decidedly the one which best lends itself to critical analysis, for 'La Terre Promise,' which opens out the exceedingly difficult and complex problem of a man's duties towards his illegitimate and long-ignored offspring, cannot well be discussed within the conventional limits of a review; and although containing some extremely subtle mental analysis, and a yet more cruelly pathetic concluding *tableau* than the former, there is too little action throughout the story to afford a very satisfactory grasp for the reviewer's hand. 'La Terre Promise' is rather a study than a story, and is richer in meditation than in movement, in analysis than in action; whereas 'Cosmopolis,' which seems to denote a totally fresh literary departure on Monsieur Bourget's part, will at first strike the reader as a novel of incident and dialogue *pur et simple*.

The underlying idea of 'Cosmopolis,' which name is used to represent a little knot of strangers of divers nationalities whom chance has formed into an intimate circle at Rome, is perhaps most clearly defined by Boileau's line—

> "Chassez le naturel, il revient au gallop."

In other words, we are here shown how, under the surface-varnish of civilisation which drapes all members of the educated classes alike with a uniform clothing, racial instincts are yet powerfully alive in each individual, lulled only to temporary slumber by the atmosphere of conventionality, to be roused abruptly with a start whenever the stimulus of interest or passion tears away the mask and domino of the polite world.

As centre figure of the group of cosmopolitans which Monsieur Bourget has here described for our benefit, and as the representative of Italy (who, by the way, has small reason to feel flattered by

the portrait), we find a certain Countess Steno, one of those perilously fascinating women of seemingly indestructible beauty, who, though close upon forty, and the mother of a grown-up daughter, is characterised by that sort of instinctive, or one might almost call it ingenuous, immorality, which we are accustomed to connect with the court of Louis XV. or with the pages of the 'Decameron.'

The fair Countess Steno, who for the last twenty years has been used to change her lovers as easily and painlessly as she does her pale Swedish gloves, has just recently taken advantage of the Polish Count Gorka's absence in order to give him a successor in the person of an American painter named Maitland, who, endowed with all the practical qualities and robust self-assertion of his race, forms an effective contrast to the nervous excitable Pole who has been discarded for his sake. The lover of yesterday and that of to-day are both married men. Maitland's wife Lydia is a Creole, with a slight taint of negro blood in her veins, and with all the crafty treacherous instincts of her race; while Maud, Countess Gorka, is an Englishwoman, brave, loyal, and unsuspicious of evil.

In this motley assemblage we furthermore make acquaintance with Alba Steno, daughter of the Countess and of an unacknowledged Russian father; of Baron Hafner, the rich Jewish speculator, and of his daughter Fanny; of the antiquarian bookseller Ribalta, an ancient revolutionary, who spends the last years of a singularly stormy career in a rather one-sided trade, which chiefly consists in selling for a mere song precious antiquarian volumes to those he deems worthy of such distinction, and of refusing the same books to unworthy customers, even when they are ready to pay down their fourfold price. As a further representative of Italy we have Prince Ardea, the ruined and degenerate descendant of an illustrious line, who, with a sort of *fin de siècle* coxcombry (if we may be permitted to coin a phrase), makes light of his downfall, and flaunts it ostentatiously in the eyes of society. Florent Chapron, the brother of Lydia Maitland, shows us the influence of negro blood under another and more pleasing aspect, by the blind unswerving devotion which attaches him to his brother-in-law, in return for some trifling kindnesses received in childhood at the latter's hand; and as representative of France we find Dorsenne, a distinguished young author and journalist, who, ever on the lookout for fresh material for his novels, stands aloof, an almost passive spectator but shrewd observer of the international drama which is being enacted before his eyes.

When we said just now that in this work Monsieur Bourget had apparently somewhat departed from his usual method, the remark was no random one. Seemingly, indeed, the author has for once exercised the unusual self-control of forbearing from letting his own voice be heard in those painfully minute physiological dissertations which are his special hobby. For once it would seem as though Monsieur Bourget had been content to efface his own personality, and to leave the figures of his creation to explain themselves by word or action.

Any attentive reader will, however, soon discover the fallacy of this supposition after a very short perusal of the story, and, looking more closely at the young French

journalist, cannot fail to discover the name of Dorsenne to be but a shallow artifice, screened behind which the author carries on his old practice of human vivisection. It is Dorsenne who acts as showman and interpreter to the rest of these international puppets, explaining their characters and analysing their motives in the identically profound scientific manner which is so familiar to us in the author of 'Mensonges.'

His practised eye, having of course long since penetrated the secret of Countess Steno's relations with Maitland, Dorsenne is experiencing a sort of epicurean enjoyment in watching the unrolling of the comedy of errors evolved from the combination of circumstances. The drama, however, threatens to become too highly seasoned when Count Gorka, summoned back from Warsaw by the receipt of anonymous letters informing him that his fickle goddess has meanwhile transferred her extremely elastic heart to the American painter, unexpectedly reappears in Rome, and, bursting into the Frenchman's apartment in a state bordering on frenzy, summons Dorsenne as his best friend to tell him the truth.

"'Let me look at you,' cries the excited Pole, 'in order to convince myself that I have a friend beside me, some one in whom I can believe, on whom to lean. If this solitude had lasted longer, I swear to you that I would have gone mad.'

"Though Madame Steno's lover belonged to that race of nervous excitable beings who invariably exaggerate the expression even of their sincerest feelings by an unconscious intoxication of word and gesture, his face bore traces of too profound emotion not to be striking. Julien, who had seen him start three months previously, radiantly handsome, was startled to find him thus changed after this brief absence. It was still the same Boleslas Gorka, so renowned for his beauty, that admirable human animal, at once strong and refined, produced by generations of nobility. The Counts of Gorka belong to that ancient house of Lodzia to which are allied so many illustrious Polish families, — such as the Opalenice-Opalenski, the Bnin-Bninski, the Ponin-Poninski, and many others. Only now his cheeks had grown hollow beneath the long beard with tawny reflections, an immense weariness could be read in the heavy eyelids, which seemed macerated by sleepless watches; in the drawn lines of the hollow face; in the pinched nostrils; and in the complexion whose noble pallor was darkened to an ashen tint. And yet the native elegance of his physiognomy and frame bestowed grace on this very lassitude. Boleslas, in the vigorous and elastic maturity of his thirty-four years, realised one of those types of such perfect virile beauty as triumphantly to resist the hardest trials. Excessive emotion, like the effects of dissipation, seems only to adorn such men with a fresh seduction; and verily, midst the purely intellectual decoration of this literary chamber, among this assemblage of books, photographs, engravings, pictures, and casts, this apparition of a countenance convulsed by the bitter sufferings of passion produced a poetical impression to which Dorsenne could not remain wholly insensible. The atmosphere, impregnated with the fumes of Russian tobacco, and the bluish vapour floating in the room, sufficed to betray in what manner the deceived lover had drowned his impatience: in the centre of the writing-table an antique vase, of which Julien was particularly proud, adorned with a *bacchanale* executed in red upon a black ground, showed the remains of some thirty cigarettes, which, scarcely lighted, had been cast aside. The cardboard edges had been chewed with a nervous action which was reflected in the young man's whole person, while in a gloomy voice, which terrified his auditor, he repeated 'Yes, I should have gone mad.'"

Dorsenne does his best to calm the frenzied lover, who, however, soon learns his fate from the fair false lips of Countess Steno herself. Resolving to kill his rival in a duel, Gorka forces his way into the painter's house; but is met there instead by Florent Chapron, the young Creole brother-in-law, who, out of devotion for Maitland, contrives to take the quarrel upon himself. Meanwhile Lydia Maitland—for she it is who, to revenge herself upon a husband whom she had always hated, has written the anonymous letters—alarmed at the effect of her machinations, and trembling for the life of her beloved brother, rushes off to Gorka in hopes of averting the duel; but not finding him, reveals the truth to Maud, his wife.

The news of her husband's infidelity is at first received with blank incredulity by the noble Englishwoman; and when at last conviction is forced upon her by irrefutable proofs, she recoils in horror from the base ignoble creature who has opened her eyes, by stooping to wiles and subterfuges which are all but incomprehensible to her loyal nature. Under the impression of the first shock of outraged feeling, Maud announces to Gorka her intention of returning to England along with her son, and insisting on a complete separation; and she lets him depart to the combat, from which he may perhaps never return, without a single word of forgiveness or of farewell. But Boleslas is brought back home with a broken arm, and Maud, whose resolution has been modified by twenty-four hours of reflection, resolves for the sake of their child to hold out the hand of reconciliation to her erring husband, at the same time clearly defining the conditions on which this forgiveness is to be based, with an admirable mixture of dignity and robust British common-sense. The scene between husband and wife, in which Gorka, confined to bed by his wound, receives Maud's verdict, is by far the best in the book, and we regret that space will only permit us to quote the concluding phrases of it, where Boleslas, after having listened in silence to his wife's carefully prepared discourse, ventures to inquire what are the conditions she has alluded to, as price of the forgiveness she offers:—

"'But human nature is human nature,' finishes up Maud, 'and I can only have this strength upon one condition. . . .'

"'Which?' said Boleslas. Maud's discourse—for it was a well-reflected speech, of which each word had been carefully weighed by that scrupulous conscience—contrasted too strongly by its reasonable lucidity with the state of nervous exaltation in which he had been living these past days. Her words had stung him more deeply than could have done the most passionate reproaches. Some of her phrases—the one, for instance, in which she had spoken of his own vitiated character—had touched him, as we are touched by those truths which, unacknowledged to ourselves, strike us home at the tenderest spot of our self-love. At the same time, he had been moved by the allusion to his son's affection, and he felt that if he did not at this moment effect a reconciliation with Maud, there was an end of his family life. There was something of all this in the few words added to his interrogation, 'Yes, which? Although you have spoken to me very harshly, and might have said the same things in other terms—although, above all, I feel it bitterly that you should condemn my whole character on account of one single error—I love you, I love my son, and am ready in advance to subscribe your conditions. I have too much esteem for your character to doubt that they will be reconcilable with my dignity. As to this morning's duel,' he added, 'you know well enough that it was

too late to draw back without dishonour.'

"'I wish first to have your promise,' said Madame Gorka, overlooking the last words, 'that during the whole time you are confined to your room, your door, like mine, shall be closed to all outsiders. . . . I will not suffer that creature in my house, nor yet any one who speaks of her to myself or to you.'

"'I promise it,' said the young man, his soul overflooded by a sensation of warmth at this first proof that the sweetheart's jealousy yet lived so strongly beneath the wife's resentment; and it was with a smile that he added, 'This will not be a very great sacrifice, . . . and next?'

"'Next? As soon as the doctor permits, we shall start for my country. We shall leave orders here for the establishment to be broken up during our absence. We shall settle down next winter wherever you please, but never more in this house, never more in this city.'

"'That is also promised,' said Boleslas, 'and this likewise will be no sacrifice—and next?'

"'Next?' she said, in a low voice, as though she were ashamed of herself. 'You will never write to her, you will never seek to find out what has become of her.'

"'I give you my word,' said Boleslas, taking hold of her hand by force. 'And next?'

"'There is no more "next,"' she replied, withdrawing her hand, though softly; and at once beginning to put into practice her promise of forgiveness, she rearranged a pillow which had got out of place under the wounded man's head, while he rejoined—

"'Yes, my noble Maud. There is still a "next" to come. There still remains to be proved that I spoke the truth yesterday in assuring you that I love you in spite of my faults. It is the mother who comes back to me to-day; but I wish to regain my wife—my dear wife—and I shall win her back.'

"She did not answer. On hearing him pronounce these words with a radiant countenance, she was conscious of an emotion which was never more to leave her. Under the blow of her great sorrow she had acquired a too profound intuition of her husband's nature; and this Slav flexibility of character, which used all at once to charm and disquiet her, would henceforth cause her but horror. This man with the elastic and easy-going conscience had already forgiven himself. It had for him sufficed to conceive the project of long years of expiation in order to identify himself with the performer of this grave duty, and to esteem himself by anticipation, as though in reality he had already accomplished this difficult task."

After the energetic Englishwoman has done the only sensible thing which was possible under the circumstances, and has carried off her feeble spouse out of temptation's reach, the other personages are left to act out the drama to its bitter end. Dorsenne, while pursuing his studies of human nature, has meanwhile become dangerously attracted by the fair and delicate Alba Steno, upon whose virginal mind the painful conviction of her mother's guilt has been slowly dawning for some time past. Although confused and bewildered by much that she has seen and heard, Alba has not yet wholly brought herself to realise the truth till Lydia Maitland, apparently not content with the mischief she has already worked, has the fiendish cruelty to open the girl's eyes in conclusive fashion. Poor Alba, feeling as though she had lost all faith in humanity, in a last despairing effort to regain a hold upon life, confesses her love to Dorsenne, in whom alone she sees a possibility of salvation for herself. But Dorsenne, though her sincere friend, does not love her—at least so he believes—and, with a mixture of selfishness and delicacy, recoils from obligations

which he deems himself unworthy to fulfil: he has the courage, or the cruelty, to tell her the truth, the result of which verdict being that Alba resolves to die, and quit a world which only fills her with disgust. In order, however, to avoid distressing her friends by the appearance of suicide, she goes alone to row on a lake near Rome, celebrated for its dangerous malaria, and there, when heated by the exercise, lies down at the bottom of the boat, exposing her bared chest and neck to the treacherous caress of the poisonous effluvia. Her sinister wish is realised, and six days later she dies of Roman fever; while Dorsenne, who has meanwhile discovered his own heart, arrives too late to save her from the effects of his worldly prudence.

Countess Steno and Maitland, the real murderers of this innocent child, are the least affected by the catastrophe; but we are inclined to accuse Monsieur Bourget of exaggeration when in the last scene, beside Alba's corpse, he shows us Countess Steno, calm, unruffled, and almost smiling, as she superintends her lover, who is taking a plaster-of-Paris impression of the dead girl's face. "Take care not to break her beautiful eyelashes!" exclaims this unnatural and incomprehensible mother, as she pursues her monstrous flirtation across her daughter's body.

Many other figures in the story are touched off with the admirable dexterity of a master-hand; none better than the Jewish swindler Baron Hafner, who skilfully accelerates Prince Ardea's downfall, in order the more easily to capture him as a son-in-law, and thus transform his daughter Fanny into a Roman princess. When Baron Hafner has at length obtained his heart's desire, and sees Fanny betrothed (much against her own will) to this degenerate scion of an ancient line, there is a suggestion of irresistible humour in the manner in which he is described as having already, with true Jewish impudence, identified himself with these illustrious connections.

"'He imitates himself almost too much,' says Dorsenne to Alba laughingly, one evening towards the end of the month. 'I met him this morning in the Corso, and had my third edition of the Papal Vaudevillist's bad joke about the pears and chestnuts! And then, while we were walking a few steps together, he had a sublime exclamation in pointing out to me the Palais Bonaparte. "We have also got those (in our family tree)" — which, in plain language, signifies that a grand-nephew of the Emperor married a second or third cousin of Peppino. I'll wager that he honestly believes himself to be related to Napoleon, and that he is not even particularly proud of the alliance. The Bonapartes are but small gentry when we talk of nobility! I only await the moment when he will begin to blush at the relationship.'

"'And I the moment when he will be punished as he deserves,' returned Alba Steno in a gloomy voice."

But this wish remains unfulfilled, and we leave Baron Hafner, as indeed all the other miscreants of the story, happy and prosperous, while the pure and virtuous alone have paid the forfeit of their crimes. This somewhat defective poetical justice is the chief fault we have to find with what otherwise might be termed an admirable creation; for even without blindly endorsing the truth of Goethe's optimistic diction that—

"Alle Schüld rächt sich auf Erden,"

—which, translated into English, signifies that every fault will be punished on earth as it deserves, —neither can we believe the triumph of vice to be such an

absolutely foregone conclusion as Monsieur Bourget here assumes. Nemesis still lives on, even in our degenerate age, and surely the novelist has no right to handle his figures more harshly than fate is wont to treat those living models from whom he has drawn his inspiration?

This question of crime and punishment, which has ever been a favourite theme in fiction, has seldom been treated with such delicate power as in Edouard Rod's recent study, entitled 'La Sacrifiée.'[1] This story is one of those intensely simple narratives, unadorned alike by word-painting or by sensational incidents, which in reality are but the perfection of an art too consummate to find many imitators. Utterly disdainful of the literary tricks and subterfuge employed by so many authors as a means of arresting the reader's attention; callous of dramatic effect, and even singularly reticent in his use of description and dialogue, Monsieur Rod has here given us the study of a single human soul, or rather the analysis of one isolated phase of physiological suffering, so intensely vivid, so absolutely veracious, as to be far more absorbing than the perusal of the most thrilling adventures, adorned by all the charms of racy dialogue and brilliant description.

It is Doctor Pierre Morgex, deceased at the age of forty-six from the effects of influenza, who tells his own story in a manuscript discovered after his death. For the last ten years of his life Doctor Morgex had inhabited an obscure corner of Paris, where he was known and esteemed as an indefatigable and self-sacrificing physician, especially among the poor, whose money he invariably refused, often, indeed, paying out of his own pocket for the remedies he prescribed. Of his private circumstances little was known during his lifetime. Living in the most complete seclusion, he never accepted an invitation nor entered a theatre. He had neither relations nor intimate friends, and women seemed to have found as little place in his life as worldly pleasures, politics, or art. And yet Dr Morgex had had his love-romance, a romance sadder and more bitter than often falls to the lot of man, and this ghost of the past it was that lived with him night and day during the last ten lonely years of his life,—ever present by his side at home and abroad, never spoken of but never forgotton.

Pierre Morgex and Marcel Andouin had been intimate friends since boyhood, and when at the age of thirty-seven Andouin took to himself a wife, this marriage caused no alteration in their relations, for it was an understood thing that Morgex was to act as family physician to the young couple. Before long Morgex makes the discovery that his friend's wife is not happy, for Andouin, a coarse, selfish, sensual nature, is utterly incapable of comprehending the frail and delicately organised Clotilde. He soon begins to neglect his young wife in order to resume the gross pleasures of his bachelorhood, and Morgex, left often *tête-à-tête* with the neglected wife, insensibly becomes the recipient of her secret troubles. Almost before he is himself aware of it, Morgex is in love with his friend's wife, and knows that he has gained her heart in return.

The key-note of the painful drama evolved from this situation,

[1] La Sacrifiée. Par Edouard Rod. Librairie Académique: Diches, Perrin, et Cie., Paris.

is indicated at an early stage of the narrative during a luncheon-party at Andouin's house, where Viry, a civil magistrate, Des Plans, grandfather to Clotilde, and a certain Abbé Borrant are assembled. Morgex, who had been delegated to examine into the mental condition of a notorious criminal, who for no apparent motive had murdered three innocent children, arrives late to the luncheon-party and explains the reason of his unpunctuality, whereupon he is instantly assailed by a volley of questions relating to the said murderer. Having expressed his opinion that the crime had been committed in a fit of irresponsible insanity, Dr Morgex's verdict is received with general disapprobation.

"'I have not studied the case, I cannot speak of it,' says Monsieur Viry, the judge of public instruction. 'But, after all, should the absence of all motive be a sufficient reason to absolve a murderer? Is not the wretch who springs like a wild beast on his fellow-creature the guiltiest and most dangerous of criminals, since he does evil from love of the evil itself, without even the doubtful excuse of hoping to benefit by it?'

"The guests made approving gestures, and the Abbé Borrant added—

"'For my part, I can only see a mysterious return to primeval savageness in this thirst for blood which puts the hatchet into the hands of a Troppmann or Porlezza. Such acts but serve to attest the original stain. And I am of opinion that no penalty is too severe for those monsters in human form who thus dishonour humanity.'

"I confess that I felt irritated by these two answers. I am not a man of the world; I have always ignored the art of lightly skimming the surface of a grave subject in a tone of bantering conversation; I do not know how to talk, I can only argue, and in the state of mind in which I found myself, I was necessarily stimulated by contradiction. I therefore answered with my whole energy, expounding the theme of discussion—

"'You both start from the point of view that man born wicked is yet responsible for his wickedness, and that the wicked should be exterminated from society like mischievous weeds in a garden. Very well: this idea is justified from the point of view of narrow-minded conservatism, whose only aim is by all possible means to preserve society upright on its old rotten foundations; but reason and justice alike unite in repulsing this view. Wickedness is a disease: we must consider it as such, and seek to heal it. You know that not many years ago lunatics were treated as criminals; the time will come when criminals will be treated as lunatics. We shall have for them the same compassion. It will be understood that nearly always the crime is but the result of disorder in the brain. We should no longer see a whole population clamouring for the head of an unfortunate like this Porlezza, with a lack of intelligence closely allied to ferocity.'

"My harangue, pronounced with more vivacity than is customary at a dinner-table conversation, excited general disapproval. . . . Clotilde alone was listening to me with a visible effort of attention and comprehension; there was in her eyes, as it were, a spark of sympathy; and feeling on the one hand that the rest of the party had already prejudged me, while on the other I was experiencing a real want of gaining some one over to my cause, I had the sensation as though I were speaking for her alone; . . . but already the Abbé Borrant, who is also proud of controversy, attacked me by saying—

"'These are the pernicious doctrines produced by the materialism of the present day, and which are corrupting us. You call that *déterminisme*, I believe. You ignore to what a dangerous precipice this negation of our liberty is pushing us. You speak of science, sir, but what can one think of a science that keeps no account of the primary realities, those of the conscience, and who sacrifice these to the brutality of some physiological facts? I am of opinion that one can be a thoroughly honest man

—and you yourself are the proof of this—while professing the theories which you have just been expounding. But they are pernicious in themselves; they are irreconcilable with any lofty ideal of human destiny.'"

It is on the back of this luncheon-party that Morgex has with Andouin a conversation destined to bear fatal fruits. Andouin, who is of apoplectic constitution, is warned by his friend to be more temperate in eating and drinking for fear of a stroke. A short life and a merry one is, however, the pleasure-loving barrister's motto. He will not deprive himself of a single indulgence in order to lengthen his life, as he tells Dr Morgex. It is not death he fears, but only the prolonged agony of dying; and he reminds his friend of an old half-joking promise extorted long ago, that in case he, Andouin, should, like his grandfather, be transformed by paralysis into a senseless cripple, Morgex will give him the *coup de grâce* by painlessly accelerating his end. Regarding the question from a purely realistic point of view, Morgex gives his word; but when the contingency occurs, and Andouin is in truth felled down by a stroke of apoplexy which irrevocably deprives him of speech and motion, he finds himself unable to keep his promise. Has he got the right to do so, he asks himself, now that he is conscious of having a direct interest in Andouin's decease? Did he not love Clotilde he would not have hesitated to employ these means; but this love it is which now obscures his reason and fetters his liberty of action.

"In the audacious pride of intellectual liberty which I loved to assert, as a freethinking doctor who sees in death but a material fact whose only horror consists in the pain by which it may be accompanied, I had often praised the benefits of anæsthetics. It was well known that I employed them without scruple on other patients, in cases which were perhaps less painful and less desperate. Also morphia was incessantly mentioned before me, as though to suggest to me its employment. I seemed to ignore it; I scarcely answered the questions which were put to me on its nature and effects."

Everything seems to conspire in order to goad on Morgex to the crime he has so long resisted. The sight of Clotilde visibly fading away before his eyes, in consequence of the exhausting fatigues of nursing her helpless husband; the patient's evident sufferings, and the incessant clamour for morphia by all around him, at last determine the doctor to make use of this means of alleviation. At first the result seems to justify these means, for Andouin is visibly relieved, and no longer distresses the family by the inarticulate complaints which had been so inexpressibly painful. But after a while these moderate doses of morphia no longer suffice, and they have to be increased, till, warned by certain symptoms of the danger of poisoning, Morgex abruptly interrupted the injections. The doomed man's sufferings now become more terrible than ever to witness, and when once more besieged by the whole family, by Clotilde herself, to do something—anything—in order to put an end to this state of agony, the doctor gives way.

"As Madame Lanson returned to the charge, I took up the syringe, and it was no longer the usual dose that I administered. I did not measure it. I acted in a sort of vertigo.

"'Ah! you want poison! Very well, here it is. Die!'

"And he went to sleep gently, with a peaceful countenance and a calm expression."

After Andouin's death a new phase of mental suffering begins

for Morgex. In his former self-delusion he had believed that he would have the strength of mind to renounce Clotilde, in order to justify to himself the disinterestedness of his action; but now that she is actually a widow and within his reach, this sacrifice appears more difficult. The secret of their mutual affection has long since been guessed by their friends and relations, and their union, now that Clotilde is free, is regarded by all as a foregone conclusion. Moreover, Clotilde has been left in straitened circumstances by her husband's death, a state of matters which makes the doctor's hesitation appear all the more ungracious and mercenary. Nevertheless he makes one more effort to escape the sweet net he sees closing in around him. He starts off abruptly on a lengthened journey to Italy, and—once arrived there—he writes the letter that is to clench the matter.

They are married, and for the first few months—or perhaps it is only weeks—Morgex is deliriously happy. In the delight of seeing Clotilde reawaken to renewed health and spirits, he almost loses sight of the agonising prelude to his happiness. But little by little, raked up by accidental circumstances, the old tormenting doubts begin to assail him with tenfold violence; and Clotilde having guessed that her husband has a secret which he cannot share with her, also loses the sense of complete felicity she had at first enjoyed.

"The moment, however, arrived when, at the end of my forces, feeling that I was in danger of becoming a prey to insanity, I resolved to make a supreme effort to shake myself free of my *idée fixe*. Alone I was powerless to combat it. Another would, perhaps, find a solution, and I thought of Jacques Viry. . . .

"Why not after all accept him as judge? He was an equitable man, accustomed to search the folds of guilty consciences, irreproachable in his own life—so far at least as it was possible to judge—whose natural severity of character had been but further intensified by his profession; who would probably take no account of the exceptional complications of my case, in which it pleased me to believe; who required from the law a simple fixed rule, a rule of iron, which did not soften or bend according to individual situations or caprice. If there were a solution to the problem of my conscience, such a man must surely find it: his verdict, whatever it might be, should be conclusive."

But his interview with the magistrate fails to restore to Morgex his peace of soul, for after having listened to his story, Viry pronounces himself in complex fashion as to the intrinsic guilt of the act committed. As a man he is ready to exonerate his friend from all criminal motive; but when pressed hard by Morgex to say whether he would have been equally ready to pronounce him guiltless if, instead of being revealed to him by a friend, these facts had come under his notice professionally when acting in his official capacity—

"'Would you then also sign his acquittal?'

"Viry hesitated for a moment, hard pressed by the precision of this question.

"'I should then not have the right to do so,' he returned.

"And as I made a hopeless gesture, he added—

"'Wait a moment. As magistrate or *juge d'instruction*, I am only bound to take account of the material facts of the case; my duty is to establish, not to appreciate these. As magistrate, therefore, I should be obliged to commit you for trial; but as a man, as a juryman, I swear that I should acquit you.'

"'Ah!' I exclaimed, 'if only I could be sure of it, and if I were able to acquit myself! But no; it is be-

cause you know me that you argue in this fashion. Just as, alas! it is because I had an interest in Andouin's death that I have killed him!'

. . . . . .

"Viry said no more—and I added—

"'Your *distinguo*, however, enlightens me. As magistrate, you have a clearly defined duty, simple, imperative, easy to follow — a duty which in one sense represents for you an external will, to which you submit without hesitation or scruple. . . . As soon as you withdraw from this, your conscience wavers, as mine has wavered. Alas! you have spoken to me as a friend, but you are powerless to reassure me!'"

After a renewed period of anguish, Morgex at last resolves to lay the case before a priest. Though brought up as a Protestant, he has long since discarded all religious belief; but now, in his tortured and half-demented condition, he feels irresistibly drawn to confide his secret to the Abbé Borrant, who, being an old friend of the Andouin family, is in a position to appreciate the circumstances of the case.

With the same painful precision as towards the magistrate, Morgex relates the history of his crime to the Abbé, who, however, receives the confession in very different fashion, and with the following words:—

"'My brother, you are a great culprit.'

"I expected these words, convinced that they would fall from his lips, sure that no other words but these would come. I expected them, as the terrified criminal beneath the pressure of overwhelming evidence, who reads his sentence in the eyes of his judges, who, however, until their lips have pronounced it, still hopes against hope. And yet, when these awful words had fallen upon me, instead of plunging me into still more profound despair, they seemed a relief. At last it was finished! I now knew what I wanted to know. I had found a voice in unison with the secret voice of my conscience; certitude had succeeded to the anguish of my demented reason, and having nothing more to hope, I had consequently nothing more to fear. I still feared, however, and I could but murmur—

"'Ah, speak to me! tell me what you think of it.'

"The Abbé Borrant was, however, reflecting. I had the courage to look at him. His eyes were not fixed upon me. They roamed in space, at once penetrating and soft; expressing no anger, no indignation; limpid, as though nothing could trouble their serenity.

"'Yes, you are guilty,' he resumed slowly; 'and your fault comes chiefly from having had too great confidence in your own lights and in your own strength. You are guilty ever since the first day when you opened your heart to an illicit thought.'

"I protested by a gesture. He did not let me speak.

"'Oh! it was well disguised, I know. It was concealed beneath the veil of pity, of sympathy, of friendship. But it was there all the same, since it grew and developed and drew you there when it chose; and your first error was in not having recognised it. You only recognised this later. The fault consists rather in the thought than in the act. . . . And it is thus that you have been lost, because you have chosen to place yourself outside the eternal laws—simple, definite laws, which admit of neither discussion nor attenuation, and which the Decalogue has so lucidly resumed in the commandment, "*Thou shalt not kill.*" It is not for us to discuss this order; we must not kill, that is all. Life belongs to God alone; there is no motive, none, which can excuse us from robbing Him of it, and were it only of half a second. But you had ceased to listen to His voice; you had plunged yourself in your pride, in your error. You reasoned without perceiving that your sophisms were in accordance with your heart. While attributing them to your conscience, they were in reality only dictated by your passion. Dialecticians might perhaps find the means of exonerating your crime,—of ex-

cusing or even absolving you. I—I can only condemn you.'

"He still added, hesitating a little, as though the charity of the man prescribed this concession to the severity of the priest,—

"'If anything can diminish your fault, it is your remorse. And yet that is still insufficient.'

. . . . . .

"Far more than the words of the priest, his voice, his gestures, his attitude, acted upon me. Evidently neither my confession, nor my revolt, nor the internal disarray betrayed by the violence of my speech, could trouble him. The tempest of my heart shattered against the solidity of his faith. Nothing of what I had been saying seemed to him difficult or complex. Good or bad, he had an answer to all, because for him everything was simple, easy, and preordained by the law that commands and the law that punishes. And this serenity, even without convincing, imposed upon me. I understood that it would avail me nothing to struggle against him,—that none of my arguments would have had any effect upon this rock, and that, since I had come to him of my own free will, I had nothing else to do but either to submit or to go away.

"'Very well,' I said, 'I shall reflect; I shall see.' And he re-conducted me gravely to the door, without offering his hand."

It is in consequence of this conversation with the Abbé Borrant that Morgex finally resolves to quit his wife, and to sacrifice her life as well as his own as the only now possible atonement of his crime, since the priest has pointed out that, so long as he continues to enjoy the fruits of the crime, his repentance must necessarily be incomplete. Unconvinced at first by the Abbé's words, little by little he is conquered by them. Refuted by his reason, they nevertheless penetrate him by degrees, like a remedy or a poison, he scarce knows which; slowly but surely he is conquered by them. And even when, in after days, he is sometimes moved to ask himself whether the priest's verdict had not been too cruel, too harsh, no thought of rebellion rises up in his mind.

"But though I have not returned to the lost faith, though my reason continues to refute those dogmas whose authority the Abbé Borrant succeeded in imposing on me, I am obliged to recognise within myself the existence of a mysterious force, superior alike to my passions as to my logic, essentially independent, and of which the crisis I have been relating was the brilliant manifestation. Is it, perhaps, the immortal and divine soul which, through the medium of our mind and our flesh, remains in spite of ourselves in communication with our hypothetical creator? Is it a residue of prejudice imbibed in infancy which obstinately survives the destruction of our faith, and which, unperceived, continues to govern us? I can no more answer this question to-day than yesterday. All that I know is that the command conveyed to me by that voice became always more peremptory and clear; that it was in vain I struggled against it with the whole strength of my despairing love and of my tottering reason; that I was finally compelled to obey it, and in this obedience to recover my interior peace, even amid the ruins of my whole personality."

To readers who do not seek their pleasure exclusively in such agonising vivisection of the human heart, it will be a decided relief to turn from this gloomy *chef-d'œuvre* to a volume bearing the name of Victor Cherbuliez; and even if, as in the present instance, the latest work of this accomplished writer cannot be ranked among the happiest efforts of his genius, we have no right to complain on that score, or to seek in the author's previous achievements a pretext for depreciating his latest work.

Though disfigured by frequently improbable scenes and strained situations, as well as by what, for

want of a more exact term, may be designated as psychological anachronisms, Monsieur Cherbuliez's new novel is yet, like everything he writes, redeemed by merits more than sufficient to absolve even graver shortcomings.

In 'Le Secret du Précepteur'[1] we find again all the delicate analysis, the short, crisp, epigrammatic dialogue, the quaint paradoxes and piquant philosophy, which are so peculiarly his own, and which, though doubtless often regarded by the average public as so much superfluous caviare, are infinitely more relished by the literary epicurean than the most skilfully constructed plots or the most logically deduced sequence of events.

As is not unfrequently the case in Monsieur Cherbuliez's works, the narrative of the story is put in the mouth of one of the principal actors, who is at once the hero and the *Deus ex machinâ* of the drama. This time it is a certain Monsieur Tristan, professor of philosophy, who relates the tale of his joys and sorrows endured at the hands of a woman whom it is his destiny hopelessly to adore in secrecy and self-abnegation.

Monsieur Tristan is a great authority on the subject of Arabic and of the Semitic dialects, but, by way, perhaps, of counterbalancing these treasures of erudition, Dame Nature has burdened his shoulders with something very closely resembling a hump, while inflicting upon him a nose not unlike the one we have occasion to admire every week on the cover of our first comic paper. It is, however, precisely on account of these little physical peculiarities, which render him harmless towards the fairer sex, that Tristan is selected by Monsieur Brogues, a rich wine merchant of the neighbourhood of Epernay, as tutor to that gentleman's two daughters, Sidonie and Monique, respectively aged nineteen and sixteen. Monsieur Brogues has somewhat peculiar views as to the bringing-up of young girls; and having apparently in his own person suffered much from female hypocrisy and dissimulation, has resolved that his daughters shall be fashioned by male hands only. Accordingly, from the numerous replies sent in to his advertisement in a local newspaper, he finally selects Tristan's answer as the most promising of the collection, on account of the reassuring ugliness of the accompanying photograph.

"'I was well advised indeed in planning that advertisement!' exclaims Monsieur Brogues some days later, when confronted with the object of his researches; 'for although your hair is not grey, I have found in you all that I sought, all that I could desire, the merit and—all the rest.'

"He looked at me again with an air of satisfaction. I had at last understood why I suited him so well. My face was perfectly reassuring: it offered every possible guarantee to a father who wished to give a tutor to his daughters."

The wine-merchant proceeds to unfold his educational views regarding his girls. He is not at all startled on learning that the newly engaged tutor is a free-thinker, but seems, on the contrary, to consider it an advantage, and rather inconsistently thanks God (in whom, apparently, he does not believe) that his daughters are really enlightened nineteenth-century young women, who do not feel the necessity of rising every

[1] Le Secret du Précepteur. Par Victor Cherbuliez, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Hachette.

morning at six o'clock in order to attend mass.

"He had hitherto spoken in a grave and measured tone of voice; but suddenly he grew excited, and gave vent to a long and virulent diatribe against female devotion. It was only natural for me to conclude that this was an evil from which he had personally suffered; that there was somewhere in the world a devotee to whom he bore a secret and bitter grudge. It was not on that day that he took me into his confidence: he was a born orator, but he also knew how to keep silence.

"'Do you want to know, sir,' he continued in a calmer tone, 'what is the great misfortune of the present day? It is that man and woman have no longer the same beliefs, the same rules of conduct. How is it henceforth possible that parents should agree as to the mode of education? It might still pass if, according to the fashion of the Orientals, who are perhaps very sensible people, we locked up our wives, and kept them under key. Like dolls, like guitar melodies, like rose-jam, those little religious exercises may well serve to recreate the captives, and we should be very cruel indeed were we to sneer at these amusements. But here in Europe, where women have become one of the leading forces of society, it is expedient that they should believe what we ourselves believe, that they should love what we love. Until this is the case, upon which point can they be able to agree with us? We have not the same code of morality. They have remained in the thirteenth century while we belong to ours; we only believe in our reason, while they require superstition to govern their life, to sanctify their virtues, and above all to excuse their faults and whitewash their sins. Until this be the case, there is nothing but confusion and disorder everywhere. The children, torn between conflicting powers, know not whom to listen to; they can have but semi-convictions, and there are but half characters to be seen in the world. What is the society in which we live? A biparous society, and the bipartites are monsters.'

"I know not what more he added—I was no longer listening to him. I was thinking of Sidonie the doctoress, and of Madcap Niquette, and asking myself whether it was an agreeable profession to be tutor to young girls."

At first Monsieur Tristan entertains grave doubts as to whether he will be able to resign himself to the singular position thus offered to him; and the reception which he meets with at the hands of his two pupils is scarcely reassuring. Sidonie, the elder, is described as an exceedingly learned young lady, of statuesque beauty and somewhat pedantic turn of mind; while Monique, the younger, small and slender, with pouting coral lips, long slit black eyes, in which the devil of mischief is always lurking, a warm amber complexion, and jetty hair pulled back on her forehead, rather resembles some delicate Japanese porcelain figure, imported from Yeddo or Osaka.

"However different from each other they were, what these truly modern young girls had in common was that neither one nor the other was timid. Their speech was clear and concise; their manners easy; their gaze assured. It struck me that never human creatures had been more convinced of their existence, and of always being in the right; and this it was which scared me, for this is a species of conviction which philosophers never attain. Luckily, if I am subject to momentary fits of perturbation, I familiarise myself pretty quickly with danger.

"Their father had begged me to examine them; it was they who examined me. Having made me take place on a bench, Sidonie asked me all in one breath, and within the space of twenty minutes, what I thought of symbolism, of evolutionism, of pessimism, and of hypnotism. . . . My first answers were clear and precise. I saw that they gave but small satisfaction. Altering my system, I took care to leave a faint tinge of mystery in my replies. A few

scientific terms, which she but imperfectly understood, and which I took care to place at effective points, produced much impression on the young doctoress; and I observed with pleasure that I had required to give myself but little trouble in order to confirm her in the good opinions she had formed of me.

"Monique took no part in this conversation. She was seated in face of us on a low wall at the other side of the terrace, tracing lines on the gravel with a long hazel-wood wand which she held in the hand. At last she said—

"'"My turn now! Pray, Monsieur Tristan, what do you think of women in general, and of my sister and me in particular?'

"'"Nothing as yet,' I replied. 'I am like that painter who said, "To-day I observe, to-morrow I shall see."'"

Before long, however, the poor tutor realises that he has irrevocably lost his heart to Monique, who turn about torments and disobeys him, in order abruptly to veer round and show herself the most loving and docile of pupils; while in Sidonie he has found an apt and willing scholar, whose thirst for knowledge is apt to be somewhat excessive, and in Monsieur Brogues the kindest and most indulgent of masters. The only member of the family whose character is not so easy to penetrate is Madame Brogues, a pale nervous woman, subject to acute attacks of migraine which keep her imprisoned whole days in her darkened bedroom, but who upon occasion can give proof of an iron robustness of constitution, and is still possessed of considerable personal charms. Rising at six o'clock every morning in order to attend mass, Madame Brogues, when exempt from headache, divides the rest of her time between music and hunting. She takes no interest in her daughters' education, and never even thinks of inquiring about their studies; only whenever a question of toilet arises, she is in her element, and is a safe and sure oracle to be consulted in all matters of personal adornment. Chance having once left the tutor *tête-à-tête* during a whole evening with this enigmatical woman, he makes the discovery that beneath her icy and languid exterior there slumbers a volcano, and that, believing herself to be ill-treated and misunderstood by her bourgeois husband, she is ever on the look-out for illicit consolation.

The grave and sensible Sidonie has long since made up her mind that she is not adapted to the matrimonial state, as she despairs of ever meeting a man sufficiently remarkable intellectually to deserve the distinction of becoming her master; but her far more fascinating younger sister Monique does not lack for suitors, the most conspicuous among whom are Louis Monfrin, the proprietor of an important glass manufactory—an eminently respectable and irreproachable young man, whose only defect is that he never laughs, and but rarely smiles; and the audacious and brilliant Viconte de Triguères, a notorious spendthrift and *roué*. Of course it is the latter who makes the greatest impression on Monique, and she openly encourages his suit, while the tutor suffers tortures at the thought that his adored pupil is to fall a prey to this heartless Don Juan. Unexpectedly, however, Madame Brogues constitutes herself his ally in discouraging this marriage with more energy and apparent interest than she is wont to display in any matter regarding her daughters, and presently the dangerously seductive Viconte disappears from the neighbourhood without explanation. It is understood that he has gone on a prolonged tour to Egypt, and is not likely to return to these parts. Monique,

mortified and disappointed, now accepts Louis Monfrin out of pique. Again the tutor endures agonies of jealous love, which he must, however, lock up within his heart, as this time he can allege no plausible reason why Monique should not become the wife of this excellent young man. The only person in Tristan's confidence is a certain Abbé Verlet, a figure whom we seem to have already met in some of Monsieur Cherbuliez's previous works, but with whom, nevertheless, we are not sorry to renew acquaintance. This Abbé Verlet, although an orthodox and rigorous Christian, has yet nothing narrow-minded nor bigoted about him; and while differing from Tristan on almost every point, he has yet conceived a sincere friendship for the free-thinking tutor: and some of the amicable controversies between these two heterogeneous spirits are among the best things in the book.

When Tristan pours forth into this trusty friend's ear the recital of the anguish he is enduring at the thought of Monique's approaching marriage, he is met by a sort of compassionate surprise; for being himself descended from a robust peasant race, the good *curé* has but small comprehension for sentimental sufferings.

"'I am sorry for you,' he says, when the state of the case has been laid before him. 'It is said that this sort of accident occasions much pain.'

"If I had broken my leg, or had been stricken down by some malignant fever, the Abbé would have displayed the warmest interest, and, if necessary, would have been for me the most devoted sick-nurse. But the son of a vine-tiller, having always lived in the village, like all true peasants he felt for the pains of the heart but a species of compassion slightly mingled with contempt. . . .

"'You have lived for two years in a close and delightful intimacy with two pretty young ladies' [winds up the *curé*]. 'Nature has asserted her rights, and you have fallen in love: this, I repeat it, was a foregone conclusion.'

"And when he had terminated his discourse, I exclaimed that no doubt his arguments appeared to himself admirable, and his conclusions highly consolatory."

Tristan goes on adoring Monique; and when, some months after her marriage, the dangerous Viconte reappears on the scene and renews his pursuit of the fascinating young woman, the tutor constitutes himself her faithful watch-dog, whose one mission in life it has become to save his idol from falling into the toils of a vulgar seducer.

In the meantime Madame Brogues has disappeared directly after Monique's marriage, leaving behind her a letter in which she informs her husband that she quits him in order to seek elsewhere that happiness which he could not give her. No news of her has reached the family since her departure, and they are left equally in ignorance of the country to which she has taken flight as of the name and person of her companion in guilt. While every one unites in condemning Madame Brogues, Monique alone—not having as yet found in her own marriage all that she had dreamed of in her high-flown girlish dreams—takes the erring mother's part, audaciously maintaining that she considers the world well lost for love, and hinting that possibly she too may be tempted to follow this example some day by exchanging the calm well-balanced affection of an apparently impassible husband for the delirious raptures of illicit love.

Just when Monique is in this dangerous frame of mind, she has a violent quarrel with her mother-

in-law, a stiff, angular, and disagreeable Englishwoman, whom it has pleased Monsieur Cherbuliez to invest with all the unpleasant *soi-disant* British peculiarities which could suggest themselves to a fertile Gallican imagination; and as a result of this altercation, in which Louis Monfrin does not, according to his wife's notions, espouse her part with sufficient warmth, Monique abruptly accepts the invitation of some friends to accompany them to the Paris exhibition.

The Viconte de Triguères has however followed her hither, and Monique's ruin seems inevitable, despite all the faithful Tristan's efforts to save her, when chance puts the giddy young woman in presence of her lost mother, and makes her realise how different is the sad reality from the exalted visions in her own madcap brain. Madame Brogues, deceived and abandoned by her lover, meets her daughter as a pale despairing woman, to whom remains no other refuge but the convent as the natural conclusion of an erring life. Recovering, however, from the first agitation of the meeting, Madame Brogues regains a momentary self-assurance on learning that Monique has come here to choose a silk dress.

"After a slight hesitation,—

"'Do you wish me to accompany you?' asked Madame Brogues, with the timid air of a dog imploring a favour, and dreading a refusal.

"'You could not give me greater pleasure. Your advice has always been excellent.'

"They turned their steps towards the shop: they went in, and I remained outside in the gallery waiting for them. I could see them through the glass panes. They were seated, while standing before them the shopman unfolded his silken wares. They examined, felt, argued, and debated. Each time that I passed before the open door, fragments of phrases reached my ear. 'We must start from the principle that plain stuffs are more becoming to you than figured ones. . . . This shade is well suited to your complexion and the colour of your hair. . . . How many yards will be required? . . . In any case let us say a *mètre* over and above. . . . Do not let your dressmaker choose the trimming. . . . Yes, it is lace that will be required here. . . . I answer for it that, if properly treated, this dress will suit you to perfection.'

"Walking to and fro, I made the reflection that this mother and daughter, of whom one had lost herself and the other was in danger of being lost, had for the moment lost sight of everything else: that the only question which interested them, which quickened their pulses, was to ascertain which material is in certain contingencies most becoming, and in what manner to trim a dress in order that it should suit to perfection. Is it not in point of fact a question of grave importance for a woman to decide whether on such and such a day, at such an hour, she will fall down a precipice in a plain or a figured gown? From this I concluded that woman's love of *chiffons* is an instinct as reliable as that which brings back the swallow from the depths of Egypt, and makes it regain the joist where last year's nest has been suspended."

When Monique discovers that the man to whom she had so very nearly sacrificed her honour is the same who had caused her mother's ruin, a revulsion of feeling makes her remember the husband she has hitherto treated so cavalierly, and she resolves to venture a supreme stroke in order to ascertain whether Louis Monfrin is made of flesh and blood, or is merely a correct and impassible imitation of a man. Accordingly the faithful tutor, after considerable resistance, is made to write a letter to the absent spouse throwing out dark hints of Monique's infidelity, and advising him to surprise her next evening at ten o'clock, if he wishes to obtain proof positive of his misfortune.

Punctual to the minute Monsieur Monfrin arrives, and Monique, seated in the drawing-room with Tristan, hears his step in the lobby. Having previously taken care to bolt the door in order to give a greater appearance of reality to the scene, she commands her faithful watchdog yet further to heighten the illusion by making love to her in an audible voice :—

"'He must be made to perceive that there are two of us. Tell me soft nothings in disguising your voice.'

"The trial was above my strength. The secret which I had kept during wellnigh three years suddenly escaped me: my heart must have broken if it had carried its burden two minutes longer.

"I let myself sink at her feet, and I recited to her the old poet's lines :—

"'Je meure de soif près de la fontaine.'

I seized hold of her hands, I pushed back the sleeve of her dress, I covered her right arm with kisses, and it seemed to me that my lips could never tear themselves away from that delicate skin. She disengaged herself; I leant my head against her knees and pressed my lips upon them.

"'I love you to distraction,' I murmured. 'How have you never guessed it?'

"She repulsed me, but without violence or anger. She forced me to raise my head, to look at her, and my face convinced her that I was speaking the truth. Her own face expressed no contempt, but only a surprised and ironical distress resembling a reproof. She seemed to be saying, 'Is it you indeed who are speaking thus to me? I took you for quite another sort of man.' All of a sudden there was a knock at the door, twice repeated,—some one was trying to open. She recovered her presence of mind, and by an imperious gesture commanded me to take refuge in the adjoining room, whither I ran to hide my shame."

On the door being at last opened, Louis Monfrin, the hitherto calm impassible husband, bursts in, a revolver in hand, and altogether in a state of frenzy calculated to satisfy the most *exigeante* female caprice; while brandishing aloft his weapon in truly French fashion, he announces his intention of slaying first the lover and then his guilty spouse. So transported is he by fury that Monique (now completely contented by the brilliant success of her audacious experiment) has some difficulty in bringing him to his senses, and averting a tragedy in real earnest.

"'But recognise him—it is your best friend,' she cries out to her husband, placing herself between him and his intended victim.

"Incapable of understanding her, he merely showed his revolver, saying—

"'His turn first, then yours!'

"At these words I emerged from the shadows, and he recognised me. He retired backwards, and looking alternately at my face and at that of his wife, for the first time I heard him laugh. It was a harsh, strained laugh, such as men sometimes laugh when, having been victims of a nightmare, they wake up to realise that their horrible adventure was but a dream. He had returned into the drawing-room, and placing on a table his taper-stand and revolver, let himself drop into an arm-chair, saying—

"'It was a very cruel and dangerous game to play.'

"'Do not blame Monsieur Tristan,' said Monique. 'He wrote that letter against his will, and under compulsion. I wanted to find out—and now I know.'

"He only answered by a fresh burst of laughter, and I began to find that he now laughed too often.

"'Do not regret your journey,' she resumed. 'I doubted of your feelings for me. I did not know what sort of a man you were, and I wanted to read in your heart. Your expression in coming in here, certain words which you said, that furious desire to kill us—him first, and then me—all that proves that you know how to love. Henceforward I shall endure your mother.'

"'You will not require to give me this mark of affection,' he said, rising; 'my mother is no longer at Beauregard.'

"Standing immovable face to face with riveted eyes, they were gazing as though they had never seen each other before, and had totally forgotten my presence. I reached the door, then the street, and went away buffeted by the wind, lashed by the rain, and longing for thunderbolts to fall upon me."

Captious critics, who prefer to seek for flaws and blemishes in every work of art which it is their mission to dissect, rather than to discover its beauties, may no doubt find here plenty scope for the employment of their pointed shafts; and even Monsieur Cherbuliez's warmest admirers, when they have shaken themselves free from the immediate charm which holds them fast so long as the book is open, cannot help being struck by various incongruities which, though mostly overlooked in the interest of a first perusal, will force themselves upon the mind during the process of rumination. The first and foremost of these incongruities is Madame Brogues, who seems to us wholly incompatible with the surroundings in which she has been placed. The character of the false devotee, who makes of her piety not only a mask but likewise an excuse for her frailties, here lacks sufficient evolutionary motive to impress us with a feeling of reality; and though this woman might possibly have been her actual husband's wife, it is logically and physiologically impossible that she should ever have become the mother of two such girls as Sidonie and Monique. No doubt children are sometimes very different from their parents, but even the greatest dissimilarities of character and temperament cannot wholly exclude the action and reaction of certain natures upon each other.

"I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me,"

says Byron; and how is it possible to conceive that Madame Brogues should have lived for over twenty years beside her daughters without either being purified and elevated by contact with their frank guileless natures, or else imparting to them some touch of her own duplicity? Also, how account for the paradoxical fact that this woman, whose piety, though distorted and mistaken, is yet perfectly genuine in its own peculiar crooked fashion, should have made not the slightest effort to impose her religious beliefs on her children, but should calmly resign herself to see them grow up estranged from the faith which alone, in her opinion, can lead to salvation?

Incongruous, likewise, to our thinking, is Madame Monfrin, who can in no sense be called the mother of her son: nor do we consider that the author, in her portrait, has been particularly successful in hitting off British characteristics; though, perhaps, this is a point upon which we are hardly competent to offer an opinion, since we rarely have the intuition to realise the impression our habits and peculiarities are apt to produce upon persons of other nationalities.

In like manner, the author would no doubt be considerably surprised to learn that the magnificent melodramatic climax where Louis Monfrin bursts into his wife's apartment with in one hand a revolver and in the other a candlestick, will strike the majority of English readers as simply funny. "Il n'y a qu'un pas du sublime au ridicule," we are told; but it should be added that the subtle distinction lies mainly in the orbs of the spectators, and that consequently the self-same action may appear sublimely tragic or irresistibly comic, according as it be looked at by French or English eyes.

BALANCE OF POWER IN EASTERN ASIA.[1]

THERE are two methods by which the general movement of Russia in Asia may be prognosticated. One is based on the principle which Sir Charles Lyell applied to geological processes, that what has been is that which is and will continue to be. The other is the more empirical method of marking at certain points along her frontier line the actual existence of those special provocative or tempting circumstances which have been hitherto observed to precede and pave the way for advance. If the deduction from historical data as to the general movement of the whole mass be found to correspond with the detailed observation of the several parts, we may feel reasonably well assured of its approximate accuracy. Such convergence on a common result is exactly what we find in the past record and present activity of Russia in Asia; and we may forecast the future with equal confidence whichever of the two methods we adopt.

For the central theory of Russian extension we need not go further than the apocryphal Will of Peter, which is true in a deeper sense than if it had been engrossed on parchment. A mere written document might have been discredited as the freak of an egotistical "neuropath." What gives authority to the tradition is just its apocryphal character, which leads us to look behind the myth to the settled resolve of the Russian nation, of which Peter's testament was but the popular expression. Our real concern is with that fixed purpose, followed and to be followed without ceasing from generation to generation, no matter who may be emperor, or whether there be so much as an emperor at all. Were the present Russian political system to break up, as, being an anachronism, it sooner or later must do, there is no reason to suppose that the momentum of the nation would be sensibly checked, but rather that the well-established secular movement would proceed along the accustomed lines. Republics are not less prone to augmentation of territory than empires, while they are less under the influence of some of the "prudential checks" on warfare. Impersonal government can neither tend to sharpen the sense of national responsibility, nor conduce to respect for the conventions which regulate and soften the intercourse of States. The strife of factions which leaves the collective conscience without authoritative guidance seems to render the foreign policy of democracies peculiarly liable to become the sport of filibusters abroad and of firebrands at home.

In the case of Russia it may be plausibly shown that the aggressive temper of the nation has its roots not in any peculiar lust of conquest or passion for power, but in the geographical circumstances in which she is placed. Weak races are driven before their betters to the polar regions, to the barren fastnesses of the mountains, or to the dark forests of tropical Africa; but a vigorous race conscious of its strength, which is hemmed in by ice and excluded from the sea, must in the very nature of things make a way for itself towards sharing in the advantages which it envies in its more

[1] This article is the conclusion of the papers on Russian Manchuria which appeared in the May and August numbers of 'Maga.'

fortunate neighbours. That the spirit of conquest, once aroused, should carry the race far beyond its legitimate needs, is only to state one of the commonest of historical phenomena. The automatic expansion which the physical circumstances of Russia would engender, without any formulated policy or preconceived plan, reacted on by the clearly elaborated and almost fanatical ambition of the military and official hierarchy and the cultured class, and backed by a vast ground substance of patriotic protoplasm, as ready to be shaped and drilled into heroic enterprise as the peasantry of France were to empty their stockings into the lap of M. de Lesseps "to do something against England," forms a combination for aggressive energy such as has perhaps never hitherto been witnessed on the face of the earth.

The progress of Russia in Asia was described a few years ago by Colonel Mark Bell in language which cannot be surpassed for lucidity and fidelity to fact. Russia is, according to him, a hard, solid, organised body, impelled by the laws of progress to move among fragile, loosely compacted, and unorganised bodies; and whether it be by arms or negotiation, geographical surveys or the exigencies of self-defence, the result must ever be the same. The soft bodies are, in fact, being one after the other broken up, and their contents gathered into the ever-increasing substance of the hard one. The rate and incidence of the advance of course depend on circumstances which are not in these days merely local, but have often far-reaching ramifications.

The advance of Russia in Asia may be not inaptly likened to the overflow of that great river the Huang ho, which every few years devastates vast areas of Chinese soil. The phenomena are as well understood by the populations affected as by the Government. The water overtops the embankment at some place where the bed of the river is higher than the level of the country. The course the water will follow can be very well calculated, or rather could be, if the Government had ever taken the trouble to obtain a survey of the country. As it is, the course of each new inundation may be partly inferred from the history of previous ones, only that the overflow is not always at the same place, and repeated floods affect the levels by the deposits of their own silt. But what the people do not know they "guess and fear." Once the waters are out on these vast plains, there is but one defence for life and property—embankments. The neglect of these earthworks caused the overflow; and the Government that after so many centuries of the same experience permitted that, cannot be relied on for effective measures on the great scale to hem in the flood afterwards. Neither imperial nor local authorities have the practical foresight to act, and in the end it devolves on the peasantry to help themselves. Their exertions may be temporarily effective; but as the water slowly rises, the earth walls crumble and dissolve, and the mud-houses are carried in suspension by the waters in their progress seawards.

In the meantime the culpable Government, assuming a tone of noble wrath, scolds its yet more culpable servants, threatens, degrades, and punishes, and poses as the model of paternal solicitude. It is noted, however, that the body of water pays no heed to these ebullitions of righteous indignation, but calmly follows the line of least resistance towards the ocean.

The parallel is really wonderfully complete between these recurrent

Yellow River floods over the plain of central China, and the irruption of the Russian hosts among the tribes of Asia. As a solid embankment can alone dam the water, so a living wall, and nothing less, will ever arrest the progress of Russia. The official scoldings of the Chinese Government bear a curious analogy to the various futile devices which have, from motives of economy or mere love of ease, been resorted to from time to time to restrain the movements of Russia. Treaties and understandings, and all the flimsy barriers which luxurious and superfine nations have been wont from time immemorial to oppose to the advance of more energetic races, have been frequently arrayed against Russia—of course, in vain. The movement of such a mighty mass is not to be retarded by mere words, whether written or spoken, and those who think otherwise do but trifle with their own intelligence. One thing only can stop the southward march of Russia, and that is the encountering of some Power as strong and as resolute as herself.

In one point the analogy with Chinese inundations fails: they cease to trouble when they reach the sea. Russia's strength is not to be so extinguished: on the contrary, her access to the sea affords a new base for conquests by sea and land.

Signs are perceptible that the British and Indian Governments begin to open their eyes to the naked realities of this matter. But they are still wonderfully susceptible to blandishment and plausibility, and perhaps they are not wholly unwilling to be diverted from the steady purpose of a defence which costs money, and which, the more successful it is, the less it will impress the popular political imagination. They have long tried paper and other volatile methods, with the only result which could accrue from means so ill adapted to the purpose. As well think to stop the tidal wave with sheep-hurdles as to arrest the advance of Russia by a protocol. When Great Britain fairly realises that nothing short of a wall of impregnable steel will ever keep Russia from the Indian Ocean and the Persian Gulf, and finally resolves to oppose that advance, the problem will become simple, and not even very expensive; for to show an unambiguous front is the surest way, in all cases, to avoid the *ultima ratio*. But should the worst come to the worst, there need never be the smallest apprehension of the inadequacy of the Indian defence against the Cossack, provided only that the militant resources of the peninsula are allowed fair-play.

It is not, however, the relation of India to Russia that primarily concerns us at the moment, except so far as it bears directly or indirectly on the position of China. The two questions are, no doubt, in various ways intertwined. If, for instance, it be once demonstrated to Russia that her route to the warm seas by the way of India is blocked, the flood dammed up in that direction may seek another where there is less resistance. Recoiling from the Hindoo Koosh and the Himalaya, the current will then impinge on the ragged and variable Chinese frontier eastward and southward—a frontier so extended, and offering so many easy crossings along the whole line, that Russia may well be bewildered where to begin.

A vast but fascinating problem confronts Russia on her Chinese frontier—a problem which cannot be disposed of in one or even two generations. No Power, however, knows better how to wait than Russia. Time is on her side; and as the necessary preliminary to all wise action is knowledge, the Russian General Staff has been making

the fullest use of the opportunities which treaties afforded to gain accurate information concerning the Chinese territories and everything appertaining thereto. Not a corner of the whole empire, save what comes within the "sphere of influence" of the French, but has been intersected by Russian Government explorers and armed expeditions during the past thirty years. These explorers include botanists and geologists, of course, but the military expert and the skilled topographer are the animating soul and the true *raison d'être* of these expeditions. Occasional glimpses into their proceedings are allowed to the world, but every fact of military or political significance is carefully conserved in the archives of the Russian Intelligence Department. The minute information concerning all the northern and western territories of China which is now in the possession of the Russian Staff is not only such as no other Power possesses, but is incomparably superior to anything in the hands of the Chinese Government itself. Hence it is that whenever a question of boundaries arises, Russia is prepared with elaborated maps of the regions, to which China has not only nothing to oppose, but which she is not even able to criticise. The strength, dispositions, and armament of Chinese troops, as well as the dispositions, in another sense, of her outlying officials, civil and military—a very important matter—are also infinitely better known at Irkutsk and St Petersburg than at Peking. In dealing with the Chinese, Russia has therefore an easy part to play, as has been clearly illustrated in the recent history of the Pamir encroachment, where she scored a treble victory by means of her maps—in St Petersburg, in Peking, and on the Pamir plateau itself, by the nimble movements of her Cossacks and her promptitude in establishing military outposts.

The systematic observation of natural objects has never had a place in the education of the Chinese, so that their geographical shortcomings are part and parcel of their general ignorance of all that is properly accounted knowledge in the West. No survey has been made and no map compiled of any of their territories, since the excellent topographical work done by the Jesuit missionaries under that enlightened monarch K'ang-hi, early in the eighteenth century. At the present time there are no Chinese officials competent either to construct or properly to understand a map when presented to them. Consequently, when Russian negotiators once succeed in drawing the Chinese out into the region of geography, they have them quite at their mercy. A Chinese commissioner is, moreover, severely handicapped in all frontier questions by the figment of universal dominion which still rules the forms of Chinese administration. Under this old theory, an official cannot in fact be nominated explicitly to delimitate a frontier, for frontiers in the natural sense of the word have no recognised place in Chinese terminology. To make the work of his mission fit in with the antiquated forms, therefore, it has to be disguised under some euphemism which shall not jar on the obsolete dogma of the world-empire of China. The commissioner's reports to the throne have to conform to the same fiction, and his honest discharge of a patriotic duty in spite of these pathetic puerilities will consequently depend largely on the individuality of the particular official. One obvious result of this system of pretending that one thing is another, is that, as a frontier com-

missioner has little fear of being brought to book for any substantial delinquencies, his main concern is to present a well-worded report, shaped in accordance with the traditions of the empire, but studiously hiding the concrete facts. Such a report, for example, was that presented by the commissioner Wu Ta-chêng, who was appointed to meet the Russians on the north-eastern Manchuria frontier in 1884—a report which gained that worldly-wise official prompt promotion in the Government service. The report said nothing either about frontiers or delimitations, but in well-rounded platitudes recorded his successful "pacification" of the district. The truth was, he surrendered both territory and rights, without reason, probably from sheer ignorance; while as for the "pacification," some impertinence of one of his soldiers caused Wu Ta-chêng and his whole escort to be hunted over the frontier by Cossacks plying the persuasive knout freely about the heads and shoulders of the mandarin and his rabble.

The probabilities of Chinese resistance to the Russian pressure may in turn be considered in the general or the particular, and with identical results. China, in its totality, may be summed up as a living archaism, a State governed by the crystallised formulæ of hoary antiquity, entirely unsuited to the international conditions which the modern world imposes on her. Her organisation, whether military, financial, or administrative, belongs to an age long past, while there is no conclusive evidence of such radical energy in the nation as would render it capable of effective adaptation to the new environment. Taking China therefore as a whole, she is as fit to hold her own against her Western neighbours, either in the field or in the cabinet, as the Spanish Armada would be to resist an ironclad squadron. Chinese diplomacy, so far as it puts on the modern technical form, is a plant without root: it is not national but personal to the individual envoy, and by consequence transient. The centre of volition in the Chinese Government is never really in touch with the doings of its ministers abroad, of which indeed it has no true comprehension. This kind of diplomacy may succeed with those—*e.g.*, Great Britain—who are willing to meet China on her own make-believe terms; but it is the merest childishness to those—*e.g.*, Russia—who deal with things as they really are.

There would appear to be no inherent reason assignable why China should not reform its system, so as to meet the needs of the new time; but reforms so radical and so extensive could only be effected under severe external pressure continuously applied for such a length of time that the empire would probably be overwhelmed long before its forces could be prepared to cope with its more energetic neighbours. The best recent example of how the latent resources of the nation may be drawn upon in emergencies, is the suppression of the Taiping rebellion by troops levied by provincial governors under special sanction from the throne. A glance at that episode of the national history is, perhaps, the simplest way to show the militant capacity of the Chinese empire.

It has been said there is no "standing army" in China; but it would be more accurate to say there is no marching army, for the only troops existing at the outbreak of the rebellion were so completely localised that they could not be moved from one parish to another. These troops were but a small part of the Chinese auxiliary force which co-operated with

the Manchu army in the subjugation of the empire, and which was reorganised after the conquest according to the military system which had prevailed under the previous dynasty. The troops were divided into irregular detachments, distributed all over the country, both men and officers being strictly attached to the localities where they were placed, without transport or any mobile organisation whatsoever; and this for the very purpose of preventing any inconvenient coalescing. These troops constituted the gendarmerie of the country, and were denominated the "Green Banner" to distinguish them from the Manchu and Mongol forces. From the force so organised were, and are, supplied escorts, body-guards of provincial officials, thief-catchers, and so forth.

Such an army was, of course, useless for any military purpose, and utterly incapable of offering resistance to an organised rebellion. When that movement, therefore, had assumed alarming dimensions, showing no signs of burning itself out, and even threatening the stability of the dynasty, the Government and official hierarchy were at their wits' end to devise means of safety. Undoubtedly misgivings as to the loyalty of the great provincial magnates may have had some effect in paralysing the resolution of the Emperor during several years. When, however, the rebellion had threatened the province of Hunan, the attention of the viceroy of the two Hu provinces, Kuan Wen, a Manchu, and of Hu Lin-yi, a Hunanese, the governor of Hu p'ei, was attracted to the doings of certain Hunan volunteers. Under their leader, the afterwards celebrated Tsêng Kwo-fan, who was at the time in retirement on account of mourning, and had been chosen head of the volunteers of his native place, these local levies had done good service in several small engagements against the rebels. The governor-general and governor thereupon consulted together, and presented a joint memorial to the throne, petitioning that these Hunan volunteers should form the nucleus of a regular body of troops to be raised for the special purpose of putting down the rebellion, and to be placed under the command of Tsêng Kwo-fan. The proposal was sanctioned, and that general occupied the position for two years, until his period of mourning had expired, when he was appointed governor-general of the Liang Kiang provinces (Nanking).

The new army, meanwhile, had been progressing favourably, and in course of time it was divisioned off to the Viceroy's lieutenants, Tso Tsung-tang and Li Hung-chang, their divisions being again subdivided into many separate forces with distinctive names, in which was included Gordon's "Ever Victorious." Slowly indeed, but surely, aided in the end in an essential degree by the military genius of Colonel Gordon, the new army was completely successful in crushing the rebellion in central China. With certain divisions of the force Li Hung-chang afterwards suppressed minor risings in Shantung and elsewhere, and the Mohammedan insurrection in Kansuh. With another division, Tso Tsung-tang, or rather his fighting lieutenant, Liu King-tang (for Tso himself was never nearer than Hami), made his famous march to Kashgar, where he put down with a ruthless hand the usurpation of Yakub Beg. Liu King-tang was afterwards appointed governor of the new province, where he showed no less capacity in civil administration than he had done in his military

campaigns, and he retired, while still comparatively young, with a great reputation. So great, indeed, that the Emperor, under the stress of frontier discussion with Russia, has lately summoned him from his cherished retreat to resume his old post of Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Kashgaria.[1]

The main body of the braves had been disbanded as soon as the Taiping rebellion was stamped out; and the 50,000 men whom Tso Tsung-tang brought back from Kashgar were promptly disbanded also. A standing army is as much dreaded in China as it was in England in the Stuart days, but for the converse reason. In China it is the Emperor who is afraid to trust his satraps with military forces; and on the quasi-confederated system on which the provinces are administered, it would undoubtedly be a source of danger to the throne were governors of provinces in peace-time to dispose of bodies of mobile troops. Li Hung-chang, however, more prescient and perhaps bolder than the rest of his colleagues, held his division of the force together, and endeavoured to make of it the nucleus of a real imperial army, which he clearly saw to be one of the needs of the new time. But notwithstanding the persistent energy with which he has laboured, the difficulty of extricating the military system from its ancient ruts has proved too great even for him, and his drilled and armed force of some 35,000 men remains, after all his efforts, but the army of Li Hung-chang, or, at the most, of the province of Chihli. This really fine body of troops is not unlikely to be resolved into its elements again, whenever the great viceroy, the last survivor of the saviours of the dynasty, is gathered to his fathers.

Even the navy has not quite emerged from its provincial chrysalis, and it is rather curious to observe that while it may freely visit every port in foreign countries, the appearance of the ships in Chinese rivers and harbours has to be regulated with punctilious regard to local sentiment. During the missionary riots on the Yangtze in 1891, when the river was being patrolled by foreign squadrons, the Chinese Admiral was cruising in the friendly waters of Japan, out of the way of any political complications.

We may say, therefore, that although the commercial law of demand creating supply does hold good even of Chinese patriotism and statesmanship, yet it is slow of operation. The great rebellion had run its desolating course for many years before any effective opposition to it could be organised. But the exigencies of external defence would demand a somewhat more rapid evolution. At the same time, however, it should not be forgotten that the very large number of disbanded troops, carrying new military instincts into the ranks of the peasant families, have undoubtedly rendered the task of fresh recruitment an easy one, even should it be called for on an extensive scale and suddenly.

What, however, is perhaps the most important thing to be re-

[1] At the same time as Liu King-tang has been intrusted with the north-western defences, the chief command in Manchuria has been conferred on another veteran, Liu Ming-chuan, a former lieutenant of Li Hung-chang, and ex-governor of Formosa—where, however, he had but little success. There is a certain whimsical conformity to the fitness of things in China's only general being a pair, which the coincidences of their having the same surname, and much the same record, serves to accentuate still more.

marked is, that at the centre of government, in the actual brain-cells, so to speak, of the imperial organism, there is no evidence of any sense of either national or international perspective. Trifles seem to occupy the attention of the Court while important matters are ignored; shadows are pursued while the substance is let slip. Etiquette, pedantic forms, family intrigues, profuse celebrations of birthdays and the like, occupy the place of statesmanship; and there is no minister about the place either to speak the truth or in practice to supplement the deficiencies of a *roi fainéant*.

Western observers can hardly appreciate the kind of pressure with which superstition envelops a people who live on omens, and who carry their occult science so far as to discriminate against days in the calendar on which it is unlucky for a person to die. Nor does the Imperial Court stand in less awe of signs and wonders than the unlettered populace.

It happens that the Empress-Dowager will this year complete her cycle of sixty—an important anniversary in every Chinese family. Her Majesty, even in retirement, is the most notable personality in the empire; and it is therefore as little surprising that obsequious courtiers should have proposed a costly celebration as that responsible statesmen should have opposed the expenditure. What, however, is the interesting point in connection with the matters we are discussing is, what may well seem to our readers the visionary grounds on which the extravagance was rebuked. The Chinese are most careful on all festal occasions to banish everything disagreeable, and the jarring note of a foreign dispute in the chorus of jubilation on the Empress's birthday would be an omen to be averted even at great sacrifice. The anxious ministers, fearing lest the festivities might afford to watchful foes an opportunity for aggression somewhat analogous to that which the Jews' Sabbath afforded to the besiegers of Jerusalem, resolved to minimise the ceremonial to the utmost. Accordingly, it is reported that the financial budget of the Court party has been ruthlessly cut down by the Treasury to one-tenth, the economy so effected to be appropriated to the more patriotic purpose of frontier defence. With all these far-fetched precautions, however, the coming event could not be hidden from the world, nor its consequences wholly warded off. It is something more than a coincidence, in short, that brings a Russian military expedition into the Pamirs at the very moment that an ancient ally and buffer state of China is being summarily dismembered by France. Neither is it a mere coincidence that has set the two avowed enemies of the British empire in simultaneous motion towards the north-west and the south-east frontiers of India, while the political forces of Great Britain are engrossed in an internal struggle for Imperial existence. The spectacle of the sheep-dogs throttling each other would be too much for the self-restraint of the mildest-mannered wolf that ever worried lamb.

In a country whose official manhood has been enervated by millenniums of literary examination, there is really no room for anything that can properly be called military authority; and military officers being held in small repute as compared with the literates, are only too apt to justify their reputation. Were they even wiser than they are, they would have little

chance of making their views felt, for questions of national strategy have really no place in the imperial counsels. Under such a *régime* no practical estimate can be formed by the Government of the value of any military position at a distance from the walls of the capital. It would be futile to point out to the advisers of the Emperor that such and such a post is a natural stepping-stone to future operations; whereas a discourse on the agricultural or mineral wealth of the locality would evoke a more or less interested response. If, for example, Chinese statesmen are told that the occupation of the Pamirs confers an important military advantage on the occupants, they are practically deaf to such considerations, and their thoughts instinctively turn rather to the ice and snow of the region or to the taxable value of the ground. Tell them that the river-washings indicate gold in these mountains, and their interest would immediately become acute. More than anything else it is this general topsy-turviness of ideas that renders China so hopelessly unfit to hold her own against any vigorous neighbour, either in war or diplomacy. Individuals no doubt will spring up at intervals, as they have done in the past, who have clearer perceptions; but it is to be feared they will always have to struggle against the incubus of indifference and wrong-headedness in high places.

The extension of railways is a measure which has been forced on the Court from below, and the halting progress made in it exemplifies the strong and the weak points of Chinese defensive resources. For many years railways had been proclaimed from every quarter to be the first essential of national security: the idea at length gathered shape, the Emperor sanctioned the work, and the construction of railways is now in active progress. Starting from Tientsin, the residence of the Viceroy Li Hung-chang, the first section of 200 miles has been laid of a line to Kirin, the strategic centre of Manchuria. This line, it must be confessed, like the grand Russian Trans-Siberian railway, is to a considerable extent the work of newspapers. China, excited by continuous reports of the grand designs of Russia, began to agitate for railways in the north-east. Then the men of progress in St Petersburg, feigning alarm in their turn at the menacing preparations of China, as from time to time announced, though with little foundation, in the cosmopolitan press, managed to overcome the economical objections to the construction of the trans-continental railway. But the progress of China remained "dead slow." First of all, a line was ordered to connect the seaport of Tientsin with the capital, a distance of seventy miles; but it had to be abandoned in consequence of certain local opposition, which neither Li Hung-chang nor the Emperor himself seemed to have the courage to put down. At the foreign settlement of Tientsin an iron bridge was almost completed across the Peiho river to connect the railway terminus with the city, like the Howrah bridge at Calcutta. But before the work was finished a local official clique took umbrage at the structure, set up an agitation against it, and finally succeeded in getting permission to remove it. The official who distinguished himself as the leader of this crusade was Hu Yuen-mei, the Intendant of Circuit, who was lately nominated as Minister to England, but whose appointment has since been cancelled. Such, it would seem, is the kind of man whom the Court delights to honour.

A serious delay in the construction of the Manchurian section of the railway has been caused by an equally senseless opposition on the part of the military governor of Moukden. After the preliminary survey had been made and the direction of the railway marked out, that official found an objection in its vicinity to the imperial tombs in that district, which the line would pass at the distance of twenty miles. The geomancers pronounced that the influences of the railway would be sinister. This necessitated a fresh survey, and such a diversion of the line as would be ruinous to its economical efficiency. The financial aspect of these railway works is always kept in view by the European engineers—who seem, by the way, to feel more responsibility for their commercial success than the Chinese authorities themselves; for although only made for strategical purposes, the probability is that if it were found that the operation of the lines left a large yearly deficit, they would soon come to be starved and neglected, and might eventually be stopped altogether. As the result of long discussions and much correspondence, a compromise was suggested which would keep the nearest point of the railway twenty-three miles from the mausolea. This proposal was only accepted provisionally by the conservative governor, who, still desiring that the question should be kept open, proposed that the Viceroy Li Hung-chang and himself should join in a memorial to the throne, praying for the nomination of some renowned professor of geomancy to finally decide the point; for, said the governor, "in matters concerning the imperial tombs we cannot be too particular."[1] Meantime a pertinent note appeared in a recent Chinese newspaper on the point. Quoting the braggadocio of some Russian swashbuckler, who said the time would come when the Russian cavalry would stable their horses in the imperial palace, the editor asks whether on the whole the hoofs of the Russian horses would not disturb the repose of the ancestral spirits more than would the passage of Chinese troops and equipments for the defence of the territory, even if they were carried by the novel contrivance of a railway.

From the point of view of resistance to invasion, much stress has been laid by all writers on the railway; but there may be two sides even to that, for, like any other powerful weapon in incompetent hands, it may prove a danger as well as a protection. Unless its advantages are backed up by strenuous purpose and well co-ordinated plans, the rails may be employed to bring in an invader as well as to keep him out.

To be effective the defence must be complete, compact, and coherent in all its parts. But with people so given up to trifles, sorceries, personalities, and shams, the chances of weak links in the chain, in every part of it—from the central conception to the execution of the minutest details of the scheme—must always be considerable. All accessible data, therefore, and all reasonable inferences concerning the potentialities of Chinese defence, seem to confirm Colonel Bell's conclusion that "Russia will devour China in parts as she can digest them." It seems truly to be only a question of digestion—that is to say, of time. Besides all that, there remains another consideration

[1] It is said that since the reign of Hsien fêng no less a sum than 60 million taels has been expended on imperial tombs.

of the deepest import to all concerned, the Chinese people and the tributary populations. We have seen that the reigning dynasty made use of native auxiliaries to conquer China. The next Power that performs the like feat may have the warlike Manchus, the wandering Mongols, the Grand Lama of Tibet, in addition to the Chinese themselves, as auxiliaries. China, in short, may be subjugated without risking the bones of a single Cossack.

A glance at the western frontier shows us the Russians planted firmly on the Pamir plateau, ready to move east or south as the evolution of events may determine. No neighbouring territory absorbs more of the attention of Russian military explorers than Tibet. Every way of entrance into the land of the Lamas has been tested by armed expeditions. The acquisition of Tibet—towards which the occupation of the Pamirs is a not unimportant step—and the capture of the Dalai Lama, would give to the new Power not only Tibet itself, but the mastery of all the Mongol tribes who are fanatical followers of the living Buddha. These shepherd peoples are already largely imbued with Russian sympathies, for to gain their hearts has been an object of high policy with Russian statesmen for generations past. The development of land trade between Russia and China gives increasing opportunities for cementing kindly relations. The enterprise of Russian merchants, so highly praised by Colonel Bell, plays well into the hands of the Russian Government, and Russia deserves all the advantages which such admirable combinations give her. Nor will she fail to deserve the further credit of availing herself to the full of the opportunities which either the course of events or her own clear and consistent policy has thrown, or may throw, in her way.

The outlying possessions of Ili and Kashgar, for the recovery of which China made efforts worthy of a great Power, are so distant and so isolated by the intervening desert of 2000 miles that, without roads or railways, they are pronounced by Colonel Bell to be indefensible; and there is not the remotest chance of China making railways there. Consequently the "New Dominion," as it is called, lies as much at the mercy of Russia as Mauritius, for example, would be at the mercy of any naval Power were there no British fleet on the seas.

Of Mongolia all that need be here observed is, that an alien people now subject to China may on slight provocation change masters, and Russia has created many bonds of attachment with the warlike nomads.

Our present concern, however, is chiefly with the eastern section of the long frontier line—that is to say, with Manchuria and Korea. The position of China in that region is by nature so strong that the Russian Staff may almost be excused for professing alarm at the possibilities of a war of *revendication* on the part of China; and there was really no hypocrisy about their panic in 1880, when considerable bodies of Chinese troops were echeloned in the direction of the weakest link in the Russian chain of communications. The sources of supply and all the transport are on the Chinese side: the principal affluent of the Amur, the Sungari, is in the exclusive possession of China, though the navigation of that river was a right ceded to Russia in the unratified treaty of Livadia negotiated in 1878 by the Chinese envoy Chung How. The effective utilisation of the Sungari as an integral part of a

general defensive policy would give to China, were she alert, the command of the Amur itself, and the means of rendering the tenure of the Russian coast provinces somewhat precarious. China possesses, moreover, on her side of the frontier, the population which is wanting on the northern side—a race which is hardy, daring, and habituated to arms from childhood, as capable of enduring heat, cold, exposure, and fatigue as the Cossacks themselves; in short, as good fighting material as could be found on the face of the earth. With so many advantages on the side of China, the great Siberian railway itself would even be a risky venture, and the advanced position of Russia would be actually untenable were the Southern Power ready to make use of its incomparable resources.

But China's inertia is the constant quantity on which Russia is always able to rely, and her experience during the past forty years seems amply to justify her in discounting the latent advantages of a Power which is certain not to use them. Yet Russia does not presume too much. There is an admirable combination of prudence and daring in her calculations, and she leaves nothing to chance which can be secured on solid grounds. A competent and painstaking observer, the Japanese Colonel Fukushima, who has just completed a fifteen months' ride from Berlin to Vladivostock, reports that everywhere he found the Russian lines strongly defended, and the mountain-passes all fortified, whereas on the Chinese side there are only scattered shanties, no troops to speak of, and no forts at all.

The enthusiasm with which the trans-continental railway is being pushed on, at great cost and under considerable difficulties, financial and physical, proves that no effort will be spared to render the Russian power of offence or defence in Far Asia absolutely irresistible. It may, however, take longer to complete the work than its sanguine promoters at present reckon on. Already the delays at the eastern terminus of the line have been such that certain of the officials concerned have been punished for "incompetence."

But when the through communication is established, it will at once change the whole relations of Russia to the rest of the world, more especially to the great Asiatic Powers—India and China. Once Russia is rendered independent of her sea power in the Pacific, China lies absolutely at her mercy; for with an impregnable fortress at Vladivostock, in free communication with the resources of her vast empire, she would be able to mass troops at any point on the frontier of Manchuria and invade China at her pleasure.

Yet though her military position were thus to be established on the firmest footing, it is much more likely that the advance of Russia into China will be effected by other than warlike means. The flickering resolutions of the Government and the grotesque ineptitude of most Chinese statesmen, set against the masterly address of their Russian opponents, may be reckoned on to produce results in the future similar to what we have witnessed in the past. Time being on her side, there is no temptation on the part of Russia to risk anything by precipitancy, but, on the contrary, every inducement to leave events to take their natural course, subject to the unremitting, though gently applied, pressure, and the constant vigilance which Russian officials know so well how to maintain.

Under this patient but wakeful policy everything that happens

must turn to the Russian advantage. Half a loaf to-day means a whole one to-morrow. Amicable two-sided arrangements will usually, in the event, turn to the sole profit of Russia. An agreement for the joint navigation of a river, to the exclusion of all other Powers, is sure to leave Russia in sole possession. Chinese national diplomacy is to a large extent a play on words, a province in which China feels a delusive safety. Russia indulges her weakness for phrases, while she absorbs her territory as adroitly as the clown in the pantomime secures the lion's share of the loose properties about the stage. The very latest international agreement between the two Powers is a telegraph convention, under which the Chinese are now connected with the Siberian lines; and so scrupulously are the stipulations drawn as to territorial integrity, that "not even a single inch" of encroachment is to be tolerated. This affected precision recalls the form in which certain provincial accounts are rendered to the Peking Board of Revenue, where the items are run out punctiliously to the fifth decimal point, while it is well known that the defalcations are effected by wholesale.

It may be laid down as a safe general rule that any and every agreement made between China and Russia must be detrimental to the interests of China — for this simple reason, that Russia always knows precisely what she is driving at, while China has never yet apprehended the true purport of any convention she has made with a foreign Power, and usually discovers too late that her confidence in the magic power of phrases has been misplaced. This is especially true of the treaties and protocols she has made with Russia during the past generation: they have been so many steps in the Russian advance, and such they are likely to continue.

The kingdom of Korea is an interesting factor in the Eastern question, both on its own substantive merits and as an exemplification of the normal course of Russo-Chinese relations. A glance at the map shows the importance of the Korean peninsula to both Powers: to China as a buttress; to Russia as a land of promise, supplying her grand desideratum of winter harbours, and offering her a dominating position *vis-à-vis* China. The kind of duel that has been carried on between the two Powers in connection with Korea is one of the most anomalous, and at the same time instructive, exhibitions which international diplomacy has to offer in these modern days. The relation between China and Korea had been fixed for centuries as that of suzerain and vassal. In that capacity China defended the little kingdom against Japan by force of arms, and was always ready to come to its rescue in seasons of distress. Korea was secluded from the world, only the Japanese retaining one *pied-à-terre*, whence they had carried on an insignificant traffic for some centuries. Her ports were opened to the commerce of all nations who chose to make treaties with her, in 1882. Korea and China were thereby placed under the obligation to declare and define their traditional relationship, which was little in harmony with the new arrangements which were thrust on the king. It was a providential opportunity for unsettling these relations; for China had but an imperfect conception of the probable effect of the new departure, and seems scarcely to have considered how her ancient protectorate was to be represented in practice in the presence of the Western Powers. Chinese policy

in Korea has consequently been shaped by the Resident whom she placed at the Royal Court, whose zeal for the suzerain prerogative has only required moderating by the imperial Government.

The position of a Chinese Resident at a vassal Court to which foreign representatives are accredited is an incongruity, to put it mildly, which can only be endured on sufferance, but which must, in the nature of things, lead to eruptions sooner or later. And those who will profit by any disturbance of existing conventions will naturally be those who have the clearest ends in view, and who pursue these ends by the most consistent policy.

The two policies which are diametrically opposed in Korea—the one nebulous, the other concise—are, as we have intimated, the policy of China and that of Russia. And they are absolutely irreconcilable, for the Powers are rival claimants for the same possession. They did not come into actual collision for some years after the opening of the ports, but the occasion arose in 1885 for a face-to-face discussion between the two Powers on the subject of Korea. The occasion was the seizure of the Korean island harbour, Port Hamilton, by Great Britain, which Russia regarded, not unnaturally, as a menace to herself: even from the British point of view it was a warning. Russia took advantage of the incident to intimate to China that the move made by Great Britain entitled her to make a counter-move, —which, however, at that time, she dared not have executed. The monition served perhaps the only purpose which Russia at the moment had in view, that of drawing China into *pour-parlers* on the question of Korea. Once a *locus standi* was conceded to Russia to discuss Korea at all with China, the ultimate success of her policy was practically assured; for China, as we have seen, is never likely to be a diplomatic match for her Northern neighbour. They are like two unequal chess-players, the result of whose encounter is a foregone conclusion from the time they sit down.

The convention which resulted from the discussions over the restitution of Port Hamilton to China was not written, but the understanding arrived at was clear, and to outward appearance innocent. It amounted simply to this, that China on her part undertook that neither she herself nor any other Power should take any step which would alter the actual status of Korea, Russia on her part agreeing to observe the like abstinence. As China never desired anything better than the maintenance of things as they were, the convention was in form perfectly satisfactory to her, and the surrender of Port Hamilton gave her assurance that Great Britain would do nothing in that quarter to embroil China with Russia.

But in practice how does the agreement work? China keeps up her intercourse with the Korean Court through the Resident; and in 1891 she sent imperial commissioners with the Emperor's condolence on a Court bereavement, to whom the King was obliged by custom to make obeisance in the light of day. Russia made no protest against this very strong reassertion of the ancient relationship; neither in reason could she. She was, however, making excellent use of her time in other ways. Russia nurses a political propaganda in Korea, and is constantly demanding small concessions which are not called for by any present needs. These concessions, willingly granted by the King, are

opposed by the Chinese Resident, whose confidential advice is at once discovered to the Russian Minister by the officials of the Royal Court. Every time, therefore, that Russia ends by gaining her point, either by getting the Chinese counsels overruled or annulled, she strengthens her authority with the Korean Government at the expense of the prestige of China. In this way encouraged, Russia claims special grants of land at the Eastern ports for the convenience of a commerce which does not exist, and obtains eventually what she claims. She also insists on appointing officers to drill and command the Korean army, notwithstanding that the convention of 1884, under which the arrangement was made, was never completed, and the claim made can in no manner be legally considered as belonging to the *status quo ante* 1885.

With a capable minister at the Korean Court without any interests to attend to save prospective political projects, and with the large body of Russianised Koreans keeping up constant communications between the capital and Vladivostock, it needs no gift of clairvoyance to perceive how capital may be made by Russia even out of the Chinese pretensions. The Resident insidiously reflected on as a tyrant; invidious constructions put on all his doings; and the King and Court prompted to feel the galling of the Chinese yoke; while the Russian dealings with people and Government are as the soft cooing of a lover who has all to gain and whose professions have not yet been put to the test, — all this, and much more, China is obliged to suffer in silence, there being nothing tangible for her to remonstrate against as a breach of the compact of 1885, while on her own part she is bound by its terms to avoid any overt act in defence of her own rights for fear of freeing the hand of her formidable opponent.

Reforms and improvements of many kinds are pressed by Russia on the Korean Government. It was thought desirable, for example, to connect Korea with Vladivostock by telegraph, and the Russian propaganda succeeded in gaining over the Court to the project — not a very difficult achievement where money was to pass through the hands of the Court officials. The Chinese Resident could not openly oppose so apparently useful a measure, but with considerable tact supported it, and at the critical moment assumed the direction of the work, on behalf of China, providing the operating staff, and becoming, in fact, responsible for the telegraph administration.

Another favourite scheme of Russia is to develop the internal traffic of the peninsula by carrying a network of railways from north to south and from east to west. That these railways would enhance the prosperity of the people may of course be considered as beyond a doubt; and they would, moreover, increase the perquisites of the officials, a large and impecunious body. For such schemes Russia would be willing to provide the funds. But China looks with undisguised jealousy on such projects, as is natural considering she has not yet given her own people the benefit of that new engine of civilisation; and exercising, as she does, the right of veto on the financial transactions of Korea, the construction of railways by foreign capital, to be worked under foreign direction, may yet be delayed for a time.

But as the Russian education of Korea proceeds, it cannot be but

that collisions must occur between the opposing forces. A Chinese Resident is not infallible, and some day his zeal may outrun his discretion. When the time is ripe for bolder action, Russia will probably be at no great loss to provide herself with a suitable grievance against China. The well-oiled King with his eunuch-ridden Court would not, in fact, be likely to offer resistance even to the transfer of allegiance to the Power which was in the ascendant.

With Korea in her possession, the position of Russia would be paramount in Far Asia, unless some changes in the relative status of other Powers should in the meantime have taken place; for besides commodious harbours open throughout the year, and a coast washed by the warm current, she would have a fertile country and a compact, docile, intelligent, able-bodied population fit for any enterprise of peace or war. From the Korean ports the northern provinces of China could be blockaded with a very small force, and the Chinese fleet neutralised for the defence of the Gulf of Pecheli and the capital.

And the fate of Korea is intimately associated with that of Manchuria. The Power that holds the one will command the other, and that will be the Power which is eventually to become, or to remain, virtual master of China and her 300 millions.[1]

The situation on the Manchurian frontier is no less critical for China than is the position of the Korean peninsula. Any frontier infested by brigands must be a chronic danger to the weaker of the contiguous Powers, for the provocation to reprisals will never be wanting. Inevitable depredations within the domains of the superior Power lead to the pursuit of malefactors, who escape into the more loosely governed territory, where they are safer from interference. Remonstrances follow; demands for rendition of criminals, which cannot perhaps be complied with; accusations of bad faith—all in regular sequence. Raids then become justified; one step leads on to another, until the strong party finally notifies the weak one that since he is unable or unwilling to keep order, self-preservation necessitates the establishment of military or police posts within his boundaries. Such has been more or less the history of the Russian advance through Asia, and there will be plenty of scope for its continuation in Chinese Manchuria.

At present the attitude of Chinese frontier-officials is friendly and frightened where it is not reckless or indifferent. They are as nervous of offending a Russian official as the mandarins in certain provinces are of quarrelling with foreign missionaries. In both cases they go to extremes, surrendering what they have no need to surrender, and denying plain justice to their people rather than have any questions raised with foreigners. Both missionaries and Russians take advantage of these timid officials. The Russians presume on their prestige to make incessant small aggressions—not necessarily territorial—which the Chinese officials dare not report to their Government because of their standing orders to keep the peace. This is virtually the explanation of the incessant fretting at the fringe of her territory which China seems compelled to acquiesce in, and of

[1] A competent French writer, M. Paul Boell, in a brochure just issued, gives his opinion that "France ought, in concert with Russia, to rule at her pleasure the destinies of the Chinese empire."

such episodes as the Pamir surrender, which the Chinese Minister chiefly concerned no doubt hoped would never be noticed by his Government. Neither indeed would it, but for the officious foreign press agitating the matter until it reached the ears of the censors, whose proper business it is to look out for subjects of censure on prominent public men.

All things considered, it would be a far less wonderful thing that a nation of a hundred millions of the most vigorous and resolute people in the world, with all the aids of nineteenth-century civilisation, should subjugate the Chinese, than that a small tribe of semi-nomads — but possessing, it must be owned, great political genius — should have done so and retained their hold for 270 years. It would be a veritable invasion of barbarians indeed; for though the Russian *élite*—mostly of foreign extraction —are highly cultured, and able to hold their own in science, literature, and art with the most advanced races, the Russian masses are distinctly behind the Chinese people in industry, intelligence, and trustworthiness. This is tacitly admitted by Russians; and indeed some of the more philosophical of their politicians are said to dread the effect on themselves of a possible conquest of China, anticipating for the Russian race in that event the experience of other alien conquerors —that is to say, absorption into the Chinese mass, and the loss of their own national character. Such theoretical misgivings, however, will never arrest the hand of the men of action, who will be content to do what lies before them, and leave the ulterior consequences to the Fates.

As a practical question, therefore, it comes to this, that Russia has little reason to apprehend from China any serious resistance to her progress. Time and the hour may be trusted to bring the Cossack even to Peking, unless some revolutionary change, of which there is neither sign nor prospect, should in the meantime turn China inside out, or the problem should become complicated by the interference of other interested parties. And this conclusion we are forced to arrive at, notwithstanding that, on striking a balance theoretically, the advantage of military resources would be found to lie on the side of China. She could not, indeed, hold Ili and Kashgar, but these outlying territories have been a drain on the strength of the empire since the day of their acquisition, and the loss of them would be a strategic gain; nor is the allegiance of Tibet a support which can be relied on in the present day. The deserts in the west and north are more trustworthy protectors than any military force China could maintain on their farther side. It is by the north-east that the empire lies open to invasion, and it is there that Russia is and must always be in force, being compelled to maintain and strengthen that position for her mere security.

But, as already said, it is just in Manchuria that China is much stronger than Russia, so far as natural conditions can make her strong. She has the immense advantages of possessing, in a land of frost, the sunny side of the frontier; of being the mistress of a fighting people, and of a splendid transport service in the myriads of wheeled vehicles, hardy animals, and trained drivers which now convey country produce over vast distances; as well as of being near her own base of supplies. A moderately energetic use of these resources would enable Chinese Manchuria to defy the strongest force that would be ever likely to

be brought on to that theatre of war; but, on the other hand, the neglect of them would throw all these advantages — men, material, and conveyance—into the hands of a capable invader; while the natural richness of Manchuria must ever be an overmastering temptation to a Power owning such a miserable territory as the present Russian empire. It would become the garden of Russia.

Viewing the Chinese empire as a whole also, her militant potentialities would make her more than a match for Russia. Her soil is more fertile, her people superior, she has no debt, and certain important reforms would enable her to manipulate a revenue amply sufficient to carry on even a long war on her own ground. If therefore she is helpless, it is only because she makes herself so.

The latent power of China has been sufficiently shown by the spasms of energy to which she has been from time to time roused. It was such a spasm, prolonged over a decade, that quelled the Taiping rebellion; a spasm recovered Kashgar; and a spasm, unfortunately perhaps, repulsed the French in Formosa and Tongking. Could these explosions of fighting energy be reduced to discipline, and the Chinese forces of all branches organised and maintained in efficiency, China might hold her own against the world. And if, in spite of all that, she is doomed to succumb, it will only be through her own default. Her efforts since 1860, planned by her greatest statesmen, to place herself in line with the foreign Powers which threaten her, have proved so far to be but skin-deep. None of those organic reforms which are necessary to place the empire on a level with modern competing States have been so much as thought of; the outward progress actually made, and at considerable expense, has already undergone reaction; the navy, which was in a fair way to become an efficient arm, is being allowed to slacken down to the old routine; and the company of enlightened statesmen whom the exigencies of the rebellion brought to the front has but one surviving representative, and he over seventy years old. At the end of the nineteenth century, when the world is girdled by electric wires and the obstacles of distance have been cleared away, the Chinese political machine is about as much of an anachronism as was the Holy Roman Empire after the Reformation; and the deliberations of the empire deal with matters as frivolous, and with practical affairs in as frivolous a way, as the Germanic Diet before 1866. To reorganise up to the standard of modern requirements would be for China a miracle of regeneration such as no State has ever been able to perform on itself, and which no race has had performed upon it save through long-continued convulsions.

Without venturing on grand speculations as to the development of national life and character, and the ultimate geographical distribution of mankind, we may reasonably infer from its past and present history that, though dynasties may come and go, the Chinese race can never be conquered. There is too much vitality, too strong individuality, too profound a depth of principle, too much intellectual and moral force in the Chinese, for them ever to be absorbed into any other race. But they may change masters, as they have been accustomed to do from time immemorial; and as the reigning dynasty, though alien, may claim to be the most beneficent the nation has ever known, there would be no reason, from the

popular point of view, why another alien conqueror, seated on the Dragon throne, should not in a short time be as welcome as the Manchus have been. Orderly government, and protection for industry and customs, are about all that Asiatic peoples ask of their rulers.

Such considerations, however, by no means exhaust the question. Seldom in national life can any problem be so isolated as that it can be disposed of without reference to collateral relations. With all its apparent helplessness, there is a halo of protection thrown round the Chinese empire by the interests of foreign Powers as much entitled to respect as Russia. It is well understood that one of these Powers has a special concern in the preservation of China as an independent State. The Chinese are among the best customers of England, which alone would be reason enough for the desire to save their commerce from the destructive fiscal policy of any foreign Power which might obtain the control of it. That the interest of Great Britain in China is not purely Platonic was demonstrated to all the world by the active part she took in suppressing the Taiping rebellion, which threatened to depopulate the Yangtze provinces. This position has always been tacitly recognised by the other Powers. France, flushed with her victories in Tongking in 1884, would undoubtedly have occupied Canton when it lay at her mercy, had she not been restrained by the reflection that inconvenient questions with Great Britain might be raised by the necessary interference with trade which would have resulted. France tried diplomacy instead.

A no less cogent interest links the fate of India to that of China, for were China to become Russianised, the end of British rule in the peninsula would come in sight. The key to the defence of India thus lies in a certain sense in China. This also was made manifest by the arbitrary seizure of Port Hamilton in Korea in 1885, when Russia was on the point of making an encroachment.

Thus, without a word spoken, the whole world feels, if China herself does not, that an invisible ægis shields her in the last resort from destruction. Maybe China, more astute than we give her credit for, presumes somewhat on this impalpable protection, as a reckless son relies on the resources of an indulgent father. But while this may avail her against a *coup de main*—and recent events in Siam throw a doubt even on that—it is quite inefficacious against the insidious softening of her margins and the imperceptible absorption of her substance.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

"Dunbar quha language had at large."
—Sir David Lyndsay.

It is difficult to conceive a description which would give, in so few words, so accurate a picture as is given here of one of Scotland's greatest poets by another who was his admirer and follower, and, while lacking some of the matchless vigour of his predecessor, excelled him in nobleness of purpose and loftiness of aim. There is nothing which strikes one so much in reading the poems of Dunbar as the immense power of the writer—a power which, if it had ever found its fullest expression, might have raised him to equality with any poet of either kingdom,—the extraordinary command of language and the overflowing facility which enables him as readily to adorn the most delicate and scholarly conception with an exuberance of graces such as Spenser could hardly have surpassed, as to picture a scene of the coarsest merriment in such colours as even Hogarth would not have ventured to put upon canvas. We cannot say that he touched nothing that he did not adorn, for it was not rarely his humour to deal with subjects which were incapable of ornament: there were times when that mad, reckless humour, which is so prevalent in all ages of our national literature, seems to have burst all bounds whatever, and the poet has pleased himself in accumulating an abundance of grotesque detail for which we cannot help feeling a certain admiration, however revolting may be the coarseness of the incidents. There are times, too, when he seems to be suddenly recalled to his better mood, just as his fantastic spirit has been running riot among the ugliest figures it can summon up. There is nothing more remarkable in the extraordinary poem of "The Twa Maryit Wemen and the Wedo" than the manner in which that grim conception of hopeless, unredeemed self-indulgence and licentiousness is relieved by the pleasant picture of the dawn with which it ends:—

"The morrow mild was and meek, the mavis did sing,
And all remuvit the mist, and the mead smellit;
Silver schouris down schuke, as the schene cristall,
And birdis schoutit in schaw, with their shrill notis;
The golden glitterand gleam so gladit their hertis,
They made a glorious glee amang the grene bewis.
The soft sough of the swyr,[1] and sound of the stremys,
The sweet savour of the sward, and singing of foulis,
Myght comfort ony creature of the kin of Adam."

Such as the poems are, such, we are inclined to think, was the poet. A man of infinite talent, of extraordinary versatility, endowed with the real sacred fire of poetry,—one, too, who has honestly made his mark, not only by the suggestion of latent power, but by actual work achieved,—and yet, we should say, above all, a man of possibilities, of capacities never fully displayed, and faculties rarely strained to their highest pitch. One cannot

[1] Dell.

help thinking that from the author of "The Thistle and the Rose" and "The Dance of the Seven Deidly Sins" something more might have been expected than the ephemeral courtly trifles which form the bulk of his extant poems. Greater works may indeed be lost, but there seems little probability of this when so many slight pieces, lightly and hastily thrown off to amuse an idle hour of his royal patrons, have been so carefully preserved. They are, indeed, the very best of their kind, and would go far to support the theory that James IV. would never give preferment to Dunbar, because he was unwilling to lose his company at Court. To our mind the impression conveyed by what we know of his life and his work is that of a careless, easy-going genius, capable of work that would live for ever, and occasionally doing it, but more usually satisfied with the applause due to some airy trifle of wit and melody, and with no great love for hard work. Much has been said and written about the reasons which impeded Dunbar's promotion in the Church; and the idea that he was, in the king's opinion, not fit for it, has been indignantly scouted by his admirers. "It must have been a pure priesthood, indeed," says one writer, "to which Dunbar would not, in his maturer years, have done honour,"—and the priesthood of Scotland was not that in the years immediately preceding the Reformation. Perhaps it may not, however, have needed any great offence to make the king hesitate to give the poet the boon he was always soliciting. Certainly there was no great harm in him; probably he may have only refused to take life seriously enough. Still, though churchmen seem always to have had a turn for bacchanalian verse,—was it not an English bishop who was responsible for the jovial assertion that he could not eat but little meat, his stomach was not good, but he *did* think that he could drink with any that wore a hood?—the frame of mind of "not setting by the world a cherry while there is good wine to sell" is not the surest guide to ecclesiastical preferment. Nor do the dispensers of this world's good things often feel charitably inclined to the poor man who admits that "Schir Gold" will rarely stay in his pockets, but "goes fra him to otheris by."

The few details that we have of Dunbar's life are chiefly gathered from his own poems, or from the "Flyting" between him and his friend and contemporary, Walter Kennedy—a half-playful exchange of abusive language, which seems not to have been uncommon among rival poets in Scotland in those days. It is evident that our poet was well born, for Kennedy, who came of the bluest blood in the west, and proudly refers to his royal descent, can find no better stone to throw at him in this matter than a reference to the former treasons of his ancestors, the Earls of March — not to mention a kindly suggestion that the original name was not Dunbar but Deullbeir, a sobriquet conferred on its original bearer to commemorate the fact that he was "generit betwixt a she-beir and a deil"! As Dunbar asserts himself to have been a Lothian man, he was probably a member of the family of Dunbar of Beill, in East Lothian, and possibly the grandson of Sir Patrick Dunbar, a son of George, tenth Earl of March, who was one of the hostages for the ransom of James I. in 1424. William Dunbar was probably born about 1460. A person of that name entered the University of St Andrews in 1475, and took

his degree of Master of Arts there in 1479. As the poet was addressed by the title of "Maister," only conferred upon such as had taken a university degree, it is reasonable to identify him with this student. After this period we must fall back on allusions in his poems for any light as to the employment of his next years. He was apparently for some time a Franciscan friar, and little good he seems by his own account to have got of the rough wandering life he then led. As he tells a fiend who appears to him in the likeness of St Francis—

"In to every lusty toun and place
Of all Yngland, from Berwick to Calais,
I have in to thy habit made guid cheer.
In freiris weid full fairly have I fleichit,
In it have I in pulpit gone and preachit
In Derntoun kirk and eke in Canterbury;
In it I passed at Dover owre the ferry,
Throw Piccardy, and there the people teachit."

All this might have been most creditable—even to the "fleiching"—but the poet is in a mood of candour:—

"Als lang as I did beir the freiris style,
In me, God wait, was mony wrinkle and wyle;
In me was falset with every wicht to flatter,
Quhilk micht be flemit with na haly water;
I was aye ready all men to begyle."

Later on he appears to have got some employment for the State, of what kind we can only conjecture. In his many poetical petitions to the king for preferment he is constantly referring to his services in days gone by. Perhaps these were not really so large as he is anxious to represent them, though his editors have generally taken his word for their value without hesitation. There are, however, times when he himself falls into a mood of self-depreciation, and professes that "he can but ballattis brief."

"I grant my service is but licht;
Therefore of mercy, and nocht of richt,"

he entreats the king to do something for him. There is a strong satirical tone in the poem referred to, but it may be truth for all that. At other times he expresses himself content with immortality:—

"And though that I, amang the lave,
Unworthy be ane place to have,
Or in their nummer to be tald,
Als lang in mynd my wark sall hald!
Als haill in every circumstance,
In forme, in matter and substance,
But[1] wearing or consumptioun,
Rust, cankar, or corruptioun,
As ony of their warkis all,
Suppose that my reward be small!"

In most cases, however, strong emphasis is laid on the services he has rendered. He begs the king to remember that "his youth is done forlore" in the service of the State; he has had weighty secrets in his possession, and might have made his fortune by betraying them—

"I had been boucht in Realmes by,
Had I consentit to be sald;"

he had spent much "leal labour and leal service" in many lands—

"Nocht I say all by this countré,
France, Ingland, Ireland, Almané,
But als by Italie and Spaine."

From such allusions as these, it has been supposed that the poet

[1] Without.

had been employed in some subordinate capacity in embassies and special missions to other countries. Many such missions were despatched in the early part of James IV.'s reign to find a suitable bride for the king, and Dunbar may well have been attached to some of these. Kennedy, in the "Flyting," refers often to Dunbar's voyages; indeed it would appear that the latter was absent from Scotland while this humorous contest was being carried on. He himself taunts Kennedy with waiting for his departure before he ventured to assail him—

"Or thou durst move thy mind malitious,
Thou saw the sail abune my heid updraw."

From Kennedy's reply Dunbar must have been at this time in Paris, apparently with a commission to proceed into Italy, which various impediments prevented him from executing—

"Thou may nocht pass Mont Bernard for wyld beistis,
Nor win through Mont Scarpry for the snaw;
Mont Nicholas, Mont Godard thee arreistis."

A kindly suggestion follows of the manner in which Dunbar might earn an honest living for a while—

"In Paris with thy Maister burreau[1]
Abide, and be his prentice neir the bank,
And help to hang the pece for half ane frank,
And at the last thyself mon thole[2] the law."

A more valuable reference is that to the fact that Dunbar sailed for the Continent in a ship called the Katherine—Kennedy adding, with his usual delicacy, that his rival was so ill at sea as to become a most undesirable companion for his fellow-travellers. In the Treasurer's Accounts for 1491 we find an entry of £26, 15s. 4d. "to my Lord Bothwell, quhilk the king gart him gif to the schipmen of the Katryn, besyde North berwic, quhen the Imbassatouris past in France." Taking these allusions together, we can hardly doubt that Dunbar travelled in the train of the Earl of Bothwell and Lord Monypenny, in their embassy to France in that year; possibly he had some other special mission to Italy. There is a further entry of 36s. "to the priest that wrait the instrumentis and oder letteris, that past with the Imbassatouris in France," which might refer to the poet, but of this we cannot be certain. Kennedy also refers to other adventures, including shipwreck on the "Northway coast," when the poet was reduced to such straits as to have to beg his bread—

"Cryand at duris,[3] 'Caritas amore Dei,'
Barefute, breekless, and all in duddis updost;"[4]

and from what Dunbar himself says, this would appear to have happened on the same voyage.

In the last years of the fifteenth century Dunbar must have returned to Scotland. In the Privy Seal Register for August 1500 we find "A letter made to Maister William Dunbar of the gift of ten ti [£10] of pensioun to be paid to him of our Soverane Lordis cofferis, by the Thesaurare, for all the dais of his life, or quhill[5] he

[1] *Bourreau*, hangman.
[2] Endure.
[3] Doors.
[4] Dressed in rags.
[5] Until.

be promovit by our Soverane Lord to a benefice of xl li or abune." In the next year it appears certain that he accompanied the Archbishop of Glasgow, the Earl of Bothwell, and the other ambassadors sent to London to negotiate the marriage of King James with the Princess Margaret of England, and he was probably present at her formal betrothal at St Paul's Cross in January 1501-1502. In the English privy purse expenses at this period are two grants to the "Rhymer of Scotland," by which Dunbar is undoubtedly meant; nor does it appear too bold an assumption to identify him with the retainer "giving attendance upon a Bishop Ambassadour," who recited a ballad in praise of London on the occasion of the Scottish ambassadors being entertained at dinner by the Lord Mayor. The ballad in question is preserved in a curious MS. Chronicle in the Cottonian Collection, and from internal evidence certainly there is no reason why it should not be Dunbar's. The tone of it is naturally somewhat fulsome—

"London, thou art of townes *A per se*.
Soveraign of cities, semeliest in sight,
Of high renoun, riches, and royaltie;"

but it gives a very interesting picture of the impression which the London of those days made upon a stranger.

"Above all ryvers thy Ryver hath renowne,
Whose beryl stremys, pleasaunt and preclare,
Under thy lusty wallys renneth down,
Where many a swan doth swym with wyngis fair;
Where many a barge doth sail, and row with are,[1]
Where many a ship doth rest with top-royal.
O! Towne of townes, patrone and not compare:[2]
London, thou art the flower of cities all.

Upon thy lusty Brigge of pillars white
Been merchaunts full royall to behold;
Upon thy stretis goeth many a semely knyght
Arrayit in velvet gownes and cheynes of gold.
By Julyus Cesar thy Tour founded of old
May be thy house of Mars victoryall,
Whose artillary with tonge may not be told:
London, thou art the flower of cities all."

The poet, who may probably have succeeded at this time in laying the foundations of his future favour with the young queen, returned to Scotland before she herself set out, and in the interval before her arrival composed his most beautiful work, "The Thistle and the Rose,"—a poem, if we set aside "The King's Quair," perhaps without an equal in Scottish poetry. The arrival of the princess in Edinburgh was the occasion of another exquisite little poem of welcome. There is no actual evidence to enable us to assign it to any particular author, but we think it can hardly be any but Dunbar that speaks:—

"Now fayre, fayrest of every fayre,
Princess most plesaunt and preclare,
The lustyest one alyve that bene,
Welcome of Scotland to be Queen!

Younge tender plant of pulcritude,
Descendyd of Imperyall blude;
Fresh fragrant floure of fayre hede shene,
Welcome of Scotland to be Queen!

Sweet lusty lusum lady clere,
Most myghty kynges dochter dere,
Borne of a princess most serene,
Welcome of Scotland to be Queen!

[1] Oar, apparently a poetical licence.

[2] Compeer, equal.

Welcome the Rose both rede and whyte,
Welcome the floure of our delyte!
Our secret rejoysing fromthee sone bene
Welcome of Scotland to be Queen!
Welcome of Scotland to be Queen!"

Dunbar now seems to have been regularly installed at court, where he found great favour both with the king and queen. The latter appears to have been his especial patron, and indeed it is possible that he may have been attached in some more or less honorary capacity to her household. In any case he had no particularly lucrative position, for he was perpetually besieging the king with petitions for a benefice. In 1504 we find him celebrating his first mass in the presence of the king, and James on that occasion gave as his offering the liberal sum of £4, 18s. This has been taken, perhaps somewhat hastily, by the poet's more enthusiastic admirers as a triumphant vindication of his character even from the charge of unbecoming levity. We are rather inclined—where all is guesswork—to see here a passing fit of earnestness, perhaps prompted by his patroness, when the poet took his full priest's orders—as he must have done to say mass—and bestirred himself to perform his ecclesiastical duties properly. James IV. was both a just and a generous monarch, who would never have withheld promotion from a man who deserved it from a selfish wish to keep him at his side—though, indeed, there should have been little difficulty in doing both. Consequently, we find the king's offering at this first mass—which comes somewhat late in Dunbar's career—was a generous one, no doubt intended to encourage him in his pious resolutions. But the fit of gravity probably did not last long, and we can imagine the poet soon sinking back again into the more congenial character of the jolly churchman, whose ready wit and facility of invention were always enough to keep him going with his indulgent and admiring patrons. We can well realise the pleasure which James would have taken in the society of so jovial and gifted a *protégé*, whose very petitions for preferment were too witty to be taken seriously; but he may well have had, at the same time, some doubts whether the functions of court poet were not more suitable to such a person than a cure of souls. It was enough to see that he wanted for nothing, and the Lord High Treasurer's Accounts give ample proof that this matter received due attention. As for the benefice, that might be considered at some later period: meanwhile the poet might go and get five pounds from the Treasurer, "for cause he wantit his goun at Yule," or on any other pretext which happened to occur to him; and the grave secretary who presided over the disbursements would smile a little to himself as he prepared to inscribe again the often recurring entry, "Item to Maister William Dunbar, by the Kingis command, ——."

In 1507 Dunbar's pension was raised to twenty pounds a-year, but even this was no great provision, and he continued to besiege the king with applications for a benefice. As the years went on, and the object of his ambition receded further and further into the background, an unwonted tone of acerbity naturally enough makes its appearance in his petitions. Court favour is no inheritance, and a man who at Dunbar's age was still a mere dependant on royal patronage could hardly refrain from looking back on the hopes of his youth with a certain bitterness.

He can still laugh at himself and his petitions, but there is a mixture of pathos in his humour, as, for instance, when he tells the king how, in his childhood, his nurse would sing to him, as she rocked him on her knee, "Dandely, Bischop, dandely!"

"And when that age now does me grief,
Ane simple vicar I cannot be."

In 1510 his pension was again raised, to the respectable sum of fourscore pounds, to be paid to him throughout his life unless he was promoted to a benefice of at least a hundred pounds. The king had perhaps begun to think that a definite provision must be made for his favourite "maker's" old age, and he should have learned a little more steadiness by this time. Whether he ever reached his goal we cannot tell. In the year following he was in the train of Queen Margaret, in the visit she paid to the North of Scotland, and has left a most interesting account of her reception at Aberdeen; how—

"First her met the burgess of the toun,
Richelie arrayit as become thame to be;"

how four of their number, "men of renoune," were chosen to bear a pall of crimson velvet over her head, and "ane fair processioun" came to meet her at the Port. "Great was the sound of the artillery," and the loyalty of the worthy burgesses was displayed in the shows they had prepared to grace the queen's entry,—one representing the salutation of the Virgin, another the "Orient Kingis three" doing obeisance to the infant Christ, another Robert Bruce, &c. The royal progress was followed by "ane royall rout of great barons and lusty ladies"—

"'Welcome, our Queen!' the commons gave ane schout."

Dunbar's hand had forgotten none of its cunning when he was called upon to depict this scene. It is one of the last poems to which a date can be assigned. His pension continued to be paid for some two years more, the last entry in the Treasurer's register referring to a payment on account of fifty-six shillings in May 1513, about four months before the battle of Flodden.

What happened to the poet after this we have no means of telling. In the time of darkness and confusion that followed that terrible national calamity, it would be small wonder if a person of much greater importance were lost to sight. The public accounts fell into disorder with other things, or, at any rate, they are not to be found for a year or two after; and when the extant series does begin again, the name of Dunbar is absent from the register. The most usual theory, and the pleasanter to believe, is that he had at last obtained the prize for which he had been so long striving, and spent the latter part of his life in the tranquil obscurity of some country parsonage. The late Mr David Laing, however, whose authority on all points connected with early Scottish poetry must rank very high, was finally led to conclude, in view of the total disappearance of the poet, that he must have been among the slain at Flodden. The fact of his being a churchman would not impede his following the army, or his falling, as many ecclesiastics did, on that fatal field. Nor is it particularly remarkable that we should have no record of his death

there, especially supposing him to leave no relations in particular to take an interest in the matter. But it is in our opinion somewhat strange that Sir David Lyndsay, when paying a due tribute to the memory of Dunbar, should have made no mention of a fact so remarkable, and so honourable to the poet. The strongest actual evidence against this theory consists in the existence of a poem, attributed to Dunbar, in the Maitland and Reidpeth MSS., entitled "Ane Orisoun, quhen the Governour past into France," the occasion of which was undoubtedly the Regent Albany's retirement to that country in 1517. Mr Laing's argument, of course, is that this poem must have been attributed to Dunbar by mistake.

In support of the theory that the poet had at last gained the preferment he desired, it has been urged that Dunbar's later poems show a softened, contemplative spirit, suitable to one who had found a haven of rest for his latter years, as well as expressions of regret for the "thochtis jolly" and other errors of his youth, highly meritorious in one whose mission is to instruct others. But if we are once embarked on the wide sea of conjecture, with only such frail planks as this to guide us, it may do no great harm to start a theory of our own. Dunbar was, as we have said, more a follower of Queen Margaret than of King James, and such poems as that addressed to the king, "That he war Johne Thomsounis man," show that he himself was well assured that his road to preferment would have been much smoother if such matters had been in the queen's hands. Consequently, many critics have said, we may be sure that she would find a means of satisfying his ambition sooner or later. But we are not so sure of this. If the poet was without preferment up to the battle of Flodden—as he evidently was, unless he was appointed to a benefice during the months of June, July, or August 1513—his favour with the queen-dowager may have been of very little service to him. Margaret was by no means in the heyday of her fortune in those sad years that followed, and, especially after her hasty and ill-advised marriage with the Earl of Angus, had enough to do to maintain her own position, let alone forwarding the interests of her dependants. That she would have attempted to do so we cannot doubt; but it is enough to look at the case of Gavin Douglas to see how inadequate her efforts might be. Here was a member of one of the most powerful families in Scotland, uncle to the second husband of the queen-dowager, himself a man of unblemished reputation, nay, renowned for his learning and piety, who would, as every one acknowledged, be an ornament to the highest ecclesiastical position, and yet how difficult was his road to promotion, with all the Douglas influence, the favour of the queen, and the approbation of the Pope himself to back him! So much less important a personage as Dunbar may not have been more successful, though it is true that his aims were humbler, and so more easily attained. Of course, this is the merest conjecture, but the other theories are open to the same charge. There is a bitter tone in many of his latest poems which seems to us more consistent with the idea of a man whose whole life had been more or less a failure; nor have we found professions of penitence to be more frequent in prosperity than

in adversity. Yet we would be glad if it could be proved that he did get that benefice at last.

His death must have occurred some time before 1530, when the "Complaynt of the Papingo" was written, in which Sir David Lyndsay laments his loss, with that of his friend Kennedy and many others. From the order in which the names of Dunbar and Gavin Douglas follow each other in this lament, it is probable that the death of the latter—which occurred in 1522—was the later of the two.

For two centuries later his poems appear to have been entirely neglected. In 1724 Allan Ramsay published a considerable number of them in his collection, 'The Evergreen.' A good many were also included in the collections published by Lord Hailes and Pinkerton from the Bannatyne and Maitland MSS. respectively. Towards the end of the last century a selection of Dunbar's poems alone was projected, but only the first part ever appeared. In 1834 Mr David Laing brought out a complete edition of Dunbar's works, so far as they were known up to that time, to which a supplement was added thirty years later, containing some newly discovered pieces and some additional facts concerning the poet. Of this admirable work it is sufficient to say that it is in every respect worthy of the editor's great reputation. Since then various editions and works on Dunbar have appeared at home and abroad—among the most remarkable of the latter being a treatise on 'William Dunbar, sein Leben und seine Gedichte,' by Professor Schipper of Vienna. At home we should take most notice of the excellent edition prepared for the Scottish Text Society by the late Dr John Small of Edinburgh, who died before the completion of the work, which, however, was continued by competent hands, and has grown into the most valuable work we possess on the subject. Besides a careful re-examination of the text, the value of this edition is enhanced by the scholarly notes of Dr Walter Gregor; while Sheriff Mackay has contributed an able and interesting biography of the poet as an Introduction, and in form of Appendix a valuable excursus on "The Relations between Scotland and Denmark" at that period.

Dunbar, like other poets, has had his meed of praise and blame, the former of which has been at times somewhat extravagant, especially among his own kindly countrymen. In Sir Walter Scott's opinion, he had been "justly raised to a level with Chaucer by every judge of poetry to whom his obsolete language has not rendered him unintelligible"; while an English critic of the same date—George Ellis—declared him to be "the greatest poet that Scotland has produced." We can hardly endorse either of these judgments: we cannot venture to class him with his master, Chaucer, any more than he himself would have ventured to claim any such equality. It is possible that he had in him as much of poetic inspiration, of imaginative faculty and descriptive power, as the great English poet. It is certain that he could equal him in flashes; but of such sustained excellence as marks the work of him who "bears of makaris the tryumph roiall," we can find no proof in Dunbar's poems. Nor has he, perhaps, produced any single work which quite rises to the level of the Prologue to the 'Canterbury Tales' or the "Knight's Tale." On the other hand, we should not, as a national poet, put him before Burns. It is strange that it

should be possible to institute any comparison between these two, considering the immense lapse of time which separates them, and also the fact that Dunbar was pre-eminently a man of his period; but there does seem, indeed, a remarkable similarity of spirit and genius. There are the same real reverence and the same bold defiance of the limits which the world sets to licence of speech in matters ecclesiastical, the same lofty thoughts and the same grotesque fancies, and, above all, the same reckless, rollicking, overflowing humour, bearing before it in its course every check and barrier of sobriety and discretion, and only aiming at filling to the utmost every corner and limit which the most exuberant fancy can reach. But Burns is undeniably the greater: greater in his power of pathos, which is almost non-existent in Dunbar's extant poems; greater in his love-poems, which in Dunbar's hands are often stilted and wearisome; most of all superior in his wider sympathy with the things and men around him—especially the latter. That there was some love of nature in Dunbar's mind can hardly be doubted from the beautiful descriptions which occur in some of his poems; but there often seems to be more art than sympathy in the colouring of such pictures. From his "Lament for the Makers" we can tell that he loved his friends; but the welfare of the mass of mankind would leave him comparatively indifferent.

This is probably owing to the influence of the age in which Dunbar lived. It was a time of *Sturm und Drang*, if ever there was one—the beginning of one of the greatest upheavings which has ever been in this world. The great revolution had not come yet, but it was coming, and the existing state of society was on its last legs. Dunbar was no reformer, as far as the introduction of a new condition of affairs went—though it appears from some of Kennedy's taunts that he was suspected, justly or unjustly, of some touch of Lollard doctrine. But a man of his genius could not live in such a time without giving expression, to some considerable extent, to the feeling which was in the air; and so we find him in the ranks of the sort of vanguard of iconoclasts which precedes any great movement of the kind, who must break down that there may be room for the greater men who follow to build up. There was as yet little but satire in the air, expressing, perhaps, a general feeling of discontent, without any very clear idea what there was to be discontented about. In such an atmosphere a strong careless genius like Dunbar's would find its full vent almost in any direction he turned. His satire is not levelled against any particular class or abuse: churchmen and courtiers, tailors and souters, all make equally good butts. He lashes vice, indeed, as heartily as the soundest moralist could wish; and he pillories humbugs, as all satirists love to do, for it is easy game and always abundant. But there is not any great method in his attacks. He is often rather combative, for the love of fighting—as the "Flyting" proves, for one instance—and may give the hardest blows without any ill-feeling, from the mere desire of hitting out. So when he has a really fitting subject, he rises into a great satirist—greater, perhaps, in this direction than Burns ever was—though there may be less refinement in his satire, as he was the spokesman of a ruder age. He came into a combative period,

and he thrust himself into the fray, as a strong man will, from the natural love of fighting; and for his arms he took the national weapon of broad rough humour that his countrymen have always delighted in. The age and the country at once are represented in the man.

Some rather startling judgments have been passed upon Dunbar by other authorities. Campbell, for instance, expressed his opinion that it would be absurd to compare such a production as "The Dance of the Seven Deidly Sins" with the beauty and refinement of Collins's "Ode on the Passions." This is unquestionably true: heaven forbid that any one should try! We think that this criticism is almost worthy to rank with the same authority's condemnation of Herrick (of all poets that ever lived) for his "rugged versification"! In more recent times, the late Mr J. R. Lowell—in a moment of mental aberration, we must suppose—described Dunbar's poems as an intellectual pasture where "whoso is national enough to like thistles may browse to his heart's content;" adding that he himself "was inclined for other pasture, having long ago satisfied himself by a good deal of dogged reading that every generation is sure enough of its own share of bores without borrowing from the past." There is truth in this also: in the search for poetical bores, Mr Lowell's countrymen have no occasion to go so far afield.

Probably the style by which Dunbar will be best remembered is one that was not in the highest favour with the poet. Unless we have lost many of his finer works, which we can see no reason to believe, the instances were but few in which he set himself to produce a finished work of which beauty of versification and delicacy of colouring were to be the chief features. Perhaps his exuberant fancy lent itself, hardly with greater ease but with greater *abandon*, to humorous subjects; perhaps he felt that such delicate and tender strains as he could touch had been sounded already with greater power by Chaucer, and that any following in his steps must be regarded as more or less an imitation. At any rate, we have few poems extant of which beauty is the principal characteristic; in almost every one there is power. But "The Thistle and the Rose" is a very gem of beauty, and it is this probably which will confer the most undying fame upon the poet. We have here all his best faculties assembled,—the marvellous control of language and power of expression, the fertile imagination and the grasp of detail which appears so strongly in Dunbar, together with the perfect grace of diction which sets off each dainty fancy to its fullest advantage. It is merely a court-poet's panegyric, in all probability written to order, but it is at the same time a most thoroughly spontaneous effort. One cannot help feeling that the whole fancy of the poem has arisen at once, complete in every detail, before the author's mind, so that he has merely to write it down much as if an actual Muse were dictating to him. Such a poem has a kind of involuntary grace and finish which can never quite be equalled by dint of trying. The theme of "The Thistle and the Rose" is extremely simple. The poet is aroused from his slumbers by the appearance of "fresche May," who calls upon him to awake and come forth. The poet answers with a remonstrance, which shows that the merry month of May was not, even in his time, always de-

lightful,—"thy air," he says plainly, "is nocht wholesome or benign." Lord Eolus has things too much his own way to make early rising desirable. But May is peremptory that he must arise and do his observance,—

"Thou did promit in Mayis lusty morrow,
For to describe the Rose of most pleasance;"

and the poet finally follows her into a "lusty garden gent," where it appears that Dame Nature is holding her court. The description of the sunrise, though an unmistakable Chaucerian echo, is worth quoting here—

"The purpour sun, with tender bemys reid,
In orient bricht as angel did appeir,
Throw golden skyis putting up his heid,
Quhois gilt tresses schone so wonder cleir,
That all the world tuke comfort, far and neir,
To luke upon his fresche and blissful face,
Doing all sable fro the hevynnis chase."

Dame Nature sends forth her commands that all birds and beasts and flowers are to present themselves before her, "to her their maker to make obedience." The first to obey the summons is the lion, who is described as he appears in the arms of Scotland,—

"This awful beist full terrible was of cheer,
Persing of luke, and stout of countenance,
Richt strong of corpis, of fassoun[1] fair, but[2] feir,
Lusty of schaip, licht of deliverance,
Reid of his colour, as is the ruby glance;
On field of gold he stude full mychtely,
With flour-de-lycis circulit lustely."

This description was probably in Sir Walter's mind when he wrote how "the ruddy lion ramped in gold." The lion is crowned king of the beasts, and appointed their "chief protector in woods and shaws," with an admirable charge from Nature as to his government, which we must quote at the risk of making too ample extracts:—

"Exerce justice with mercy and conscience,
And let no small beist suffer skaith, na scornis,
Of greit beistis that bene of more puissance;
Do law alike to apis and unicornis,
And let no bowgle[3] with his busteous[4] hornis
The meik pleuch-ox oppress, for all his pride,
But in the yoke go peaceable him beside.

When this was said, with noise and sound of joy,
All kind of beistis in to their degree
Atonis cryit loud, 'Vive le Roy!'
And till his feet fell with humilité;
And all they made him homage and fewté;
And he did them ressaif with princely laitis,[5]
Whose noble ire is *parcere prostratis*."

The eagle is next crowned king of fowls, and receives in like manner instructions for his government—as, for instance, to be as just to whaups and owls as to peacocks, popinjays, and cranes, and to "make ae law for wicht fowls and for wrennis." Then comes the turn of the flowers, among whom, as the Scottish lion was previously chosen, the national emblem of the thistle is the properest sovereign. For the benefit of the critical, it is explained that Nature was impressed by seeing

[1] Fashion. [2] Without. [3] Buffalo.
[4] Formidable. [5] Demeanour.

him "keepit with a busche of speiris," and so

"Considering him so able for the weiris,[1]
A radious croun of rubies scho him gaif,
And said, 'In field go furth and fend the laif.'"[2]

To make the beauty of the following stanzas more easily appreciable, we have ventured to turn them almost wholly into modern spelling,—a process to which they happen to lend themselves easily, with only the spoiling of one rhyme in the second verse:—

"And since thou art a King, be thou discreet;
Herb without virtue hold thou not of such price
As herb of virtue and of odour sweet;
And let no nettle vile and full of vice
Her fellow[3] to the goodly fleur-de-lis;
Nor let no wild weed, full of churlishness,
Compare her to the lily's nobleness:

Nor hold none other flower in such dainty
As the fresh Rose, of colour red and white;
For if thou dost, hurt is thine honesty;
Considering that no flower is so perfect,
So full of virtue, pleasance, and delight,
So full of blissful angelic beauty,
Imperial birth, honour, and dignity."

The English rose is next greeted with her meed of praise, and crowned with the thistle, by the queen of Nature, and saluted with the acclamations of all manner of flowers and birds.

"Then all the birdis sang with voice on height,
Whose mirthful sound was marvellous to hear:
The mavis sang, 'Hail, Rose, most rich and right,
That does up flourish under Phœbus' spear;
Hail plant of youth, hail Prince's daughter dear,
Hail blossom breaking out of the blood royal,
Whose precious virtue is imperial.'

The merle she sang, 'Hail, Rose of most delight,
Hail, of all flowers queen and sovereign:'
The lark she sang, 'Hail, Rose both red and white,
Most pleasant flower, of mighty colours twain:'
The nightingale sang, 'Hail, Nature's suffragan,
In beauty, nurture, and every nobleness,
In rich array, renown, and gentleness.'"

With the acclaim of the birds the poet wakes and the vision ends. The singularly graceful personification of the royal bridegroom and bride as the Thistle and the Rose was evidently received on all sides with very great favour; so much so, indeed, that some years later, in one of his many poetical applications for preferment, Dunbar ventures to recall it to the king's mind, referring to the queen as "that sweet meek Rose," and to James himself as the thistle "whose pykes through me so ruthless ran." About the same time Dunbar produced another of his principal works, also a kind of Chaucerian allegory, though in a different metre — "The Golden Targe," which in its time was regarded as of equal excellence with "The Thistle and the Rose," but which is, in our opinion, much inferior. It certainly loses in the respect that it has no such personal interest as attaches to the latter: it is merely a somewhat tedious allegory of the style that was particularly prized in those days, but which to us appears of little interest. The style of "The Golden Targe" is more florid, with a super-

[1] Wars. [2] Defend the rest. [3] Make herself equal.

abundance of ornament such as one finds more usually in Gavin Douglas. The personages, such as they are, who are introduced to us here are either mythological gods and goddesses or personified qualities, such as Lowliness, Continence, Patience, Good Fame, Steadfastness, Discretion, &c.; and the story is merely that of the attack that Beauty and many of her allies make upon the poet, who is defended by Reason holding the Golden Targe, which keeps him safe from their attacks till "Perilous Presence" casts a powder in Reason's eyes, and the poet is "yolden as a wofull prisonere" to Lady Beauty. As a specimen of the extremely ornate style of allegory, the poem deserves some praise, but we hardly think that it is to be quoted among Dunbar's best efforts. There are some excellent pieces, of which, perhaps, we may quote, as one of the choicest, the poet's invocation of the master of this school of poetry:—

"O reverend Chaucer, rose of rhetoris all,
As in our tongue ane flower imperial,
That raise in Britane ever, who redis richt,
Thou beris of Makaris the triumph riall;
Thy fresche enamelit termes celicall
This matter could illumynit have full bricht;
Was thou nocht of our Inglisch all the licht,
Surmounting every tongue terrestrial
Als far as Mayes morrow does midnicht."

Even in "The Thistle and the Rose," though we have there much more originality of thought, the direct influence of the beloved master, Chaucer, makes itself constantly felt. Perhaps even in Dunbar's humorous poems we can trace a similar impulse given by the great genius who was then regarded as the standard of all that was best in every branch of poetical effort; but in this latter line the pupil has almost excelled the master.

The term "humorous" is perhaps somewhat strained in its application to some poems which belong to a very grim school of comedy. Among these we should give the first place to "The Dance of the Seven Deidly Sins," a masterpiece of somewhat gloomy colouring, in which, despite some incidents of broad farce, there is plenty of serious meaning. It is one of the grotesque *macabre* conceptions so much favoured in that age, representing a revel held in hell, in which each of the deadly sins bears a part, accompanied by its own particular band of followers. The picture drawn is purposely an ugly one, each sin being presented in its naked hideousness with intent to disgust the spectator. It is curious to contrast it with the refined rendering that Spenser gives of the same characters, with far more flourish of morality but no such effect of horror. With all his faults, there is some interest attaching to Spenser's picture of Idleness, "the Nurse of Sin"—

"Upon a slothful ass he chose to ride,
Arrayed in habit black and amice thin,
Like to an holy monk the service to begin,
And in his hand his portesse[1] still he bare,
That much was worn, but therein little read;
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drowned in sleep and most of his days dead:

[1] Breviary.

Scarce could he once uphold his heavy head,
To looken whether it were night or day.
. . . . . .
From worldly cares himself he did esloyne,[1]
And greatly shunned manly exercise;
From every work he challenged essoyne,
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise
His life he led in lawless riotise."

There is something in the grace of the language which sweetens the picture, and makes it pleasant to dwell upon. Nothing could be in stronger contrast than the really disgusting picture of Dunbar's Sweirness (Sloth), who,

"At the second bidding,
Came like a sow out of a midden,
Full sleepy was his grunzie."[2]

The picture of this sin is in Dunbar the most repulsive: but while the descriptions of the other sins are less gross in their details, all are represented with relentless fidelity in their full moral ugliness. Perhaps the finest passage in the poem is the description of Envy:

"Filled full of feud and felony,
Hid malice and despite:
For privy hatred that traitour trymlit.[3]
Him followit mony freik dissymlit,
With fenyeit wordis white:
And flattereris in to men's facis;
And backbytaris in secret placis,
To lie that had delyte;
And rownaris[4] of false lesingis;
Alas! that courtis of noble kingis
Of them can never be quyte."

Equally forcible are the pictures of Pride "with hair wild back and bonnet on side"; of Ire, whose "hand was aye upon his knife"; and Covetise, "that never could be content." The gloomy sincerity of the poem is relieved at the end by more comic touches: the last of these is a curious illustration of the profound prejudice which the Lowland Scotsmen of that day bore against their wilder neighbours of the Highlands:—

"Syne cried Mahoun for a Hieland padyane;[5]
Syne ran a fiend to fetch Macfadyane,
Far northward in a nuke:
By he the coronach had done schout,
Ersch[6] men so gadderit him about,
In hell greit room they tuke;
Thae termagantis with tag and tatter
Full loud in Ersch begouth to clatter
And roup[7] like raven and ruke.
The devil sa deavit was with their yell,
That in the deepest pot of hell
He smorit them in smuke."

The doings of the world below were rather a favourite theme with Dunbar, though usually as a mere vehicle for broad humour. There is a touch of satire in "The Devil's Inquest," where Satan is represented as walking to and fro upon earth, "temptand fast the people with aithis of cruelty." Each several class is depicted as inviting the devil's attention in turn by the curses they call on themselves to back up their false assertions—the terms appropriate to the different callings being hit off with admirable appropriateness. The climax is reached when

"The fische wives flett[8] and swore with granis,[9]
And to the Fiend saule, flesche, and banis
They gave them with ane schout on hie.
The Devill said, 'Welcome all attanis,[10]
Renounce your God and come to me.'

---

[1] Withdraw, *éloigner*.
[2] Snout.
[3] Trembled.
[4] Circulators of false reports.
[5] Pageant.
[6] Erse, Gaelic.
[7] Croak.
[8] Flyted, scolded.
[9] Groans.
[10] At once.

The rest of craftis greit aithis sware
Their wark and craft had na compair,
Ilk ane in to their qualitie.
The Devill said, 'Then withouten mair,
Renounce your God and come to me.'"

The same personage is made to preside at a scene upon which Dunbar has lavished the most plentiful stores of his most grotesque humour, to such an extent as to make either quotation or description of the incidents in a ninteenth-century magazine an absolute impossibility,—"The Justs betwixt the Tailor and the Soutar," which are represented as taking place in hell, a locality not unadapted for such champions as are here introduced. Why tailors and shoemakers should have been so generally regarded as fair game for the satirist it is hard to say, but Dunbar in particular has no mercy upon them; and after deluging them with the broadest ridicule in the *Justs*, he is careful to make matters worse by his satirical "Amends to the Tailors and Soutars." An angel expressly comes down from heaven to assure them that their reward is great in another world—

"The cause to you is nocht unkend,
That God mismakes ye do amend,
By craft and greit agilitie:
Tailyeouris and Sowtaris, blest be ye!"

For it is well known that shoemakers, "with shoon weil made and meet," can "mend the faults of ill-made feet,"—

"And Tailyeouris with weil made claise[1]
Can mend the worst made man that gaes,
And make him seemly for to see:
Tailyeouris and Sowtaris, blest be ye!

. . . . . .

In earth ye kyth sic miracles heir,
In heaven ye sall be sanctis cleir,
Thocht ye be knaves in this cuntré:
Tailyeouris and Sowtaris, blest be ye!"

Another ballad, of which the authorship is not certainly proved, though to us it seems a most characteristic instance of Dunbar's reckless humour, gives an account of the adventures of a certain Kind Kittok on her way to heaven. The narrator of the story is her sympathising husband, who tells us that, according to report, she "deit of thirst and made a guid end," and consequently she "dreadit not in heaven for to dwell"; but she lingered on the way so long that she was unable to complete the journey in one day, and had to put up for the night at an alehouse near heaven.

"She sleepit till the morn at noon and raise airly;
And to the yettis of heaven fast can the wife fare,
And by Sanct Peter, in at the yett she stole privily:
He lukit and saw her lettin in, and leuch his hert sair.
And there yeris seven
She levit a gud life,
And was our Ledyis henwife;
And held Sanct Peter at strife,
Aye while she was in heaven.

She lukit out on a day, and thought right lang
To see the alehouse beside, in till an evil hour;
And out of heaven the hie gait couth the wife gang
For to get her ane fresche drink, the ale of heaven was sour.
She came again to heaven's yett, when that the bell rang,
Sanct Peter hit her with a club, quhill a great clour
Raise in her heid, because the wife yeid[2] wrang.

[1] Clothes.

[2] Went.

Then to the alehouse again she ran,
the pitchers to pour.
Freindis, I pray you hertfully,
Gif ye be thirsty or dry
Drink with my guddame as ye
ga by,
Anis for my sake."

Among the more celebrated of his broadly humorous poems is that entitled "The Twa Maryit Wemen and the Wedo,"—an extremely elaborate conception, worked out with the greatest art and highly finished, in which the poet has set himself to represent all that can be found that is most repulsive and detestable in any female character. The story is told of three ladies who sit drinking in an arbour all night on Midsummer Eve, and relate to each other their various ways of enjoying themselves and deceiving their husbands, past and present. The Wife of Bath has sometimes been quoted as a similar conception, if not as the original of the female characters here depicted; but we can safely say that the decent woman (speaking comparatively) might have suffered considerably, from a moral point of view, by associating with the married ladies, to say nothing of the widow. Probably Dunbar intended to make the picture hateful, in spite of the commendatory epithets lavished upon "thir ryall rosis"; and certainly he has succeeded. There is a kind of squalor of vice about this picture of absolutely unredeemed self-indulgence that could give points to the heroines of Petronius Arbiter. The "Freiris of Berwick," if it be really the work of Dunbar, is the only other long poem of his that remains to us. It is an extremely amusing tale, told with a delightfully genial humour, and is quite free from the objections raised against "The Twa Maryit Wemen and the Wedo"; indeed it is rather a moral story, if the reader chooses to take it in that way. As, however, its chief merit lies in the narrative, it would be impossible to give any idea of this poem by quotation.

One formidable use which Dunbar was not unwilling to make of his fund of broad humour was that of a weapon of offence. He must have been a somewhat dangerous person to offend; at any rate, those who exposed themselves to his ridicule have earned a very undesirable immortality. Some of his vituperative poems are cast in a rather serious tone, as the "Complaynt aganis Mure," an otherwise unknown person who had apparently altered some verses of Dunbar's and interpolated bits of his own composition in them. More purely humorous is the satire in the "Testament of Mr Andro Kennedy," of whom also we know nothing beyond the fact that there was a person of that name at the court of James IV.,—a curious *jeu d'esprit* in macaronic verse, half English and half Latin. For a taste—

I, Maister Andro Kennedy,
Curro quando sum vocatus,
Gotten with some incuby,
Or with some freir *infatuatus;*
In faith I cannot tell redly,[1]
Unde aut ubi fui natus,
But in truth I trow truely,
Quod sum diabolus incarnatus."

Another humorous attack was made upon James Doig, the keeper of the queen's wardrobe, whose name naturally lent itself to such a purpose. "Madam," says the poet warningly to his patroness, "ye have a dangerous Doig!"—

[1] Readily.

"When that I schawe to him your markis,[1]
He turnis to me again and barkis,
As he were wirriand[2] ane hog:
Madame, ye have a dangerous Dog!

When that I schawe to him your writing,
He girnis that I am red for biting;
I wald he had ane heavy clog:
Madame, ye have a dangerous Dog!"

We do not know what the cause of quarrel was, though such men as Dunbar are seldom in great favour with treasurers, wardrobe-keepers, or the like; but in this case this "mastiff meikle of micht" seems to have made amends, and the placable poet hastened to counteract his previous effusion with a new address to the queen:—

"O gracious Princess, guid and fair!
Do weill to James your Wardraipair;
Quhais faithful bruder maist freind I am:
He is na Dog; he is a Lamb.

Thocht I in ballat did with him bourde,
In malice spake I never ane word,
But all, my Dame, to do you game:
He is na Dog; he is a Lamb."

A wholesome example, no doubt, to all officials of the advantage of enabling the poet to say, "He has sa weill done me obey in till all thing," that he was the subject of commendation instead of ridicule.

A bitterer example of Dunbar's sarcastic powers is given in "The Ballat of the Fenyit Freir of Tungland," a powerful attack upon a foreign charlatan named Damian or Damiani, who distinguished himself by many kinds of impostures, culminating in an attempt to fly, which succeeded about as well as such attempts usually do. But the most famous instance of our poet's vituperative talents is "The Flyting" between him and Walter Kennedy, to which we have already referred. It is difficult to tell how much of this extraordinary exchange of abuse was serious. Certainly the two poets seem to have been on good terms later on, as Dunbar speaks of the other's illness in terms of affectionate sympathy in his "Lament for the Makers"—

"Gud Maister Walter Kennedy
In poynt of dede lies verily,
Gret reuth it wer that so suld be."

Perhaps there may have been some momentary cause of quarrel between them: the contemptuous manner in which Dunbar would speak of Kennedy's Celtic blood, and the opprobrious epithet of "Englishman" applied in return to the Lothian poet, would be quite enough to arouse as bitter a war of tongues or pens in our own days. It is, however, generally acknowledged that the duel was fought chiefly for the amusement of the gallery. The contest begins, or rather is led up to, by some verses of Dunbar's addressed to another poet, Sir John the Ross, in which he speaks of certain compositions of Kennedy and Quintyne — possibly Quintyne Shaw, who is mentioned in "The Lament" — which appear to have been of a mutual admiration society type, which our poet is inclined to resent as implying disrespect to him: he does not wish to meddle in such a business, but he will just let them know that he is ready to "raise the fiend with flyting" if he sees occasion. This contemptuous defiance seems to have set the blood of all the Kennedies a-boiling, and the rival poet retorts with a few vehement stanzas, in which, how-

[1] Seal.

[2] Worrying.

ever, he only addresses his enemy as a "maister but in mowis,"[1] a "fantastic fule," "ignorant elf," "owl irregular," and other more or less courteous expressions. Dunbar had apparently left Scotland by the time that this attack appeared, and, indeed, was probably absent during the rest of the flyting. This, however, did not prevent him from making an elaborate reply, containing some two hundred lines of the most scurrilous abuse, to which Kennedy makes answer in his turn in even more violent language. The style of raillery is not of the kind to commend itself to readers of our day, and we think we can safely leave those who would wish to know more of this singular war of wits to examine the original.

A more pleasant exercise of Dunbar's great powers is in the little court poems thrown off at a moment's notice to amuse his patrons. Some of those which are written upon passing occurrences are of a tone welcome enough in the sixteenth century, but hardly approved in our days, and it must be admitted that some of the broadest of these are addressed to the queen. The better part consists chiefly of the little poetical petitions addressed to the king or the great officers of state, sometimes for money, and often for the reversion of a benefice. Before these questions became too serious, we have some sparkling little pieces of humorous verse where the object seems to have been more to move the recipient to laughter than to make a real claim on his generosity. *L'un n'empêche pas l'autre*, of course; indeed the two feelings might be very intimately connected. Of such a kind is the petition, or rather demand, for money addressed to the Lords of the King's Chacker.[2]

"My Lordis of Chacker, please you to hear
My compt, I sall it make you clear,
But ony circumstance or sonyie;[3]
For left is neither cross nor cunyie,[4]
Of all that I tuik in the year.

For reckoning of my rents and roumes,
Ye need nocht for to tire your thoumes;
Na for to gar your counters clink,
Nor paper for to spend, nor ink,
In the receiving of my soumes.

I tuik fra my Lord Thesaurair
Ane soume of money for to wair;
I can nocht tell you how it is spendit,
But weil I wait that it is endit;
And that me think ane compt our fair!"

A still better example of his merriest mood, though there is a serious enough fact underlying it, is afforded by the address to the king expressing the wish that he would become Johne (Johane or Jean) Thomson's man, a popular expression for a henpecked husband.

"Schir, for your Grace baith nicht and day,
Richt hartlie on my knees I pray,
With all devotioun that I can,
God gif ye were Johne Thomsounis man!

For were it so, then weill were me,
But benefice I wald nocht be;
My hard fortune were endit than:
God gif ye were Johne Thomsounis man!

Then wald some ruth within you rest,
For sake of her, fairest and best,
In Britane, syn her time began;
God gif ye were Johne Thomsounis man!

For it micht hurt in no degree,
That one so fair and gude as sche,

[1] Grimaces. [2] Exchequer. [3] Excuse. [4] Coin.

Through her virtue sic worship wan,
As you to make Johne Thomsounis man.

. . . . . .

My advocate, baith faire and sweet,
The hail rejoicing of my spreit,[1]
Wald speed in to my errandis than;
An ye were anis Johne Thomsounis man.

Ever when I think you hard or dour,
Or merciless in my succour,
Then pray I God and sweit Sanct Anne,
God gif ye were Johne Thomsounis man!"

Of such appeals the number extant is astonishingly great,—so much so, that in our wonder at the preservation of so many, we are led to suppose that Dunbar's impecuniosity must have been one of the standing jokes of the court. In one of the most humorous, he is seeking a remedy for a very common complaint. "My painful purse so prickles me," he exclaims dolefully to the king.

"My purse is made of sic ane skin,
There will na crosses bide it within;
Strait as fra the fiend they flee,
Quha ever tyne,[2] quha ever win;
My painful purse so prickles me.

Had I ane man of ony natioun,
Could make on it ane conjuratioun,
To gar silver aye in it be,
The devill suld haif na dominatioun,
With pyne to gar it prickle me.

I haif inquirit in mony a place
For help and comfort in this case,
And all men sayis, my Lord, that ye
Can best remeid for this mal-ease,
That with sic panis prickles me."

The prayers for money only were the most easily granted, and probably the most successful: in the pleas for a benefice the mirth is often of a rather sorrowful nature, though there is something very comic in the rueful humour with which Dunbar breaks out in the midst of a satirically serious poem on "The Warldis Instabilitie."

"I knaw nocht how the kirk is guidit,
But benefices are not weil dividit;
Some men has seven, and I nocht ane,
Quhilk to consider is ane pain."

The addresses to the king, however, are not confined to petitions. It would be difficult among any stores of complimentary poetry to pick out anything lighter or more graceful than Dunbar's "New Year's Gift to the King," of which our limited space will only allow us to quote a couple of verses.

"My prince in God gif thee guid grace
Joy, gladness, comfort, and solace,
Play, pleasance, mirth, and merrie cheer,
In hansel of this guid new year.

The heavenly Lord his help thee send,
Thy realm to rule and to defend,
In peace and justice it to steer,
In hansel of this guid new year."

Of the humorous addresses to the king without any interested *arrière pensée*, the most remarkable is the extraordinary performance called "The Dirige," addressed to the king while he was at Stirling. Its form is a burlesque upon a Roman Catholic service, in which the faithful are interceding for the unhappy sufferers in the purgatory of Stirling, to be brought safely to the paradise of Edinburgh. The description of the former place is most doleful: the anchorites, who dwell there, we hear,—

"Takis your penance at your tables,
And eatis nocht meat restorative,
Nor drinkis no wine comfortative,

[1] Spirit.

[2] Lose.

But ale, and that is thin and small;
With few courses in to your hall,
But company of lordis or knichtis,
Or ony other gudlie wichtis."

The pleasures of Edinburgh, on the other hand, are strongly put forward, when the prayer is offered—

"That soon out of your panis fell,
Ye may in heaven here with us dwell;
To eat swan, crane, pertrik and plever,
And every fische that swims in rever;
To drink with us the new fresche wyne,
That grew upon the rever of Rhyne;
Fresche, fragrant Clairettis out of France,
Of Angers and of Orliance,
With mony ane course of greit daintie;
Say ye Amen for charitie."

It is kindly pointed out to the poor souls that their sufferings are intended for a good purpose, for, it is explained,—

"How suld ye consider
Of Edinburgh's bliss, quhen ye come hidder,
But gif ye tastit had before
Of Stirling toun the panis sore?"

The appeal becomes stronger towards the end:—

"Come hame and dwell no more in Stirling,
From hideous hell come hame and dwell,
Quhair fische to sell is none but spirling,
Come hame and dwell no more in Stirling.
Et ne nos inducas in temptationem de Stirling,
Sed libera nos a malo ejusdem."

But, perhaps, it will be better in these days not to record more fully the Latin petitions which bring this curious and characteristic performance to an end.

In his latter days Dunbar's poetry took a more serious turn. Whether it was the approach of age which had a sobering influence—though he probably did not live more than sixty years—or whether, as some have thought, the quieting influence of some peaceful retirement would naturally turn his thoughts to religion and other grave subjects, we cannot tell. His mind would seem to have been easily influenced by outward conditions, such as the state of his health, or even the condition of the weather. A sickness which attacked him while yet in the full strength of life was the occasion of a most pathetic and beautiful poem, the "Lament for the Makers," which is in its kind without a parallel among his extant writings. The fear of death is upon him, and the comparison of the busy, bustling life of a strong man of the world with his weak and helpless condition fills him with profound sadness. It is strange to contrast the bitter, mournful tone in which Dunbar tells us—

"I that in heill[1] was and glaidness,
Am trublit now with great seikness,
And feblit with infirmitie;
Timor Mortis conturbat me"—

with the calm cheerfulness with which his great predecessor in the Scottish school of poetry, Robert Henryson, looked forward to the approaching end which was ever before his eyes, counting the days as they passed with the hopeful reflection—

"The more of age the nearer heaven's bliss."

To Henryson the coming darkness is pierced through by the light beyond, but on Dunbar the shadow of death has another and a very

[1] Health.

characteristic effect. Out of the mysterious gloom before he evolves a grim shadow of the inevitable all-conquering death before whom every head is bowed.

"Unto the Deid gois all Estatis,
Princis, Prelatis and Potestatis,
Baith rich and puir of all degree;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

He takes the Knychtis in to feild,
Anarmit under helme and scheild;
Victour he is at all mellie;
Timor Mortis conturbat me.
. . . . . .
He takes the Champioun in the stour,[1]
The Capitane closit in the tour,
The lady in bour full of bewtie;
Timor Mortis conturbat me."

Before this "strang unmerciful tyrant" he sees a long procession of victims defile, and among them, the dearest to him, are his brother poets of England and Scotland—a numerous company, both of times long past and of recent date. Many of these are of name; others are to us but names, of whom we know nothing more than is said here, but to the living poet these are often the ones who are spoken of with the most loving sympathy. There is little known to us now of Merseir—

"That did in luve so lifly write,
So short, so quick, of sentence hie:"

or of the two namesakes—

"Roull of Aberdene,
And gentill Roull of Corstorphine;
Two better fallowis did no man see."

"Gud gentill Stobo" is dead, too, whom we know to have been Dunbar's friend; and Walter Kennedy, his old rival, lies at the point of death.

"Sen he has all my Brether tane
He will nocht let me live alane,
On force I mon his next prey be;
Timor Mortis conturbat me."

This fear of death seems to have been often present with the poet in his later days, and easily evolved by any associations of sadness or gloom. The dismal period of winter, with its long nights and short dreary days, is sufficient with the sensitive poet to conjure up a whole legion of phantoms, always ending with the same grim figure.

"Syne Deid casts up his yettis wide,
Saying, Thirr[2] open sall ye bide;
Allbeit that thou were never so stout,
Under this lintel sall thou lout,[3]
There is nane other way beside."

Perhaps these apprehensions moved him to devote himself to religious poetry in his latter days. He has left us many hymns for Christmas and other great days of the Church, some of which have considerable merit, prayers and expressions of penitence and moralising over the vanity of earthly things. There is, however, only one which we should place in the front rank of Dunbar's poems, as indeed it might be placed among the first of moral poetry anywhere. It is a fanciful dialogue, full of as quaint and delicate conceits as in any of his early poems, in which the Merle and the Nightingale dispute as to the value of love, the former asserting the merits of earthly love,—

"A lusty life in Luvis service bene,"—

while the Nightingale declares that "all luve is lost but upon God alone." We can only quote the scantiest extracts, but the Merle's description of love should not be omitted.

"The Merle said, 'Luve is cause of honour aye,

[1] Press. [2] Those. [3] Bow.

Luve makis cowardis manhood to purchase,
Luve makis knychtis hardy at assay,
Luve makis wretches full of lergeness,[1]
Luve makis sweir[2] folkis full of business,
Luve makis sluggardis fresche and weil beseen,
Luve changis vice in virtewis nobilness;
A lusty life in Luvis service bene.'"

The Nightingale, however, has of course the best of the argument; the Merle is convinced, and finally the two sing together in praise of the higher love. There is in this passage a singular echo of a strain already quoted from a poem written in the heyday of the poet's power and fame,—

"Then sang they baith with voices loud and clear;
The Merle sang, 'Man, luve God that has thee wrocht.'
The Nychtingaill sang, 'Man, luve the Lord most dear,
That thee and all this warld made of nocht.'
The Merle said, 'Luve Him that thy luve has socht
Fra heaven to erd, and here tuik flesche and bone.'
The Nychtingaill sang, 'And with His deid thee bocht:
All Luve is lost but upon Him alone.'"

It has been held, and surely with sound judgment, that this beautiful poem marks a turning-point in Dunbar's career—a definite farewell to all the earthly things which he had contributed to make beautiful and pleasant, to turn his thoughts and his great powers alike to the service of God alone. It can never be more than a conjecture, but it is at least an idea that will commend itself to all lovers of Dunbar, and the more so, perhaps, that it is no bitter renunciation of worldly vanities, but merely a postponement of the beauties of this beautiful earth to the greater glory beyond.

F. R. Oliphant.

---

[1] Misers full of liberality.

[2] Slothful.

A CRUISE TO THE DUTCHMAN'S CAP.

"'Twas in the prime of the summer-time," when, on a bright fresh morning, we got into the dingey and pulled out to the saucy little steam-yacht which was lying at anchor in the sea-loch. Her broad ensign and burgee, streaming fairly out, showed that we might look for a stiffish breeze outside; but the glass was rising, and the chief, who is experienced in the winds and tides of the west, predicted that everything would be in favour of our cruise, that the Atlantic swell would not be unduly developed, and that our contemplated landings would all be easily effected. The four "fortuitous atoms" composing our party were the hospitable owner of our caravel, the chief, the narrator, and last, the most important, the great hunter, naturalist, and pioneer of the nineteenth century's last quarter, for whose special behoof, indeed, our day's expedition had been arranged. During twenty years' wanderings in the wilderness, he had been the first white man to set foot in vast regions which promise soon to be one of the richest provinces of the English empire; he had fought and conquered, in their own fastnesses, the mighty overlords of the soil, to whom, previous to his appearance, the sons of men had been but as weakly parasites; but, like many others who have not employed their time so much to their country's advantage, he had never seen the wild and stern beauties of the Hebrides, and he was anxious to add a specimen of the seal family to the other trophies in his natural history museum.

Where is food ever more hospitably dispensed than on board a well-found yacht, and where could a better breakfast have been consumed than in the snug cabin while the anchor was being raised, the little ship's bows were being pointed seaward, and we had the prospect of a long day's unmixed pleasure? When the first, the most blessed pipe, the pipe of the morning, was at last lighted, we were already far on our way, speeding down the iron-girt coast of the Ross of Mull. What stern beetling cliffs there frown blackly over the sunlit waves playing at their feet, and what verdant glens stretch back to the heath-clad hills! Every quaintly shaped rock has its name or legend. There is the high Macallum's Point, from whose summit, as old-world story tells, the injured henchman leapt into the sea, grasping in his arms the only child of the Maclaine who had wronged him. There is the Pulpit Rock, half sandstone, half basalt, raising itself from the side of the crag. Then the skipper points out the gigantic head of an old woman looking down upon us. To how many ships have these fancied features shown themselves—from the coracles which carried Columba's missionaries, the long dark craft of the marauding Vikings, the galleys of the Lords of the Isles, the smuggling luggers of the last century, down to the trim yachts and tourist-laden steamers of to-day.

Now the cliffs begin to change their character, and here and there we can trace the basaltic formation, till, as we round a point, we come in view of the famed Carsaig arches. These, geologists tell us, are formed by the wasting of

basaltic cliffs; but we would prefer to recognise, in their gigantic symmetrical proportions, the work of heroic Fingalian architects. The larger arch forms a tunnel 150 feet long, through which, at high water, a boat can be rowed from end to end; but the smaller, as seen from the sea, is by far the most striking, rearing itself with its massy pillars in the stupendous likeness of a triumphal monument of Imperial Rome. Near them we can see, on the beach, a mass of wreckage cast up by the waves, mute testimony to the power of the deadly winter gales which sweep these seas and lash the shores. Now, in the more peaceful summer weather, a frail lobster-boat is at work gathering the harvest of the waters, and there is no thought of storm or disaster. The lofty hills dip their chain into a long succession of upland green pastures dotted with the dwellings of the Duke of Argyll's crofters. The owners seem to have been penetrated with a sense of æsthetic propriety, for the corrugated iron roofing of each cottage has been painted a brilliant red, and forms the necessary point of colour which gives tone to the landscape.

The hunter is full of interest in all the rich variety of sea-fowl that haunt the waves and shores. This year's young are now half-grown, and may be seen accompanying the parent birds, or making excursions on immature wings on their own account. Guillemots, shearwaters, kittiwakes, puffins, razorbills, scarts, and all the numerous clans of gulls, fly, swim, and dip about our course; and each, as it appears, brings a new pleasure and interest to the enthusiastic naturalist. But now we have reached the extremity of the Ross of Mull, and before us the surf is breaking over the five-mile reef of the Torrans rocks, which stretches southward. In the horizon is dimly seen, through the sea-haze, the lonely spire of the Dhu Heartach light, which crosses its beam with Skerryvore farther to the north, warning sailors nightly of the perilous coast. Before this light was erected, many wants of the inhabitants in this part of Mull were yearly supplied by the stores of wrecked ships; and disaster culminated when the ill-fated Guy Mannering was cast away. Now the shadow of death is lifted from the spot, and ships pass safely to their haven, though perchance their safety is not considered altogether a matter of congratulation by the longshore crofters. Our skipper is an old Hebridean, and takes the wheel to guide us through the tortuous channel by Erraid, a passage only to be attempted by those who know every submerged rock, and can follow the guiding marks from island to island. To the passenger, who has none of the anxieties of steering, the dangers of the channel only add to its wild and savage picturesqueness. Black masses of rock rise all round us, white waves wash over reefs, and the shifting colour of the waters shows how varying is their depth: here it is blue almost to blackness; there it breaks into lighter sapphire; while, close to the shore, is a line of delicate emerald. A cloud of cormorants rises from a rock and flits across our bows like a party of evil spirits haunting the straits. Black, weird-looking, and dwelling in places of evil omen, the birds remind us how once the fiend descended upon Paradise,—

> "And on the tree of life,
> The middle tree and highest there that grew,
> Sat like a cormorant."

We are skirting the island made

classical for us in the delightful 'Kidnapped.' Here it was that David Balfour lived exposed for four days, maintaining himself on shell-fish. Truly a master of fiction could have found no more terribly desolate spot in which to place a shipwrecked hero! At last we pass free into the comparatively open waters of the Sound of Iona, and soon are lying-to off the majestic old cathedral, identifying with our glasses the different shrines, crosses, and monuments on the shore. We have no thought of archæology at present, and we have only paused to send a deputation to the village to secure the assistance of John Macdonald, who, besides being the hereditary cicerone of pilgrims to the island, is the most experienced pilot in this part of the Hebridean archipelago, and a mine of information about the haunts of its *ferœ naturæ*. Fortunately he is able to join us; the official gold-laced cap is in the returning boat; and, as he steps on our deck, we seem to recognise in the broad powerful bearded figure the fancied embodiment of the Princess of Thule's father. We are soon again under way to the Treshnish Islands; and, as we issue from the sheltered sound, we run into the full sweep of the wide Atlantic. Wind and tide are against us, and the little ship plunges into the first mighty wave, burying itself in a cloud of spray, and sending a wash of water from stem to stern. She behaves gallantly, however; and the sea-bird that she passes rides not more easily over the billows than she does. The breeze, though stiff, is genial and kindly; and, well waterproofed, we can watch John Macdonald standing straddle-legged at the wheel, receiving the full buffet of wind and spindrift.

We are steering for the southernmost of the Treshnish group, Bucht Mhor island, more commonly called the Dutchman's Cap. We have known one or two other islands, in different parts of the world, bearing the same appellation, and all having nearly the same appearance to mariners, with whom the name probably originated—long and flat-topped, with one conical eminence in the centre. Here, as in most of the other uninhabited islands of the west, is a favourite haunt and playground of seals, and in such places only can they certainly be seen in any numbers, now that they have ceased to be numerous on the shores of the mainland. Time was, in the last century, that seals were so plentiful and so little apprehensive of enemies, that they could be intercepted and killed with clubs by fishermen on their return to the water, which they had left for some distance. Now they are sufficiently rare and difficult of approach to make the procuring of a good specimen no easy matter. The Dutchman's Cap is one of the few places where, besides the common seal (*Phoca vitulina*), is still to be occasionally found the great grey seal (*Halichœrus gryphus*). This noble animal, round whose hoary head are gathered many quaint Highland traditions, far exceeds the common seal in size and weight. He is recorded as attaining sometimes the length of nine feet, and drawing the beam at forty-eight stones. Our hopes were high that, before the yacht's head was turned homewards, we should have an opportunity of verifying upon him, *in propriâ personâ*, the observations of other naturalists. We were doing eleven knots, and in an hour after leaving Iona we were in calm water under the lee of the island, which had lost the general outlines presented

in the distance, and resolved itself into separate basaltic cliffs, pasturages, and reefs, with a crag-capped "Law" raising itself midway between its extremities. The rocky faces are the homes of innumerable sea-fowl, and the ledges where they nest are marked with long lines and patches of white. It is curious that every family has its own special quarter in this bird-metropolis. This is particularly noted in the valuable 'Fauna of Argyll and the Inner Hebrides':—

"Peregrines frequent the rugged cliff of the Cap itself, either nesting in its precipices, or in the sea-cliffs below, or among the cliffs of Mull across the Sound. Puffins are fairly abundant, especially near the more broken cliff-line and *débris* where we landed on the north shore. Herring gulls are very abundant along the cliff-tops, or amongst projecting pinnacles, green ledges, and even in cavities of the brown amygdaloid itself. . . . Kittiwakes occupied colonies on both north and south cliffs. Razorbills were abundant; guillemots were less so; and both principally occupied the south shore. . . . At one place we identified two or three pairs of twites, but did not find their nests. We think it must be among the slopes and cliff of the Cap itself that they breed."

The table-land lying at the top of the cliffs and surrounding the central "Law" is covered with green pasture, enriched by the presence of the birds, and grazed by red Highland cattle, which showed their shaggy heads and peered over the heights at the unusual visitors.

We had approached the island from the south-east, and our anchor was dropped in the shelter of the long neck of sea-weed covered stones which, at low water, connects Bucht Mhor with a smaller rocky mass, Bucht Beg. Our arrival had evidently disturbed a number of seals which had been there collected, and around us we could see, popping up at intervals from the depths, head after head, which gazed a while, and then silently withdrew themselves beneath the surface. We thought we could distinguish the massy features of the great grey seal in some of the momentary apparitions; but undoubtedly the greater number were the common seals, whose acquaintance we had already formed on the mainland coasts. It was believed, however, that the best chance of procuring a grey seal was to find one lying on the other side of our sheltering reef, so no disturbing shots were now fired. The dingey was dropped from the davits, and the hunter, with the chief's stalker and the narrator in attendance, was sent to find a landing. Here let us remark how quickly personal experience of a locality improves upon previous knowledge acquired from other sources. We had read and been told that there were two or at most three landing-places on the south side of the island, including that used for the cattle sent there to graze; but, in our short experience, we found at least a dozen spots where we could, with very little difficulty, scramble on shore from the boat, which, even at low tide, could lie easily close to the rocks.

The landing effected, the hunter now for the first time in his life found himself led as if he were a neophyte. His rifle and his independence taken from him, he followed the stalker, who became monarch of the situation. As old Pepys would say, "'twas mighty droll" to see the experienced slayer of elephant and lion accepting advice and assistance in any form of chase; and yet in this was seen

the modest wisdom of the true sage, who is ready to acknowledge that, however much he knows, he has still always something left to learn. In the careful stalk that followed, sometimes we crossed great boulders rough with masses of small limpets, which gave a firm foothold; sometimes others covered with seaweed and slimy ooze, which were slippery and treacherous. Deep pools were ready to receive us if we made a false step, and sometimes we traversed chasms a fall into which might have been followed by a worse result than a wetting. But at last the reef was crossed, and we cautiously raised our heads to look over the last weather-worn ridge which separated us from the farther sea. Alas! Fortune was unfavourable, and where the seals were expected there was nothing. Probably their acute ears had, even up wind, detected the noise of the steam-yacht's engines; or it may be that as this, their favourite resort, was on the weather-side of the island, they had forsaken it for the day and betaken themselves to the lee side, where we had already disturbed them. There was now no hope of surprising a seal lying out anywhere on the beach, and the best chance of a shot was to prowl quietly among the rocks and fire at the head of one swimming. This is always a most unsatisfactory proceeding, as, even if the animal is killed outright, it seldom floats long enough to allow a boat to pick it up; and if it sinks, it is generally in deep water, with thick seaweed growth at the bottom, where it is difficult or impossible to find the body. A wounded seal will certainly, under no circumstances, be recovered, as, from its extraordinary swiftness in the water, one struggle will send it to such a distance that its whereabouts is irretrievably lost. There is nothing so mortifying to a sportsman as to kill an animal which cannot be recovered, either as a specimen or to fulfil its destiny as food; and there have probably been more heart-searchings on this account in shooting seals than in the pursuit of any other wild animal.

However, with all its disadvantages, there was nothing else to be done on this occasion. From rock to rock we made our way, and from inlet to inlet. The rightful denizens of the island were much perturbed. In one pool we found a young cormorant, forsaken by its parents, which stretched its long callow neck, and pecked at us in juvenile exasperation. Screaming crowds on white wings rose from the cliffs, and wheeled round our heads; while, from a high-perched nest, a baby sea-gull toppled over and fell with a flop into the waves below, where it spluttered about in the yet unfamiliar element, much astonished at its sudden bath. Every accessible and likely spot to the windward side of the island was examined in vain, and the hunter at last fell back to the leeward cliffs, from which some seals could still be seen cruising near the yacht, and from time to time raising their heads, with the inquisitiveness of the *Phocidæ*, to look at the phenomenon of civilisation. A convenient boulder afforded a good vantage-post both for concealment and command of fire. A seal, which had satisfied its curiosity, was seen dropping back within reasonable range, and just showing the back of its head over the surface,—no very simple mark to aim at, as it moved up and down with the heaving swell. Now for the keen eye and steady hand which had so often in the wilderness provided food for a

starving camp, or had stopped the infuriate rush of a savage beast. They failed not at this less critical time. The bullet sped. The fatal "klop," as the Boers call it, was heard, and the seal rolled over lifeless, floating surrounded by an efflux of blood and oil. Our proceedings had been followed by glasses on the yacht, and the wave of a handkerchief brought assistance. The dingey shot from her stern, and was pulled with vigorous strokes to the dead body. Great was our anxiety lest this would not float long enough to be grappled; but luck was with us, and the boat arrived in time. We could see the skipper seize the victim, and the gunwale heel over almost to the water as the weighty inert mass was dragged safely over the side. So far, so good; but this was only a common seal, and not the great grey cousin which we had come so far to seek. A hail told us that luncheon was ready in the cabin, and an inward monitor led the narrator to listen to the appeal and join the dead seal in the dingey for embarkation. The hunter, however, was indefatigable, and determined to remain on shore for the off chance of another shot, till our anchor was again apeak, though his prospects of success were dim indeed. The haunt of the seals had now been thoroughly disturbed, and there was no longer any necessity to refrain, in the interests of the more important chase, from invading the island recesses and examining such of the seabird homes as were within reach. A colony of scarts occupied the face of the nearest cliff, and the ledges where they nest were fairly accessible to climbers. Their breeding-time is later, or their young are slower in maturing, than those of the other families, for in several nests were found young scartlings — fluffy, dull-grey, ungainly creatures, which opened their long bills in unmelodious gasps. Their nurseries were rudely raided, however, for some of them were wanted for aviaries and ornithological collections. Half-a-dozen were collected, their legs tied together, and they were transferred to a basket on the yacht's deck, where they relieved their feelings by quarrelling among themselves, and making demonstrations of defiance at visitors. A fresh fish was cut open and given to them, but in the first hours of captivity they would not eat. Probably appetite eventually came with resignation.

Meantime the hunter had been wandering, like an uneasy spirit, following the movements of the two or three seals which still occasionally showed themselves. It was an hour since the last shot had been fired, and, one by one, more floating heads began to appear. At last a massive grey pate was raised for a moment, looking round, and again sank. The hunter's keen eye had detected it, and we could see him settling himself on a rock to wait for its reappearance. Once more it came up, but nearly two hundred yards from the rifle,—surely, as we thought, too far for certain shooting. But we had yet to see what frontier marksmanship is like. The crack was heard, again followed by the fatal "klop." Again a broad sanguine patch was seen upon the surface, and the great side turned over lifeless. But before the boat could reach it, the prize had sunk from sight in twenty feet of water. In vain a long pole, fitted with barbed hooks, prepared especially for such use, was fetched, and in vain the bottom was searched.

The sea tangle had hidden the body, and, disgusting though it was to lose so good a specimen, shot so brilliantly after such long perseverance, the hunter had to resign himself to a mischance which has happened to so many a man. Indeed, as the first seal had been shot also while swimming in deep water, he might consider himself so far fortunate that it had floated so long and had been safely secured. Two theories were advanced why it had not sunk more rapidly: one that it was a female with young, and possibly therefore more buoyant; the other that, just before the fatal shot, it had inflated its lungs with air. Whether either of these reasons was the right one, or neither, we know not.

There was nothing for it now but to case the rifles and bid farewell to sea-mammal and sea-fowl. As we slid through the waves in departure, we saw the fluttered denizens of the cliffs settling themselves once more in their windy homes; but it would be long before they would again look down on their friends the seals gathered in confidence about the shore. For days to come these would be shy of the place made abhorrent by blood.

Staffa and Iona! What two objects could be shown to the wandering stranger before our day's cruise was over more worthy to be cherished among memories of Scotland than the solemn pillared caves and the sacred cathedral, which shelters the ashes of so many northern kings, warriors, and prelates?

"That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws,
In varied tone prolonged and high,
That mocks the organ's melody.
Nor doth its entrance front in vain
To old Iona's holy fane,
That Nature's voice might seem to say,
'Well hast thou done, frail child of clay!
Thy humble powers that stately shrine
Tasked high and hard — but witness mine!'"

C. Stein.

SIR EDWARD HAMLEY.

It was but the other day we paid a melancholy tribute to the memory of Major-General William Hamley. Within a very few months he has been followed to the grave by his brother, Sir Edward Bruce Hamley, K.C.B. and K.C.M.G., the youngest and most illustrious member of a gifted family. We use the word "illustrious" advisedly, and perhaps we may venture to add that no one save a familiar friend can do justice to the rare qualities and attainments of Sir Edward. To strangers who did not chance to recommend themselves to him, he was somewhat cold of manner. To the world he was known as the gallant soldier and eminent strategist; the man of rare literary versatility, with a touch as light in the fluent pen as his intellect was deep and comprehensive. He had taken to active politics comparatively late; but no man in Parliament was more respectfully listened to on the subjects he had made exceptionally his own; and when he expressed thorough-going views in uncompromising language, his honesty was admired by the most prejudiced of his opponents. The party whips, we daresay, sometimes found him impracticable, for he was the soul of chivalrous and punctilious honour. But he endeared himself to those who had the privilege of his intimacy. No man had a warmer heart or more winning simplicity of manner. You forgot, or were only indirectly reminded of his many claims to distinction. You forgot that he had led a British division to victory in the field, and that when dressed on rare occasions *en grand tenue*, his breast was covered with well-merited orders and decorations. But when he was in freest vein you were fascinated by the rich variety of his talk. A most tenacious memory, constantly exercised, served him admirably. He had always been an insatiable and omnivorous devourer of books, though of course, like all men of original genius, he had his tastes, his fancies, and his caprices. The works on the art of war were at his finger-ends in the way of his profession. History, and especially English political history, he had studied carefully and methodically. As for Shakespeare, we doubt whether any of the commentators surpassed the author of "Shakespeare's Funeral" in profound and thoughtful knowledge of the plays; but Hamley was a devotee, and not a pedant. He could quote whole scenes from Scott or Dickens without misplacing a word, and when he gave one of these impromptu readings from memory across a *tête-à-tête* dinner-table, the familiar humour seemed to gain fresh piquancy from the sympathetic enjoyment of the speaker, and the inimitable intonations of his voice. Till latterly he was a habitual frequenter of the theatres, and so, in similar fashion, he would come back to react the parts and to recall the points that had struck his fancy. His store of personal reminiscences was inexhaustible. He had seen much active service, and done garrison duty in stations from Quebec to Gibraltar. He had travelled as commissioner for delimitating frontiers in cosmopolitan society through the romantic highlands of European Turkey and of Asia Minor. He had

visited foreign courts and transacted business with foreign diplomatists, and everywhere the author of the 'Art of War' had been welcomed by veteran fellow-soldiers, who appreciated a talent *hors de ligne*. Besides that, since the old days when he was quartered at Leith, and had formed his fast and life-long friendship with the late John Blackwood, he had been thrown much into literary society, and had made the intimate acquaintance of most of our distinguished men of letters. It would be long to run over the roll which comes down to Browning and Lord Tennyson. A welcome guest in the homes of the late Laureate, he had often listened as the Laureate read his own poetry, and one of the poems had been addressed to himself. Browning pleased and provoked him. He feigned comical perplexity in divining the poet's enigmas, and we remember his regretting, when Browning died, that he had not questioned him as to one particular line on which he had been sorely exercised. "You will have an opportunity of asking sooner or later," we said—when he shook his head dubiously; for though his beliefs were sound and strong, he would have deemed it presumptuous to speculate confidently on Shakespeare's "Unknown Country."

We spoke lightly, for we had no foreboding how soon the opportunity might come. At that time his health was excellent, although he had just sacrificed the shooting in which he used to delight. As he said, "I can walk as well as ever, but there is a time when a man should give up that sort of exercise." So when he stayed in a country house with a shooting party—for the hosts who appreciated his company were still eager to have him as a guest—he was more in the library and less in the fields or coverts. But he came of a long-lived family, and his constitution was originally of iron, though it had been somewhat shaken by the hardships of the Crimea, which occasionally troubled his nights. He was remarkably temperate, and often limited himself in dining to half-a-pint of light wine, though no one was a better judge of champagne, and he heartily detested inferior vintages. Though no gourmand, he had made a study of scientific cookery; he interested himself in the performances of his cook at the Staff College, and in the pleasant little breakfasts which he used to be fond of giving. He had a special predilection for certain dishes which superfine folks would call vulgar. The resources of the London Clubs were unequal to the queer Cornish pasties he fondly associated with his boyhood; but many a time he would give a special order for his favourite tripe and onions. The fact that his digestion was as good as ever gave the best promise of longevity. He had a pleasant habit of asking whether some *plat* in the *carte* was unwholesome, divining what the answer would be, and then ordering it straight away. He well knew what liberties he could safely take. Then all of a sudden he was made conscious of the approaches of a strange and insidious complaint. It showed itself at first fitfully and slightly in an occasional difficulty in breathing. He found it was aggravated by the London fogs, and he began to shrink from the easy flights of stairs which led to his chambers. Gradually he gave up making calls, lest the trying cough should take him at an awkward advantage. Still he was assiduous in

attending to his parliamentary duties; he would seldom miss even unimportant divisions, and it always struck us that it needed no ordinary pluck when he went down determined to make a set speech in those trying and embarrassing circumstances.

It would be painful to follow the slow course of the malady. He consulted many of the most able physicians, and no one of them could touch its seat or even speak confidently as to its nature. He had to change his habits, renounce his pursuits, and part from his friends. He exchanged the bright chambers in town for lonely lodgings at Bournemouth or Folkestone. As his health failed and the cough became more violent, he walked less and less, though his legs were as strong as before. The solitary excitement was the daily drive, depending on the weather, and that became depressingly monotonous; especially at Folkestone, where he had his one regular round, for it was highly characteristic of the tender-hearted man, that he would never go out in the direction of Dover. The Dover hill, he said, was killing for horses. So he always hated joining a friend at the friend's favourite table at the Athenæum, because it looked out upon the cab-stand where all the animals were cripples. Through an ordeal always increasing in severity, with ever-darkening prospects, that pluck of his never failed. He conscientiously gave himself every chance; he faithfully carried out the troublesome prescriptions of his doctors, but he was more and more a close prisoner in his arm-chair. Naturally discouragement grew upon him, though he scarcely showed it, as he found himself unable even to sit up at table, and looked forward with disgust to the times when he tried to take necessary nourishment. Although the brain was bright as ever, unfortunately he was quite unequal to literary work, and his one resource was reading. He was always grateful for the agreeable suggestions of books, and relays, in both French and English, came in rapid succession from Cawthorn and Hutt. Between times, while the London books were in transit, he fell back on old novels in the local library. The worst of the illness was that it condemned him, almost gratuitously as it appeared, to isolation. There were near and dear relatives and friends, too, who would gladly have been with him, but they found they could do nothing worse than make him talk. Yet in his cheerless solitude he was not without consolation. Nothing can show more conclusively his kindness of heart and the genuine sweetness of his manly nature than the manner in which he attached the attendants who had come to him as strangers. The sick nurse was devoted to him, none the less so that they had a common passion for cats; and had the valet who replaced her been with Hamley all his life, he could not have watched over him with greater solicitude, or mourned more sincerely for "such a master as I can never have again." Yet his courage was surpassed, if possible, by his patience. We need only say, that during that long, lingering, and wasting malady, when his weary days, with the irritating cough, were scarcely relieved by the broken nights, he was never heard to utter one murmur, nor a single word of complaint. Hamley came to London, as he had come in the previous summer, to a cheerful house in Porchester Terrace, which with its airy drawing-rooms and gardens

had suited him well. But this time he had sadly changed for the worse, and the friends who looked on the drawn and wasted face saw ominous warnings of what they might apprehend. Yet he talked hopefully of taking a house for the autumn at Tunbridge Wells, and no one of them had a suspicion the end was at hand, when going to bed as usual, he passed peacefully away, on the morning of Saturday the 12th of August. It is strange enough that in "Shakepeare's Funeral," he puts into the mouth of the prim and prosaic Dr Hall, who was informing young Raleigh of the poet's last days, what is almost a diagnosis of his own symptoms. "His malady was wasting rather than painful, save that toward the last he was oft seized with a panting and passion of the heart which left him very nigh to death." Again, in the words of old Adam, who was Shakespeare's body-servant: "Nay, sir—I have foreboded, this many a day, how 'twas with him. He hath pined and dwindled, and then again he hath mended for a while and would walk abroad; and ever with a kind word and a jest as was his wont. But I found, from day to day, his step slower, his hand heavier on my shoulder, his breath shorter." And it struck us that, like Shakespeare's, "the coffin was brought forth on the stroke of two," when taken from the chapel to the grave in Brompton cemetery.

The rather romantic story of the Hamley family was given in the recent notice of General William,[1] and we need not repeat it. Edward, the fourth and youngest son, was born at Bodmin in 1824. We told how, as a child, he had evinced his military instincts, by never missing a chance of making prize of a beautifully damascened sword, which was treasured as an heirloom and a souvenir of the capture of Zara. Like his brothers, the boy was educated at the Bodmin Grammar School. He saw very little of Cornwall afterwards, although he made flying trips to the picturesque coast scenery; but he never failed to recall those early days with pleasure. There could be no doubt as to his vocation, and he went up in due course to the Royal Military Academy. From Woolwich, in 1843, he was gazetted to the artillery. He was fortunate in getting his captain's commission in seven years, and consequently before the outbreak of the Crimean War. So that for distinguished services in the field, he could be advanced in rapid succession to the brevet rank of major and lieutenant-colonel. Full colonel in 1873, in 1879 he was a major-general, and after being gazetted lieutenant-general in 1882, he retired as a full general in 1890. We have noted the bare chronology of his professional advancement; but there are other important episodes in his life, which we may as well dismiss, though we shall have occasion to revert to more than one of them. He had distinguished himself by his admirably lucid lectures as military professor at the New Staff College. Those who were privileged to attend his lectures, so simple, lucid, and yet so complete, will always remember them with pleasure. Hamley had such a true dramatic faculty, backed by such powers of diction, that he invested the story of a campaign with absorbing interest, and carried his hearers through from

[1] 'Maga,' June 1893.

the first inception to the final issue of the struggle as though they saw it acted before them on the stage. These lectures were the foundation and base of his great work 'The Operations of War,' which has long been in the hands of the public, and accepted as one of the best text-books on a difficult and intricate science; but the printed page, although eloquent enough, misses the fire and *verve* of the spoken address, illustrated as it was by colossal maps on which the lecturer traced the movements of the opponents. The Professor felt it his duty to leave no military lessons untaught, and so dealt in turn with all the principal campaigns in modern times. But he had still his favourites, both in operations and commanders, chief among which were Frederick the Great's campaign of 1757, Blenheim as a battle and as the most masterly handling of a losing game, Napoleon's defence of France in 1814. The last-named generally completed Hamley's course of instruction.

Old Staff College men will treasure up the pithy words, the neat epigrammatic expression of praise or blame, which the Professor endorsed upon their essays, in which they sought to reproduce and show that they appreciated the lectures they had heard. Hamley's sense of humour at times broke through more rigid criticisms, as when he wrote upon one which dealt with the Bohemian campaign ending in Kollin, "Why give German mountains French names in an English essay?"

When there was a vacancy as commandant in 1870, Hamley was unmistakably marked out for the place. The years when the Staff College was his home, were among the pleasantest of his existence. He felt he was doing good and congenial work, and many of the most distinguished soldiers of the present day acknowledge the inestimable value of his instructions. But the president of the College, though studious, was no bookworm, and he loved to practise a hospitality which was comprehensive though fastidious. Bores and dullards he could never away with; perhaps he had not much patience, even with what was unpretentiously commonplace; but in rural tastes, as well as politics, he was the sympathetic country gentleman among country gentlemen. He hunted, he shot; and there was no keener fisherman than Hamley on the chalk streams of Hampshire, immortalised by Kingsley, the parson of Eversley, in his 'Chalk Studies,' where the trout are hard to lure with the finest tackle. We must be desultory, and so we may add that till a few years ago he would go to Sutherlandshire or the Rhenish palatinate in the hope of a few days' sport; and would wade up to the waist for hours, entirely oblivious of luncheon. No one of his Hampshire neighbours took to him more kindly than the late Duke of Wellington, and many a good story he could tell of shooting luncheons and dinners at Strathfieldsaye, with such brilliant *convives* as the Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn. When Cockburn, Hamley, and the Duke set the ball a-rolling, repartee followed repartee, and the fun became fast if not furious. But he had another attraction to Strathfieldsaye, in the veteran chaplain-general, the author of 'The Subaltern,' &c. The master of the modern theories of war was glad to sit at the feet of the soldier turned clergyman, who could resuscitate "The Duke" and annotate Napier. Yet while indulging in those recreations, he la-

boured hard with the pen; for, putting himself on a semi-starvation system, he could pull himself together on the shortest notice for severe work. It was in the congenial surroundings of the College that, besides other military treatises, he composed his *magnum opus* on 'The Operations of War,' which, passing through successive editions, has superseded all other authorities on its subjects, and which no civilian may venture to criticise.

When he left the College, he was in a manner lost in his comfortable rooms in Ryder Street. That energetic nature demanded active occupation, and we can only regret that he did not employ the leisure which weighed upon him in those literary departments where he had few rivals. The truth was, that his soul was in the service, and he expected with very reasonable impatience appointments which he would have filled to the infinite advantage of the nation. It was doubly disappointing that he waited on in the consciousness that authorities in the highest places knew him and feared him as too strong a man. From time to time his susceptibilities were soothed and flattered by generous tributes from such judges of genius as Lord Salisbury. Nothing could be more gratifying than the Conservative Premier's recognition of his services as Commissioner for the delimitation of the Balkans and of the Russo-Turkish frontiers in Asia Minor.

In the summer of 1881 he was sent to Greece by Lord Granville on a still more delicate piece of service. He was the English member of the International Commission for regulating the withdrawal of the Turks, and the entry of the Greek troops into Thessaly and Epirus. There were grave doubts both at Athens and London as to the probabilities of Turkey carrying out the convention. The business was at least as troublesome as had been expected, but it was brought to a successful conclusion; and our Government claimed and got great credit. All Hamley received was the offer of a Greek decoration, which Foreign Office rules compelled him to refuse.

We know it has been said that he got on indifferently with his foreign colleagues. There never was a greater mistake or a more unjust charge. It is true that sometimes the situations were inevitably strained; for Hamley pursued his purposes with a single mind, and was far too shrewd and firm to be tricked or cajoled. But even the Russians with whom he was in conflict recognised that the Englishman was open to reason, though impervious to compliments or threats. He might set down his foot and fight out the points, but he won upon them irresistibly by the frank *camaraderie* under canvas, or over the bivouac fires in Albania or Armenia. Sometimes, no doubt, he could try the temper and scandalise their sense of the diplomatic proprieties. Once in Epirus the Russian Commissioner Zelinoy had kept him waiting, preferring that the border-line should be marked out in a distant town rather than among the cliffs and gorges that were immediately in question. Hamley was equally determined to have his own way, and happily circumstances conspired in his favour. He did nothing save write a civil note, for a tempting trout-stream flowed past his camp. He got out his rod and thoroughly enjoyed himself, and would have waited for weeks without complaining. The Russian's intelligence of the en-

emy's movements was so unsatisfactory that he came to terms and came to the place. Had Hamley chosen to write a narrative of the expedition, it might have rivalled in romantic interest Curzon's 'Monasteries of the Levant,' which was one of the companions of his travel. Nothing could be more vividly dramatic than his description of visits to those wondrous rock-monasteries, seeming, at a distance, to be only accessible to the vultures. How an abbot button-holed him much *mal apropos*, holding him in talk on a dizzy ledge, where Hamley thought fondly of his corner at the Athenæum. How he mustered courage for a rush over the narrow stone rib of a broken drawbridge, suspended over a bottomless abyss; and how, during the two days passed in the convent, he had sad searchings of heart as to retracing his steps. And he might refresh his memory, if it needed refreshing, by reference to a masterly series of sketches in water-colours of that wild scenery with its saintly eyries, which we hope may one day be given to the world.

In 1882 he received a communication from Lord Wolseley, couched in very gratifying terms. It invited him to the command of one of the two divisions in the Egyptian expedition. He was only too glad to accede, for no soldier was more ambitious of distinction. At first he was left with a division for the defence of Alexandria, and to divert the attention of Arabi from the disembarkation of our troops at Ismailia. Having rapidly thrown up works to cover Ramleh, he took the Highland Brigade of his division round to Ismailia. On 9th September he set out with the brigade for the memorable march through the desert. The heat was intense, and on the second day many of his men sank on the sand, prostrated by sunstroke. On the 12th, at nightfall, the Highlanders struck their tents at Kassassin, and moved on to the rendezvous in the desert with another brigade to be placed under Hamley's orders. Soon after midnight the Highlanders were again in motion, with the chief himself directing the advance. He used to tell how for four hours they pressed onwards in the pitchy darkness; but so accurate was the direction and so exact the bearings, that precisely with the first streaks of the dawn they came on the strongest part of the enemy's position. It consisted of two strong works heavily armed, and connected by a formidable intrenchment. The Highlanders cheered and dashed forward, carrying the position with the bayonet under a tremendous and sustained fire. After half an hour's severe fighting they established themselves in the works. Politicians who objected to our interference in Egypt professed to make light of the affair. In reality, while it lasted it was a very serious business, and the foremost of the stormers lay in files and heaps within the unbreached defences. That first success was promptly followed up by the capture of the enemy's camp and batteries. During all the advance, said Hamley, no other troops were ever visible to the second division. He complained that the official report ignored that division so far as possible—merging the assault of which they had monopolised the glory in the general movements of the army. It was undoubtedly a strong sense of the injustice done to gallant subordinates whom he had reported for reward, rather than any personal mortification, which induced him to take the

bold and perhaps questionable step of publishing his own account in the shape of a magazine article.

The friends of Sir Edward Hamley were no less surprised than pained by the strange misrepresentation of his personal character in the obituary notice which appeared three days after his death in the 'Standard.' While doing adequate justice to his eminence as a soldier and man of letters, the writer portrayed him as of a cold ungenial nature, regardless of either the interests or sympathies of his professional brethren, and went so far as to speak of him as "the best-hated man in the army." It also accused him of suppressing the despatch addressed to him, after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, by Sir Archibald Alison, who acted under him on that occasion. Every one who knew Sir Edward's high sense of honour and loyalty to those who acted with him at once dismissed the charge as unfounded. Happily, conclusive proof of this exists. Among the letters to ourselves to which the article in the 'Standard' gave rise is one from Sir Theodore Martin, from which we are permitted to make the following extract:—

"I have heard that in his youth he was not popular in the army, having a severe and stand-off manner, which some folks, especially if they were of a frivolous disposition, would not like. But it was a brutal thing to say that he was 'the best-hated man in the army.' I know that when he was at the head of the Staff College he was a great favourite with the officers, for I have heard this from some of them who spoke warmly of his geniality and personal kindness. He was very intolerant of incapacity and pretence, and no doubt showed it in his professional life, and so earned the enmity of the incapable, the pretentious, and the tricky. His judgments—professional, personal, and literary—were severe, as severe to himself as to others; but this was because his standards were high. How high they were may be very easily estimated by what he has written in his Essay on Carlyle. But in others of his writings proof of the same thing is abundant. In my long and intimate acquaintance I never heard him speak otherwise than in a charitable spirit even of wrong-doers. There was one wrong that moved him to the quick, not because it affected himself, but because it affected the brave fellows under him who won the battle of Tel-el-Kebir—a purely soldiers' battle, for which their leaders, as he said, could take no credit—and who found themselves ignored in the published despatches. He had been through the terrible day of Inkerman, and knew what British soldiers did there. With this vividly in his memory, he told me that a hotter conflict than the twenty minutes' hand-to-hand struggle at Tel-el-Kebir he had never seen. He was devoted to the service to which he belonged, and he feared the injury likely to result, wherever due justice was not done to the rank and file. Of professional jealousy I never saw an indication in my frequent conversations with him on military matters. The charge that he suppressed Sir Archibald Alison's despatch on the battle of Tel-el-Kebir cannot be true. He showed it to me after his return from Egypt, along with the others sent on to him as head of the division, and it was forwarded with them to headquarters. Of Alison he always spoke with unqualified praise."

It is to be hoped that the impartial historians of the future

will do justice to the really dramatic episode that closed his military career. He had good grounds for believing he must be employed again, though perhaps better reason for apprehending that he might be shelved. In the meantime he resolved to turn his attention to politics. He declined various offers which were made him when it was known that he was a candidate for a seat in Parliament. Finally he closed with proposals from Birkenhead, and seldom has there been a better assorted union than between the constituency of that flourishing seaport and its military member. They were agreed on the need for strengthening our naval and military defences. On most essentials he was in agreement even with his opponents; he had changed his chief supporters into staunch personal friends, and it is more than probable that had he stood at the general election he might have retained his seat without a contest. When he went down to Birkenhead on business or pleasure, he had always a choice of houses, where he was made thoroughly and happily at home. The Volunteers, by the way, lost a powerful and zealous patron when Hamley left Parliament. They are indebted to the author of the volume on 'National Defence,' in which the skilled soldier did them generous justice, for the grant he obtained on the memorable occasion when his independent action placed Ministers in a minority.

But now we must glance back to the beginnings of his literary life, and notice his literary works in some sort of chronological order, although we make no pretence of closely attending to the unities. The fact is, that bright and busy pen of his was more or less active according to circumstances, and many of his writings owed their origin to the conditions of his professional career. For example, the first article he wrote—with "The Peace Campaigns of Ensign Faunce" it was contributed to 'Fraser's Magazine'—was thrown off in 1848 in quarters at Tynemouth or Carlisle, when he had come home after four years spent in Canada. "Snow Pictures" was the narrative of a hunting expedition into the woods of Maine in company of some Indian hunters from Quebec. Two years afterwards, on promotion to a battery, he was ordered to Gibraltar; and then began a correspondence which formed an epoch in his life. He made the acquaintance by letter of the late John Blackwood, and of his brother Major William, the father of the present editor, who were to be among the most intimate and valued of his friends. The brothers had good reason to welcome this new ally, and they had immediate proof of his easy versatility. He broke ground with "Michael Angelo and the Friar," a dialogue in blank verse, where lofty thoughts were expressed in stately measures—where the pious ascetic of the cloister is silenced by the soaring eloquence of the immortal who had seen in visions of the night the terrors of the Last Judgment. That was quickly followed by a change from the gloomy to the gayest, in two of the most sparkling stories that were ever penned. We well remember their appearance. We remember how the drollest of the dialogue became household words in a household which was not specially literary. If we had to choose, where both are superlatively good, of the two we might prefer "Lazaro's Legacy." There the light comedy of the "Legend of Gibraltar," which reminds us of Cer-

vantes or Lope de Vega, sometimes becomes broad farce. No doubt the stout and sensuous little major is capital, whose passion for the Spanish lady who becomes his wife is "much on a par with that for pig;" who interprets Shakespeare in a fashion of his own, like Lady Martin or Henry Irving; and who is tender of animal life as any Brahmin, even when stung by hornets and worried by mosquitoes. But the common soldier, one of his Majesty's very worst bargains, and his drunken helpmate, were never touched off with more Teniers-like realism of drollery than in the persons of Mr and Mrs Bags. Bags's talk after a pleasant day of plunder with his respectable friend Bill is a masterpiece. Bill's devotion to "dooty," when it coincides with jealousy and self-interest, is truly admirable; and we chuckle, though with some sympathy, over the final catastrophe, when the gun in which Mr Bags "has invested his capital" is discharged at the Spanish gunboats, showing like spârks in the dark distance.

We remember we were sadly disappointed when, as postscript to "The Legacy," the author declared his intention of making no further extracts from those journals of his grandfather. The explanation was, that the veracious chronicler had begun his novel of 'Lady Lee's Widowhood.' The circumstances in which it was written were rather remarkable. Most successful experts in light fiction or bright social comedy have loved to draw excitement and inspiration from everyday intercourse with the busy world. When Hamley wrote 'Lady Lee,' he was practically isolated with his battery at Europa Point, and the hermit wrote it to relieve the *ennui* of the hot days and the sultry nights. Never did work—though "work" is an absurd misnomer for such a book—show fewer evidences of its depressing genesis. It has passed into a fifth edition, and we have read it about five times. We call it a model for the novice in fiction who aims at popularity, although such a novelist as Hamley *nascitur, non fit*. It rests on brilliant sketches of character, on humorous and pathetic incidents: it touches the heart as it tickles the fancy, and so it is fresh to-day as on the day when it was written. Hamley, in his instinctive knowledge of life, in his quick perception of the virtues and frailties of human nature, and in the dramatic flexibility of his fertile genius, had much in common with the old dramatists of our golden age. Soldier, scholar, sportsman, and man of the world, his story flows forward with a variety which never stales. We know not whether he is happier in the idyllic flirtations in parsonage kitchens, or by murmuring streams, or in the jovial vivacity of after-dinner barrack talk, or in the shady intrigues of the gentlemen-like swindlers who live scandalously by their wits. Each dash of cynicism is more than compensated by something that takes the bitter taste out of our mouths; and as Origen did not despair of the salvation of the devil, so Hamley lets down the old scoundrel Baget Lee so pleasantly that we incline to pay his memory the tribute of a tear.

The call to arms in the Crimea might have been a misfortune to literature in the case of another man. To Hamley it only gave other opportunities and more in his own especial line. His letters from the East, in 'The Story of the Campaign,' ran through ten numbers of 'Maga.' As we read them now we are chiefly impressed by

his marvellous military prescience. He might say with truth, in the preface to his 'War in the Crimea,' which appeared in 1891, that he had no cause to reconsider his opinions. He served through the whole of the campaign. He went thither as adjutant to Colonel Dacres, who had appreciated him while holding a command on the Rock. Hamley, who was always reticent as to his own services and gallantry, had more hairbreadth escapes than he mentions in 'The Story.' At the Alma his horse was struck by a cannon-shot: almost by a unique exception the animal recovered the shock. At Inkerman his horse, after being hit by a musket-ball, was killed by a cannon-shot passing clean through him, which threw him on the rider. The sergeant who disengaged him had his leg carried off as Hamley was leaning on his shoulder, and then a second shot passed through the prostrate horse. Immediately afterwards, limping on foot along the ridge which Kinglake calls the Kitspur, he found himself almost surrounded by a large Russian force, before which our men, having exhausted their ammunition, were retiring out of the Sandbag Battery. Being crippled by the recent accident, he gave himself up for lost; but after a vain attempt with Lord Balgonie of the Guards to rally some of our people, he succeeded with difficulty in eluding the enemy. He only regained our positions by catching in succession two masterless French horses, both of which were wounded,—and the first of them fell under him. He pulled off his military cloak when the day was over, to find it riddled with bullet-holes. He had a still more providential escape one day when accompanying Sir Richard Dacres on a visit to the trenches. Their guide led them down a wrong turning, and as they retraced their steps a shell exploded in the very spot they would otherwise have occupied.

Apart from the value of 'The Story' as a military record, there surely never were more vivid pictures of the terrors and horrors of war. Nothing that is impressive escapes the narrator. We know not which scenes we should select for illustration: the Bay of Balchick, where the cholera demon was in the air, with the inflated and ballasted corpses floating breast-high around the gangways of the vessels; the overcrowded French and Turkish war-ships in a storm; the towing of the unwieldy rafts with the guns and horses towards the heavy surf breaking on the beach; the field of the Alma on the evening after the bloody fight, with the ranks of soldiers on the open plateaux, lying like swathes of new-mown hay! He did much to excite sympathy in England by his realistic descriptions of the winter horrors. Yet it is noteworthy that, amid his own sufferings, he kept his head, and declared that the War Office authorities were not to be blamed for circumstances they could neither foresee nor control. Nor would he chime in with the popular outcry against undertaking that terrible winter campaign. He showed that had we besieged Sebastopol in the summer, the Russians might simply have swamped us in their numbers, instead of losing nearly a quarter of million of men merely in their efforts to relieve the garrison. His personal experiences and adventures give vivid colour to 'The Story,' as when he tells how his tent was swept away in a hurricane, and how he was literally

washed out of the mud-hut in which he had been luxuriating. But the tale of the Crimean horrors culminates in the description of the hospitals at Scutari; and it must be remembered that Scutari was regarded as a paradise of peaceful refuge by the maimed and fever-stricken wretches who were groaning between the trenches and Balaklava. We quote now from 'The War in the Crimea':—

"Scutari, the longed-for haven, was for weeks the very climax and headquarters of suffering,—crammed with misery, overflowing with despair. In those large chambers and long corridors lay thousands of the bravest and most miserable of men. Standing at the end of any of the galleries, one looked along a deep perspective, a long diminishing vista of woe. . . . The tenant of each bed saw his pains reflected in the face of his comrade opposite: fronting each was another victim of war or cold, starvation or pestilence. Or frequently the sick man read in the face before him, not the progress of fever nor the leaden weight of exhaustion, but the tokens of the final rest to which he was himself hastening. With each round of the sun nearly a hundred gallant soldiers raved or languished out their lives."

As we have taken an extract from the later volume, we may direct attention to the masterly logic with which Hamley disposes of the assertions of Todleben, that Sebastopol might have been carried by a *coup de main*. The figures and facts of Hamley are irrefutable; but he demonstrates besides, that, had the Allies taken the northern outworks, they would have been in a far worse position than had they left them alone.

When the war-worn soldier returned from the East, it was matter of jubilation both to him and his friend Blackwood that fortune and the Horse Guards had sent him to Leith. Thenceforth his footing almost as one of the Blackwood family was established, both in Randolph Crescent and at Strathtyrum. Never to his death did he cease to feel the warmest interest in his old Scotch friends, even down to the child of the second generation. Then he was thrown into the congenial company of Aytoun, whose windows looked across to those of Blackwood; of De Quincey, who then resided near Edinburgh; and above all, of his very dear friend Sir Theodore Martin. From that time forth he contributed articles to 'Maga' by the dozen. Of course he was standing counsel to the Magazine on matters military, but the range of his subjects was as wide as the scope of his talents and tastes. We can only single out a few of his most characteristic contributions. He saw much of the brilliant and eccentric De Quincey, who has been hit off by Burton so happily in 'The Book-Hunter'; and in all his parodies there is nothing more delicious than the "Recent Confessions of an Opium-Eater." A worthy scholar of Burke and Hare stumbles across the dreamy philosopher, and invites him to refreshments in a Canongate garret. The generous host fills a flowing bumper of laudanum; his seasoned visitor drains it; is infinitely brighter; and the biter ends by being bit and buried. "Thiers on Waterloo" was good, but "Victor Hugo on the Great French Puzzle" was a piece of exquisite satire. Hugo in the 'Misérables' had broached a new theory worthy of his gigantic and fantastic genius. As Hamley said, Thiers had simply gone in for vulgar manipulation of figures, asserting that two and two make five. Hugo, on the contrary, had not only invented the fable of the trench of Ohaim, but had conjured

up a special French Providence, really the resuscitation of some god of Olympus. And the description *à la* 'Bell's Life' of the succession of rounds and staggerers between Napoleon and Destiny is as pleasant as the metrical "Fight for the Belt." Very amusing, too, was the extravaganza of the "Last French Hero," the victim of a misplaced passion for his grandmother.

No one but himself or Théophile Gautier could have written the *jeu d'esprit* on "Our Poor Relations," in which he threw himself with a Shakespearian sympathy of introspection into the idiosyncrasies and eccentricities of the so-called brute creation. We well remember the late Mowbray Morris of the 'Times' asking if we could enlighten him as to the authorship, as he would be glad to secure such a contributor on any terms. In similar vein, and in the mock heroics of stately Tennysonian verse, was "Sir Tray," a delightful parody of the "Idylls of the King" and of "Elaine" in especial. The melodious and magnificent diction of the luxuriant Tennysonian muse could not possibly have been more happily imitated. We should gladly quote from the poem at length, but there is a line or two delightfully suggestive of the writer:—

"Yet ere she closed the latch her cat Elaine,
The lily kitten reared at Astolat,
Slipt through and mewing passed to greet Sir Tray."

Another parody, by the way, hitting off the gems of Praed and Hamley's friend, Frederick Locker, to perfection, is "The Ghost's Chair." In his own opinion, he never wrote anything better than the Essay on Carlyle; and, with a single exception, we are inclined to assent. But as to that, perhaps we may venture to make an extract from a private letter, written since the death by that very capable judge Sir Theodore Martin. Comprehensive criticism could scarcely be more succinct: "It is to my mind by far the most judicial estimate of that eccentric genius that I have come across. There are passages in it of rare excellence, and show what a fine historian Hamley would himself have been. He often talked to me of writing a life of Cromwell. How good it would have been! The paper on Carlyle shows subtle logical power, and the rare gift of putting the essentials of a subject in few and apt words. His *résumé* of the essence of Carlyle's philosophy in the last paragraph of the Essay is a fine illustration of this quality. And how charming are some of the humorous touches!"

The exception to which we alluded is "Shakespeare's Funeral." It is a sparkling gem of the Elizabethan age, in a brilliant antique setting. It is steeped in the very spirit of the bard, who sleeps near his birth-place in the church by the Avon. We never visit Stratford without seeming to see young Raleigh and Drayton ride up to the Falcon, where blear-eyed Christopher Sly, still thirsting for more liquor, stumbles out of the hayloft to take their horses. We see the dreamy little borough on tiptoe, and the greedy paupers, who might have been taken from 'Hamlet,' gathering for their dole, as the tottering sexton precedes the procession from New Place. None but Raleigh and the poet Drayton suspect that an Immortal is passing to his rest to the sound of that passing-bell. The son of Old Shallow rides in with his cousin, Master Slender, from Charlecote, to do honour to a respectable gentleman, entitled to quarter the

arms of Arden. The country knight is far too sensible and practical to believe that the foolish Gloucestershire justice had anything to do with his future. Why, the seat of the elder Sir Thomas was in Warwickshire! Thus there is the suggestion of the identity of the local usurer with Shylock, and the melancholy comedy of the dead poet's homely surroundings, where no member of the household was in touch with his imaginings, save the grandchild he has taught to believe that her cat is a fairy foundling.

Hamley had a sure and incisive critical faculty. As a critic he was at once formidable and conscientiously judicial. When he was scathing and satirising some one he considered an impostor, no one could lay on the lash with greater vigour. No point that challenged animadversion escaped him, and in the fervid ebullitions of his *scæva indignatio* perhaps he was apt to touch too lightly on his redeeming merits and beauties. His severe article on 'Lothair,' which promptly sent the Magazine into a second edition, stung Lord Beaconsfield deeply, and, indeed, it is likely to be read when all the other reviews are forgotten. Hamley had little patience with inflated periods, with melodramatically sensational scenes and characters, and with the 'Arabian Nights' profusion of oriental properties introduced in an English novel. For ourselves, we are inclined to praise where he cursed; nor could we be insensible to such powerfully eloquent description as that of the night-mass with the *Miserere* in the chapel of the old Kentish Catholic mansion. Lord Houghton, who had no great liking for Disraeli, had steered a middle course in his article in the 'Edinburgh,' but he used to declare that Hamley was first, and all the rest nowhere. There is a deal of rollicking and genial drollery in "Mr Dusky's Opinions on Art," which ridiculed with delightfully appropriate *persiflage* the sublime pretensions of an infallible art prophet. And we may remark, by the way, that at the Club, abstruse philosophers and illustrious men of science always stood in a certain awe of Hamley. They liked him, and seldom bore him a grudge, for they never suspected him of malice prepense. But he had an innocent way of abruptly approaching their foibles, and he would carelessly tread on the most sensitive corns. The truth being that the strategist, who detested humbug, had an instinctive perception of the feeble points in the strongest positions. His admirable article on "False Coin in Poetry" we have often discussed with him. Essentially it is calculated to provoke controversy; for tastes as to poems are indefinitely various, as was abundantly shown by the divergence in his opinions from those of Matthew Arnold and Palgrave. He never converted us to his views as to Byron's "Ode to Napoleon," and still less as to the apostrophe to Ocean in "Childe Harold," though his argument was persuasive, and no doubt he makes out an excellent case. But we fancy few poems would stand the ordeal of being scanned under the microscope line by line. As to Wordsworth's "Laodamia," there could be little difference: there the kindly satirist, who loved the poet of Rydal, proved his case over and over again. Nor can anything be more funny than the notes on the "Anecdote for Fathers," and on "Ruth," with the illustrative extracts. As to "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye," he demonstrates the ludicrous absurdity of an image

that has strangely become a commonplace of quotation. The stanza he proposes eliminating from Campbell's magnificent ode, "The Battle of the Baltic," is assuredly a bit of bathos which might well be spared. But it is when he goes on to fly at the highest game that his audacity is most amply justified. There is no denying the justice of his strictures on a famous sonnet of Milton's; and when he lays apparently sacrilegious hands on his idol Shakespeare, we feel that he might have dispensed with any apology. We acknowledge at once to our surprise, when he has pointed it out, that Portia's grand apostrophe as to the quality of mercy is altogether misplaced in the appeal that is addressed to the outcast Shylock. The effect could only have been to make the sorely abused Hebrew "doubly impatient to commence operations" on the obnoxious Antonio.

Had we the space, we might say much of the admirable volume on 'Voltaire,' which he contributed to the series of "Foreign Classics for English Readers." But really Sir Theodore Martin's remarks on the Essay on Carlyle apply equally to the 'Voltaire.' It is a masterpiece of lucid and appreciative condensation, and, though necessarily tantalisingly brief, the interest is marvellously sustained. With his judicial temperament Hamley holds the balance steadily with the fanatical abusers of the misunderstood sceptic and his still more extravagant devotees. Moreover, the lively little book is lightened by sparkling translations of the philosopher's poetry, in which the translator passes his finger lightly over the changing notes, and shows all his easy flexibility of musical diction.

No biographical notice could do him justice which did not allude to his affection for cats. The cat in effigy, or in water-colours or crayons, was as common on the tables and walls in his rooms as the bears about Berne. Cats in all characters and situations were showered on him in Christmas cards by ladies who flattered that amiable weakness. He was hand-in-glove with all the cats at the clubs, whether, as he said, they were regular or merely honorary members. He lived on terms of daily familiarity with the cat who used to reside in a hutch behind the "United Service." As he walked home in the peaceful night by lamplight he could never pass a cat on a door-step without stooping to scratch it. In his most earnest talk at one of the windows in the Athenæum dining-room, he would stop himself and lay his hand on your arm, if he saw one of his feline friends stretching itself and polishing its claws tiger-like against the trunk of a tree. We remember at one of the annual 'Saturday Review' dinners at Greenwich, by an odd coincidence, four men chanced to be seated together, all devoted to cats. Two of them had written monographs on the noble animal, but Hamley was the most enthusiastic of the four. We have seldom heard him in greater *verve* or force, as he illustrated his psychological analysis of the qualities and virtues of his favourites with a flow of anecdotes and recollections. One of these he gave in the letter in 'The Story of the Campaign.' On the march from the Alma to the Katcha, "I carried a small black kitten, which one of our people picked up on the bank of the river, on my holsters for some time, feeding him with biscuits, but during my absence from the saddle he made off." What a pleasing trait that is in the char-

acter of the gallant soldier who had been passing but the day before through a storm of shot and shell! The frontispiece of the volume gives a sketch of the interior of the hut on the plateau, where three gunners are seated in camp-chairs. There is a rather meagre cat in the foreground—Hamley is extending his hand to it—with tail in air like the squirrel in 'Hiawatha.' That castaway had found a comfortable billet when men and beasts were on short commons. Foolishly he wandered forth one day, never to return. He either fell a victim to one of the wolf-like dogs who were always on the prowl, or more probably was consigned to a camp-kettle. The story of Hamley's latest *protégé* is still more pathetic. Two years ago, while in a hotel on Richmond Hill, he heard that a haggard tramp had been confined in an outbuilding. He succoured and adopted the family. They were lapped in blankets and luxury in a basket in his sitting-room; and the door opening into the garden was left open to give access to the mother, who was soon encouraged to overcome her timidity. All the kittens were duly provided for, and the most gifted accompanied Hamley to Folkestone. There many a weary hour was cheered by its gambols and gymnastics on the lawn or on the window-curtains. Circumstances compelled a separation, but it was a sad morning when the post brought news of the premature death of poor Master Rough.

What need we say more? Till he was invalided and compelled to leave London, there was no more familiar presence at the Athenæum than that of the tall, square-shouldered figure, with the frank soldierly bearing, with the broad forehead, the commanding look, the keen eye, and the firm but kindly mouth. He breakfasted in his rooms, but there was no member whose company was more courted at luncheon and dinner by those who had the privilege of his friendship. Always sociable, he would leave his own table after his meal to make the round of others which were occupied by friends or acquaintances. More than two years have passed since then, and two years are an age in London life, where the best men as they fall out of the ranks are very soon forgotten. But still there are not a few who will always feel, like Scott as he stood by the grave of John Ballantyne, that hereafter, and now that Hamley has gone, there will be far less sunshine for them than before.

THE NEW TREASON.

BEFORE these lines are in our readers' hands the Home Rule Bill will probably have reached the House of Lords, and the last stage of its existence be fast approaching to completion. During the last week of July and the last three weeks of August its descent in public opinion has been rapid; and the application of the closure in Committee to nearly two-thirds of the bill, embracing some of its most important clauses, has done more to open men's eyes to the position in which we stand than all the speeches could have done which the Opposition were prevented from delivering. Parliament and the public are still very imperfectly acquainted with the whole bill and with the probable working of its provisions. The House of Commons has been compelled to pass most of it without examination, on the *ipse dixit* of Mr Gladstone. But the indignity to which the House has been exposed has not been without its compensations. If we still remain in ignorance of much which we ought to have been told, we have now been told much of which we were previously in ignorance. We now know the lengths to which an English Prime Minister is prepared to go under the urgency of pressure from without. Forewarned is forearmed. We must now reluctantly admit that the good sense, the moderation, the forbearance, the respect for parliamentary usage, with a hundred other qualities, which we have been accustomed to attribute to all English statesmen and to all English parties in turn, and which we have been taught to regard as guarantees for the freedom of our parliamentary constitution, are broken reeds. Henceforth such language must be abjured as exploded political cant. The knowledge we have thus acquired is worth perhaps all that it has cost us.

When the bill came out of Committee it was actually found that scarcely one-fourth of it had been discussed at all; while on that one-fourth discussion had frequently been stopped. The most glaring instance was in the case of Mr Gladstone's new scheme for the retention of the Irish members. Down to the 13th of July not the slightest hint had been given that Government intended to depart from their original plan, though that departure had been for some time decided on. On the above-mentioned day Mr Gladstone suddenly announced to the House that the eighty members were to take part in purely British debates as well as in Irish and imperial. Only eight hours remained for discussing this enormous and fundamental change, and then the debate was closured. All this had been arranged beforehand with the Irish members, and kept carefully concealed from the House of Commons till within eight hours of the time when the closure had to be applied. Then the mine was sprung. But they cruelly wrong Mr Gladstone who impute to him any desire for secrecy. Only a fortnight afterwards he assured the world, through the medium of a now historic letter, that he was resolved "to do nothing in the dark."

The wholly undebated clauses passed in ominous silence: among them the highly important question as to the constituencies by

which the eighty Irish members to sit in the British House of Commons are to be elected. As these gentlemen are to be our rulers, one would have thought that the House of Commons might have been allowed some voice on a subject hitherto regarded as so important. But no. Schedule two, in which the constituencies are named, was hurried through, and not a word allowed to be spoken on it. That there was a special reason for closuring this schedule, over and above the necessity for making haste, is evident on the most cursory examination of it; for, according to this scheme, in many of the constituencies each Irish elector will be able to vote for either two or three candidates; while, according to the Newcastle programme, no Englishman or Scotsman is to vote for more than one. No wonder Mr Gladstone did not wish the schedule to be discussed. But he had a stronger reason even than this for not wishing it. It was necessary for him to be able to say what he liked about it whenever he should be driven into a corner. Accordingly we find him assuring Mr Cowan that "the House of Commons had determined that these eighty members should be directly and separately chosen." The House could not have determined anything at all, for the subject was not allowed to be discussed; and they could not have determined what Mr Gladstone says they did, because that would have been tantamount to a rejection of his own schedule. "Advocates of strict truth," says Mr Heneage, with quiet sarcasm, will "be surprised to hear" this.

But the application of the closure to the new financial clauses is perhaps the most startling violation of constitutional law which the whole progress of the bill has yet witnessed. These clauses are seventeen in number; and of these only one—the first—was allowed to be discussed! and this, too, was closured after one night's debate (July 20). The suppression of free debate on a money question is something so entirely new, so utterly opposed to the whole meaning of parliamentary government, so fatal to the one function which it is the special privilege of the House of Commons to discharge, that we are almost struck dumb with amazement at the boldness with which it has been executed. On the profound contempt for the authority and dignity of the House which is implied in it, it is needless to enlarge.

The clauses dealing with constitutional questions are likewise of supreme importance. These have been treated in the same manner. Clauses 19, 20, and 21, which stood as 22, 23, and 24 in the original bill, have been closured without discussion. The first of these deprives the House of Lords of its appellate jurisdiction in all Irish affairs — a trifling matter this, of course. The second empowers the Lord Lieutenant or Secretary of State to refer to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council any question which may arise as to the Irish Legislature having exceeded its power—as if the Irish Legislature would ever submit to be overruled by any English court whatever. This would be a badge of servitude. The third clause we have mentioned provides that every subject of the Queen shall be entitled to hold the office of Lord Lieutenant without reference to his religious belief. All three clauses, dealing surely with matters of first-class interest, were forced through the

House without a moment's argument being allowed.

In further pursuance of the same astounding system, Mr Gladstone, on Monday the 21st of last month, gave notice of a resolution for closuring the report stage of the bill on the following Friday, the 25th. According to the terms of his motion, the Speaker, at eleven o'clock that night, was at once to put the question on any amendment at that time before the House. After this was done, he was to put to the House all further amendments standing in the name of the Government, to the total exclusion of all others whatsoever; and when these were disposed of, was to proceed at once to put the question that the third reading be fixed for such and such a day. Mr Chamberlain moved an amendment to it, raising the whole question of that monstrous abuse of the closure to which Mr Gladstone has persistently had recourse, which was defeated by a majority of thirty-eight. But the question has now, we hope, at last been explained to the British people, in terms which they cannot fail to understand—the question to which we called their attention in our last number: the danger for which it has hitherto been so difficult to obtain any proper recognition, simply because few people could bring themselves to believe that such an attack on our existing form of government was actually contemplated. They will now at last, we hope, be forced to see the truth, whether they like it or not; and to acknowledge that in all that has been said on this subject, either by ourselves or others, there is not one word of exaggeration. A revolution is now being attempted, not inferior in magnitude to the suppression of parliamentary government in the middle of the seventeenth century.

If Mr Gladstone goes on eventually to closure the debates on supply, he will only be putting the coping-stone, as far as he himself is concerned, to this atrocious attempt upon our liberties. If the people are tired of freedom, let them say so at once, and let us have something better than Mr Gladstone in place of our old form of government. But if they are not, let them speak out at once through all those channels which are still open to them, though the House of Commons is closed, and denounce in fitting terms the treason to the constitution of which Mr Gladstone has been guilty.

No wonder that when political feeling and deep political convictions are deprived of their regular safety-valve, they should break out in an irregular manner, and lead even to personal violence. But in face of the momentous issue which is now before us—the destruction, namely, or preservation of our parliamentary system — even the scandalous outbreak of last July fades into insignificance; and Mr Logan's clenched fists and Colonel Saunderson's black eye seem already "half-forgotten things," like other great deeds of which the memory is preserved by poets. We hope the heroes of that night of battles will find a fitting *vates sacer*. We are not in the mood to do them justice.

We are ready to admit that the degrading and alarming situation in which the House of Commons finds itself is not the result of Mr Gladstone's free will. But it is the result of his inordinate vanity, leading him to believe that he is not as other men; and that what no previous Minister would have attempted he was destined to accomplish, so to speak, on one leg.

The whole history of the session, in fact, is one long illustration of the blunder, both moral and tactical, committed by Mr Gladstone when he resolved to carry Home Rule through the present House of Commons. The attempt to carry great measures by small majorities must always end in failure of some kind. The Minister of the day is at the mercy of every wind that blows, and may be compelled to change his front as often as any clique or coterie which can command a certain number of votes chooses to coerce him. We need look no further back than 1867 for the counterpart of what has happened in 1893. The Reform Bill, as originally designed by Mr Disraeli, was a very different measure from that which ultimately became law; and almost every change in it was for the worse. But the country had made up its mind at that time that the question should be settled. The Conservative party were equally anxious to get it out of hand; and the Government had hardly any practical alternative but to disarm the Opposition by surrendering safeguard after safeguard. But no such hard necessity awaited Mr Gladstone. The country had declared itself not in favour of, but against Home Rule. He himself had repeatedly declared that he would not undertake the question without a majority that was independent of the Irish vote. He called on the electors in 1892 to give him such a majority. He was conscious that without it he could not carry any bill corresponding with his own convictions of what such a measure ought to be. When, therefore, the people refused this request, and denied him the support which he required, what was his bounden duty as a man of honour? Why, not to bring in any bill at all, of course. If he knew he could not pass a good one, which he clearly did, he should have dropped the question, and have told the Irish members plainly that they must convert Great Britain to their views before the Imperial Government could attempt to give effect to them. Instead of which, in the teeth of his own declarations, and in spite of the declared opinion of Great Britain, he insisted on going on with Home Rule, and placing his neck under the feet of the Irish members, on whom he now became entirely dependent.

What was the result? The instructive and humiliating answer is to be read in Mr Gladstone's letter, to which we have already referred, addressed to Mr John Cowan of Beeslack, Mid-Lothian, dated July 31st. No man sees more clearly than himself the gross injustice and the ludicrous anomaly of keeping the Irish members at Westminster. He declared, in his well-known speech at Manchester, that he would never consent to such a thing. He could not dream of asking Parliament to sanction so flagrant an iniquity. But it appears that the Irish members knew Mr Gladstone better than he knows himself. He soon discovered, under a slight application of the screw, that he could dream of such a thing, and, like the lady in "Don Juan," whispering he would ne'er consent, consented. The exigencies of his position in trying to carry a big measure with a small majority compelled him to submit. But we cannot be very hard on Mr Gladstone, when we think of the fine sport which he showed us in the House of Commons when uncarted as usual by Mr Chamberlain. Being hard pressed as to what he had said in

his Manchester speech, he said he had not revised the speech himself. Further questioned, he said he had given it to be revised to a gentleman in whose intelligence he had perfect confidence. The beautiful irrelevancy of these replies, and the gallant effrontery with which they were offered in full satisfaction of Mr Chamberlain's demand, can never be sufficiently admired. Did Mr Gladstone mean that the gentleman in whose intelligence he had perfect confidence had in any way garbled his speech, had interpolated what he never said, or left out what he did say? Because, unless he meant this, his answer was absolutely meaningless. However, it was a pretty little burst, for which we ought to be duly grateful.

Mr Gladstone, moreover, declares in his letter to Mr Cowan that he found there was "a widespread and apparently general desire for the retention of the Irish members at Westminster." Even if Mr Gladstone had been "up in a balloon," he would have known better than this. But he was obliged to say so to disguise his own position from the public, and perhaps also from himself. It is natural that he should wish to hide his chains, so he fathers on the British public "a widespread wish for the retention of the Irish members at Westminster" —a more monstrous misrepresentation than Mr Gladstone has ever ventured on before. No; it is not the British people who desire their retention — they are dead against it. It is the Irish contingent who insist upon it,—the party to which Mr Gladstone sold himself when he found it necessary to prepare for a conflict with the public opinion of Great Britain.

We have already referred to another statement in this remarkable document—namely, that the primary desire of Mr Gladstone and his colleagues was that "nothing should be done in the dark." To parody the words of another celebrated character, Mr Gladstone must have said to himself: Darkness, be thou my light. If he really desired that nothing should be done in the dark, his policy can be explained upon no other hypothesis. To have hung up a curtain before the whole Home Rule question for more than six months; to have carefully concealed from view what it was vitally important that the whole country should understand; and to have prepared such a sudden surprise for us in the latest arrangement about the Irish members—is pretty well for gentlemen whose special desire it was that nothing should be done in the dark.

A small majority has compelled the Prime Minister to alter his Home Rule scheme from bad to worse, and to include in it a change which he admits to be radically vicious. But this is not by any means the only change which Mr Gladstone has been compelled to make at the dictation of his imperious allies. Mr Chamberlain has summed up the lot. It was promised that the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament should be practically and effectively maintained. The assurance has been whittled away into a mere paper guarantee, which the Government themselves admit there is no power to enforce. It was promised that the Irish Parliament should not be allowed to establish Protective duties to the disadvantage of British manufactures. But by leaving it with the power to alter the Factory Acts in Ireland, and to give bounties to Irish trade, Mr Gladstone does away with the whole effect of this restriction, and

gives Ireland, by underhand means, what he dared not give her by direct ones. Here there are two pieces of dishonesty lumped into one. It was solemnly promised that every necessary security should be taken for the protection of religious liberty, and that the Irish Parliament would have no powers to establish Roman Catholic supremacy in Ireland. How do we stand now? The Irish Parliament can do what it likes in these matters. It may destroy all undenominational teaching if it likes; and may create, if it chooses, as it certainly would be compelled to choose, a Roman Catholic University, to be paid for by the Protestant population. It may make civil marriages, or marriages between Protestant and Roman Catholic, illegal. And these measures would certainly be demanded by those who have the screw between their fingers. For there is an *imperium in imperio*. If the Irish are masters of the British Parliament, the priests would be masters of the Irish Parliament. If we want to know who would be the real rulers of Ireland under Mr Gladstone's bill, we must look to the Meath petitions. Already the bishops are at work; already are changes introduced into the National school-books. In the fifth book of lessons articles on political economy by Archbishop Whately, and articles on Scripture history by other Protestant authors, have been struck out, and their places filled by selections from Roman Catholic writers. Moore's Canadian Boat-Song, says the 'Times' correspondent, has been introduced because it teaches the invocation of saints—

"Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers!"

As with religious, so has it gone with civil liberty in Ireland under this abominable measure. Ample security was promised to the minority, whether in Ulster or elsewhere. The bill, as it now stands, leaves them absolutely at the mercy of a Government which, in its turn, is at the mercy of the priesthood. The bill was recommended to Great Britain on the ground that, whatever its faults or risks, it would be a final settlement of a vexed question, and would at last leave England at liberty to manage her own concerns. Instead of being a final settlement, it is actually calculated to defer that settlement to an indefinite period, and to make the Irish question, for several years to come, more embarrassing, more absorbing, more detrimental to the English Legislature than it has ever been yet. "The bill," says Mr Chamberlain, "has become a transitional measure, a mere experiment, leaving every question of vital importance undetermined." Last, but not least, come the financial changes which the bill has undergone since last March, and which, bad as it was before, makes the position of the British ratepayer far worse. The Irish contribution to the Imperial Exchequer was originally fixed at £1,870,000. That has been reduced to £1,560,000 — a sum less by two millions than what Ireland in justice ought to pay.

Such are some of the principal changes which a bare majority, combined with pressure from without, its natural consequence, have compelled Mr Gladstone to adopt.

Now let us suppose for the sake of argument that the English and Scotch votes polled for Mr Gladstone at the last general election were all given in favour of Home Rule. This is not the bill they were given for. They were given

in the belief that the measure when produced would correspond with the language held by Mr Gladstone during the previous seven years. Mr Gladstone, who wished to do nothing in the dark, allowed them to remain under this convenient error till it suited his purpose to raise the veil. But not only is the bill not what the public were led to expect last year,—it is, as we have seen, no longer the same which was laid before Parliament last February. This is the result of trying to carry by a sudden rush and with a narrow majority what could only be done, if done at all, after prolonged deliberation, and with the support of two-thirds of the House of Commons. Talk of a mandate! what kind of mandate is represented by a majority of less than forty, which becomes a minority of more than forty if the nominees of the Irish priesthood are deducted? And supposing that the voice of such a majority did deserve that title, the bill which we are now asked to accept is not, we repeat, the bill for which that voice was given, but one widely different, not only in detail but in principle. If there were no other objection to it, the House of Lords cannot be expected to pass a measure which has been carried through the House of Commons on false pretences; which is not what the constituencies were allowed to anticipate when Mr Gladstone was restored to power; and is not even the same bill which was produced to the House of Commons last spring. That goes without saying. But the fact that what is virtually a new scheme has been slipped into the place of the old one, and that while the people supposed themselves to be voting for one measure they were really voting for another, calls for something more than the mere rejection of the bill by the House of Lords. That will not be enough. We have a right to know without delay whether those who voted for the original scheme are willing to accept the substitute. The bill has been changed at nurse. We demand the national verdict on the changeling. We demand an immediate appeal to the people to say whether this is what they meant at the general election or not. We have a right to know their opinion at once on the fraud which has been practised on them, and on the violent and despotic methods by which it has been driven through the House of Commons, straining to the utmost the letter of the law, and setting at absolute defiance the spirit of the constitution. Yet it is more than doubtful whether any appeal to the people will be permitted. The House of Commons cannot combine against a measure of which it disapproves, and will do nothing to turn out a Government whose policy it secretly condemns, because various of its groups and sections are afraid of jeopardising other measures which they are anxious to see carried. The result is a situation unparalleled in the history of Parliament.

Many Radicals disapprove of local option. Many friends of local option disapprove of disestablishment. Many friends of disestablishment disapprove of confiscation. Yet any one of these parties will support all the rest in consideration of the support which each in turn will bring to itself. These petty and discordant minorities club together, and their collective strength is placed in turn at the disposal of each. It is the same plan on which soldiers club their money together to make up a common fund, of which each in his turn has the benefit on his

evening out. At this rate any number of measures may be carried at variance with national opinion, of which the House of Commons, under such a system, ceases to be either the guardian or the representative. When this kind of understanding prevails among any considerable number of members of the House of Commons, it becomes of course extremely difficult to induce them to combine for any other purpose than the promotion of their own objects. They have been accustomed from their first entry into Parliament to think these of more importance than anything else in the world. They are like the man who, on the bursting of the boiler by the quay-side with the loss of many lives, was met rushing from the vessel complaining that he had lost his hat! What is the ruin of the empire, the violation of the constitution, the oppression of Protestant minorities, to the man who can think of nothing else but the sinfulness of a pint of beer! If he cannot have his own little bill on such questions as these, it is nothing to him what happens. *Si fractus illabatur orbis.* He has lost his hat.

All through the session and before it, Radicalism has been making a stalking-horse of Home Rule, and Home Rule of Radicalism. Neither cares a straw for the other. If the Radicals can get what they want by advancing under the shadow of Home Rule, the Irish party may go to the devil for all they care as soon as their ends are gained. But in the meantime mark the situation, and we are rather surprised that down to the present time it should have attracted so little observation. The Irish may say, however untruly, that Home Rule is a purely Irish question, and that a British majority has no right to refuse it to Ireland. But we may say without any untruth at all that most of the measures comprised in the Newcastle programme are purely British questions, and that an Irish majority has no right to force them on Great Britain. They exclusively concern Great Britain, and Great Britain has rejected them: and now Mr Gladstone steps in at the head of his Irish free-lances and forces them on the people, whether they want them or not. If these things are done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry?

In all this, no doubt, Mr Gladstone himself is primarily to blame for having attempted to carry so big a thing as Home Rule with so inadequate a force at his disposal. The faddists who have supported him against their consciences are going to have their plasters; they will not relinquish their *quid pro quo*, or consent even to any postponement of their claims, if they can possibly avoid it. Mr Gladstone has brought his present difficulties on himself by his disregard of parliamentary usage, and by vainly hoping to show himself superior to all those considerations by which English Ministers have hitherto been governed. Small majorities and a balanced state of parties have hitherto been accepted both by Parliament and the public as indications that the country was not at that moment in favour of organic change. It was never supposed that a bare majority was sufficient to convey "a mandate." This should be carefully remembered, for it marks a point of departure in our political history of the utmost importance. The new doctrine was first openly avowed by Mr Gladstone at the end of the last general election,

when he said that a majority of forty was good enough for him, and that he had known Governments with no more do much useful work. Possibly. But what kind of useful work? It was immediately pointed out to him that neither Lord Melbourne nor Lord Palmerston had attempted any measures outside the ordinary domain of administrative reforms, for when Lord Palmerston carried the Divorce Bill he had a majority of eighty at his back. Neither of them laid hands on the constitution; to which it might be added that as long as he confined himself to measures of practical utility, Lord Palmerston's majority, after 1859, comprised at least half the Opposition. But what neither Lord Melbourne nor Lord Palmerston would have ventured to attempt, though both were stronger than Mr Gladstone, our present Prime Minister has rushed upon with careless and impatient gaiety, eager to show that the established maxims of parliamentary government are not for him,—that the "saints" are emancipated from all such vulgar restrictions, and may do what they like either in politics or morals.

We are now, therefore, face to face with the new doctrine that any kind of majority is enough to justify a Minister in doing whatever he likes, and in going to any length he pleases in changing the constitution of the country. We must consider the difference between the decision of questions which demand immediate settlement, on which action must at once be taken without a moment's delay—as, for instance, to fight or not to fight in a council of war, to declare the throne vacant or not vacant at a pressing crisis when some conclusion must at once be taken—and such questions as those on which it is expedient that public opinion should have time to ripen, and where there is no necessity for acting till that process is complete. The Revolution of 1688, effected as it necessarily was by a small majority of votes, would not have been in constant danger for half a century had it been the result of a matured national conviction. However, this was inevitable. But there is no such excuse in the present instance. We say that a bare majority—twenty, thirty, forty, whatever it may be—especially when a majority of British votes are on the other side, have no moral right, and we are inclined to add no constitutional right, to force great organic changes on the country at the point of the bayonet. That the present change is one the nature of which was carefully concealed from the people at the last general election, and has only been revealed inch by inch to the House of Commons, and that Government, therefore, have not even the assent of the small British majority who supported them last year to plead in its favour, has been already pointed out. But we say that had the whole bill as it now stands been better understood by the people last year than it is even now, a bare majority, which during the Home Rule debates has on an average not exceeded thirty, would have no right whatever to force such a measure through Parliament against the will of any numerous intelligent and influential body of the public. Certainly not, if when throughout two-thirds of the United Kingdom (*i.e.*, Scotland and England) public feeling was opposed to it. We maintain that down to the present day no Minister has ever dreamed of such a thing. And to put the matter shortly, in a form which every

one can understand, would Mr Gladstone himself have undertaken the disestablishment of the Irish Church with a majority of forty? Of course, that is stating the case in the most moderate terms. We might ask if he would have undertaken it with a British majority opposed to him, or with a majority of which a large proportion were secretly hostile to the measure?

But it is enough to ask whether he would ever have tried to carry such a measure at all with a slight numerical majority, no matter how composed, or by what sentiments inspired. We have no hesitation in saying that he would have done nothing of the kind. And we sincerely trust that in the House of Lords due stress will be laid on the new Radical development. It is fraught with the most mischievous consequences, and is opposed to the whole spirit and intention of representative government. According to this, the Minister placed in power at a general election is not the Minister of the majority only, but the Minister of the whole nation, and bound to take account of public feeling in all quarters, wherever it exhibits itself in sufficient strength and depth. He is to do the best he can for the whole country, and it was never intended that he should totally disregard the expressed wishes of powerful sections of the community, even though he had the means of overruling them in his parliamentary following. Even a strong majority has to be used with great caution in the face of a powerful, though it be not a preponderant, public opinion. But for a bare majority to set it at defiance, and claim the power of doing what it likes with the Constitution of the country, is simply monstrous. When the opinion of the nation is evenly divided on any great political proposal, no Minister is to take advantage of a few votes, more or less, upon his own side, to force it down their throats. One half of the people has no right to coerce the other. Yet it is the contradictory proposition to this which Mr Gladstone is virtually maintaining. For it will hardly be denied that the opponents of Home Rule are fairly entitled to call themselves half the nation.

The Radical party, with Mr Gladstone at their head, are mistaking, or consciously transforming, the nature of representative government. It claims to represent the nation, and its business consequently is to give effect to the permanent convictions of the nation. Matured convictions—convictions which have been supported by majorities in successive Parliaments, and which show no signs of losing their hold upon the public,—these must of course in the long-run be carried against the will of minorities, however considerable or respectable. But opinions which have no claim to such authority; upheld by a party which was a minority yesterday and may be a minority to-morrow,—the attempt to force opinions such as these upon the nation during a brief interval of power is totally at variance with the ἦθος of parliamentary government, and must, if persevered in, destroy it as an institution. Mr Disraeli has left us in 'Sybil' a graphic picture of what he calls government by the thirty. But these were men easily contented. Twelve hundred a-year was the goal of their ambition. These were a nuisance. But they were a contemptible nuisance. More than that, when all parties were agreed on constitutional questions, the existence of these gentry was of less consequence. The "balanced oligarchical

connections" would take care not to hurt themselves. While the Church, the Crown, and the aristocracy were in perfect security; while property and credit, and freedom of contract, were maintained intact, and held to be unassailable —it mattered comparatively little that a few wretched political jobbers had the casting vote in their hands. They might carry a Bankruptcy Bill, or a Highway Bill, and no great harm done. But it is totally different when great issues are at stake, and constitutions and empires are at the mercy of the thirty tyrants.

We say, then, that for two reasons Mr Gladstone's determination to proceed with Home Rule, after the verdict of the nation had been given at the last general election, is deserving of the severest censure. First, because he needlessly placed himself in a position in which he ought to have known, in fact did know, that he could not possibly succeed in passing a measure satisfactory to himself, but only one that would be full of mischievous concessions to those who had the whip-hand of him; and secondly, because, according to the true theory and practice of representative government, three hundred and fifty-five gentlemen on one side of the House have no moral or political right to compel three hundred and fifteen gentlemen on the other side to submit to a change in the Constitution. They have no right to do it at all; but still less so when the nature of that change had been for so many months concealed from the public eye, and is even to the last far from generally understood. Mr Gladstone has violated a well-known rule of Parliamentary warfare, and has attempted an unprecedented act of party tyranny at the same time. The consequences of the first do not signify so much, as they will fall chiefly on himself. The consequences of the second may be much more far-reaching and disastrous should it ever be turned into a precedent, and encourage bare majorities in future to give themselves the airs of a real natural representation, and to assert that a trumpery numerical superiority invests them with the dignity of a "mandate."

Examples of the kind of pressure to which the Government have been obliged to submit might be multiplied *ad nauseam*. But we only wish to mention two besides the retention of the Irish members, on which we said enough in our article last month. The other two are the autumn session, and a scene that occurred in the House of Commons on the 3d of August, in which Mr Fowler, Sir J. Hibbert, and Mr Acland were the principal actors. Now, who is it that wants an autumn session? Certainly not Mr Gladstone of his free choice. Certainly not the immense majority of the House of Commons. But the thirty tyrants can intimate to Mr Gladstone that they hold his fortune in their hands, and that he must either coerce the rest of his supporters or lose their votes. So it has actually been proposed that, after sitting till the fourth week in September, the House shall be compelled to meet again in the beginning of November. We will say nothing of the hardship and inconvenience that would be inflicted on members of the House by such an unprecedented outrage; we will say nothing of their health and strength, already, according to the Speaker, visibly breaking down under the fatigues of a session of a peculiarly exhausting character; we will say nothing of the disabling effect upon the legislative capacity of Parliament produced by this monstrous strain

upon its energies: but we say this, that recourse to an autumn session, with the object of passing measures for which a session of seven months' duration, with hardly any substantial break in it, was not found long enough, would be the destruction of yet another safeguard for the rights of minorities, already reduced almost to zero by the abuse of the closure. The Parliamentary recess is in its own way an appeal to the country: it is the interval allowed to the public for calm reflection while the noise and dust of the battle have for the moment subsided, and they can survey the political situation and the merits of particular questions at their leisure. Then it is that an Opposition, confident in the justice of its cause, has a chance of explaining its principles and of justifying its conduct, such as it can never enjoy in the heat of the parliamentary conflict, and such as is absolutely necessary to enable it to discharge its proper functions. If it is said that these remarks apply as much to the Government as the Opposition, and that the one loses as much as the other by the abolition of the recess, there is more than one answer to such an argument. In the first place, the Government is the Government, and a free agent. The Opposition is the Opposition, and obliged to submit. If the Government choose to inflict this injury on themselves, they have no right to inflict it on their opponents. But the injury is not the same either in kind or in degree. If the Government believe that for want of the usual interval of rest and reflection the public mind is not yet ripe for the introduction of particular measures, they are not obliged to introduce them. But the Opposition have no such choice; they must be prepared for either alternative. They cannot afford to lose the period usually allotted to them for political consultation, preparation, and discussion. Whatever the Government may suffer, if it suffers at all, from the virtual loss of the long vacation, the Opposition suffers twice as much. The Government being the Government, is supposed to understand the public wants. Minorities have to give a reason for their want of faith—the burden of proof is on them; and, being the weaker party, they have a right to demand that none of their privileges shall be curtailed.

These remarks would apply to an autumn session at all times and under any circumstances. What special and startling force they carry with them at the present moment it is almost unnecessary to point out. When the Opposition are silenced in Parliament, the necessity for full and free discussion outside of it becomes doubly imperative. If the Forum is to be silenced as well as the Senate, it will be the turn of the press next. We do implore the British public to consider seriously for a moment what this system means, and to nip it in the bud while there is yet time. The limitation of the recess to a few weeks, barely enough to enable members to recruit their health, and largely curtailing, if not virtually annihilating, all the political advantages which it formerly secured to minorities, would be bad enough by itself. Combined with the closure in the House of Commons, it is very nearly equivalent to the total extinction of political discussion among the rank and file of the Opposition.

The system of autumn sessions would, moreover, have the same effect as the closure in greatly militating against that quality of finality in English legislation

which has hitherto been one of its happiest characteristics. The recess gave time,—enabled the country, so to speak, to sleep on the proposals last submitted to it in Parliament; it gave an appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober —from parties heated with conflict and furious with excitement to the same parties cooled by a winter's reflection and sobered by quiet conversation and friendly interchange of ideas with rational adversaries. It is only such a system as this which makes Parliament endurable in these latter days, when party passions are inflamed to the highest pitch, when the traditions and conventions of the House of Commons are powerless to check them, and when gentlemen on each side of the House are ready to fly at each other's throats like angry bulldogs. What is the good of separating such combatants as these for a few weeks only. What is really needed by the House of Commons is a longer recess and not a shorter one.

An autumn session, therefore, robs minorities of one of their most valuable rights, helps to impair or to destroy the finality of legislation, and affords no time for those violent passions and burning hatreds which are the ordinary products of a modern session, to cool down and be forgotten.

There seems every reason to believe that, whether for this reason or for others, a large majority of the House of Commons is hostile to an autumn session. Then why do they submit to it? Because they are told that certain business must be proceeded with if the Gladstonian party would avoid, first of all, the revolt of the thirty; and secondly, certain defeat at a dissolution. This is the pressure under which Mr Gladstone is compelled to abdicate the functions of Government, and to surrender even sessional arrangements into the hands of "the clique." A more amusing, but perhaps not less mischievous, example of the same process was afforded on the 3d of August. On that day a complaint was made in the House against Messrs M'Corquodale, the Government printers, because they refused to employ union men, and Government were pressed to declare that the contract should not be renewed unless the firm undertook to abandon their system. Sir J. Hibbert at once replied that Messrs M'Corquodale had a right to manage their own business as they pleased, and that Government ought not to interfere with them. But this did not do at all. The notion of a firm being allowed to manage its own business as it pleased, at once set the Radicals in a flare. Mr Ackland was obliged to get up and disavow Sir John Hibbert, and presently afterwards Sir John Hibbert was obliged to get up and disavow himself. The thirty were triumphant once more, and Messrs M'Corquodale will no longer be allowed to manage their business as they please.

No one really doubts that when the Home Rule Bill is thrown out by the House of Lords, Parliament ought to be dissolved. No one doubts that among the moderate and old-fashioned Liberals who still adhere to Mr Gladstone there are many who would gladly see the bill thrown out, and an autumn session given up. Yet there are no means apparently available either for forcing a dissolution or for restoring the personal independence of members of the House of Commons. The caucus has done its work but too well. The doctrine that party is superior to principle, and that all must be sacrificed to

keep the leaders of the party in power, has been preached with only too much success. The members we refer to find themselves in a kind of net from which there is no escape. But this is a complete inversion of the true meaning and final cause of the party system, as understood at all events for the last hundred years. The operation of the party system has been to secure the freedom of minorities against a septennial dictatorship. It has prevented the Minister of the day from acting on the maxim, *Divide et impera;* and from having nothing to fear but the occasional combination of unconnected groups which, if they succeeded in defeating him on any one particular point, would have no other bond of union, and could not possibly pretend to speak in the name of the country. The party system prevents this; but this system, in turn, like so much of our English political machinery, can only work properly within certain understood limits, and controlled by the common-sense, public spirit, and constitutional training of Parliament at large. When party organisation is pushed beyond this; when the Treasury Bench is turned into an altar, and the Prime Minister into a god; when his followers are drilled like the Jesuits, with an electioneering agent for their General,—it is time for the people to look about them. This is not the party system as understood by Burke, Grey, Peel, Canning, Russell, Palmerston, Derby, Beaconsfield, and Salisbury, but that corruption of it to which, in the nature of things, it has always been liable, and which, if not checked at once, must end in the gradual destruction of all that it was intended to protect. The members of a party must make certain sacrifices of opinion for the common good. But they are not to sacrifice the end to the means. The line, as Burke says, must be drawn somewhere.

Signs, however, are not wanting that the public mind—the mind of the working classes—*is* beginning to rouse itself. The meeting of working men at Liverpool on the 29th July was a sign of the times. There are no such meetings to be got up in favour of Home Rule. The Linlithgow election tells its own tale for Scotland. In Mid-Lothian public feeling, especially among the farmers and farm-servants, is fast rising against Disestablishment, against the prospect of priestly government in Ireland, and in fact against the whole Newcastle programme. The Hereford election is another. We must remember how very few votes will be sufficient to turn the scale, and in what a very precarious position the present Administration stands. The Welsh members have given Mr Gladstone a taste of their quality. *They,* at all events, will endure no postponement of their particular vanity. Yet Mr Gladstone can only say that he can give no unconditional promise—we should think not!—of undertaking the disestablishment of the Church in Wales next session, and that it must depend on "the position in which the session of 1893 leaves the Irish question."[1] Now what is the good of talking like that? The position in which the session of 1893 will leave the great Irish question! He, we, Wales, and all the world, know where it will be left. In the gutter, to be sure; and the real question is when, if at all, Mr Gladstone means to pick it out again. If the Welsh won't endure the postponement of Dis-

[1] Letter to Mr Rendal, August 8.

establishment, if the Radicals won't endure the postponement of the Parish Councils Bill or the Registration Bill, and if the teetotallers won't endure the postponement of the Local Veto Bill, will the Home Rulers endure the postponement of Home Rule?

Mr Labouchere says they must. We have given them, says he, an Irish session; they must now allow us to have an English session. We shall see. It strikes us that such a suggestion does less than justice either to Irish shrewdness or to Irish persistency. It is all very well for Mr Labouchere to talk of wiping off the Newcastle programme in six months. He must know as well as anybody that the thing is impossible. Suppose the Irish to give way. "In what position" would the Newcastle programme be left at the end of the session of 1894? Not more than two out of the many great changes comprised in it could possibly have been carried. And the Radical demand would still stand in the way of Home Rule. "We are no better off for having waited," the Irish would say to themselves—"perhaps worse." Why, then, should they give way next January? In the second place, all the success which the Home Rulers have hitherto achieved has been achieved by making other things impossible. Why should they abandon that policy now, just when it has brought the promised land within their reach? They made Mr Gladstone's programme—his celebrated thirty measures — of 1880 impossible, and they brought him round. Their only chance is to go on with the same game. We cannot doubt that the Irish members are fully alive to this, and therefore we doubt very much whether Mr Labouchere's pretty little game of giff-gaff is likely to be successful.

But we have other reasons for saying the same thing. The carrying of the Newcastle programme, or any part of it, in the present Parliament would be making the minority rulers of the majority. To repeat what we have already said, these measures exclusively concern Great Britain, and in the present Parliament the British majority is opposed to them. To allow the minority to pass them with the help of non-British auxiliaries is what the House of Lords will never do, we may be quite certain. They may give way to the clearly expressed will of the British people, even when they think it wrong; but they will not give way to a minority. Again, what do the Radicals expect from a dissolution after these measures have been rejected? According to the Radical authority we have just quoted, Home Rule will still be waiting its turn. But if Great Britain condemned it in 1892 when it was not seen in its true colours, is she any more likely to be pleased with it in 1895, when she has come to thoroughly understand it? In other words, suppose Parliament to be dissolved after an "English session," would more votes be given for Home Rule at the next general election than were given for it at the last? The question is absurd. All the world knows that the British majority against it would be largely increased. We should suppose, on the other hand, that all the electors in Great Britain who are in favour of disestablishment, local veto, one man one vote, and the like, voted for Gladstonian candidates at the last election, and they could do no more now. Even if they did not, if some of the believers in the Newcastle programme voted for Unionist candidates because they thought Home Rule a worse evil than the post-

ponement of these measures, why should they act differently now? But supposing they did,—supposing the introduction of these bills did induce a certain number of them to sacrifice their hatred of Home Rule to their gratitude for Radical support,—how many will it be? Will it be enough to balance the loss they will certainly incur on the Home Rule side of the account? At the best, the Ministerial party can do no more than hold their own. English session or no English session, they will still have to face a hostile British majority, which would still have to be coerced by their Irish Brigade. At the best, we repeat they can hope for no more than to reproduce the present situation, when they would be as far from passing either the Newcastle programme or the Dublin programme as they are now. It is impossible to suppose that the Irish are blind to this truth, and do not see that they have nothing to gain and all to lose by consenting to an English session next year.

It is for the Unionists to insist on a dissolution, because they have every reason to believe that the situation would be greatly altered,—that the Newcastle programme has gained no fresh recruits, and that Unionism has gained a great many. They have a right to demand that no further legislation in the path of domestic revolution shall be proceeded with in the House of Commons without the consent of a British majority. How this perfectly free and legitimate and constitutional demand is to be enforced it is difficult to see. According to the theory of the constitution, there is a power in reserve competent to intervene at such emergencies. But it has been so long disused that it is useless to invoke it now. The public must act for themselves; the platform has not yet been closured; and a series of great public meetings all over the country would perhaps make some impression on men like Sir W. Harcourt and Lord Rosebery, though we are well aware it would make none on Mr Gladstone.

There are some who say that the present Home Rule Bill has been a sham from beginning to end; that it was never intended to pass; and that it was only introduced for the sake of its being thrown out, and supplying the Government with a cry against the House of Lords. Of course the Government knew that the bill would be thrown out by the House of Lords; and so did Lord Grey know that the Reform Bill would be thrown out by the House of Lords. But the bill was not on that account a sham. The Whigs said to the country, This is what we are prepared to do for you, and after that nothing less would have sufficed. It is the same with the Home Rule Bill. Mr Gladstone has announced his policy,—has said to the Irish members, This is what we are ready to do—there is our bill; and he can never go behind that. So far, then, the bill is a very solid reality. Mr Gladstone may have seen that it would have to be renewed. But he knew all the time that he would be obliged to meet it in the end, and so he will be, or perish in the attempt.

Besides, it is hardly likely that the bill was introduced merely to get up a cry against the Lords, if only for the reason that there are so many better ways of doing it. There are plenty of old soldiers in the Government camp, and if they wanted to have a pitched battle with the Lords, they would hardly have chosen the very worst ground for it which the whole range of politics affords. They could not possibly have selected a question on

which the Lords could fight to more advantage, with more public feeling to back them, or a more general conviction that this time, at all events, they are on the side of liberty and the people. No: Mr Gladstone will make what capital he can, of course, out of the action of the Lords. But there is hardly a single item in the Newcastle programme which would not have served his purpose better. But he had no choice. He is in the hands of the Home Rulers, who, in their turn, are in the hands of the priests, and determined, before anything else is done, that the Government shall stand committed to such a measure of Home Rule as the House of Commons has nominally carried. But it is not, after all, the bill itself against which public indignation is rising at the present moment, so much as the method by which it has been carried through the Commons. The subjection of Great Britain to the yoke of the Irish priesthood, for this is what the retention of the Irish members really means; the scandalous iniquity of the Financial clauses; the virtual independence of the Irish Parliament; the threatened persecution of the Protestant minority,—form a bill of indictment against Mr Gladstone's measure which would indeed rouse British passion to fever heat if they believed it had a chance of passing. It would make their blood boil to contemplate the possibility of such an attempt being successful. But they know that it can never pass without a dissolution, and that then they will be able to take care of it. But the Home Rule question cannot last for ever. We will not contemplate its being carried, but the forward movement may be thrust back, as it was fifty years ago. Home Rule may pass away and be forgotten, the Irish question may be shelved, but the precedent created by silencing the House of Commons will remain, and the system once begun will be continued, unless the public interfere and stop it. This is the great point. This is the great danger which inspired Mr Chamberlain's amendment, and, to our thinking, it is far more serious even than Home Rule itself.

The bill has been forced through that House amid the silent indignation of all the friends of constitutional government: its opponents have been denied a hearing in that great popular assembly, of which free discussion is the vital principle, and which could not long continue to breathe an atmosphere from which it was expelled. The duty now devolving on the Peers is to rescue this assembly from the perilous situation in which it is at present placed, and to save the country, at the same time, from the danger that now threatens it,—the danger, that is, of being robbed of their right to manage their own affairs by the maintenance in Parliament of a body of men with no interest in English politics, and who can always be called on, when necessary, to overpower the voice of the majority.

Printed by William Blackwood and Sons.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCCXXXVI. OCTOBER 1893. Vol. CLIV.

OUR LATEST ARBITRATION.

THE UNITED STATES IN INTERNATIONAL LAW.

During several years, since 1886, a diplomatic correspondence has been carried on between Great Britain and the United States, involving points of international law which are interesting for their historical character, as well as for their political and commercial bearing. And during several months a tribunal—the importance of which can hardly be overestimated—has been sitting at Paris, hearing the most distinguished advocates of two great nations, and receiving *en délibéré* arguments, precedents, and claims which have for centuries been floating, as it were, on the *mare liberum* of international law, but have never before been brought together in one imposing mass for consideration and settlement.

Those who are familiar with the celebrated "Franconia" case may think that it elicited a mastery of learning not likely to be surpassed in regard to a question of law. The "Oregon" question has also a literature of its own which exhibits a surprising amount of research and erudition. The North American Fisheries question is represented by many volumes and much ability, ranging from the eloquence of Edmund Burke to the practical diplomacy of Lord Salisbury. The Maine Boundary question, with its bulk of correspondence and enormous volumes of maps, is entitled to a front place in any exposition of diplomatic curiosities. The Geneva Arbitration, and the Washington Treaty, of which it formed a part, make also a goodly showing in books of correspondence and in learning in discussions. But those

who have been in a position to follow the Behring Sea question know that in this case the investigation of principles, precedents, and authorities in international law has been at least as thorough and laborious as in any of the cases we have mentioned. Not only was the science of international law, so far as it bore on the questions at issue, experimentally and exhaustively treated, but the science of natural history, the art of navigation, and the interests of commerce were all involved in a discussion during which no point of any of them bearing on the case in hand was left unassailed or undefended.

It is now more than twenty years since Great Britain and the United States were last engaged in arbitrating before an international tribunal, not merely points of fact regarding conduct, but points of the law of nations which time had left unsettled. By the Treaty of Washington, the Geneva Arbitration, and the Halifax Commission, an interpretation was placed on the disputed convention of 1818; a new view of the duties of neutrals was, magnanimously but hardly wisely, adopted *ad hoc* by Great Britain as a basis for the discussion of her responsibility to the United States; and a permanent sanction was given to the legal force and the commercial value of the British claim to the exclusive right of fishing within traditional territorial waters. On the occasion of the Paris Arbitration the settlement of the legal questions will have the most far-reaching consequences, and will mark a point of finality in the discussion of disputed points as to territorial waters in the North Pacific. Thus twice in twenty years the action of the United States has brought about, in a manner that cannot fail to be historical, the settlement of phases of the law of nations.

The student of all these voluminous blue-books is forced to observe that, owing to the modern character of the United States as a Power of rank, and owing to the general understanding that the Republic has "no foreign politics," the place occupied by that country in the history of the development of the science of international law has been considerably underestimated, at least by the general reader, even perhaps by the general writers, of history. A brief retrospect of the influence of America in international law may not be out of place.

The bearing of international law on America began even before the discovery of the continent. The value of the discovery of America to Spain was seriously jeopardised by the existence of papal bulls authorising discoveries, and conferring title in 1452, 1454, 1479, and 1481, on Portugal; and the claims of this Power were so technically strong that, on the familiar principle of "a hair of the dog that bit him," another bull had to be issued to protect Spain; and the famous line of demarcation, from north to south pole, was drawn by Pope Alexander VI. on May 4, 1492. So strong still remained the technical claims of Portugal, that it was not till 1750 that the details of a controversy, interesting, but fit only for a larger history than this, were finally arranged.

Up to the time of the discovery of America, it will be remembered, the influence of the Pope had been paramount, and almost universally recognised, in international affairs. The law of nations was, in effect, a code of morals demanding for its interpretation and enforcement a spiritual arbiter. This arbiter,

apart altogether from the spiritual authority he claimed and exercised, was at least an acceptable witness to priority of enterprise and to the subsequent Title by Discovery—a title which, though in the case of most nations, owing to negligence in perfecting it by occupation, is the most precarious of titles, has always been urged with remarkable persistence even as collateral to papal authority. It may indeed be contended that title by discovery arose originally from the recognition extended to papal authorisation and ratification; but at a later period the nations of Europe ceased to solicit bulls, and set up title by discovery on their own authority.

Subsequent to the discovery, we find at every step in the history of America the genius of international law producing or settling disputes. The political, and, by inevitable consequence, the religious rivalries of Spain the discoverer and France the interloper, which had already darkened with disaster the fields of Europe, arose in the region of Florida, and resulted in such a series of bloody tragedies as one reads of even yet with a shudder. In the north, the relations of the English colonies with France were relations of ceaseless war, carried on under conditions which, however inevitable under the circumstances, were not justified on either side by the rules of international law. The raids of the French on the border British settlements were often merely expeditions of murder. The expeditions of Argal in 1613 and of Sedgwick in 1654 against Port Royal were, on the other hand, mere piracy. Piracy and murder, retorted upon by murder and piracy—that was the condition of affairs down to the withdrawal of France from the contest for empire on the American continent.

The next phase of American history—the colonial, and finally, the revolutionary phase — brings us face to face with questions not exactly international in character, —*i.e.*, the rights of colonies under charters, constitutions, and laws; the duties of subjects; the powers of an imperial parliament; the extent of colonial authority over revenues and commerce, — questions which were then for the first time raised, which were vehemently written upon, and which have developed a large literature of their own.

Finally, we come to the establishment of the United States as an independent Power, which, after and under the treaty of 1783, entered into its place among the nations, acquiring the rights and incurring the responsibilities of a sovereign state. Three of the nations of Europe were still in close contact with the new republic.

The first was Spain, which still occupied a large part of the southern portion of the continent, and still claimed the whole of the Pacific coast indefinitely northward. This territory, generally known as Louisiana, extending from New Orleans to Puget Sound, was claimed by various nations, with a fine disregard for distances; was discovered by Spain; colonised by Huguenots, who were incontinently massacred by the Spaniards; controlled finally by the French as part of their reach of territory from New Orleans to Quebec; ceded in part by France to Spain in 1762; was again ceded by Spain to England in part in 1763; was ceded to Spain again in 1783; was transferred by Spain secretly to Napoleon Bonaparte in 1800; and was purchased by the United States in 1803 from France

for $15,000,000. In 1819 the Floridas were purchased from Spain for $6,500,000. So tenacious was the dead hand of Spain that the territorial rights established in 1492 were not released till 1819; and even as late as 1846 the United States were still making use of the old claims of Spain—themselves based on papal bulls of the fifteenth century—in regard to the disputed Oregon boundaries. With that question the name of Spain passes out of the history of the United States as regards territory.

The second was France, which had retired in 1763 from the contest for power on the American continent; and after a period of alliance during the American Revolution—an alliance more anti-British than pro-American—had become a doubtful ally and at times a hectoring rival of the Republic, demanding the abrogation of Jay's treaty with Great Britain, and a more decided alliance with France. The first question which republican America had to settle for itself was the question of its own neutrality in the war between England and France. Republican France did not like the settlement, and conducted though it did not "declare" war. A few sea-fights took place; an American army and navy were hastily got together; but Napoleon Bonaparte coming to the top, put an end to the dispute. But the "claims" which were then established on both sides on account of the destruction of property in what was not a state of lawful war were not settled till 1836, when the hand of the Republic was on the sword.

The third was England; and the relations between the two countries after the treaty of 1783 were necessarily strained. There was no American Minister in London, no British Ambassador at Washington. The Central Government of the United States, partly from lack of authority, partly from want of will, was remiss in carrying out those provisions of the treaty regarding the collection of debts, the restoration of property, and the prevention of the persecution of Loyalists. The British Government, in this default of the United States, maintained the military posts at various places in the north and west. Even the treaty of 1794, negotiated by Mr Jay, failed eventually to settle some of the questions in dispute. The question of the Right of Search now began to loom up, Great Britain being unwilling to abandon a right which, in view of her struggle with the French Revolution, was essential to her strength at sea, and to the liberties of Europe which she was defending; and the United States, just struggling into the possession of a navy, and anxious to obtain good sailors, being unwilling to submit to it. The Orders in Council formed the culminating point in the dispute, and Mr Madison, greatly against the wishes of a large part of his own people, declared war in 1812. The points which arose in regard to law will hereafter be noted.

The attitude of the United States towards the science of international law requires to be specially noted before entering upon particular questions. More than any other nation in the world, the United States accepts the law of nations as an integral part of the law of the land. The laws of the country must not be interpreted contrary to the common principles and usages of nations or the general doctrines of international law. The Federal,

and even the State courts are bound to take notice of the law of nations, which in American courts does not require to be proved as a matter of fact. An Act of Congress or an Act of any State legislature contrary to any well-established rule of international law would undoubtedly be held *ultra vires* by the Supreme Court of the United States, or by any court of inferior jurisdiction before which the point might be raised. In Great Britain, on the other hand, an Act of Parliament would have to be accepted and enforced by British courts, no matter how it might conflict with international law. This being the state of things, it is remarkable that the United States public men should be found through their whole history urging points of view regarding the law of nations which all other nations had rejected, and putting forward claims based on grounds too remote for serious consideration.

The treaty negotiations and obligations of the United States are subject, in the first place, to one serious qualification. Under the constitution, the President may and must negotiate all treaties; but until the Senate has ratified the agreement, the work of the President and his plenipotentiaries is of no value. The representatives of the President on such occasions do not therefore stand upon the same footing as those of other nations in regard to authority; in fact, they have no authority at all—they are merely the instruments of the President in the accomplishment of a task which may be repudiated by the Senate, and may, after such repudiation, be even denounced by the very President who negotiated it and recommended it to the Senate for approval. The conduct of the Senate is ultimately determined, not by considerations of national honour and international law, but by the consideration of party necessity.

Thus, in 1844, a treaty with the German Zollverein was rejected by the Senate on a party vote, on the ostensible ground that "the Legislature is the department of Government by which commerce should be regulated and the laws of revenue passed;" but really, as Mr Calhoun contended, "because of the bearing which it was feared it would have on the next Presidential election." Again, in 1867, the United States made a treaty with Denmark for the annexation of Santa Cruz and St Thomas. The treaty was made at the request of the American Administration. But because Mr Sumner, who was the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations in the Senate, had a quarrel with the Cabinet, he refused to report back the treaty to the Senate, and was supported by enough of his committee to hang up the treaty for some time. Ultimately it was reported and rejected, to the disgust of Denmark, which had been induced to continue and complete the negotiations, only to be finally insulted in this quite inexcusable manner. Again, in 1888, a treaty which had been negotiated between Great Britain and the United States for the settlement, temporarily at least, of the North American fisheries, which had been recommended by the President in his message, approved of by the Secretary of State in the most public manner, and which had been welcomed by business men all over the North-eastern States as a fair and honourable settlement of vexed questions, was flung out by the Senate by a party vote solely with an eye to the elections, which

were close at hand. Negotiations with the United States must always be conducted with a full understanding of this reserve power in the Senate—a variable body with a varying policy.

If the Senate be a variable body with a policy varying with the party needs of the time or of the next Presidential election, the administration is neither more stable nor more fixed in its purpose. The correspondence of the United States in its foreign relations is full of the most singular inconsistencies.

Thus the war of 1812 was justified by the United States on the ground of the illegal exercise of the right of search for deserters by the vessels of the British navy. Sooner than submit to that right, the United States declared war. But in 1861 a war-vessel of the United States, with enthusiastic public approval, and with a certain degree of tentative official support, exercised the right of search, and carried off Mr Mason and Mr Slidell from the Trent "as contraband of war." There was strong historical and customary ground for the right of search in 1806-12, when Great Britain exercised it. There was no ground, historical or customary, in 1861, for the seizure of two white men, not military in their character, not known even to be political personages by the officers of the Trent, and not claimed by the United States for military or naval purposes, but merely as "contraband." The United States had contested the exercise of such a right in 1812 at the cannon's mouth; in 1861 it had to withdraw from it at the sword's point. Some modern writers on international law (notably Mr Walker, in a very late and very valuable volume) are disposed to offset the mistake of the United States in 1861 by alleging a mistake by Great Britain in 1806-12; but we venture to say that the grounds for the justification of England are sufficiently strong in point of international law, whereas—except in the case, *possibly*, of a runaway slave—there was absolutely no foundation whatever in international law for the claim of the United States to treat the two white men as "contraband." In the very next year, 1862, we find Mr Seward agreeing to the right of search of American vessels for the ostensible purpose of putting down the slave-trade, but with the actual purpose of placating the British Government.

Again, though the United States had deliberately cut themselves off from all participation in the rights and duties of citizenship in the British empire, they nevertheless continued for a long time to claim the right to share in the North American fisheries within limits long laid down by an unbroken succession of writers on international law as strictly territorial in character, and even within limits from which the Americans had solemnly excluded themselves by the Convention of 1818. In the early part of the century the United States had adopted for its own purposes the principle of the Headland Line, and applied it to the wide expanse of Delaware Bay and Chesapeake Bay. But when the same well-established and hitherto unchallenged rule was laid down for the defence of British and Canadian interests in regard to the "bays, &c.," described in the Convention of 1818, the United States repudiated the principle. And even while this repudiation of the Headland Line is being urged with regard to the bays, &c., on the north-eastern

coasts, the United States is found setting up a claim to control as territorial waters on the north-western coasts the vast regions of Behring Sea. Public effrontery could not further go.

In 1838 the United States, which has always cried "hands off" with increasing vehemence to all European nations regarding invasions of America, made itself responsible for the invasion of Canada by a body of armed men who had actually obtained their arms from an American arsenal, and made their preparations for invasion in the sight of American troops. Again, in 1866 the Fenians were encouraged in an attack on Canada under the eyes of the American authorities. The prosecutions which were at first brought against these men after they had been driven by the loyal Canadians across the border were afterwards dropped by order of Congress, and the arms taken from the men restored. The whole history of international law contains no greater acts of inexcusable lawlessness than these: they were just and proper reasons for a declaration of war by Great Britain.

Though every nation in Europe had long accepted the doctrine that a blockade, to be legal, must be effective, the United States, during its own Civil War, endeavoured to blockade the ports of the Southern Confederacy by mere Presidential proclamation. But the growth of opinion in the United States on this question was rapid enough to justify Mr Bayard in 1885 in refusing to acknowledge the sufficiency of a blockade in the case of Columbia, declared by the President of that state by mere order, and without any effective operations. Now the proclamation of a blockade is in itself a public evidence of the existence of a "state of war," and the proclamation of President Lincoln in 1861 was therefore a recognition of the belligerency of the Southern States. But when, after a month's delay, the Government of Great Britain declared its neutrality in the conflict, the United States looked upon this as an unfriendly act; and this ground of complaint has never been wholly abandoned by public writers in America.

Although the United States, during the time when Great Britain was engaged in a struggle for the liberties of Europe, contended that it was no breach of neutrality to supply articles contraband of war to the French, yet during the Civil War of 1860-65 the very same nation made it a ground of grave accusation against Great Britain that the Southern Confederacy received aid and supplies from British subjects. In a few years later, 1870, the agents of the American Government itself were, under an Act of Congress, engaged in selling war materials, arms, &c., to the agents of the French Government, and actually delivering them from American arsenals on board French vessels —clearly violating every known principle of international law bearing upon the subject, and rendering a declaration of war by Germany a perfectly justifiable act.

These are a few only of the instances in which the practice of the United States in regard to the rules of the law of nations has not been as consistent as could be desired. We will now proceed to indicate briefly some points of law or some usages which have been materially affected by the entry of the United States into the commonwealth of nations. It must

be remembered that not merely has the United States contributed to alter or enlarge certain rules of law, but that changes have been brought about by the creation of the kingdom of Italy, by the erection of the German Empire, by the recognition of the South American and Brazilian Republics, — but with these we have now nothing to do.

One of the subjects affected by the existence and conditions of life in the United States is the subject of the Extradition of Criminals. The development of doctrine and practice on the subject has been remarkably slow, and the later stages of the growth of opinion have been marked by a precipitation due to the rapid increase of the means of communication, the multiplication of international business relations, and the modern outcrop of certain forms of crime. The earliest English treaty of extradition is with Scotland in the twelfth century; the earliest with foreign Powers is with France in the fourteenth; and the latest stage was reached in the United States in 1860, in England in 1870, and as regards both nations by the treaty of 1890. It is only fair to say that the American practice had always been wise and liberal down to the time when the distinction between political offences and ordinary crimes began to be troublesome, for reasons of politics, to the Government. The constitution and the law provided for extradition from state to state. Extradition was provided for in the treaty of 1794 with Great Britain for twelve years. In 1842 the first treaty was negotiated, known as the Ashburton Treaty. This was the only treaty in existence between the two countries till the Convention of 1891, amplifying the list of crimes in the treaty of 1842, was negotiated. The treaty of 1842 expressly excluded "all political offences or criminal charges arising from wars or intestine commotions," and this provision was, for a long time, a stumbling-block to other arrangements. The Act of 1870 in England provided that when an arrangement had been made with any foreign country with respect to the surrender of criminals, the Act should by proclamation be put in force respecting that country. The United States could not be influenced to make such arrangement.

That the United States could, however, take vigorous executive action in certain cases, was made clear in a case relating to Spain. In 1864 one Arguelles, for selling a large number of Africans into slavery and absconding from Cuba to the United States with the proceeds, was handed over to Spain without any law conferring power on the executive, and without any treaty with Spain. The surrender was made on the high moral ground that "a nation is never bound to furnish asylum to dangerous criminals who are offenders against the human race." An agitation was raised against this act of the executive, but it was ineffectual. If the United States had acted with a tenth of that activity in regard to Great Britain, the question of extradition could easily have been finished. Two circumstances — the growth of Nihilistic crime in Russia, and the growth of dynamite crime in Great Britain — pressed hard on the conscience of the United States. But the pressure from conscience was not equal to the pressure from the Caucus; and the United States continued to be a refuge for criminals who certainly were "offenders against the

human race." At length American self-interest came to the rescue of foreign nations. The state of the law rendered Canada a safe asylum for every defaulting cashier or defaulter in the United States; and the number of fugitives became so numerous that at length the Convention of 1890, supplementing the treaty of 1842, was agreed to, and became law. It does not, however, cover that significant crime of "malicious injuries to property whereby the life of any person should be endangered," which was contained in a convention entered into in 1886 in London between Lord Rosebery and Mr Phelps, recommended by the President in 1887, but rejected by the Senate—which shows that there is still a step in advance to be made. That this step will eventually be made we may hope, in view of the fact that a treaty —not at present made public officially — has been negotiated with Russia which provides for extradition for the too memorable crime of "wilful or unlawful obstruction of railways which endangers human life." The United States has now, of course, extradition treaties, limited in character as above, with most nations of the world.

The refusal of the United States in 1856 to join in the Declaration of Paris—that is, on the first of the great principles laid down in it—leaves that country in a very peculiar relation to others. The first principle laid down was, "Privateering is, and remains, abolished." To this the United States refused to assent, on the probably natural ground that the right of privateering was more important to a nation which was not possessed of a navy than to countries like England which had, and always maintained, a large sea-force. The United States offered an amendment as follows: "And the private property of the subjects or citizens of a belligerent on the high seas shall be exempt from seizure by public armed vessels of the other belligerent except it be contraband"—a proposition which the Powers did not accept. The effect of it would have been to prolong wars indefinitely by rendering them mere military duels, ending only with the exhaustion of combatants. A very amusing change of opinion in this case also took place at the outbreak of the Civil War. The American Minister in London was instructed to declare the willingness of the United States to sign the *whole* of the Declaration of Paris, and all the signatory Powers were so informed. Great Britain and France at once acceded, but with the significant proposal, in both cases, to add to the new convention a paragraph declaring that they did not undertake any engagement relating to the internal differences in the United States. This put an end to the negotiation. The object of Mr Seward was to force Great Britain and France, if the convention was accepted, into joining the United States in treating the Southern privateers as pirates. It was ingenious, but not successful. In the meantime the United States remains free to utilise privateers whenever the necessity arises; and of course, as against the United States, the other nations are equally free.

Another subject greatly influenced by the growth of the United States is the question of Naturalisation. By the treaty of 1783 Great Britain renounced all claim to the allegiance of citizens of the United States; but who were citizens of the United States, and what constituted citizenship, were

points not settled. Cases arose in the courts, and were discussed with much learning, not only with Great Britain but with Prussia, with France, with Austria, and even with Turkey. The disposition of European monarchical countries was naturally to retain the old doctrine of perpetual allegiance, but time and events were against the contention. Apart from the gradual decay and disappearance of the feudal relation, which was the origin of the doctrine of perpetual allegiance, the establishment of the United States, the extensive emigration from all countries which let in towards the new land, made it quite impossible to maintain the old rule. Moreover, foreign nations did not respect each other's laws or practices on this subject; and as late as 1863, Lord John Russell was compelled to admit that a foreigner could not, by becoming a British subject, free himself from any penalties which the law of his own country might inflict on him on his return. The treaty of 1794 between Great Britain and the United States contained a provision that, in order to become citizens of the United States, it was necessary for British subjects in the United States to give notice to the British Government. In all cases where this notice was not given, the parties were not in a position to claim American citizenship as against Great Britain. It was the impressment of such persons (sailors deserted or serving in American ships) by Great Britain which formed one of the causes of the war of 1812. The question was not settled by the war. In 1860 an Act of the American Congress declared that "the right of separation is a natural and inherent right of all people, indispensable to the enjoyment of the right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and that to question the right of expatriation is inconsistent with the fundamental principles of the State." In 1870 a convention was made and an Act passed in England, providing for the fullest measure of expatriation and repatriation in both countries. But the law of the United States remained behind that of England for some years; and in 1873 (and subsequent years) President Grant was forced to point out in his message that "the United States, who led the way in the overthrow of the feudal doctrine of perpetual allegiance, are amongst the last to indicate how their own citizens may elect another nationality." Provision for making the law clear is now contained in the revised statutes of 1878, sections 2165 to 2174. But there are still many limitations and variations as regards foreign States: for example, Russia still requires the Emperor's permission for naturalisation abroad, and Germany and Italy insist on the performance of such military duty as may have been owing at the date of emigration.

The delicate subject of Copyright is one that may now be discussed with less of irascibility than was formerly the case. The treaty of 1891 with the United States was, at least, an advance on the previous condition of unlicensed privateering—qualified by individual cases of honourable conduct on the part of leading American publishers—which till then prevailed. But this new arrangement is hampered by the fact that the treaty still requires the printing of a book in the United States before a copyright can be obtained. This was a condition demanded by the trades-unions, on behalf of the American printers, and without

that condition no treaty could have been made; for without that, every vote under the control of the labour organisations would have been cast against the Government which negotiated the treaty. America still remains—at least to the extent of the "printing" clause of the treaty of 1891—outside of the Copyright Union of nations, as it remains out of the Declaration of Paris.

It was with this record and this disposition that the United States entered on the negotiations which after so many years culminated in the Paris Arbitration and the award which has just been announced. It would be exceedingly difficult to characterise briefly the "notes" of American opinion regarding the law of nations, but the reader cannot have failed to see certain features more or less prominent throughout this brief history.

In the first place, the tendency of American writers is to look upon the law of nations more in the manner of the early Spanish writers than in the manner of later authorities; more in the manner of Suarez than in the manner of even so early a writer as Grotius: that is, in effect, the Americans look, or profess to look, on international law as a system of morals, from which the positive laws and prescribed usages of nations must not be separated. This should have dictated a higher code of international conduct than has been indicated in several of the instances we have quoted.

In the next place, the decisions of the courts have placed international law, as understood above, in a superior position to the constitution and the laws of the Union and of the States. This should have prevented, for example, the pleading of American statutes in the "Saynard" case, and the submission of cases occurring under the law of nations to local courts in Alaska.

Further, the United States, in consistent pursuance of the older view of international law, have shown a remarkable tendency to assert the very oldest titles and claims that the prehistoric view of law would support by the most shadowy interpretation.

(*a*) Thus the right of the United States to the navigation of the Mississippi, as against the claims of Spain, were based on the rights obtained through France by the voyage and discoveries of La Salle, as well as upon "the sentiment written in deep characters upon the heart of man"—*i.e.*, the law of nature, as understood in America.

(*b*) Thus the right to navigate the St Lawrence as against the territorial authority of Great Britain was based upon "natural law and obvious necessity,"—not admissible grounds in diplomatic negotiation.

(*c*) Thus the claims of the United States to the Oregon territory were based on the shadowy claims of Spain, themselves based on papal bulls, and these of doubtful authority in view of previous bulls to Portugal.

(*d*) Thus the right of America to Texas was also based on the traditional landing of La Salle at the Bay of Espiritu Santo.

(*e*) Thus the claim of the American fishermen to use the British fisheries in North America was based on the previous condition of citizenship of the British empire, from which they had deliberately cut themselves adrift.

(*f*) Thus the American claim to jurisdiction in Behring Sea was based on claims which Russia had put forward for quite other pur-

poses than the prosecution of the seal-fishery, which had been repudiated by the United States at the time, but which were resuscitated when the Americans became possessed of the Russian territory.

Surely the retirement of Russia from a position which even M. Martens, in his 'Droite Internationale,' admits to have been indefensible, should have prevented the United States from putting forward pretensions which neither the law of nature nor the law of nations could sustain.

We need hardly go at length into an exposition of the whole extent of the Behring Sea question as placed before the Commission at Paris; but an outline, at least, is necessary.

Prior to 1886, British vessels had, in common with North American and other vessels, navigated and fished in what were then as always deemed the non-territorial waters of Behring Sea, without interference from the United States. In 1886, however, the British schooner Thornton was seized when fishing seventy (the United States case admits forty) miles from St George Island, the nearest land. The vessel was condemned in the District Court of Alaska on the ground that she was "found engaged in killing fur-seals within the limits of Alaska territory, and in the waters thereof, in violation of section 1956 of the Revised Statutes of the United States." Other vessels were also seized, and in effect the whole business of seal-fishing by British subjects was broken up, and much damage inflicted. Great Britain, acting for herself as well as for Canada, protested, and, after a long and occasionally sharp discussion, in which the Canadian Government maintained a spirited position, a treaty was arranged in 1892 to "provide for an amicable settlement" of the questions at issue. The questions were referred to a tribunal of arbitration to sit at Paris.

The American case, as the aggressor in the affair, proceeded on the line we have indicated above, of urging the very earliest claims of Russia, from whom the American title is held to be derivable. The case of the United States puts forward the exploration by Behring, and Russian occupation, as early as 1648; the establishment of the Russian American Company in 1741; the Emperor's ukase in 1791, which it is claimed assumed to give exclusive jurisdiction over a wide extent of sea; the Emperor's ukase of 1821 prohibiting foreign vessels not only from landing on the coasts and islands but from approaching them "within less than a hundred Italian miles;" the treaties of 1824 and 1825 between the United States and Russia, and Great Britain and Russia, under which it is claimed Great Britain did not object to Russian dominion over "the Behring Sea," as distinguished (*by the Americans only*) from "the Pacific Ocean"; the cession of Alaska to the United States in 1867; and the territorial authority exercised by the United States since that date. The case winds up *more Americano* by appeal to the practice of nations and the "common interests of mankind."

The British case contained statements of course quite opposite to those laid down by the Americans, and we may say that the British case, presumably prepared in great part, if not altogether, under the control of or in person by the members of the Canadian Ministry engaged in the affair—*i.e.*, the Premier, Sir John Thompson, and the Minister of Marine, Hon. Charles H. Tupper—is prepared in a man-

ner calculated to excite a feeling of satisfaction that the public service of the colonies and of the empire can still command the use of very extraordinary ability for very insignificant rewards. The case contends that Behring Sea was always free to all nations by natural right; that no assertion of jurisdiction by Russia could limit that right; that Russia never at any time previous to the sale to the Americans possessed any exclusive jurisdiction in non-territorial waters in Behring Sea; that the ukase of 1799 was a "purely domestic" affair as reported by the American Minister to his Government, not intended to apply to foreigners, and not notified to foreign Governments; that the ukase of 1821, which *did* attempt to exercise exclusive jurisdiction, was immediately and effectually resisted by Great Britain and the United States, and withdrawn from by Russia; that the Behring Sea was included in the phrase Pacific Ocean in 1825; that from 1824 to 1886 British vessels had continually and uninterruptedly fished in these waters; that the cession of 1867 did not and could not transmit to the United States anything more than ordinary territorial dominion; that fur-seals are animals *ferœ naturœ*, and the United States has no jurisdiction or property in them when found outside the three-mile limit; and that no regulations made by the United States could be voted without the concurrence of other nations,—the rights of all nations being involved in the claim of exclusive jurisdiction by the United States over waters which are the common heritage of mankind.

The counter-case of the United States indicated a new and surprising feature in the argument; for after having in the case itself set up an elaborate claim, apparently, to exclusive jurisdiction, the counter-case begins in this extraordinary manner:—

"It appears from an examination of the British case, and the diplomatic correspondence above referred to, that a different opinion is entertained by the two Governments as to the object and scope of the present arbitration. That case [the British] is almost exclusively devoted to showing that the Government of the United States is not entitled to exercise territorial jurisdiction over the waters of Behring Sea, or to exclude therefrom the vessels of other nations. On the other hand, the case of the United States makes it plain that the *main object had in view by the latter Government is the protection and preservation of the seal herd which has its home on the Pribiloff Islands.*"

So very simple a contention could surely have been as plainly stated at any time during six years of somewhat belligerent controversy, and with less parade of argument—tending to lead everybody concerned to the belief that the territorial jurisdiction was the main thing aimed at. The case contradicts the counter-case; the treaty itself contradicts it likewise; and the diplomatic correspondence which preceded case and counter-case was different from both.

Thus Mr Blaine, in a despatch of 17th December 1890, said—

"The repeated assertions that the Government of the United States demands that the Behring Sea be pronounced *mare clausum* are without foundation. The Government has *never claimed it and never desired it. It expressly disavows it.*"

But the case of the United States presented to the arbitrators contended that Russia had exercised an exclusive jurisdiction over the Behring Sea, and that "the conclusion is irresistible . . . that all the rights of Russia as to juris-

diction, and as to the sealeries in Behring Sea east of the water boundary fixed by the treaty of March 30, 1867, passed unimpaired to the United States under that treaty." And then, in the counter-case, we have the statement already quoted, in which an abandonment of the high claim of jurisdiction appears. We are led by this singular fact to the conclusion that in the end, as the whole affair approached the tribunal of arbitration, the managers of the American case were riding for a fall. Mr Blaine's abandonment of exclusive jurisdiction in favour of strict regulation was made early, and was overlooked by all but the experts. The American case itself, though largely devoted to the assertion of an exclusive jurisdiction, concludes by what is now a very significant statement—that the United States "*is not compelled, neither does it intend, to rest its case* altogether upon the jurisdiction over Behring Sea, established or exercised by Russia prior and up to the time of the cession of Alaska." The counter-case expressly withdraws from the claim of jurisdiction. And when we come to read Mr Carter's very elaborate speech in presenting the American case, we find that he too, following the line of Mr Blaine, abandons the claim to jurisdiction over non-territorial waters, and devotes the most of his address to an almost passionate plea for strict regulation of all the fisheries, and especially of the pelagic sealing so much opposed by the Americans, because it is largely the only form of sealing open to foreign nations, who cannot, of course, kill seals on land.

The points which the tribunal of arbitration was asked to decide are as follows:—

"*Article VI.*

"In deciding the matters submitted to the arbitrators, it is agreed that the following five points shall be submitted to them, in order that their award shall embrace a distinct decision upon each of said five points, to wit:—

"1. What exclusive jurisdiction in the sea now known as the Behring Sea, and what exclusive rights in the seal-fisheries therein, did Russia assert and exercise prior and up to the time of the cession of Alaska to the United States?

"2. How far were these claims of jurisdiction as to the seal-fisheries recognised and conceded by Great Britain?

"3. Was the body of water now known as the Behring Sea included in the phrase 'Pacific Ocean,' as used in the treaty of 1825 between Great Britain and Russia; and what rights, if any, in the Behring Sea, were held and exclusively exercised by Russia after said treaty?

"4. Did not all the rights of Russia as to jurisdiction and as to the seal-fisheries in Behring Sea east of the water boundary, in the treaty between the United States and Russia of the 30th March 1867, pass unimpaired to the United States under that treaty?

"5. Has the United States any right, and if so, what right, of protection or property in the fur-seals frequenting the islands of the United States in Behring Sea when such seals are found outside the ordinary three-mile limit?

"*Article VII.*

"If the determination of the foregoing questions as to the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States shall leave the subject in such position that the concurrence of Great Britain is necessary to the establishment of regulations for the proper protection and preservation of the fur-seal in, or habitually resorting to, the Behring Sea, the arbitrators shall then determine what concurrent regulations outside the jurisdictional limits of the respective Governments are necessary, and over what waters such regulations should extend; and to

aid them in that determination, the Report of a Joint Commission, to be appointed by the respective Governments, shall be laid before them, with such other evidence as either Government may submit.

"The high contracting parties furthermore agree to co-operate in securing the adhesion of other Powers to such regulations."

Now that the decision of the tribunal has been given, we may dwell for a brief space on the result. All the questions of right, based on international law, on ukases, treaties, and prescriptions, have been decided against the United States. All that elaborate structure of research and experiment which is contained in case, counter-case, and argument, and in the orations of the very able counsel employed to bewilder the tribunal by misinterpretation of the law of nations, has fallen to pieces; and the world—or at least that part of the world interested in such questions—may congratulate itself that the sanction of an international tribunal has been once more given to the customary, proper, and hitherto authoritative interpretation of the law of nations in regard to the extent of jurisdiction which a nation may claim to exercise over the sea which surrounds its coasts.

The decision of the arbitrators is, point by point, as follows:—

"1. That Russia never asserted in fact or exercised any exclusive jurisdiction in Behring Sea, or any exclusive rights to the seal-fisheries therein beyond the ordinary limit of territorial waters.

"2. That Great Britain did not recognise or concede any claim upon the part of Russia to exclusive jurisdiction as to the seal-fisheries in Behring Sea outside the ordinary territorial waters.

"3. That the body of water now known as Behring Sea was included in the phrase 'Pacific Ocean,' as used in said treaty.

"4. That all the rights of Russia to jurisdiction and to the seal-fisheries passed to the United States limited by the cession."

This fourth point is technically in favour of the United States; but as the previous point (No. 1) had settled the fact that Russia had no exclusive jurisdiction to transfer, the United States takes nothing by the decision.

Point 5 is more important than appears on the surface. About this point of property in the seals a long diplomatic and legal battle was waged. The concluding paragraph of the American case is as follows:—

"It [the United States] asserts that, quite independently of this jurisdiction [*i.e.*, the exclusive jurisdiction on which the United States 'is not compelled and does not intend to rest its case'], it has a right of protection and property in the fur-seals frequenting the Pribiloff Islands *when found outside the ordinary three-mile limit*, and it bases this right upon the established principles of the common and civil law, upon the practice of nations, upon the laws of natural history, and upon the common interests of mankind."

The British case, anticipating this demand, contained a forcible argument against it. The British counter-case contained a specific reply. It was obvious that no right of protection could exist where no right of jurisdiction existed; and jurisdiction outside the ordinary limit was expressly given up. There can be no property in free-swimming animals that are *feræ naturæ*. No country in the world asserts such control. This part of the British counter-case was prepared with singular ability. The decision of the arbitrators is as follows: "On the fifth point, the decision of the

diction, and as to the sealeries in Behring Sea east of the water boundary fixed by the treaty of March 30, 1867, passed unimpaired to the United States under that treaty." And then, in the counter-case, we have the statement already quoted, in which an abandonment of the high claim of jurisdiction appears. We are led by this singular fact to the conclusion that in the end, as the whole affair approached the tribunal of arbitration, the managers of the American case were riding for a fall. Mr Blaine's abandonment of exclusive jurisdiction in favour of strict regulation was made early, and was overlooked by all but the experts. The American case itself, though largely devoted to the assertion of an exclusive jurisdiction, concludes by what is now a very significant statement—that the United States "*is not compelled, neither does it intend, to rest its case* altogether upon the jurisdiction over Behring Sea, established or exercised by Russia prior and up to the time of the cession of Alaska." The counter-case expressly withdraws from the claim of jurisdiction. And when we come to read Mr Carter's very elaborate speech in presenting the American case, we find that he too, following the line of Mr Blaine, abandons the claim to jurisdiction over non-territorial waters, and devotes the most of his address to an almost passionate plea for strict regulation of all the fisheries, and especially of the pelagic sealing so much opposed by the Americans, because it is largely the only form of sealing open to foreign nations, who cannot, of course, kill seals on land.

The points which the tribunal of arbitration was asked to decide are as follows:—

"*Article VI.*

"In deciding the matters submitted to the arbitrators, it is agreed that the following five points shall be submitted to them, in order that their award shall embrace a distinct decision upon each of said five points, to wit:—

"1. What exclusive jurisdiction in the sea now known as the Behring Sea, and what exclusive rights in the seal-fisheries therein, did Russia assert and exercise prior and up to the time of the cession of Alaska to the United States?

"2. How far were these claims of jurisdiction as to the seal-fisheries recognised and conceded by Great Britain?

"3. Was the body of water now known as the Behring Sea included in the phrase 'Pacific Ocean,' as used in the treaty of 1825 between Great Britain and Russia; and what rights, if any, in the Behring Sea, were held and exclusively exercised by Russia after said treaty?

"4. Did not all the rights of Russia as to jurisdiction and as to the seal-fisheries in Behring Sea east of the water boundary, in the treaty between the United States and Russia of the 30th March 1867, pass unimpaired to the United States under that treaty?

"5. Has the United States any right, and if so, what right, of protection or property in the fur-seals frequenting the islands of the United States in Behring Sea when such seals are found outside the ordinary three-mile limit?

"*Article VII.*

"If the determination of the foregoing questions as to the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States shall leave the subject in such position that the concurrence of Great Britain is necessary to the establishment of regulations for the proper protection and preservation of the fur-seal in, or habitually resorting to, the Behring Sea, the arbitrators shall then determine what concurrent regulations outside the jurisdictional limits of the respective Governments are necessary, and over what waters such regulations should extend; and to

aid them in that determination, the Report of a Joint Commission, to be appointed by the respective Governments, shall be laid before them, with such other evidence as either Government may submit.

"The high contracting parties furthermore agree to co-operate in securing the adhesion of other Powers to such regulations."

Now that the decision of the tribunal has been given, we may dwell for a brief space on the result. All the questions of right, based on international law, on ukases, treaties, and prescriptions, have been decided against the United States. All that elaborate structure of research and experiment which is contained in case, counter-case, and argument, and in the orations of the very able counsel employed to bewilder the tribunal by misinterpretation of the law of nations, has fallen to pieces; and the world—or at least that part of the world interested in such questions—may congratulate itself that the sanction of an international tribunal has been once more given to the customary, proper, and hitherto authoritative interpretation of the law of nations in regard to the extent of jurisdiction which a nation may claim to exercise over the sea which surrounds its coasts.

The decision of the arbitrators is, point by point, as follows:—

"1. That Russia never asserted in fact or exercised any exclusive jurisdiction in Behring Sea, or any exclusive rights to the seal-fisheries therein beyond the ordinary limit of territorial waters.

"2. That Great Britain did not recognise or concede any claim upon the part of Russia to exclusive jurisdiction as to the seal-fisheries in Behring Sea outside the ordinary territorial waters.

"3. That the body of water now known as Behring Sea was included in the phrase 'Pacific Ocean,' as used in said treaty.

"4. That all the rights of Russia to jurisdiction and to the seal-fisheries passed to the United States limited by the cession."

This fourth point is technically in favour of the United States; but as the previous point (No. 1) had settled the fact that Russia had no exclusive jurisdiction to transfer, the United States takes nothing by the decision.

Point 5 is more important than appears on the surface. About this point of property in the seals a long diplomatic and legal battle was waged. The concluding paragraph of the American case is as follows:—

"It [the United States] asserts that, quite independently of this jurisdiction [*i.e.*, the exclusive jurisdiction on which the United States 'is not compelled and does not intend to rest its case'], it has a right of protection and property in the fur-seals frequenting the Pribiloff Islands *when found outside the ordinary three-mile limit*, and it bases this right upon the established principles of the common and civil law, upon the practice of nations, upon the laws of natural history, and upon the common interests of mankind."

The British case, anticipating this demand, contained a forcible argument against it. The British counter-case contained a specific reply. It was obvious that no right of protection could exist where no right of jurisdiction existed; and jurisdiction outside the ordinary limit was expressly given up. There can be no property in free-swimming animals that are *ferœ naturæ*. No country in the world asserts such control. This part of the British counter-case was prepared with singular ability. The decision of the arbitrators is as follows: "On the fifth point, the decision of the

perience, there is occasion to make any modification thereof."

This regulation was evidently made as the result of the speeches of Sir Charles Russell and Mr Robinson, Q.C., who pointed out the impossibility of framing permanent regulations; and thus whatever mischief may be wrought by these rules will come to an end in a short time, or be remedied by further regulations.

The whole subject of these regulations, the general effect of which is more favourable to the American seal-fisheries than any one could have imagined in view of the total failure of every point of international law on which the American case rested, will need and will probably receive consideration. Although the treaty provides that "the high contracting parties engage to consider the result of the proceedings of the tribunal of arbitration as a full, perfect, and final settlement of all the questions referred to the arbitrators," nevertheless, if Lord Salisbury were at present in power (perhaps in any case), we might expect some degree of deliberation before ratification, for the following reasons.

The British Government, in the latest phase of the purely diplomatic correspondence, raised the point (November 1891) that any regulations adopted by the arbitrators should not be held to be binding on Great Britain and the United States till they had been accepted by the other Powers. The President of the United States objected to this; but Lord Salisbury persisted, and, though the treaty was signed as prepared, "retained the right of raising the point when the question of framing the regulations comes before the arbitrators," &c.

In the British case it is asserted that "no regulations affecting British subjects can be established for the protection and preservation of the fur-seal in the non-territorial waters of Behring Sea without the concurrence of Great Britain."

In the counter-case of Great Britain it is asserted that "any regulations must be assented to by all nations whose subjects frequent, or are likely in future to frequent, the waters of Behring Sea for pelagic sealing, and must be framed so as not to unduly restrict or interfere with the justifiable exercise by all nations of the industry of sealing at sea," &c.

The United States admits having endeavoured in vain to obtain, by circular note, a general agreement amongst maritime Powers for the regulation of the seal-fishery.

The "argument" of Great Britain repeats in substance the language of the counter-case as to the impossibility of making regulations unless they are accepted by all the world, and the impropriety of controlling British and foreign sealers without at all controlling American sealers.

The address of Mr Christopher Robinson, Q.C., one of the Canadian counsel to the tribunal, contains this statement: "I do not think your powers are sufficient to enable you to frame regulations for the efficient protection of the seal race. In our judgment that would require regulations on the islands, in Behring Sea, and in the North Pacific Ocean."

Under these circumstances, we should not predicate finality for a decision which can hardly be considered consistent with the decision on other and more important points, and which in practice confers on one of the parties to the arbitration valuable commercial privileges which had been

vainly contended for under the law of nations. The process of arbitration is not one to which Great Britain can look back with satisfaction. The chorus of congratulation by which this arbitration has been greeted is justified, of course, on the ground that, after a most thorough discussion, an authoritative decision has been given on points of international law which have been in dispute for at least a century, and which, while unsettled, were a menace to the peace of nations. But it must not be overlooked that the United States was the only nation that disputed these points; that before the Commissioners met she had hastily and finally abandoned them; and that in the speeches by the Commission they were not urged with seriousness by counsel, nor looked upon seriously by the arbitrators. We must therefore qualify our exultation by the fact that the victory on those points was so easily obtained.

The great fight of the Americans was made on the regulations, and on this point, as we have said, the Americans have scored a success which has surprised themselves, and which the surrounding circumstances do not seem to justify. Great Britain was generous enough in the affair. She admitted the need for regulations binding on all the world; but the tribunal gives regulations binding *only on Great Britain* among the other nations of the world. She allowed even a rash suggestion of a protected belt of twenty miles to be made, but the tribunal has extended it to sixty miles. She insisted on some regulations being applied to the proved recklessness of the American catch, but no such regulations have been made. She also insisted that the regulations should not be permanent, and in this she has fortunately been successful.

This award may be finally accepted without protest; but if so, it will be, not because it is quite in accord with the rules of international law — not because it is deemed wholly just and equitable and practicable by Great Britain — not because it is considered consistent with the very rules as to law upheld by the arbitrators, — but because Great Britain, conscious of a great mission, and accustomed by tradition and usage to take wide and historic views of international questions, is able to consent with dignity to results which are imposed on her by an international tribunal whose authority she herself helped to confer, and whose decision she would think scorn to refuse.

THIRTY YEARS OF SHIKAR.

From time to time the suggestion has been made to me by Anglo-Indian friends that I should write an account of my experiences in the wide field of Indian shikar, and up to the present time I have always repelled this idea as impracticable, or at least unprofitable. Hitherto I have always been very chary of telling tiger stories *viva voce*, from a confirmed conviction that the most brilliant conversationalist could not make any such narrative palatable to his audience. Conversation nowadays does not lend itself to monologue; the anecdotal person is as much out of vogue as pigtails on English heads; and the man who went about describing how he killed this or that tiger would now be regarded by society as an anachronism as intolerable as that princess of interminable tales—Scheherezade—would be in the present day.

But I have lately been encouraged to believe that the narrative which would be wholly unacceptable if administered orally, may meet with a more indulgent reception if it appear in print. Even in this age of hurry there are in the lives of most men odd hours of leisure, during which sporting reminiscences may afford a wholesome relief to the mysterious murder of the sensation novel or the intrigue of the French yellow-back, or the miscellaneous crimes of other branches of fiction devoted to the annihilation of the Decalogue; and for those leisure hours I write. I shall be no more autobiographical than I can help, and if I touch upon some of the doings of Anglo-Indians of a bygone generation, this ancient history will be, as far as possible, confined to the matter in hand—Indian shikar.

And now that I try to conjure back out of the distant past the incidents in my sporting career, memory fails me save as to the most salient points. Phantasmal tigers, panthers, and other *fauna* of the jungle, pass in dim array before my mind's eye, a procession longer far than that of ghosts which tortured Richard on Bosworth field, or the string of apparitions that Macbeth interviewed in the witches' cave. I say with the latter usurper—

> "Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:
> And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
> Which shows me many more;"

and oddly enough, the most conspicuous are the tigers I did not shoot. That bygone period seems to have commenced at a time as remote almost as those days when men measured the passage of the hours by the clepsydra or Alfred's candles; and, sooth to say, I have never cared to keep my memory in practice by recounting the bags made, or chances missed. Sufficient and very keen was the joy of pursuing the quarry, but deadly uninteresting that pursuit as the subject of subsequent conversation. This, I fancy, is very much the case with every man who has killed much big game, however thrilling the incidents that may have accompanied the slaughter.

It did not seem, when I went out to India to join the mercantile house of a relative in Calcutta, that very large opportunities in the way of sport would present

themselves for me. My work consisted of sordid office details relating to Indian produce, and sale and barter; it was sedentary, save for an occasional run in an office *jaun* to the Custom-house or elsewhere, and provided no occupation or thought beyond invoices, ships' manifests, fluctuations in prices, and similarly humdrum commercial items. It soon became revealed to me that this was not work after my mind; I had no desire to become a merchant prince; my aspirations inclined rather to the career of leather-leggings than of Dick Whittington, and so the mercantile bonds, that were strained from the first moment of my wearing them, snapped in the course of a year or so, and set me free from the city of palaces to make my way in the great beyond hazily known to me as the Mofussil. Heredity, not I, was to blame for this; my forebears had been sportsmen, good with the gun, the rod, and in the saddle, and I was no degenerate scion of my race.

Yet during my term of bondage in Calcutta, I served in some sort my shikari apprenticeship, and made, with great pleasure to myself, the acquaintance of some notable pillars of every form of sport. Those Calcutta days were so long ago that a fair maiden who then adorned Chowringhee society, and claimed to be the original Becky Sharp, was still young, and still, I suppose, on the look-out for her Rawdon Crawley. And Calcutta was then a much more go-ahead place, socially considered, than it is at present. For in those good old days, when John Company was king and Downing Street an unimportant factor in Indian administration, the Haileybury civilians of the Bengal Presidency commenced their career by entering the college of Fort-William; I do not say they began active service by passing through that college, for in some instances they did not pass out of that institution at all—one collegian, who was a hero in his day, although now forgotten, having spent seven years off and on as a Fort-William undergrad. and then retired.

And these students, who by no means studied over-deeply, if at all, were many in number, accomplished in manly sports, admirable in the ball-room and cricket-field, and prized in the matrimonial market as good for £300 a-year dead or alive. As far as this mercenary appraisement went, it should be stated that it sometimes erred as to the value of the living collegian, inasmuch as he generally was worth many thousands of rupees less than nothing. For those were the glorious days when credit abounded and the shroff was ever ready with the loan required by embryo rulers of the land. Fine old times, when the young civilian could, and did, live at the rate of £4000 or £5000 a-year on an income of £400—making things go merrily during his collegiate days, and recking nothing of the years of sadness that should follow, when with slow labour and quick regret he came to pay the heavy cost of those Calcutta joys. All that has been changed; the latter-day civilian goes not now into a Presidency college to become a social ornament, but is drafted off promptly to some Mofussil station to learn his work; the money-lender in these degenerate times is coy in the matter of advances, and even the tailor looks to be paid in the course of a year or two.

But in the pre-Mutiny days the Haileybury civilians in Calcutta were towers of strength in the

C. C. Club and the Calcutta hunt. Many a pleasant day have I spent on the smooth turf of the Calcutta Cricket Club playing against the garrison or any eleven that came to hand, when the victory that crowned our efforts was mainly due to the skill of the Haileybury men; and wherever the hounds met, there was to be seen a strong contingent of these unemployed, well mounted, and good for going while their horses or the run lasted.

Not very satisfying were those runs to the sportsman. I fancy that most of us engaged in them had to make believe largely, after the manner of Dick Swiveller's marchioness, that we were really enjoying the sport of kings. For mostly the pack, newly imported year by year on account of the climate, was in no condition for travelling: the jackal was, we found, a sorry substitute for the fox, and the country hunted was generally devoid of those features that delight the hunting man in England. I have seen the hounds dead-beat and brought to a stand-still in actual sight of their jackal. And as the climate of Calcutta has not changed, I suppose the Calcutta hounds are still newly imported every season, and that now, as then, a morning with the hunt does not always repay the hunting man for getting up in the night and driving in the dark to Dumdum or Cox's Bungalow, or wherenot. Many a one of the gilded youth of that old time has had a smarter burst with a bailiff behind him than ever he had with a jackal in front. For then the bailiff was, as Pope remarked, a mighty hunter, and his prey was man.

But we made believe some of us, preferring any apology for sport to pondering over the Baghobahar or Mahabharat in the company of a moonshi, or drawing up bills of lading with a Banyan's aid; and so we hunted *con amore*, and were as glad over it as we could manage. We were eminently hilarious one Christmas night on the eve of a meet at Dumdum (then the headquarters of the artillery in Bengal), when a dozen or so met in one of the gunner's quarters after mess, in view to making a night of it. We made believe that we wanted a roaring fire, and, fuel running short, some of our host's furniture was requisitioned. We caroused there by the blaze of table-top and chair-legs, and we finished up making a night of it some time in the small hours, when most of us had to get on to the roof to extinguish a fire that was burning merrily round the chimney-stack. Satisfied with this new form of house-warming, we retired to our couches for a couple of hours' sleep before starting for the meet. One of the revellers of that Christmas night was he who, not many years afterwards, made India ring from end to end with a shout of admiration at his heroism, and caused each British heart to mourn the loss of such a soldier in the moment of his glorious achievement. He it was, the gallant Willoughby, who in 1857 blew in the gate of Delhi, and died in the execution of this duty.

He is gone. Lives there yet, I wonder, that man (an indigo-planter) who lent me a mount one day at Dumdum? And if he survives, has he yet fully repented the wrong he did me by that loan? I had my own hireling hunter there, a discreet animal of mature age and much experience in the art of saving himself. He was good enough for the purpose of the day, however; he could be reckoned upon to clear the sunken roadways and ditches that inter-

sected fields and the banks raised above them; he might be depended upon to jump into, if he did not jump over, the streams that here and there occurred; and, at any rate, he was as good a goer as the hounds. But there at the meet was this planter, a hail-fellow-well-met man of deceptive appearance, in that he looked guileless as the callow chick, and with him a string of splendid walers in tip-top condition; and there were placed at the disposal of such as chose to accept the offer a dozen horses. There was nothing in this liberality that necessarily excited surprise or suspicion: indigo-planters were known for their lavish hospitality, their open houses, and their love of sport. Who could regard this one as a Greek to be feared even when he brought gifts? I entertained no doubt of him or his stud; I chose a noble beast that looked like a flier, mounted and rode off with the crowd, leaving my hired Rosinante to stroll back to town. Oh, what a time I had of it in that hunt! My steed was a flier, it is true, but the flight was whitherward that erratic beast inclined, and not where I would have had him go. Obviously the bit was an unknown form of torture to him, or he had a mouth of iron corresponding with a will of the same material, and when he was not occupied in running me into difficulties, amidst bamboos and so forth, he devoted all his energy (which was considerable) to bucking. Once he shot me over his head by the latter method, twice he put me down heavily by running me into timber, and it was only because time and opportunity failed that he let me off with those three spills. If at the end of that penitential ride any one had put to me the question of the courtly Chesterfield, "If man ever hunted twice?" I should have felt disposed to answer, "No man but a fool." However, nobody put that question; instead of it, I was asked by that perfidious planter whether that beast of his had carried me well. He had the effrontery to ask me this with an air of seraphic joy and artlessness; and when I endeavoured, out of respect for his feelings, to tone down the eccentricities of his animal, blandly informed me that it had never been broken, or, as far as he knew, had a saddle on its back. Ah, they were fine, free-spirited, open-hearted fellows, those Bengal planters, and (at all events this one was) generous with the ribs and necks and collar-bones of other people.

But I had not been long in Calcutta before, by a lucky chance, the joys of pig-sticking were revealed to me. If hunting the fox be the sport of kings, surely pig-sticking is the sport of kaisers — especially when the Bengal boar is the quarry. Well enough, as a substitute, is the boar of the Ganges, Kadirs, and thereaway; but he cannot gallop, and does not fight after the manner of his Bengali congener, which goes like a greyhound for a few furlongs, when he elects to move, and dies fighting to the last, or, possibly, goes not at all, but opens the attack, and charges again and again, until, a dozen spear-wounds in his sides, his life gives out. Splendid is the race for the first spear when the boar flies, and quick is the race when the gallant beast is young: cups are given to those who take most first spears in the Cawnpore and Meerut Kadir hunts; *kudas* is for him of Bengal the sole but sufficient mode of honour. But better even than the race is the fray that lasts while the boar can stand.

Many were the songs sung by pig-stickers of Bengal in honour of the creature they hunted—songs with a refrain that was generally to the effect that "the boar, the boar, the mighty boar" was blessed with all the virile virtues. Possibly in moments of enthusiasm and wassail this animal may have been over-praised. He has not a pleasant temper, his habits are open to unfavourable criticism, he may fail in his family relations—but he has plenty of pluck. He will fight anything that comes in his way; not even a tiger daunts him, and, what is more, the tiger sometimes succumbs to the terrible tushes of the boar. I have seen a boar bearing away from such heroic battle the marks—deep and frequent marks—of a tiger's claws, and that boar swam the Ganges in flood,—a sufficient feat for an unwounded animal, and one that should set at rest the question whether pigs can swim.

A dangerous brute is that Bengal boar. Throughout the whole of my sporting career only two of my beaters were killed, and one of these was cut to death by a boar; a leopard killed the other: not one was either killed or mauled by tigers.

But my first experiences in this line were, I regret to say, less connected with the mighty boar than with the sow, which, though it cannot rip up a horse's flanks or belly as can the boar, can gallop a little, and, instead of ripping, can bite. This chase of the female swine I saw what time I was out with the Calcutta Tent Club in their beats on either side of the Hooghly, between Calcutta and Diamond Harbour. A memorable club was this in its palmy days, and of some importance when I saw it in its decadence. It is celebrated by a large engraving from a picture by Mr William Taylor, B.C.S. (brother of the better known artist Frederick Taylor), which once was a familiar object on the walls of Indian sportsmen. In that presentment of the Club were shown several lights of the Indian turf and sporting world — Baron H. de Larpent, Jim Patton, the two Brackens, and others; including that distinguished member (the central figure of the group, unless the prostrate boar be so considered) Billy Pitt, the huntsman of the Club.

I first attended a meet of the C. T. C. as a guest of William Bracken, a sportsman known principally in connection with tiger-shooting. In that pre-railway time, when the Mofussil beyond Barrackpore was only to be reached by slow and wearying travel by palanquin, or slower journeying by river in the old-time boat-house of India—the *budgerow*—the great majority of Calcutta men passed their lives without penetrating into the interior farther than a buggy would carry them; but William Bracken made an annual expedition into the tiger country along the Ganges between Bhagulpore and Maldah, and there spent a month in the pursuit of big game. That was *the* month of the twelve for him, and for the other eleven he made out his time by an occasional jaunt with the Tent Club and week-end gatherings at his country house at Budge-Budge, near which quail and snipe, and perhaps an alligator, were to be shot; and where also in their season the mango fish, dear to the epicure, was to be eaten in its prime. There was a billiard-table too, almost as a matter of course, for every Indian house of any account possessed one; and there was occupation for the lazy or meditative ones in watching from the wide verandah of the

upper floor the argosies that passed to and fro along the river—those argosies that then were to be seen carrying their white sheets from stem to stern and from deck to topgallant yards, and gliding majestically over the waters with silent strength — not the latter-day titanic craft of many funnels and dismal smoke and racket that puff their way along with vulcanic strength that is destitute of grace.

It was on the Budge-Budge gram-fields, when we were shooting quail, that I had my first gun accident. Loading the right barrel while the left was loaded, the latter contrived to discharge itself; some of the shot knocked off the peak of my wide-brimmed *sola topee*, and that was the sum total of the damage done on that occasion. But not long after that, while I was shooting snipe in a Howrah jheel, and when the snipe were more plentiful than I had ever seen them, the same mishap occurred; and that time it was the end of my thumb, not my hat, that was carried away. I made a desperate effort to continue shooting when the flow of blood was stayed and the mutilated digit bandaged in a pocket-handkerchief, but with only partial success. Breech-loaders, I need hardly say, were unknown in those days; and even when they had come to be common, I perversely stuck to my muzzle-loaders for two or three years. I lost a good many snipe by this ultra-conservatism; but my old chum Jacky Hills profited thereby, in that when we shot Oudh jheels together, the pedestrian advantage I enjoyed through length of limb and lighter body was neutralised by my having to stop to load.

William Bracken had experienced and survived a much more perilous incident than mine above described—an incident which was commemorated in his library by a tiger's skull, in the jaws of which a shoe was held. That shoe, with Bracken's foot in it, had been held clutched by the cruel teeth of that skull while the tiger lived. Bracken had wounded the tiger, a fighting one that charged the elephant upon which Bracken rode; the elephant fell and threw its rider; the tiger seized upon the foot that wore that shoe; the latchet of the shoe was partly severed by the tiger's fangs, and Bracken was able to pull his foot out of its dangerous position, leaving the shoe behind for the tiger's delectation, until a bullet from another howdah made an end of the tiger and the episode. Bracken's foot was sorely wounded: the effects never wholly disappeared; but this accident stayed not those annual expeditions to the Ganges Churs.

In my first Doorgah Poojah I graduated finally in pig-sticking. The Doorgah Poojah is a Hindoo holiday very strictly observed in Lower Bengal, and I observed it with the keenness of a Brahmin. This festival gave me almost a fortnight's freedom from mercantile affairs, and enabled me to go with Jack Johnston after the pigs of Berhampore and Kishnaghur. It was a sufficient privilege to be his companion. It was bliss unalloyed to share his sport.

Any man might well be proud of having served his novitiate under so perfect a master. The king of spears he was called: with him it was in very truth a case of *a cuspide corona;* and where he rode few were the first spears that went to others. What a happy fellow he was, and how much he did to make his companions happy! He was a man of fortune when

associates of his own age were owing their way on pittances of Rs. 400 or Rs. 500 a-month. He had a stud of fourteen or fifteen horses, all but one of which were the best Arabs that money could buy; and every horse in his stable except one or two racers, did he drive in his buggy or lend to his friends as if it had been a Rs. 300 hack instead of a creature worth Rs. 2000 or Rs. 3000. And while still a young man he was free to come home to England, where he has so far succeeded with his English stud that he has won his Derby.

What a revelation of sport was that fortnight spent with the jovial and hospitable indigo-planters of the Kishnaghur borderland! There was no question of hunting sows thereaway; boars were there sufficient for the purpose, if not in quantity to satiate; and every day brought to the six or eight horsemen engaged two or three chances of blooding their spears, if not always the first chance.

And that expedition led the way to another and more ambitious one of some months later, when in very much the same country Henry Torrens, the Resident at Moorshedabad, held his great gathering of pig-stickers. I think that meet must have been then, and still remain, unique in its way. Nearly a hundred elephants marched in line through the long kassia grass, where the pigs had their lairs; six or seven horsemen rode on either flank in pairs or threes, ready, when the pigs should break from their cover, to separate the boars from the sounders and ride them down; and on some half-a-dozen howdah elephants were sportsmen of a less enterprising kind, or enterprising sportsmen without available mounts, who helped to drive the pigs by a fusilade directed against hog-deer, black partridge, florican, leek, and hare. Twelve days did this incomparable chase endure, and ninety and nine were the boars whose skulls and tushes recorded the hunters' prowess. I seem to remember that, on the last day of those happy dozen, we were all eaten up by anxiety to bag the round hundred, and how, when that day was spent and night bore down upon our happy hunting-ground, we were unanimous in preferring our tally of 99, because, as we argued, people to whom we narrated the history of the great Torrens' hunt might be incredulous if we said the boars killed were a hundred, neither more nor less. Possibly we were moved to argue thus by that old-time story of the Indian colonel who, being asked why he had not given a full thousand as his day's bag of snipe instead of 999, gravely observed,—"Sir, do you think I would perjure my immortal soul for a single snipe?" However this may be, we rejoiced heartily on that last night of Torrens' hunt: we drank toasts and made speeches, of which none were worth remembering save that of our host, and most were worth forgetting straightway; and we sang songs, principally in honour of the noble boar, with rattling choruses in any tune and to any time, oblivious of the fact that a dirge to that animal would have been more appropriate and quite as tuneful; and, finally, we carried our host in his palanquin to the *ghât*, some two furlongs off, where his boat was moored—an agonising exploit for our unpractised shoulders—and shouted ourselves hoarse until the founder of the feast was carried down the stream out of earshot.

Apropos of the above snipe yarn, I wonder if the Indian colonel continues to the present day to play

the Munchausen. Somehow, it always happened in my time that the colonel monopolised this *rôle* in public estimation, and one might have justifiably believed that the army was traduced, and the civilians let off too easily in this connection. It was of a colonel (the brilliant if erratic Teddy Oakes) that people told the tale how, being at sea in a violent storm when hope was abandoned, and the passengers were bidden to pray, his nearest approach to orison was, "Oh, Pilot, 'tis a fearful night!" It was a colonel who, according to fable, declared that on a voyage round the Cape his ship was spoken (thousands of miles from land) by a man in a tub who would not come on board the ship, but took in a supply of biscuit and water and was left in mid-ocean. It was a colonel from whom the wily snake escaped by entering a bamboo tail first, after that colonel had twice pulled it from that refuge by the tail. And according to popular belief, a colonel told that story about the quail which nearly resulted in his prompt discomfiture. For that colonel described a flight of quail that clouded the sky, and then, having settled, covered the parade-ground in close-packed swarm; and he told how he got out an 18-pounder cannon and loaded it almost to the muzzle with powder and No. 10 shot, and trained that gun to volley its contents into the thick of the birds, and then he asked of those who sat at mess, "How many do you think I shot?" and a subaltern of more wit than veneration answered him "a million." Whereupon that colonel changed his tactics to meet the situation, and said "No, by G—, sir, not one!" These things were old, old chestnuts a generation since: perhaps, like many another of their kind, they have had a neogenesis.

In those Calcutta days there was often a day or half-day when I could get away into a snipe jheel, and on many occasions I was able to make bags of twenty and twenty-five couple. That Howrah jheel was the nearest, as it was the best, of those within easy reach. It was not as well known as others, and it was as much in the country as if it had been fifty miles away. The E. I. Railway, which for many years had its terminal station at Howrah, was not then, or had only recently been, constructed. The Hooghly had not then been bridged, and one made one's way from Calcutta to my jheel by dinghy across the river, and then about a mile on foot. Many a pleasant picnic of one have I had on the banks of that swamp, where the shade of luxuriant tropical vegetation made the mid-day halt restful to eye and limbs, and where a refreshing draught of cocoanut-milk was to be had in season straight from the trees that spread their broad leaves above. The jheel was just enough for one gun; it could be compassed in an hour and a half or so; and birds that were roused in one part of it would generally, if the gunner permitted, settle in another. In later years I fancy the snarers have spoiled this and other jheels round the Bengal metropolis by netting snipe for the Calcutta market; but the Howrah jheel was a really good one in my day, and dear to me for other reasons than because it was the tomb of—part of me. Why sport should be spoiled by this netting of snipe I am at a loss to conceive: to the Calcutta Khansamah any bird of attenuated bill and legs—snippets, water-rail, &c. —passes for a snipe, just as any bird not bigger than the house-sparrow answers to his conception of ortolan. I have seen the impostor snipe—a very mocking bird

—on dinner-tables outside Calcutta, and the fraudulent ortolan enters into the *menu* of most of India's provinces. For the genuine ortolan —that delicious mouthful—is, as far as my experience goes, very strictly localised. I have seen, shot, and eaten them in only one district (Kishnaghur); but I have had ground larks, sand-martins, and many other small fowl offered to me in the name of the ortolan in twenty districts and in three provinces. The sport provided by this winged delicacy is, I need hardly say, poor; it is in fact demoralising, for there can be no question of aiming at this bird or that: the shootist has to fire his charge of dust shot into the brown of the swarm that whirls over the dusty plain like unto a cloud of dust. But if one cannot get ortolan save by shooting them, then I should feel inclined to shoot.

After a year or so of town life, which was brightened by occasional spells of sport, and dimmed more frequently by wearying consideration of freights and custom dues, and grey shirtings and madapolams, and other items of commerce, I broke the bonds that bound me to a desk in Clive Street, and made for the Mofussil. I could not shake the dust of Calcutta off my feet in a literal sense, because I quitted that capital during its mud season, but I did so figuratively, and from that hour ceased to be a townsman.

I made for Kishnaghur, the happy centre of a series of snipe jheels, that came almost up to the compounds of some of the bungalows: I travelled in a *bauleah* —a smaller edition of the *budgerow*—but I did not make direct for my destination. I had an important engagement with myself (now my only master) to keep by the way. I had to visit a snipe jheel (then famous above all to the happy initiated) where a record of fifty couple in a day had been made, and I had to break that record if I could. At that season—*i.e.*, the month of October—this jheel was accessible by water, with some amount of running aground in the navigation of the nullah that ran past it and into the Hooghly, two or three miles distant. It was touch and go with us as the *bauleah* was hauled up this shallow stream; indeed there were innumerable touches, but, happily, there were as many goes, and ultimately my ark was brought to anchor at the very verge of the shooting-ground, just as night fell, and my floating home was lighted up for a short evening; and then dinner came, and mosquitoes and countless winged creatures that dashed themselves against the candle-shades in battalions, and upon the burning wicks in platoons, and generally make night terrible for any one but the most ardent entomologist in a new field of research. I was not a scientist that way, if in any way, nor were these flying torments novelties to me, so I sought early slumber in the darkness.

Next morning I was up betimes, to make as long a day as possible for my record-breaking expedition. The Kanchrapara jheel was about a mile in length, and of a breadth that admitted of three or four guns shooting in line. I had it all to myself, and had to get over fifty couple of snipe out of it. It was an epoch-making occasion, and, refreshed by a long night's sleep, I felt equal to the task and in a mood to shoot my best. My first half-hour among the birds encouraged confidence and hope. Snipe were plentiful: at one time I had five couple down upon the ground, all killed before my coolies commenced picking up: when half my

allotted time was done I had bagged just thirty couple, and I had then some untried portion of the jheel ahead, and all the birds that had gone back upon my course, to reckon with. At the close of the day, when I had shot to the end of the jheel and back to my boat, I had on the snipe-sticks $51\frac{1}{2}$ couple: I had broken one record and set up for myself another that, in several years of steady shooting, I have never again accomplished. Other Indian shootists (including colonels) may have got bigger bags—notably in the best days of that splendid snipe country that lies along the Oudh and Rohilcund Railway line, some twenty miles from Allyghur; but that is my record, and I am satisfied with it.

I devoted the following day to that jheel and the ambitious attempt to outdo my first effort. Ambition on that occasion, as is not uncommon with it, got me into trouble. I attempted to beat up some dangerous ground in the middle of the swamp—treacherous yellow bog that shook under foot, and, its crest being broken, absorbed one slowly but with disagreeable certainty. I went up to the middle in this; saved myself from sinking deeper by spreading my arms out on the unbroken surface; and was eventually dragged out, covered with mud and ignominy, by my coolie attendants. That was a grand day's shooting also, and I brought to bag forty-nine couple, including two or three birds wounded on the previous day. I thought then, and I have always since thought, that there is no shooting to compare with that of a good snipe jheel.

Do any of Maga's readers know whence the snipe come and what instinct directs their migrations? They come into Great Britain and Ireland in the early winter, say in November: that is the season, also, in which they arrive in Northern India—*i.e.*, in November and the early winter; but they arrive in Australia and Tasmania in the same month, although that month commences the Australasian summer. This seeming incongruity of migratory purpose one might explain by the assumption that the time of their arrival in the places named does not depend upon the climate of those localities, but upon the necessity that drives them forth from their summer home (*i.e.*, their habitat between May and November): that they are obliged to leave that Oxygean home about November, and betake themselves to any spot whatever where their feeding-grounds are to be found. But the question is further complicated by the erratic conduct of Indian snipe. These birds arrive in Northern India, as I have said, in November, when the weather is fairly cold, or at least cool; but they come into Bengal and Southern India in September, when it is blazing hot. On two 1st of Septembers I have shot them (some two or three couple) in the Kishnaghur jheels. Do these snipe of the south start from that unknown habitat of theirs two months before the rest of their kind? and if so, why? I am told that these birds of Southern India are of a different variety from those of the north, although I could never distinguish one from the other; but that affords no explanation of the snipes' vagaries, but rather the reverse—for if all Indian snipe were of one variety, the question in hand might be disposed of (as far as India is concerned) by the bold assertion that these migrants first settled in the south and moved up northwards later on.

Their migrations are very bewildering. Thirty years ago there

was snipe-shooting in Tasmania almost equal to that of India. Officers attached to the Tasmanian garrison of that time have told me of their bags of twenty-five and thirty couple. To-day snipe are found in but few places, and only in small numbers. One of my Tasmanian friends was good enough to reserve a small snipe-shooting for me one year: there were only three snipe in this preserve, and the curious thing is that every year three, or perhaps four, snipe come to that same patch of marsh. The decadence of Tasmanian snipe-shooting cannot be attributed to any physical or climatic change in the country—the birds have not been driven away from that land by drainage, as has happened with our Lincolnshire fens. There is nothing but the snipes' caprice to explain it.

This capriciousness on one occasion sold me terribly. I was shooting over a chain of jheels in Oudh, and about sunset came to the last of the series, a small one close to my camp. Although small, it often held a fair number of birds, and might generally be reckoned upon as good for at least six couple; but that evening it was alive with snipe. Even in the failing light of a land that knows no twilight I might have bagged eight or ten couple if I had shot there then, but I resisted the temptation, and fired not at all: to-morrow I promised myself a splendid bag out of that swarm. When I went there next day, brimful of hope, there was not a snipe to be seen, nor were there any number to speak of anywhere that I went after them. And this did not happen in the season when snipe gather together for their departure into space. Even the poor apology that migratory reasons compelled them to disappoint me was not forthcoming. Curiously enough, it happened shortly after I penned the above paragraph that I took up vol. xvii. of 'Longman's Magazine,' in the March number of which is a paper by C. T. Buckland, B.C.S., at one time of Hooghly. He speaks of the Kanchrapara jheel as a magnificent shooting-ground, known then to few besides the men of Hooghly, and tells how a friend of his could bag his fifty couple there. He also mentions a spot in Chittagong where he could always get a couple of snipe on the 1st September.

For some three years I made the most of such shikar as was to be had in Kishnaghur and the neighbouring districts. I had charge of zemindarees and indigo factories, and my work was mostly in the saddle, where also was a good deal of my recreation. I had a tolerable stud of five or six horses, a cast-iron constitution, and a passionate love for field-sports, compared with which my attachment to business was decidedly platonic. Wherever pig-sticking was to be had, in Kishnaghur, Berhampore, or Burdwan, I rode with the hunt. Wherever there was a snipe jheel, I paid it frequent attention. Quail and jungle-fowl were not neglected, but I got no forwarder with big game other than boars.

Indeed the only chance I had of making my *début* as a slayer of the larger feline creatures resulted in a crushing failure. A panther was marked down for me in a small thicket, and I went forth to do for it. When I reached the ground the panther was still there, and a keen-eyed native pointed it out to me. "Hitherward was its head," said this man, "thitherward its tail." "Doesn't the sahib see it? There, there!" and he pointed to a spot about three yards off. But I did not see that panther—either its head

or tail or anything that was its; I saw only a mass of light and shade under a dense overgrowth of greenery, dead leaves, and grass that were yellowish where the pencils of light broke in upon the gloom and, otherwise, mysterious shadow that told nothing to my unaccustomed eye. All that I looked upon in that greenwood tangle was equally panther; I could pick out no particular patch as being any more pantherish than the rest; of head or tail I made out nothing where all was equally one or the other,—and still that native of keenest vision besought me to see that panther's head and tail and right forefoot, and many other details of its anatomy. Then there came a roar out of the thicket, and a rush which was like the volcanic upheaval of the ground at my feet, and, as it seemed, several tons of that upheaved matter hit me in the chest and other parts, and I was catapulted on to the broad of my back a yard or two from where I had stood. That upheaval was the panther. The brute hadn't had the patience to wait until I saw him, or the modesty to take himself off peaceably in some other direction; he had resented my staring his way, even though I saw him not, and so had emerged out of his lair like an animal rocket, and knocked me down in his flight. As he failed to claw me, I came off scathless; but not so my attendant, who foolishly embraced that panther in view to arresting his flight: he got himself rather badly mauled, and did not come a whole man out of hospital for some weeks. That was my disastrous commencement with panthers.

It was about this time that an unfortunate beater of mine lost his life by a foolhardy act like that above described. We were beating pigs out of the long grass on the left bank of the Bhagiruti, and a boar getting up at this man's feet, or from under his feet, he jumped upon it. Why he did so it is impossible to say: it furthered no object of anybody's, for we were awaiting that pig at the edge of the higher jungle, and quite ready for it, and, in fact, we did get it. But as soon as we had speared this boar, we were made acquainted with the sad accident that had befallen this beater. The boar had ripped him across both thighs and both arms with those clean deep cuts that the boar inflicts when its tushes have not been blunted by age; and although the man lived to reach a hospital, he died there in spite of every attention, and the necessary amputation of one mutilated limb.

After about three years of this Kishnaghur life I went north, and well into the jungle of the Damun-i-koh (foot of the hill), lying along the Rajmahal hills, which at many points spread their spurs out almost to the banks of the Ganges. Jungle was there in every direction of my station, on the hills timber from foot to crest, and on the alluvial plains below dense and tall grass admirably suited for tiger-cover. Tigers and panthers and bears were in the neighbourhood, and seen or heard by men from time to time: but it was only after two years spent in that country that I realised my burning desire to kill a tiger. I very nearly encountered one some time before this, while out after swamp partridge with two companions, but, fortunately perhaps for me, the encounter did not come off. The swamp partridge were driven for us out of heavy grass cover by a line of beaters. In one of our drives I took my stand in a clear patch in the middle of a strip of this grass, one of my col-

leagues standing on either hand outside. The beaters neared us, the partridges rose and flew our way, and when I had emptied both barrels and dropped a brace of birds, a roar broke from the cover close at hand, and there was a wild stampede of beaters, then silence. There was no mistaking that roar, which came from the grass in front of me not twenty yards away from where I stood. I had never heard a tiger give tongue before outside a zoo, and this was another tongue than that of the caged beast; but I knew what voice it was, and told myself that my chance had come at last. The tiger did not break, but turned back from the cover's edge, and I proposed to my fellow-shootists that we should pursue it straight away through the grass. We had no elephant at hand; we had no missile larger than No. 4 shot; but I argued that if we went three abreast, and poured six charges, more or less, into the tiger, we should do for him. A few years later I should not have made this suggestion, but at that time I was wholly inexperienced, and, moreover, was spoiling for a tiger-shoot. However, my companions were unanimously of the other way of thinking. They would not bear me company in such an idiotic enterprise, and when this point was settled it was hopeless—if indeed it was not hopeless from the first moment—to follow the tiger with any idea of seeing it. I commenced a return beat of the cover with a rallied line of beaters, but soon abandoned my tiger-chase, and reverted to the partridges.

For two years I possessed my soul in such patience as was attainable, making an occasional excursion across the Ganges into the Purneah country, where tigers were to be had by favoured shikaris, but where I had to be satisfied with one rhinoceros-hunt, in which I had not a chance of letting off my rifle, and the successful pursuit of some wild buffaloes. In and about those hills in whose shadows I lived there were tigers and panthers at my very door, but, save as above related, I never heard them, and none did I ever see.

Others in my immediate vicinity were more fortunate, and one of them had an experience that is, I imagine, unparalleled. Poor St George! He was an Irishman, characterised by the recklessness of his race in fullest measure. He would ride any horse and anywhere. He would face any danger without a moment's consideration of the consequences, or even of the better method of meeting the risk he faced. He had several hair-breadth escapes during the short time that I knew him, and not long after we parted he rode haphazard to his death. That last adventure of his short life doubtless struck him as of a very ordinary character, by comparison with many more reckless things that he had accomplished without very serious accident. He and another came to a flooded valley, across which the waters, some feet in depth, swept like a mill-sluice; the road was submerged for half a mile, and on either side of it were cuttings—some of considerable depth—into which it was quite possible to ride. St George's companion pointed out the danger of the passage, and urged that they should both return to the bungalow they had left. St George would not listen: he had started to go to his home on the other side of that valley, and no argument could move him to change his purpose. He rode on alone, rode on into the flood, albeit his horse showed evident signs of terror; and before he had got half-way across, his horse

reared and fell back upon him into one of the roadside excavations, and killed him in the fall. So was stilled as brave and generous a heart as ever beat.

And to this gallant soul the news was brought that a couple of tigers (young ones fully or nearly fully grown) had tumbled into a blind and shallow well close by. St George went off to the place at once, and there, sure enough, in the dry well, were the brace of tigers. What would he do with them? Anybody else would have done one of two things—(1), would have shot them out of hand, or (2) would have made the proper arrangements for netting them, in view to handing them over to the Zoo, or disposing of them to some Indian Jamrack. There was a *tertium quid* for St George which, I think, he alone could have hit upon. He managed somehow or other to drag those tigers out of the pit which held them. He made no sort of arrangement for giving them a suitable reception on their arrival above-ground; of course he never stopped to think that the tigers would cease to be harmless creatures when released from their earthen prison. His whole programme consisted in releasing them, and what was to happen later was an extra to be arranged when the time arrived. Fortunately, the tigers, when they were hauled up, were moved to make use of their newly given freedom by going off, and they did so without pausing to thank or maul their liberator. I do not suppose that gratitude influenced them in their considerate treatment; and it is quite possible that they were too utterly bewildered by St George's eccentricity to be equal, on the spur of the moment, to any other course than immediate flight to less abnormal society. Poor St George could never give any convincing explanation of his conduct on that occasion. Why he hauled those tigers from their pit remains a mystery to me. Why he did not shoot or shoot at them when they were close to him above-ground I can explain to myself. I do so by remembering that he had neither skill nor keenness as a shootist; that very possibly he was too slow with his gun to have a shot; and that it is not improbable that he lost all interest in the affair when the programme proper—*i.e.*, the release of the tigers—had been completed. This may read like one of those Indian colonel's stories that I have quoted, but I have every reason to believe that the facts were very much as I have described them.

It was St George's good fortune, too, to have a panther offered to him for slaughter in his garden. The panther came into his compound at night, probably in search of sheep or goat, and was marked down by some lynx-eyed servant in a bush. In that instance St George was equal to the occasion, and deliberate of action. He went forth with one of Osler's double reading-lamps or some such sporting contrivance, flashed this upon the recumbent panther, and dealt that creature its death-blow with a charge of No. 6 shot, fired at a distance of 3 or 4 feet only.

I might have been a more successful shikari during my first two years in the Damun-i-koh but for two distractions that made very serious inroads upon my time—to wit, jungle-fever, and the Santhal rebellion. The former came upon me as a necessary consequence of my environment, and my frequent and lengthy expeditions into swamp and forest. The greater part of that tract of country was a hotbed of disease—a dismal and

malarious territory after the manner of Martin Chuzzlewit's Eden, with the aditional scourge of an Indian sun. To Europeans it proved a veritable plague-spot, and the mortality among the British railway employees upon that part of the East India Railway which lay in this ill-favoured land was terrible. It was quite in order that I should take the fever, and I took it. It proved an enduring and exacting possession: it lasted off and on for some two years, and occupied much of my time and of the time of doctors; and the only advantage that the most optimistic reasoning can extract from it is that it thoroughly seasoned me against the fell malaria of the Nepal Terai that, fatal to many, proved innocuous to me during the fifteen years that I shot over it.

But, as far as I was concerned, the Santhal rebellion was distinctly unexpected, and, when it arrived, unintelligible. These people had for years been harassed by the Bengali usurers. They had sought redress in vain from the Government officers who ruled over, and knew nothing of, them. They had fairly warned the authorities that, if redress were not to be had otherwise, they would seek it *vi et armis*. And when every form of appeal failed them, they were as good as their word, and took the field against they knew not what, and with no better arms than bow and arrows and the light Santhali battle-axe.

If this outbreak came as a complete surprise (as it did) to the sapient officials who had received timely warning of it, with much more reason did it come as a surprise to me who had received no warning, and who, moreover, knew nothing whatever about the rebellious tribe. My case was very much that of all the Europeans with whom I was then associated. It was not our business to study the native races or differentiate them. The Santhals of the villages under and beyond the hills, the Paharee or Naiyas, who lived on the hills only, and the Hindoos or Mohammedans of the river-side hamlets, were all one to us under the widespreading term of "native." And when it was reported to us that the Santhals were looting and murdering in the country close at hand, the news came upon us not only as a surprise, but as something wholly unintelligible. We might just as well have been told that a Jabberwock was around.

As soon as I heard of this wild affair I rode out to reconnoitre, and within three miles of my camp came in sight of a few of the rebels in retreat, laden with plunder. They were scattered over a plain, and making for different points, so that I had to devote my attention to one of them, whom I captured, without serious opposition on his part, and led back to the camp. As we pursued our way, the dig-diggi of the Santhal drum sounded from the jungles along the hill-ranges, a music new to me; but beyond serving as a melancholy accompaniment to my return journey, it concerned me not. My prisoner went with me quietly, and after our arrival in camp remained quiet even to excess. Innumerable questions (which he may not have understood) elicited no response from this uncommunicative being. He told us nothing about the rebels, good, bad, or indifferent, and very possibly knew no more than he told; for, I believe, he was ultimately discovered, by people who knew a Santhal from a Paharee or Hindoo, to be a low-caste Hindoo, who, after the fashion of some European Socialists, had turned the local disturbance

to account by plundering for his own advantage.

But I knew from my own observation that there was such lawlessness abroad in the country as called for the intervention of the strong arm of order. I posted off, therefore, to Colgong (distant some seventeen miles), where there was a detachment of the Bhagulpore Hill Rangers. St George joined me on the way, and he and I both urged upon the commandant of that detachment to take the field forthwith against the rebels. But we urged in vain. That commandant was evidently of opinion that a day or two more or less of rebellion and widespread outrage signified nothing; that one time was as good as another for meeting such an emergency, or that the later time was preferable, even though meanwhile the rebellion gained head and the rebels confidence. Also, he required the authority of the civil power and the reading of the Riot Act, and several other things that were not available; and, ultimately, we had to leave him.

Then we took counsel together and resolved to sally forth next morning with such a volunteer force as we could collect, and without the authorised civil arm, the Riot Act, and many other desirable adjuncts, including appropriate arms and ammunition. Accordingly, we raised our army, consisting of seven Europeans armed chiefly with revolvers, and 150 natives (Hindoo and Mohammedan *burkundazes* and *chuprassies*) armed with tulwars, and, in a few instances, with firearms about as effective as the arquebuse. And we sallied forth, all of us apparently brimming over with martial ardour, and, as far as St George and I were concerned, confident that we would march triumphantly right through the disturbed land, driving the rebels—or all that was left of them—before us.

Our native band encouraged this hope greatly by their bellicose demeanour: shouting their terrible war-cry, "Jai, jai, Kali mah ki jai!" the Hindoos brandished their swords, shouting *væ victis*. After their own fashion, the Mohammedans flourished their arms; and all marched on, eager, as it seemed, to reach the field of battle. They cooled perceptibly, those coloured auxiliaries, when, passing through a village that had just been sacked, we came upon the grim evidence that murder had here been done; and when we came close to a jungle from which the dig-diggi resounded, and would have led them onward to the fight, they, to a man, disbanded themselves and went off post-haste homeward.

Four of us Europeans went on in the direction of the Santhal drums, while two for strategic purposes rode so much on the flank of the enemy that they never encountered him; and one, for more obvious strategical reasons, remained behind at the edge of the jungle, and there was picked off by a lurking Santhal, who put an arrow into him. We who engaged the Santhals had a lively ten minutes with them, and then half our number, at least, were *hors de combat*. One had been knocked off his horse and wounded in the wrist, and him I took out of the press, only to find St George with an arrow through his foot, his foot so transfixed that it could not be pulled out of the stirrup, and his saddle shifted so far round that he was sitting on his horse's bare back. All that could be done for him then was to lift him and get his saddle back into position, and that was done; and then there was no course open to us but to retreat in as good order as circumstances permitted.

To this day I have not been able to understand why those Santhals let us off so easily: a day or two after our affair they met those tardy Hill Rangers (disciplined sepoys with proper arms and ammunition), and killed several of them, together with two Europeans. But although we halted to repair damages almost within bow-shot of them, and then retired at a snail's pace, they let us go without molestation of any sort. I came to know afterwards from themselves that they were 2000 strong that day. I suppose the novelty of our attack, and the damages they had to repair, explains their inaction,—they were paralysed.

St George had a rough time of it for the next twenty-four hours: no one at our camp could extricate that arrow from his foot, no one within forty odd miles could do this, and he had to ride that distance on an elephant with this arrow in him. Nor was a bed of roses prepared for me then, although beds of sorts were my constant portion for many days thereafter. For a Santhal had hit my *sola topee* a blow that broke off so much of it as protected my head from the sun: fever and delirium were my lot ere that sun went down; and that night, when my camp was broken up and its members dispersed, I was carried off across the Ganges to Purneah, where the kindly and most hospitable medico of the station nursed me back into comparative health.

That was the dismal conclusion of what I had at the outset regarded as a splendid substitute for that tiger-shooting which came not to my hand. Later on I accompanied the 7th N.I. in an expedition directed against the rebels in the heart of Santhalia; but during the weeks that I served with them we saw only fugitive rebels, and were much more occupied in the humble work of the commissariat department than in glorious war. It is true that we stormed some villages after the most approved system of military science: our forces descended upon these strongholds from various points, the several detachments so timing their advance as to arrive simultaneously on three sides of the place attacked; but invariably, when we reached the point of attack, there was nothing to fight with except a few fowls, wherewith we promptly did battle. These fowls and some blue rocks constituted all the shikar I had during that jaunt through Santhal jungles, and all the food-supply of our mess save the rice we got out of the deserted villages.

But many an apparent evil is a blessing in disguise. The Santhal rebellion brought Sir George Yule (then plain George Yule) out of the seclusion of Eastern Bengal to Bhagulpore; and that jungle-fever which played havoc with me, and seemed my bitter foe, led to my introduction to that fine sportsman and brilliant administrator. Under him I served my novitiate in tiger-shooting and the duties of civil government; through him I obtained congenial employment, and splendid opportunities in the field of sport; and in him I found the best and truest friend man ever had.

If Jack Johnston was king of spears, George Yule was emperor. He had killed his hecatombs of boars. He had shot tigers on foot, from horse and from elephant, and killed from first to last, I have no doubt, more than any man living or dead; and up to the time of the Santhal rebellion he had been quite contented to finish his Indian career in a remote district where promotion would come to him with lagging gait, and fame (save that

of the shikari) not at all. Notwithstanding his great gifts, there never was a man more truly modest and retiring than he. It was not that he sought to hide his light under a bushel—in fact he was blissfully unconscious that he had a light to hide or show. But even while isolated in that outlandish district, his fame for other things than sport had come to be known at headquarters; and when Santhalia was ablaze from end to end, and the strongest hand and ablest head were wanted to restore order, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal at once chose Yule as the one man fitted for the task.

How Yule succeeded in this great work — how, with infinite mercy to the poor misguided Santhals, he built up for their country an admirable form of civil government—need not here be recorded. From that time he was appreciated at something like his real value to the State; promotion and honours came to him in abundance. But no elevation or distinction could alter the man, and Yule remained to the end the same simple-minded, true-hearted creature that he was as a Bengal magistrate. Truthfulness, courage, and a rare generosity were his chief characteristics. Of him as of another George (Washington) it can be said, "He never told a lie."

It was by the barest chance that Yule had survived to be the reformer and ruler of the Santhal districts. It is impossible to conceive a narrower escape from death than his in an encounter he had with a tiger. He was standing outside the jungle from which a tiger was being driven by beaters: the tiger emerged, not at the point where Yule expected, but within a few feet off the spot where he stood. There was a rush. Yule had time only to bring his rifle up to his hip and fire as the tiger sprang upon him; he was borne down upon the ground by the tiger's weight and by blows of the brute's paws that smashed in his *sola topee* and cruelly tore his shoulder and chest. It seemed for Yule that the end had come, but the tiger was dead when it reached the ground—killed instantaneously by that one chance shot.

When, as a fever-stricken wreck, I went to his house at Bhagulpore, as to an asylum open to all who needed aid or solicitude, Yule was still the keen and active sportsman, even though administrative duties and responsibilities absorbed much of his time and attention. He had a stud of a dozen first-class walers — mostly tried pig-stickers — and ten magnificent elephants, staunch as any, which, when he left Oudh in 1864 to fill the position of Resident at Hyderabad, were sold at prices averaging, I think, Rs.10,000 each.

Very soon after this I had a few days' sport with Yule and others in the grass country on the right bank of the Ganges, and shot my first tiger. I am constrained to admit that, when this beast broke in front of the elephant I rode, and gave me an easy shot, my success was tinged with disappointment. Exciting enough was the hunt when the tiger was afoot in front of our small line of elephants, and still unseen; but when it dragged itself into an open patch out of a swamp, a sneaking fugitive, voiceless and drowned-cat-like, and yielded up its life without a show of fight, or even a roar of protest, it struck me as being a poor creature by comparison with the noble beast of my day-dreams. Indeed I think I took more satisfaction during that expedition out of a tiger — a dry and noble-looking animal, whose appearance sadly belied its sneaking proclivities—that

we mysteriously lost in a small stretch of cover surrounded by open country and melon patches. That tiger broke fairly in front of one of our party, who, for some inscrutable reason, did not fire at it; then was lost in the long grass, and lost to us for ever. For though we beat that cover backwards and forwards over and over again — though the tiger must have been seen if it had taken to the open—we never saw it again, or saw even that peculiar waving of the grass that indicates a tiger's progress. Twice only in my long experience and intimate association with him did I see Yule show the slightest sign of temper, and this was one of those occasions.

But one would do injustice to the species as a whole if one judged of all tigers by those two. A magnificent animal is the large male tiger when, with head erect and noble mien, he walks the glade or forest where he is king; or when, undaunted by the serried rank of foes, he charges down upon a line of elephants. Grand, too, is the tigress fighting for her cubs. Unfortunately, all tigers are not animated by this bolder spirit, and not a few persist in the attempt to fly until they are rolled over as tamely as if they were rabbits. I have shot some half-dozen tigers without seeing a hair of them until they were stretched out dead or dying on the ground—shot them as they went through the reeds or grass that covered them and yet betrayed. And it is something strange that, after a little experience, one comes to judge with absolute accuracy whether the grass or reeds wave for a tiger, or for deer or pig.

In 1857 the Indian Mutiny occurred, and this was the final cause of my introduction to wholesale big-game shooting. The district officer of Deoghur (in the Santhal Pergunnahs) was one of the many European victims of that terrible outbreak, and I was appointed his successor.

But before I went to my civil duties, and the tigers, panthers, bears, &c., that awaited me in the Deoghur country, I accompanied Yule's military expedition into the Purneah district, and away up to the jungles lying at the foot of the Himalayas. The mutineers were moving about there, and were the main object in hand, but shikar was also a possible feature. We made first for an outlying station of Purneah, on the bank of a river celebrated for its mahseer fishing, and close to a large expanse of good pig-sticking country, where we were to wait until scouts brought in news as to the movements of a mutinous irregular cavalry regiment that was believed to be somewhere in the neighbourhood. Reaching this in the evening after a long march, we rested for the night and started early the next morning after the pigs. By lunch-time we had killed three, but not without casualties. A young boar jinked under Yule's horse and cut that animal; he came at me, got my spear well home in him, but still pressed on, so that I had to fend him off with the sole of my stirrup iron; and then, sorely wounded as he was, he cut the horse of another rider. But this was nothing to the trouble a very big boar was to give us in the afternoon. That brute charged out of his lair straight upon the pony (no bigger than the pig) of H. B. Simson, missed cutting the pony, went off for a quarter-mile canter, and then pulled up to fight. And he fought three of us, including the emperor of spears himself, for over an hour, cutting, though not severely, all

three horses once or oftener during the engagement. The brute had an absolutely impenetrable hide; and the spears we delivered at him, riding round and round the beast, were but as pin-pricks that only urged him on to further fight. That boar beat us,—we could not kill him; we could not even get our spears to stick in him: he had no proper sense of sport, and we relinquished him to the less artistic form of death by powder and ball.

Just as the sun was declining upon that plain of many pigs, the scouts came in with news that promptly stopped our sport. That irregular cavalry regiment was marching in exactly the opposite direction to that which we had assumed for it; they were doubling upon us, and making for Purneah—the town that we had left the day before in pursuit of them. There was only one thing to be done to save Purneah from loot and worse—*i.e.*, to make a forced march by night to head the mutineers. So, after an early and hurried dinner, we set out to do the forty miles between us and Purneah with what speed we could. Yule and his six volunteers (a very irregular cavalry) rode their horses; fifty men of the 5th Fusiliers and a hundred of the Naval Brigade rode elephants; and through the night watches we worried on. What happened to others in those weary hours I cannot say. I slept a broken sleep, with countless awakenings that always mocked me with the delusion that the roadside trees were rest-houses where refreshment might be had; and always that same fond delusion as to the comforting B.-and-S. recurred, although, had I been equal to thought, I should have remembered that not a single rest-house was there in my path.

We reached Purneah none too soon; for while we were bracing ourselves up with tea and coffee, the news arrived that the mutineers were close to the further quarter of the town. We all went out a-foot to save the weary horses, and reached the threatened point just as the advanced-guard of the enemy was coming upon it. Then I had my first experience of action with regular troops, and it was impressive. H. B. Simson and I, as men acquainted with the ways and language of the people, led our party through the narrow streets into a lane beyond, and as we turned a corner two of the mutinous sowars came upon us: they fired their carbines and retreated. Our foremost infantry, who had seen nothing of those sowars, opened fire into space, and into the body of a harmless villager who happened to be in the line of fire; and then our rear-guard dragged a light gun into position and fired into a blank wall. After this demonstration we advanced through the lanes into the open, and there across the open plain, a mile from us, the enemy were ranged in the shelter of a mango-grove.

We got no nearer to the mutineers that day, for they rode off and defied pursuit. But next morning we surprised them in the grey dawn while yet they were around their camp-fires; and after some two hours' engagement, in which they suffered considerably, drove them out of the district into the forests of the Terai. Our small force also went junglewards, and met an occasional adventure with a minimum of shikar; but here my account of this expedition closes.

EDWARD BRADDON.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

"To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *Yes* an' say *No*
Comes nateral to women."
—*Biglow Papers.*

I.—THE HEIRESS.

Mrs Farquhar was thirty years younger than her husband. The fact, originally a pleasure to him, became afterwards an offence, and he quarrelled with her for no better reason. At least, so said Mr Nevill, his cousin; and so said every one at all acquainted with the harmless lady. Old John Farquhar died at seventy-six, and left his widow not one penny of money. And her son, young John—as good a boy as ever was seen, a smart young soldier, who had never offended his father till a year ago, and then only by over-warm intercession for his mother—found himself cut down to a pittance of two hundred a-year. While, on the other hand, Mr Nevill's daughter, little Jessica, whom no one knew, and who was totally insignificant, became the possessor of a house, and a park, and a hundred thousand pounds. It was scandalous.

Of course gentle Mrs Farquhar cried herself ill, and said it was all her fault; and of course young John was aghast, and believed himself on the workhouse threshold. But Mr Nevill took the matter more to heart than did either, and his very hair stood on end with dismay; for he was an extremely high-souled gentleman, horrified to think a member of his household should profit by such monstrous injustice. Jessica at this time was eighteen, pretty, and the apple of her father's eye: rather a clever little person, who, having left school, wanted now to go to college. But she did not understand money matters, and became, under the present circumstances, just a little annoying to her papa. For her remarks were so very perfunctory and childish; and one moment she was building with her wealth some extravagant castle in Spain, and the next clamouring to pack it all up in a parcel and send it off by post to her cousin John. Clearly, however, there was but one comfortable solution of the difficulty: the heiress must marry John Farquhar, and so restore to him his inheritance. This project was the simultaneous invention of both Mr Nevill and the widow. It was propounded to John, who, after a little hesitation, and having no fancy for the workhouse, agreed. Provisionally that is; in Jessica's interest he inserted in the treaty a saving clause. "If," he wrote, "your daughter is perfectly willing; at present, and when we shall have become acquainted."

"Very proper," commented Mr Nevill; "could not be more proper. Every word John says is admirable. You are to be congratulated on your husband, Jessica. Sit down, my dear, and write him a cordial response."

Jessica obediently took a pen and wrote "My dear Cousin," with a full stop after it.

"What, my love, is the matter?" inquired her father.

Jessica threw down the pen and began to cry. Then it came out.

"I don't *want* to marry John Farquhar," sobbed Jessica.

Mr Nevill bit his lip impatiently

and demanded reasons, and Jessica found it supremely hard to make them intelligible.

"I don't want to marry till I'm at least twenty-eight, papa. I shouldn't mind if I were an old maid. I want to go to Girton, papa; and to be—to be *cultured*. I mean, I want to be *superior*."

"You must try and express yourself more clearly," said Mr Nevill.

"Papa," said Jessica, who till this moment had imprisoned her aspirations in her breast, and who, though she loved her father dearly, was not much in the habit of *talking* to him—"papa, Lady Sterne was married at my age, and now she is *so* stout, and has so much to do, and she seems so tired of her husband, and so tired of babies, and every one thinks her so stupid."

"You have not yet made your meaning clear, Jessica," said Mr Nevill.

"I should much rather be like dear Miss Snow, who is always so nicely dressed, and who reads so much, and writes for the 'Sunday at Home,' papa. I mean, what *is* the good of marrying at all?" cried Jessica. "And if ever I do get married, I want to marry a—person—whom I esteem and—*worship*." Here Jessica coloured.

Mr Nevill explained that she was at full liberty to worship John Farquhar, but that she must not keep him ten years waiting for his money; and then he advised her to go on with her letter.

Jessica tried again. "But John Farquhar seems quite an ordinary person, papa, and I don't suppose I shall find it the least possible to esteem and to worship him."

"Then you had better love him," said Mr Nevill, drily—"that will do as well."

Jessica grew very pink. "Papa, I could only esteem and worship and —and—" here she blushed furiously—"*love* any one who was quite my Ideal in every single way."

Mr Nevill put on his spectacles and stared. "Jessica, are you thinking of Mr Hobson?"

(Mr Hobson, the curate, had made a sudden proposal for Jessica two months ago, and had been declined with a few tears.)

"Papa, you know I hate Mr Hobson."

"I know nothing of the sort," said her father, testily. "Are you thinking of Sir Edgar Lee?"

"Papa, Sir Edgar has never so much as asked me, and I hate him worse even than Mr Hobson."

"Of whom are you thinking?"

"I am not thinking of any one."

"Excuse me, my dear. You called him your 'Ideal,' I think."

"He isn't any one," murmured Jessica.

"Oh, a figment of fancy? Then I can't allow him to be a rival to John. A fancy is of no importance."

"Oh, papa, it is! it is! And, besides, you want to upset my whole life. I am not one of those girls who are always talking and imagining about 'falling in love.' I think all that is *such* nonsense. I want to go to Girton as Flora Williams did, and learn a great, great deal, and—and be *sensible*. Oh, I can't explain," ended poor Jessica, in despair.

"My dear," said Mr Nevill, "falling in love is not nonsense. It is very serious; especially to women, who are judged chiefly by the way they do it. They teach nothing about it at Girton, I think? That is my chief reason for not sending you there. But all this is irrelevant. *You* need not study the question in the abstract. You are to marry your cousin John, and the sooner you fall in love with him the better. Write your letter, my love."

Jessica could not make her

father understand that he was trampling on the finest sprouts of her delicate soul. She submitted; and in the summer John Farquhar was to come to Nevill Lodge to make his betrothed bride's acquaintance.

Now, it must be confessed, the young man did not altogether like the part he was playing in this affair, for he felt himself turned into an object of compassion, the *rôle* least suited to an Englishman; and, moreover, the male animal relinquishes with a bad grace his privilege of wooing. Still, he hoped for the best, having heard that Jessica was pretty; and he was enamoured of getting his position restored and his few debts paid; besides which, he wanted to please his mother and to make her comfortable. For John was romantically devoted to his mother, and she was in ill health, and altogether unfit to cope with poverty and disappointment.

The wedding was fixed for the autumn, and the cousins were to be introduced in the summer. Just now it was spring. And, alas!—

> "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

John Farquhar, the engaged man, was not sufficiently alive to this spring-time danger in which he stood.

II.—THAT MISS WILLIAMS.

Jessica bewailed her fate greatly to her *confidante*, Flora Williams, the "woman" four years her senior, who had been to Girton, and whom Jessica exalted to a throne in her little mind. Flora was handsome, with masses of golden hair. She wore tailor's dresses, talked a little slang, smoked an occasional cigarette, and spoke of her college friends by their surnames unprefixed. She affected eyeglasses, too, and kept a number of heavy tomes in a locked bookcase. Otherwise there was nothing very learned about her, nor was she half so keen for culture and superiority as was Jessica Nevill.

"I admire old maids less than I did five years ago," she confessed to her friend; and Jessica, hardly grasping the profound bearing of this remark, replied frivolously (for even Jupiter nods sometimes)—

"I suppose, Flora, at Girton you sometimes saw too many women? I admit I like men best. All I object to is the supposition that we *must* want to marry them."

"But we do," said Flora, ruthlessly; "you yourself, Jess, you wanted to marry Mr Hobson."

"Oh no. Only just while he was asking me. And I shouldn't feel like that again. It was only that I was so unaccustomed to the kind of thing. Next time when a man makes love to me I shall dislike it."

"Are you sure?"

"It is just what I dread about John. He will think it proper to make love to me, and then I shall hate him. If I could only see him without his knowing me, Flora!"

"But, judging from Mr Hobson's experience when he made love to you——"

"Oh, do stop about Mr Hobson! And you know, Flora, this talking of lovers makes me sick."

"Yes, dear," said Flora; "you blushed when mamma read us those love scenes from the novel. I saw you. Don't you like reading them to yourself even, Jessica?"

"That's different."

"No, you goose, it's all of a piece. You don't, publicly and in

the abstract, approve of love-making, Jess; but when Mr Hobson got down on his knees before you——"

"Flora, how *can* you?"

"It is only that I am older than you, dear. If I were you, I shouldn't dislike the idea of your John so much. Engaged! And with a man coming in three months to make love to you! I daresay he'll do it better than Mr Hobson; so cheer up, Jessica, and come and see my new dress."

"You do yourself the greatest injustice," said Miss Jessica, "talking in that silly way. But oh, Flora, what a very beautiful dress!"

Considering how strong-minded these two young women were, their interest in mere clothes was perhaps excessive. Books and lovers were quite secondary to-day, and every day.

Next month Mr Nevill had to go away to Wales on business, and he was exercised in his mind about leaving Jessica, the betrothed heiress, so near Mr Hobson; for the good curate being of a nervous temperament, and apt to be precipitate, might easily stumble into love-making again, and Mr Nevill, unable to distinguish among girlish caprices and fancies, had always considered his daughter a little sentimental about her rejected suitor. So this person and that of her aunts and elderly cousins did her father suggest as a visitor during his absence, but Jessica would none of them, and Mr Nevill's alarm about Mr Hobson increased.

"Go to town to your grandmother, Jessica, and buy some new gowns."

"Thank you, papa; I have just laid in a stock."

"Then begin your trousseau."

"I will wait, papa, till I see how I like Cousin John."

"Tut, my dear, tut!"

"Papa!" exclaimed Jessica suddenly, "it has just struck me! Do you remember that John belongs to your generation, not to mine?"

"But he is your age, Jessica. Near enough."

"Papa, people always belong to their generation. I am sure John is quite old in his mind and in his ways. I have heard you say, papa, you don't approve of marriages between persons of different generations."

"Tut, my dear!"

"But indeed, papa, I can't begin my trousseau till I have seen him."

"Then go to Aunt Lucy at Bournemouth."

"She has not invited me."

"Or to Miss Snow at Bankside."

"Her spare rooms are full, papa."

"Well, where *will* you go?" asked Mr Nevill, in despair.

Jessica answered that question a few days later. She came running to her father one morning with sparkling eyes and a pretty pleading look on her face. He knew that look: she wore it when she had set her heart on some innocent pleasure which it would be his delight to grant. He smiled encouragingly, and held out his hand; for Jessica had asked nothing of him since her betrothal, nor been like his merry sweet little coax at all.

"Oh, papa! dear papa! do say yes! *Do.* Just while you are away! Think how stupid for me all alone here. Do say yes! Do let me go!"

"Why, to be sure I will. It's what I've been looking for — a place to send you to while I'm away. Where do you want to go?"

"It's a letter from Flora, papa."

"Oh! That Miss Williams? Well, I suppose you must go if you wish it."

"They are going abroad, papa, and want me to go with them."

"Bless me! Who are *they?*"

"Flora and her friend Miss Talbot, papa."

"Who is Miss Talbot, and how old is she?"

"A little younger than Flora. She is still at Girton. And her mother is the Dowager Viscountess of Monastereven."

"Dear me! But who is the chaperon of this party?"

"Flora, papa."

"But she's only a young girl like you."

"Papa! Why, she is *years* older than I. And so sensible. She and Talbot—I mean Miss Talbot—went to Vienna last year alone. Girton girls, papa, don't require chaperons. Oh, please, let me go. You forget what a dull life I am going to have with only that elderly cousin of yours! Do give me one little month of fun first."

Mr Nevill hadn't the heart to say "No" straight off. "Ask Miss Williams to lunch," he said, "and let me see if she is a proper person to take charge of you." For Flora lived at a place three stations down the line, and Mr Nevill (being inclined to despise her) had not made her acquaintance.

Jessica wrote to Miss Williams that when she came to be inspected she must try and look like a chaperon. Consequently Flora was hardly recognisable. She had left her smart spy-glasses at home with her tailor-made frock. She wore round blue spectacles, a gown of her mother's, a long mantle, a bonnet, and a thick veil. She talked gravely on serious subjects; and Mr Nevill was delighted with her, and began to reconsider his opinion of Girtonians. Jessica was flying about in a white serge frock, rather too short for her, and wore a broad hat with streaming ribbons. She looked a child, and Miss Williams surveyed her benevolently like a mother. Mr Nevill withdrew all objection to the proposed trip, and promised his daughter as much money as she requested.

"And where, Miss Williams, do you propose to go?" he inquired of the chaperon.

"Oh, to Rome. Tal — Miss Talbot is there already with her mother. Lady Monastereven has to return soon, and then Jessica and I will stay on with Miss Talbot at the same hotel. After about a month, we three will travel home together."

"It sounds suitable," said Mr Nevill; and began looking up routes in the Continental Bradshaw.

"We will do exactly what you advise, Mr Nevill," said Flora, meekly. And Jessica jumped into her father's arms and kissed him. She had not been so gay for weeks. She was going on a frolic, and a first frolic is highly exciting to a young person.

At the eleventh hour, however, the plans for the journey of the two ladies were all overturned. Mr Nevill was packing, and rather in a fuss preparing for his departure, when Jessica burst into his room, crying out that a most shocking thing had occurred. Miss Talbot had got Roman fever, and all Rome was full of fever, and Mrs Williams positively refused to let her daughter go there on any account. Mr Nevill was in dismay, remembering the inflammable Mr Hobson.

"But Flora and I might go somewhere else, papa," suggested Jessica.

"Yes, yes, of course," assented Mr Nevill, readily. "Keep away from the fever. Go somewhere else." And he proposed Florence, where was Jessica's uncle with nine daughters; or Cannes, where one Mrs White and her grand-niece would befriend the lonely travellers.

Jessica pouted. "We can make

up our mind as we go along," she said. "Paris is the first stage to either place."

"Very well, my love (fold my dressing-gown, please, dear child), and you had better keep your money as much as possible in English gold (that box of collars, please, Jessica). It passes everywhere (don't tumble over my boots). And write to me very often, my dear."

"Papa," said Jessica, packing busily, "you know you never get my letters when you are in Wales. I shan't write *often*."

III.—WILLIAMS AND TALBOT.

So Mr Nevill went to Wales, and on the same day the two young ladies crossed to Calais. Flora declared her opinion that to be "at a loose end" was the pleasantest way of travelling, and that Abraham was the wise man, who went out not knowing whither he went. It is needless to remark that Miss Williams had restored the flopping mantle and the poke bonnet to her mother's wardrobe. She and her friend were dressed alike in dark blue, with smart little felt hats and Eton jackets. Their fellow-passengers looked admiringly at the two pretty young creatures, and wondered who they were.

Their ultimate destination still undecided, they stayed two days in Paris, and came to the conclusion that Frenchmen were sometimes rather staring and rude. Then one evening Flora wrote the names of several countries on slips of paper and jumbled them in a hat, and Jessica put in her hand and drew one out. Spain was written on it, and the younger girl cried "Hurrah!" and waved the piece of paper above her head, and jumped and danced hilariously about the room.

"Are you so pleased, Jess?" said Flora.

"I have a scheme in my head," replied Jessica.

But neither on that night nor the next could the maiden lady (so Mr Nevill had described Miss Williams to his mother-in-law) extract from her charge what manner of scheme it was.

They travelled straight to Madrid, and from thence each wrote home. This duty accomplished, Jessica pulled a wise face and addressed her companion in the following manner:—

"Flora, it is getting late in the season, and Madrid is farther north than Seville and Granada. Let us go to those places while the weather is still cool. And, Flora, let us steadily set our face against bull-fights, for, in my opinion, English people should always set a good example. And, Flora, don't you think we ought to see the Rock, which is such a remarkable place in English history?"

"And where Captain Farquhar is?" said Flora, with a cough.

"John Farquhar is not at the Rock," said his betrothed; "he is at Tangier — on leave, I suppose. That kind of man is always on leave. Have you heard much of Tangier, Flora?"

"Not much."

"I have read it up in Murray. It is about three hours from Gibraltar, and is a very old-world place, which reminds one of the 'Arabian Nights.' But there is a French hotel. Would you like, Flora, to see Tangier?"

"Jessica," said Flora, "can you be yearning for the commencement of the love-making?"

Jessica took a chair, and looked graver than ever.

"Flora, how much money have you? What is your fortune?"

"My fortune? Oh, a competence. Six hundred a-year now, and eventually two or three hundred more."

"Then aren't you nearly as rich as I am? Flora, it seems to me the greatest pity *you* are not going to marry John Farquhar, when you can endow him nearly as well as I can."

"Not quite; and besides, I couldn't restore him his house."

"I would give you that for a wedding present. I assure you, Flora, I should be really glad to make up the trifling hundred or two by which you are poorer than I, as a reward to you for taking this man off my hands."

"You are most kind. But why should I do with him any better than yourself?" asked Flora.

"I see excellent reasons," replied Jessica, counting on her fingers. "First, you want to marry, and I don't. Then *you* like the accounts we have had of John, and I don't. *You* think the position romantic and pleasing. You do not apparently disapprove of Inconstancy, Flora, to the Ideal, nor consider it desecration to marry an unknown and commonplace man. And as you are handsomer and nicer than I am, John is more likely to fall in love with you than with me. And if he's incapable of love, why, he will still get money with you, and we have no reason for supposing he wants anything else. Pray induce him to have you, Flora."

"And do I understand, Jessica, that you are taking me to Tangier to introduce me to Captain Farquhar?"

"It is one of my reasons for going there."

"And the others?"

"I expected you to guess, Flora. Men are so stupid that it is just possible John may still wish to marry *me*. But I altogether object to marrying a man I do not know. And how, I ask you, Flora, could I possibly learn to know a man who was trying to make love to me? What I want is to see this John before he arrives at home as my *fiancé*. I want to catch him unawares at Tangier, and see what he is like when he is himself—not disguised in the airs of a pouter-pigeon."

"But, Jessica—will not the airs of the cock pigeon be assumed whenever and wherever you appear? And does it not occur to you, my dear, that he might think it a little superfluous, even a little bold, your seeking him in this manner in the ends of the earth?"

"I have thought of that. Flora, *John must not know it is I.*"

Flora stared. "The plan is great," she said, "but it staggers me. May I ask, Jessica, if you will appear under an assumed name?"

"That is what I propose to do, Flora."

"But when Captain Farquhar comes to Nevill Lodge, he will recognise you, Jess: what will you say then?"

"Most likely I shall hate him so much that I will never allow him to come to Nevill Lodge at all. If, by extraordinary good fortune, I find him comparatively unobjectionable, why, I shall explain to him what I did, and why."

"Well, he may feel flattered; or he may not, Jessica. What would Mr Nevill say to your plan, dear?"

"I don't suppose papa would like it at all. But I do not feel bound to consult papa's tastes now that he has become a tyrant, Flora."

"The plan is great," repeated

Flora, "but are we clever enough to carry it out? Shall we dress as young men, Jess, to perfect our resemblance to Rosalind and Imogen?"

"No," said Jessica, laughing; "I should not know how to behave as a young man. But I can behave very nicely as — Talbot, for instance."

Whereupon Flora jumped up and clapped her hands.

"The very thing!" she cried; "you shall pose as Talbot the Girtonian! For, Jessica, if you tried passing yourself off as a wholly imaginary person, you would say that you had six brothers to-day and to-morrow sixteen! But you know exactly how many brothers Talbot has. Represent her, Jessica."

"Miss Talbot might not like it!" said Jessica, breathless with excitement.

"*Talbot?* My dear Jess," cried Flora, who had now thoroughly entered into the jest, "it is the kind of thing to delight Talbot immensely. I never knew a girl so fond of a naughty joke. Oh! I'll undertake to square Talbot. On one condition though, my love: that while you are personating her you do nothing scandalous. Don't, for instance, elope with Captain John. In fact, I should say permit no love-making."

"I—permit love-making!" said Jessica, in tones of the greatest disgust; and they discussed further details of the scheme, deciding that Miss Williams might retain her own name, as she was unimportant and the name was common, and the wearer's confidence in it would gain credit for them both.

"My dear," said the chaperon, "this whole plan is very naughty. Are you serious about it?"

"I am most serious," replied Jessica. "I mean to do it."

Flora looked hard at her friend, and then they both dissolved into delightful laughter; under the influence of which the plan became a resolution fixed as the law of the Medes and Persians.

Three days later the maiden ladies who called each other Williams and Talbot crossed from Europe to Africa. They had slept one night at Gib, in the hotel at the Europa Point, and had walked about that queer medley of a town, and bought lace from Emilia Birch, and sought in vain for the tailless monkeys. Talbot had a notion that John Farquhar might have returned to the Rock, and whenever they passed a haughty English officer, she pinched Flora's arm and whispered, "Oh dear! Williams, could that be he?" And Flora, being young herself and as yet rather starved in the matter of love affairs, was secretly much excited too, and would not for the world have abandoned the search for the Captain.

At last they embarked in the Hercules paddle-boat, and steamed away to Tangier; and the voyage was not pleasant, for the sea was rough, and the Hercules is small, and on this occasion crowded with Moors and Jews, all very sea-sick. Some first-class passengers there were, however: an elderly lady with a husband; a lonely man in a slouch-hat; a thin and strong-minded Mrs Geoffrey Cobbe, whose name was emblazoned on all her luggage; and lastly, a young officer from Gib, with whom she conversed persistently. Jessica was rather sea-sick, and noticed none of these people much.

The landing at Tangier was a little alarming to the two English girls, unprepared for the half-naked and noisy Moors, who bustled them into a boat, rowed violently ashore, and incessantly clamoured for "twelve dollars." Presently they were dragged before a superbly robed, white-bearded-and-turbaned

gentleman, presumably a Customs officer, who sat in the mud and ordered all portmanteaux to be opened and instantaneously shut up again. His perceptive powers must have been phenomenal in quickness; supernaturally quick also were the five men who, the moment the perfunctory examination was over, snatched up the portmanteaux and ran away with them through the town and up the hill of the Soko, pursued by the panting maidens under the noisy escort of an enormous negro. Williams and Talbot nearly fainted with relief when they found themselves and all their goods deposited in unexpected safety on the floor of Bruzeaud's Hotel; where rooms were awaiting them, and English was spoken, and five o'clock tea was the order of the day. Anomalous civilisation!

"I have it!" gasped Flora, "that black cannibal and his horde were sent by Monsieur Bruzeaud to meet us! Why couldn't they say so?"

Jessica was leaning out of the window, smiling at the purple sea and the flat white town and the aloes and the cactus on the slope below the hotel.

"Do you know, Williams," she said, "I daresay papa would not like our having come alone to a place of this sort."

"Have you only just thought of that, my dear Talbot?" said Flora.

IV.—THE FINDING OF THE *FIANCÉ*

"Williams," whispered Jessica, as she and her friend took their places at dinner, "do you see at the far end of the table a bald man with his mother? That is John."

"How do you know? asked Flora, cautiously adjusting her spy-glass.

"I am sure of it. The lady wears black, and the man is of papa's generation, and is exactly my idea of John."

"But, my dear Talbot, that man is not only of your father's generation but of your father's age; and, to be plain with you, it is not my idea of John at all."

"I don't mind betting half-a-crown it is he."

"Done!" said Flora.

At this moment the vacant chair beside Jessica became occupied by the young officer who had danced attendance on Mrs Cobbe. The latter, after the manner of strong-minded ladies, had been gay enough during the rough passage, but had fallen sick upon landing, and now was not at table. The gentleman slipped into his chair, and began his soup without looking at his neighbours. But the father of a large Irish family on his left leaned across twin sons to shake hands with him, saying in a hearty Irish voice—

"Well, me dear bhoy, and I'm glad to see ye back agen. And how's the patient?"

"Oh, better, sir, thank you," answered the new-comer. "I wanted her to come down to dinner, but perhaps she is wiser not." And then, as if undesirous of encouraging the hearty gentleman, he opened a conversation with Jessica of the usual colourless *table-d'hôte* sort.

"I saw you on the Hercules this afternoon," he said. "Nasty little cockle-shell, isn't she? Have you been touring in Spain?" And Jessica replied with brightening eyes, for she liked a young man to talk to, as what girl does not? They had quite a pleasant chat; and now and then she glanced contemptuously at the supposed John Farquhar at the table-end, and

wished he would look at her and see how agreeable she could be to a genial companion.

Now the young gentleman had already on the Hercules observed that his present neighbour and her friend were extremely pretty girls; and as he talked to Jessica he looked at her very often, and noticed the pretty way her hair grew on her forehead, and the dainty droop of her eyelashes, and the fresh bloom on her smooth young cheeks. Once Jessica, suddenly raising her eyes, caught him looking at her much more directly and earnestly than was necessary. He turned away with the hurry of guilt and flushed a little; and Jessica, seeing that, felt that she also had done something unnecessary, and blushed furiously; and for a minute there were two red faces and silence, and they ate their caramel-pudding diligently with their eyes on their plates. After which both addressed themselves pointedly to Williams.

"Yes," explained Flora, "we have come to Tangier to study the climate. Miss Talbot's mother wants to try this coast next winter. We told her Algiers was hackneyed, so we have come here to pioneer. She has been spending this winter in Rome."

Jessica marvelled at Flora's mendacious glibness.

"Tangier has a nice climate," said the young man. "I should think your friend would like it." He glanced at Jessica again. "Your mother is not an invalid, I hope?" he said a little bluntly, but with a softened voice, as if he liked talking to Jessica, and, moreover, as if he knew something of invalids as well as of climates.

"Not exactly," said Jessica, mustering up all her knowledge of Lady Monastereven, "but her lungs are a little affected. She cannot live comfortably in the north."

"Ah!" He turned resolutely to Flora again. "But what travellers you Americans are!"

"Why must we be Americans?" asked she.

"Are you not Americans?" said the gentleman, covering his confusion with a laugh, and meeting Flora's frank gaze admiringly.

"You think us Americans," said Jessica, boldly, "because we are travelling alone."

"I daresay that put it into my head first."

"You have not risen to the occasion," said Flora; "you should have said, No; but because you wear Parisian frocks and speak such pure English."

"Williams!" said Jessica, expostulatingly.

The young man smiled, but felt rather afraid of Flora, and in his heart drew nearer to Jessica.

"As for our travelling alone," continued Flora, "that is nothing. It is a way we Girton girls have."

"Girton?"

"Yes. Did you never hear of Girton?"

"Oh yes. They wear blue stockings there, don't they? Would it be indiscreet to inquire if you—and Miss Talbot—have them on now?"

"I never could get a pair to fit me," sighed Flora. "I am a duffer—got plucked all round. But Miss Talbot is a real blue-stocking. She is going in for Moral Philosophy."

The young officer stole a glance at Jessica, who was very pink, and half amused, half annoyed.

"I am afraid you are not entirely to be trusted," he said, smiling.

Dinner over, the girls escaped to their rooms, for the *salon* was swarming with the Irish family. They laughed, and laughed, and laughed, as only very young people

can, and Jessica wanted to write it all down in a journal. Then, still with dimpling cheeks, she heaved up a sigh and said, "I tell you, Williams, John *is* that horrid-looking elderly man at the end of the table."

Flora nearly closed her eyes, and gazed through her lids at the ceiling.

"I should sooner suppose him our acquaintance at dinner," she said, drily.

Up jumped Jessica.

"My dear girl! That man is Mr Geoffrey Cobbe! didn't you hear him say his wife was better, but not able for dinner? She was looking very green when we landed. I saw that."

"I heard nothing about a wife," said Flora, "and, Talbot, that man is ten years younger than Mrs Cobbe."

"Then I suppose she was an heiress!" cried Jessica; "men marry any sort of women for money. Williams, dear, I don't want to annoy you, but you did look too charming at Mr Cobbe for the second half of dinner. I gave you leave to snuff me out for John Farquhar, but you needn't grudge me a married man like Mr Cobbe for five minutes, I do think."

"I am glad you liked Mr Cobbe," said Flora, calmly.

In the morning it was discovered that Jessica had lost her bet. The elderly man proved to be a German named Althaus, and the betrothed maid paid up her half-crown with the greatest cheerfulness. Then they put on their hats, and, furnished with a guide (a handsome personage, dressed in a brown hooded blanket over a white one), they went out to see Tangier. But first, in the hall, they passed Mrs Cobbe, all alone and looking put out; and then their dinner acquaintance of the previous evening. A lady was leaning on his arm—a frail, sweet-faced lady of forty-five, dressed as a widow.

"Will you sit on the verandah, mother!" the young man was saying, very gently.

"That is Mr Cobbe," said Jessica, obstinately, as they passed out; "how his wife frowns at her mother-in-law. And, Williams, it is curious how much less nice he looks himself this morning. I thought him handsome last night. Now I see he is plain, quite plain, and with a stupid sort of manner."

"Doesn't it hang like this," said Flora; "if his name is Cobbe—or Smith or Robinson—you admire him; but you don't if his name is——"

"I don't like him at all!" cried Jessica, "no matter what his name is."

In this she persisted. Several times in the course of the day they ran up against the young man, and always Jessica found some hole to pick in him. His clothes were rough: his eyes were green: he was over tall: he talked too much: he talked too little. He stared: he was conceited: dull: empty-headed: meek: tied to his mother's apron-strings. Hourly she professed to dislike him more; yet hourly, so Flora observed, she increased in cheerfulness.

Then they made the mother's acquaintance,—a gentle, sad woman, wrapped up in her son.

"Neither do I like her, Williams," said Jessica; "she is insipid. Just what all married women become. The mind never grows after marriage. Some day, Williams, *I* shall be like that. And you will be cultivated, beautiful, and intellectual, like dear Miss Snow."

Nevertheless Jessica was very kind to the poor, faded, married lady, and she sat on a stool talking to her, with bright eyes fixed on the wan face, and such sweet tones that the sick woman revived under their

influence. The son, walking up and down the terrace with Flora, was listening to dexterous praise of Jessica, and now and then his eyes strayed to the slight, graceful creature who was talking so sweetly to his mother. But Miss Jessica, stealing an occasional peep at him, thought, or thought that she thought, his admiring glances all for Williams.

"It is just what I expected," she said to herself, rather angrily. "Of course any man in the world would fall in love with Flora!"

"Don't you think my friend is very pretty?" she asked aloud, rather abruptly, of the invalid.

"Very," said the lady, sadly, watching her son: and then, perhaps reading the thought in the girl's mind, she sighed, and took occasion to mention that he was engaged to be married; and that he deserved the best wife in the world, being the best of men; and she sighed again, and hoped, dreamily and doubtfully, that his marriage might turn out well.

"Please tell me your name," interrupted Jessica, unable to bear suspense another moment.

The lady smiled graciously. "Our name is Farquhar. My son is Captain in the 509th, at Gibraltar, you know. He is getting on so well: was *so* distinguished in Egypt. We know your names, dear," she smiled again; "your friend is 'Williams' and you are 'Talbot.'"

"That is our Girton fashion," said Jessica, supremely uncomfortable. And she was off, catching Flora's hand and dragging her away too.

"Williams," she groaned, but with sparkling eyes, "it is all up with me. You were quite right. John *is* that odious young man who was so attentive to Mrs Cobbe that I thought him her husband."

"Jessica," said Williams, indignantly, "you are just one mass of humbug."

"Never mention the word Jessica while you are under this roof, Flora! But, Williams, is it going to work? Will John fall in love with you?"

"I hope so," said Flora, coolly, "for I like him extremely."

"That is fortunate. Though I confess, Williams, you disappoint me. You are as frivolous as if you had never been to Girton. Why am I the only woman in England capable of Constancy to the Ideal?"

Flora evaded this question by asking another. "May I ask, Talbot, why you are putting on your best frock?"

"Because I wish to look nice," said Jessica, sharply. "Those Irish people all have their best frocks on."

"Oh! It isn't by any chance Captain John's approval you are seeking?"

"Certainly not. But I don't wish him to disapprove me. It is *I* who intend to disapprove *him*. After I have dismissed him I may forgive him partially; enough to let him marry *you*, Flora."

"I see," said Flora, pinching her friend's cheek.

Meanwhile John Farquhar sat on with his mother. His eyes had followed the two fair girls as they fleeted away, and he smiled and sighed unconsciously. His mother watched him anxiously.

"Dearest," she said at last, laying her hands on his, "*do* take care."

"What do you mean, mother?" returned John, irritably.

"Two such sweet girls——" began Mrs Farquhar, dreamily. Then she checked herself. "I don't know what their mothers can have been about," she went on in a different tone.

"Oh," cried John, "ladies of that pattern will meet protectors everywhere. Only English-speak-

ing girls could do it, of course, but it is splendid."

Mrs Farquhar had never seen him so enthusiastic before. It was very unsafe under his circumstances. For Jessica Nevill's sake, she hoped these two formidable young ladies would take themselves off.

V.—TANGIER EPISODES.

But a week went by and the girls were still at the Villa de France Hotel, and Jessica was still Talbot, and had kept up the reputation of a Girton girl. She and Flora were intimate with Mrs Farquhar; but the invalid, much in her own room, had no idea how constantly John was in their society. He rode with them daily, for every one rides at Tangier. He escorted them to the bazaars, and bargained for them in Arabic. He got a boat, and took them for a sail. He pointed out the hoopoes fluttering like big butterflies, and the golden bee-eaters flashing overhead in the sunshine. Jessica admired the latter so much that he shot one for her, and had it made into a hat ornament at the bird-stuffing establishment on the Marshân.

"Oh, you are cruel!" cried the girl. "The dear, little, lovely, swift thing! Why do men always kill anything pretty?"

John took it back quite meekly, with apologies for his manly murdering way, and next morning brought her two living bee-eaters, their legs tied so that they were like greyhounds in a leash, and could fly together about the room. Jessica kept these while she was at Tangier, and tamed them completely. John Farquhar did not tell how early he had risen, nor how many hours he had spent on the mountain with a little Moorish bird-catcher, to get the pretty creatures. These trifles he gave to Talbot, but on the whole he divided his attentions pretty equally between her and her friend. The younger girl often tormented herself wondering which of the two he liked best; but Flora had no doubts, for his talk to her was all of Jessica. "He is not behaving properly for an engaged man," thought Williams; "but what fun when he learns the truth!"

As for Jessica, the little humbug continued to abuse her betrothed behind his back, but was gay in his society; and now, to Flora's amusement, displayed the greatest ingenuity in inventing reasons for submission to the detested marriage.

"Of course," she said, "I shall never have one moment's happiness as his wife, but it is something to gain the crown of martyrdom; and you know, Williams, if I didn't marry him, papa would certainly think he must marry Mrs Farquhar, and that would make us all ridiculous; and besides, I couldn't spend any of John's money, of course; and papa says John wouldn't take it back; and to keep it all lying in a bank is just what we are told *never* to do in the parable about the man and the napkin. I wish always to do my duty, Williams."

"You are a hypocrite, my dear," said Flora; "but tell *me*, as a dead secret, you know, Talbot, aren't you beginning to like him a little?"

"Certainly not! certainly not!" cried Jessica, her eyes dancing as she clapped her hands and bounced about the bedroom in her night-gown. Things looked promising, Flora thought; and she gave her opinion that the joke had now been carried far enough, and that they had better embark again in the Hercules, and let Jessica upon

Spanish soil resolve once more into Miss Nevill, the heiress.

Soon after this Captain Farquhar, who had been at Gibraltar for two days, and feeling a good deal disturbed in his mind, returned to Tangier. And he returned armed with all manner of good resolutions: a certain young lady he would studiously avoid; and all his attentions henceforth should be confined to her companion, who, though extremely pleasing, was perfectly harmless to the engaged man.

John was stepping briskly from the town to the Villa de France, wondering how his mother was, when he heard a great beating of tom-toms on the Soko, and saw a dense crowd round a company of dervishes, who were performing antics before a green-turbaned saint on a white mule. John had seen this sort of business before, and hardly threw a glance at the half-naked fanatics, who were leaping in the air or rolling in the dust, preparatory, as he knew, to slashing at their heads after their manner. But his eye fell upon Mrs Cobbe and the ladies of the Irish family, who were pressing forward to see what in the world was going on.

"Don't get too close," advised John; "they are a disgusting sight, poor beggars, and now and then a specially holy enthusiast runs amuck through the crowd, and may have an antipathy to unveiled ladies. Have you no one with you?"

"No, but we are all right now you have come. As Mrs Farquhar has Hadji, she can spare you."

"My mother!" exclaimed John.

"Yes. She and Miss Talbot were all the morning on the terrace, and got quite excited listening to the drums and watching the crowd. My husband advised Mrs Farquhar to try Hadji's white donkey just for these few steps, so as to be able to see. There she is, and the two girls and Hadji with her, don't you see? And pray, Captain Farquhar, tell us who these very laughable people are?"

"Oh, a Mohammedan Salvation Army, no doubt. We had much better all come away. My mother, I am sure, had no idea what she was going to see. I must go to her." And resisting Mrs Cobbe's entreaties for protection, he abandoned her to Mrs Murphy.

It was at this moment that three of the dervishes, after rolling on the sand and foaming like epileptics, suddenly sprang to their feet with a yell, and hacked at themselves with battle-axes till blood streamed over their naked shoulders. John shuddered, and pushed his way through the throng to the corner where he had heard his mother scream, and from whence she and her companions were now trying to escape. (The strong-minded Mrs Cobbe, on the contrary, pressed nearer to the scene, and whipping out a pencil, began a sketch for the 'Daily Graphic.')

"This foolish adventure will make mother ill," thought John.

But now up the reserved space in the middle of the crowd there rushed singly the three of the bleeding shoulders — brandishing their axes, yelling horridly, leaping and tearing themselves, while their long hair and their scanty garments, ragged and gory, streamed in the wind. One of them overturned a dignified merchant, the second upset a donkey, the third stumbled and fell heavily, then rolled to his feet and raged forwards again, shaking his fist at the infidels, — the barbarian ladies in their shameless costume, who were fleeing from the ecstasies of the faithful.

Mrs Farquhar's donkey, startled by the hubbub, plunged and kicked, but John was not attending to his mother at the moment. For the madman had snatched at Jessica's

white skirt, and the girl gave a cry of terror; then seeing John, she threw herself impulsively into his rescuing arms, outstretched no less impetuously for her protection. Of course there was no real danger; one blow sent the fanatic reeling back to his fellows. But in her fright Jessica still clung to her betrothed — gladly, with a tight clasp. And he carried her to a hillock by the garden wall of the hotel. So close at Tangier are barbarism and the luxuries of French civilisation!

"Oh, thank you," murmured Jessica, recovering herself, and now rather embarrassed. "I am sorry to have made a fuss. And oh, look at that donkey how he is kicking! It is not fit for Mrs Farquhar! Please go to her. I am all right." But John lingered, his arm still round the shivering girl.

"You are not hurt?" he questioned, anxiously. "Not frightened? Are you sure? Let me take you safely indoors. You are trembling, you poor little thing."

Had he ever heard her Christian name he would have said it in that new-born tenderness of agitation. But knowing her only as "Talbot," a mere ridiculous nickname, his ignorance saved him from an indiscretion.

"Please go to Mrs Farquhar," murmured Jessica, blushing with joy at his soft tones; and half yielding to, half withdrawing from, what had become all but an embrace.

And then John glanced round; impatiently, though he loved his mother. What he saw filled him with dismay, and in her turn Jessica was forgotten. For any exertion, any slight physical shock, any alarm, was dangerous for Mrs Farquhar's weak heart; and as Jessica had said, Hadji's big white donkey was the very last creature she ought to have mounted. John looked round in time to see his mother thrown—no more. And then the big donkey broke away and galloped across the Soko; like the fanatics, clearing his way by the mere terror of his approach. Alas for Mrs Farquhar! John lifted and bore her into the house, unconscious, blue-lipped, rigid; and every one felt instinctively that the accident was no trifle.

Flora turned to John Farquhar. "Do you know that this may be a question of minutes?" she said, looking very grave; and bade him go at once for the English doctor at the Hotel Continental. "I have had some training as a nurse; you may trust her to me," she said, quietly, as he reluctantly obeyed.

"Oh, Flora, how dreadful!" sobbed Jessica, who had never seen any one so ill before; "and we were all so happy half an hour ago!"

"Hush," said Flora; "we must be very quiet, *Jessica*."

VI.—THE WHITE DONKEY'S WORK.

Mrs Farquhar opened her eyes painfully, and looked from one to the other of the two young faces. "Why did she say 'Jessica'?" murmured the sick woman.

"It is my name," answered the girl, too much agitated to keep up the deception. Several moments passed.

"Jessica what?" questioned Mrs Farquhar, rising on her arm.

"Your Jessica. Jessica Nevill," said the girl, tearfully.

"Oh, do take care!" said Flora, frightened by her patient's wild air of joy, "you must not excite her." For Mrs Farquhar had sunk back speechless, and her breath came in

painful flutterings, so that Flora even feared she was dying. But feverishly she clutched Jessica's hand, drawing her nearer, and the awestruck girl kissed her pallid lips. After which succeeded another death-like swoon; and then, to Flora's intense relief, John returned with the doctor.

"Oh, what have I done!" whispered Jessica. "She will tell John! and what—oh what will he think of me? How can I meet him again, Flora? I'd give anything if we could escape away this very night."

But Flora had to stay to nurse Mrs Farquhar, who lay in the extremity of suffering. Flora had once been for six months in a hospital, and her quick-witted experience immediately made itself felt. John turned to her instinctively.

"What good angel brought you to us!" he exclaimed, grasping her hand. Jessica listened jealously. Why could *she* do nothing, she who should at such a moment have been everything to him?

Yet poor Mrs Farquhar, recognising in Flora the kind authoritative nurse, had eyes only for Jessica. The child stole to her side and knelt, kissing her hand; and a wan smile illuminated the sufferer's drawn face, while she felt for the warm young fingers, and clasped them appropriatingly. From the first Mrs Farquhar had petted Jessica. John saw her delight in the young creature now, and his heart swelled within him tumultuously.

But not once would the young man so much as look at the girl himself. Something had happened to John. He was afraid of Jessica ever since the little adventure on the hillside, when she had sprung to him involuntarily, with that look of confidence, of—of *love!* John Farquhar dared not say the word. He was betrothed to his cousin, to Miss Nevill the heiress, and the word love was not for him in connection with any other maiden. He was afraid of little Miss Talbot now—most horribly afraid of himself. He would not even look at her.

"Mrs Farquhar has told him!" thought Jessica in alarm, noting his coldness, "and now he detests me!" And then, clenching her hands, "Oh, it is Flora he loves! *She* is able to help him. He speaks to *her*. He watches *her*. He calls her his good angel. It is Flora he loves! Why, oh why did we ever come here?"

Flora took up her station for the night by the sick woman's bed. The room was semi-darkened, and everything was quiet; she was ready herself with her medicine-bottles and her stimulants—alert, sensible, a tower of strength. Mrs Farquhar was only half conscious, and she tossed about in the painful restlessness of great weakness, sad to see. The skilled nurse alone was able to quiet her.

"She will be best alone with me," said Flora, firmly, "and you may trust me as with my own mother."

John pressed her hand in silent gratitude. Then he sat on the stair outside the sick room, its door ajar so that he could hear even a whispered summons. Oh that long cold night of weary waiting!

But after about an hour Jessica, her eyes full of tears, joined him. "Mightn't I stay here with you?" she pleaded timidly, her clasped hands trembling.

John raised his eyes for a moment, and a flush slowly rose and faded on his face.

"If you wish," he said coldly, turning away. And Jessica stayed, sitting on the floor with her back to him, but where he could watch her. Watch her he did, without a word, hour after hour. Jessica cried

at first, and he saw her shoulders rise to her sobs like a child's. Then she grew very quiet, and tried to be strong like Flora. Perhaps in after-years, when he was trying to vanquish his dislike to her, it would help him to remember that they had watched this strange sad night together!

It was near the dawn when Flora stepped out and called him. "There is a change," she said, quietly; "you had better come."

But the nurse did not return to her post, for she knew that there was no more which she could do, and that it was the son's right to be alone with his mother now. She and Jessica stood outside, holding each other's hands; with pale faces, and ears and eyes straining through the silent twilight. And John was with his mother, who slept, slept, till her sleep quietly deepened into the long untroubled sleep of death.

So trivial an accident had ended Mrs Farquhar's harmless and troubled life: and now John had only himself to think about and provide for.

VII.—TRAGEDY.

Jessica was not the same after this. The sudden catastrophe had startled her into seriousness. Her smiles and her affectations had alike ended. With John she was now very shy and tremulous, watching him wistfully and colouring all over if he spoke to her. But this hardly ever happened, and never did he let his eyes meet hers.

"Aren't you going to tell Captain Farquhar, dear Jess?" asked Flora, kindly: and Jessica, clenching her hand, replied sadly—

"I am afraid he knows; but I am not going to say one word about it unless *he* does. Oh, Flora, let us come away."

After a day or two they went; and John bade Flora good-bye, and thanked her for all she had done; but took no leave of Jessica. Only a little brown boy brought her "from shentleman" a bunch of the beautiful frail gum cistus which grows wild at Tangier, on the hills where fly the hoopoe and the golden bee-eater. The girls went away, and visited Cordova, and Granada, and Seville; and the younger was always very quiet and subdued, and seemed anxious to get home to England.

At last one evening, Williams and Talbot arrived at Victoria station in London, and hither came Mr Nevill to meet them.

"Papa," said Jessica, "don't you remember Flora?"

"No," said Mr Nevill, gruffly, staring at the "maiden lady." "Upon my word, Miss Williams is not to be recognised."

"A rough passage is unbecoming," said Flora, with composure.

"And rejuvenating," returned Mr Nevill, grimly.

Arrived at home, he soundly blew his daughter up.

"You deceived me, Jessica. You presented that Miss Williams to me disguised. I shall not allow your acquaintance with her to continue. Do you mean to tell me you two girls—*girls*, Jessica—have been touring about Europe, and going to hotels by yourselves? Do you hear me, Jessica? It is disgraceful."

"I hear, papa. But really Flora is older than a great many widows. And most people thought us Americans——"

"Abominable!"

"But we referred to Girton——"

"Detestable!"

"——and then every one was satisfied."

"I never was so vexed in my life. And what possessed you, Jessica, to go to Spain? It is not a respectable country?"

"We were quite respectable, papa. We went to no bull-fights."

"Under your circumstances, Jessica, it was the worst taste. Did you forget that John Farquhar is at Gibraltar? I hope, Jessica, you did not go near Gibraltar?"

"We slept at Gibraltar for a night, papa."

"Dear, dear me! I do most sincerely hope, my dear, you did not see John there."

"No, we didn't," quibbled Jessica; "but if we had, papa?"

"My dear, you speak like a baby. What do you suppose John would have thought of you? Running about with another girl of sixteen, and I do declare running after him! Bless my soul! Don't talk to me of accident. He would never have believed it an accident. You shall be introduced to your cousin, Jessica, nowhere but in your father's house. Such conduct as you suggest might have led to his even refusing your acquaintance!"

Jessica couldn't, she really *couldn't* just then confess the Tangier escapade, which, having unexpectedly grown into tragedy, was now all the harder to describe as a mere foolish jest. But the opportune moment for confession never turned up afterwards, and Jessica became an impostor.

She had to listen to a long account of poor Mrs Farquhar's death, as if she knew nothing about it; and the girl having taken refuge in silence, Mr Nevill said testily, "I do wish, Jessica, I could get you to take a straw of interest in your future husband!"

He continued displeased, which was very trying both to himself and to his daughter, and Jessica began to look worried and ill. All this was bad enough, but far worse followed.

One fine day a letter came from John Farquhar, — a courteous, a penitential, but a very decided letter,—begging release from his engagement to his cousin. Alas now for Jessica!

Mr Nevill was even more put about than he had been by his daughter's legacy. He seemed quite unable to regard the matter either calmly or reasonably. One would have thought him a robber (now remorseful) who had enriched his offspring by a vast theft of somebody's diamonds.

"Oh, papa," sobbed Jessica, "don't blame me! I never even *saw* old Mr Farquhar. It *isn't* my fault. It isn't any one's fault. It does seem to me it would be so much better just to send John the money and have done with it. Please, please, *please*, papa, don't ask John to marry me when he doesn't want to."

"I tell you what it is, Jessica," cried Mr Nevill; "this *is* your fault somehow. You have written him something ungenerous, grudging; or stay—he has heard of your going about with that Miss Williams! I daresay he saw you somewhere. Yes, that must be the explanation. Well, here's the result, and I am sure I hope you're ashamed of yourself."

Jessica began to cry—a thing Mr Nevill never could stand. He was all tenderness in a moment—and for a moment.

"Never mind, never mind, my love. You must give up that most objectionable Miss Williams, who has led you into this deplorable mischief, and I will write and explain to John. I'll tell him that all the blame lay with that Miss Williams, and with me for letting you go with her. He shall forgive you."

"Papa, please don't make any explanations to John. Oh, papa, let it be," sobbed Jessica. "He loves some one else. That's what it is. I know it, papa." For Jessica had pored and pored over John's letter till she knew it by heart, and till she had read between all its lines. It was a very proper letter indeed, and there was one sentence in it which to Jessica seemed to contain the clue to it all. Something about "the only sort of marriage congenial to an Englishman," and a vague—a very vague—hint that he had already selected the bride for such an espousal. "Oh," thought Jessica, "it is true! I saw it at the time, and he confesses it now. He loves Flora! Well, it was my own plan. I worked for it. I ought to be pleased. Dear Flora! She is worthy of him, if any one is. And I will be an old maid like Miss Snow," she ended, with a burst of scalding tear-drops.

Jessica wrote to John Farquhar, a poor little note, not nearly ceremonious enough to please her father. It ran thus:—

"My dear Cousin,—It is much better to marry the person one loves. And I do, do hope you will get the lady you want, whoever she is. I knew papa was mistaken in fancying you thought the money so important. But couldn't we get Mr Farquhar's will altered? We should so much rather be without all that money. Please sometimes think kindly of Jessica, who will always be glad to know you are happy."

When John received this letter from the unknown cousin, he felt for the first time a throb of interest in her. "She must be a very sweet girl, this Jessica," he said to himself; "but, thank heaven! I am free."

VIII.—CŒLEBS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

John took stock of his position, for he now thought seriously of going a-wooing. First, he had definitely thrown away his rightful inheritance; but come! he was not wholly without prospects. He had certain well-to-do maternal kinsmen who could put him in the way of making a competence, if he would leave the army and betake himself to commerce. Though fond of his profession, John had never meant to stay in it beyond his father's death, so the idea of civil life was nothing startlingly novel. Still, beyond writing diplomatically and vaguely to his kinsmen, he did nothing rashly. The lady of his choice might refuse him, in which case death on the battle-field seemed the one thing needful; or she might prefer a poor warrior to a rich merchant; or she might have a little money herself. Not that the last seemed probable. John had persuaded himself that Williams was the rich one, and her companion a poor student, preparing at Girton to earn her own living.

"I shall get her away from there," he told himself; "a college is a foolish place for a woman." Oh, masculine prejudice! To dub Flora's nursery "foolish" when it had reared her, so pretty, so brave, so practical, and so lively; emancipated yet not strong-minded, after the fashion of Mrs Geoffrey Cobbe!

Unable to find trace of the two girls in Spain, though he ran round Andalucia looking for their names in the hotel books, John at last de-

cided he must write to "the foolish place" itself. Talbot had, of course, returned thither, her Easter holiday ended. It was now June, and, as prearranged, John was on leave and had come to England to go a-courting: only not to his cousin the heiress.

He procured a list of the Girton students and ran his eye over it. No mention of Flora Williams; that was all right, for she had described herself as "gone down." John found the name he sought; read it, and gave a little jump—"The Honourable Caroline Talbot." How came it he was unprepared for that little addition? Well, no matter. Kings and honourable women are nothing to a lover. Still, a vision rose before his imagination of a stiff, titled papa, who might have smiled upon John Farquhar of Farquhar Court, many acres, and a balance at the banker's; but who would put on his spectacles at plain John Farquhar of the 509th, with his pay and no expectations.

However, he wrote to Miss Talbot ceremoniously. And all day he went about murmuring her name, "Caroline!" "Caroline!" and wishing he thought it as pretty as "Jessica." After a day or two came a reply from the Honourable Caroline, who wrote a very large hand and used a very thick pen, so that John got another little shock, having expected a round pretty little writing like Jessica Nevill's.

"Dear Sir,—I hasten to answer your letter of the 5th, though it is evidently not intended for me. I have never been at Tangier, nor have I the pleasure of your acquaintance. Your letter is probably for my grand-aunt, Caroline Talbot of Montpellier Square, Brighton; but as she is very infirm it will be well to consult her physician before visiting her.—I am, sir, yours truly,

"Caroline Mariana Talbot."

This letter went at once into the waste-paper basket, and John Farquhar sat biting his nails and wondering what on earth he should do. His thoughts reverted to Flora Williams. If he could catch her, he could doubtless catch her companion. But, come now! had the two of them been humbugging about Girton? If so, how the deuce was he to find even Flora? He sat down and began another letter to Girton, this time addressed to Miss Williams, to be forwarded; but he hesitated a little about sending it, so much was his fear increasing that neither would this letter find the person to whom it was written. And he sat for hours staring at the envelope, ready stamped and addressed, "Miss Williams, Girton College, Cambridge. *To be forwarded*"—and he bit his nails, and answered crossly if any one spoke to him, and felt his heart and his hope sick unto death within him.

Meanwhile Captain Farquhar's first epistle had been read and ridiculed by every one of Miss Talbot's chums, none of whom had a clue to the mystery. But though the jest of receiving a letter which was almost a love-letter from an unknown man was too good to be needlessly explained, she had a guess at the truth herself. Privately she wrote to Flora:—

"My good Williams,—Who was that malapert miss who borrowed my name to inspect a lover in? The lover is looking for her. I send his missive, and leave the matter in your hands. Students of Moral Philosophy never regard affairs of the heart.—Yours,

"Talbot."

Flora, being sensible, at once on receipt of this letter, ran to her mother and told her the outlines of Jessica's history. And Mrs Williams, being still more sensible, wrote a letter to John explaining the whole course of errors. Flora, however, took the precaution of reading her mother's letter before posting it, and was aghast at this ingenuous spoiling of the comedy. She tore it to pieces, and made Mrs Williams compose one totally different.

"You must say, my dear mother, that you write for your daughter, who is just going to marry a man named Smith, and is—walking out with him, mending his stockings, or whatever you choose."

"My dear child," said simple Mrs Williams, "there is no such person. Are you afraid this Captain Farquhar may fall in love with you?"

"Not in the least," said Flora, coolly; "but I should greatly dislike his surmising that I was in love with *him*. When you have finished that sentence, mother, say we have found out that he wants to renew his acquaintance with Talbot, and shall be happy to assist him in doing so, as we know it will be agreeable to her."

"No, my dear Flora," said Mrs Williams. "I am older than you, and I am *quite* sure it is imprudent to give this gentleman any hint as to Jessica's partiality. I shall say, 'Though we are, of course, unable to answer for the young lady that his doing so will seem to her desirable.'"

"Well, mother—then go on and beg him to come here on Saturday and stay with us till Monday, so that we may take him to see her. Don't you see, mother, you and I are to dine at Nevill Lodge on Saturday, and Jessica has written to say one of the men has failed, and won't we, for pity's sake, bring some one. Just as if *our* men were plentiful as blackberries! But really it's providential; we will take John Farquhar."

"My dear love!" exclaimed Mrs Williams.

"It will be thrilling!" cried Flora. "I am dying to see what he'll do!"

"But, my dear child, suppose Jessica doesn't want to meet him?"

"Then she can go to bed with a sick headache. Nature provided that complaint for these emergencies. But my own opinion is that Jessica *will* meet him, and that it will all come right, mother. It's the greatest fun in the world!" cried Flora.

How came "that Miss Williams" to be dining in Mr Nevill's house after he had forbidden Jessica her further acquaintance?

The fact was, the child changed so much that her father had taken fright, and by this time was indulging her in every way he could think of. Jessica was fretting—there could be no doubt about it; and what made matters worse was that no one could tell what she was fretting about. She grew pale and thin; her dimples were gone; her gay dresses hidden; her dancing step had become a slow and languid tread. She had no little jests ready; no affectations; no merry coaxings and saucy whims. She sat much in her own room, and often came down with tear-stained eyes. Once Mr Nevill caught her sobbing over some dead cistus flowers.

He read to her, walked with her, rode with her diligently; he was always ready to talk to her, but their speech was of prim bookish subjects, which told him nothing. Neither John Farquhar nor Jessica's fortune was ever mentioned. At last she got a cough, and the servants said she was going into a decline. Mr Nevill took her to town to see a physician; and the

learned man thumped her on the chest and slapped her on the back, and stethoscoped and laryngoscoped her till she was terrified: finally pronounced that she had nothing the matter with her; and asked her father privately if she had, perhaps, been crossed in love?

Very nobly Mr Nevill took the hint, and sent next day for Mr Hobson. But Jessica would none of Mr Hobson; and when Sir Edgar Lee, the admirable baronet, made his long-expected proposal, Jessica hunted him out of the county at once, turning up her little nose most disdainfully.

"Still resolved to be a single woman, Jess?" asked Mr Nevill, in despair.

"I think, papa," replied Jessica, "to be like Miss Snow is best. And sometimes I wonder whether I am High Church enough to get on in a sisterhood?"

More alarmed than ever, Mr Nevill, with a sigh, told her that if she wished she might go to Girton, which is a sisterhood indeed of a sort, but one not oblivious of holidays. Yet Jessica only said, quietly, "Thank you, papa, but I don't want to go now," and he felt more anxious than before.

"Tell me something you would like, my love," said Mr Nevill, clasping her to his breast; and Jessica brightened a little, and answered—

"I should like to see my dear Flora, papa."

Mr Nevill hurried off in the tram instantaneously, and brought Miss Williams back with him. After which there was peace between the two families; and Mrs Williams and Flora received invitations for the dinner-party.

On the morning of the day for this festivity behold a note from Flora to her friend's father:—

"Dear Mr Nevill,—Jessica asked us to bring some one to replace your sick clergyman at dinner. Our friend Captain Farquhar will be here then, and mamma thinks you will not object to his accompanying us. I fancy he is a relation of yours, so it seems suitable."

"Oh, papa, *no!*" cried Jessica, with a blazing spot on each pale cheek. "I cannot meet John Farquhar! I cannot!"

"My love," said Mr Nevill, "no doubt it is his own wish, to show that on neither side, after all that has occurred, is there any feeling or soreness or grudge."

"But I believe he's engaged to Flora!" burst out Jessica.

"To Flora! Bless me! is that how the wind blows? You queer girls, never to have told me she even knew him! Come now, Jess; for your friend's sake, if for no other, you must oblige me by being civil to your cousin."

And poor Jessica stood looking at her father with piteous eyes, wishing she had courage to confess and to explain. She could not do it, and she crept away and cried bitterly in her own room.

"Oh, it will be hard to see them together!" she sobbed. "But I have got to bear it, for it was my own plan, and Flora will expect me to be pleased. No one must ever know how I really feel. No one! no one!"

IX.—THAT MISS WILLIAMS AGAIN.

"Then is the dinner at Miss Talbot's home?" asked John, puzzled.

"You will see her there."

"But I hope I may know whose house I am going to?"

"To your cousin's. To Mr Ne-

vill's. Jessica Nevill is a great friend of mine."

"Miss Williams, I really regret very much that I did not know this sooner. Of course, you were not aware, but there are circumstances which make it peculiarly awkward for me to meet Miss Nevill."

"Oh, we know all about that. Jessica has told us. But don't be alarmed. Mr Nevill and Jessica know you are coming, and are delighted, I assure you. And it's your only chance of seeing Talbot. Besides, it's too late to turn back now. Would you leave them thirteen to dinner? I do assure you it is all right," said Flora, alarmed, for John showed serious symptoms of stopping the carriage and escaping. There seemed to him a horrible indelicacy in thus finding Miss Talbot under the very eyes of Jessica Nevill. However, escape there was none. They were arrived, and that sharp-tongued Flora was saying, "Only cowards run, Captain Farquhar; and Englishmen never betray surprise. Mother and I particularly hope you'll remember that."

At this moment John found his hand warmly grasped by his cousin, the heiress's father, who was talking away to him most cordially, though the young man, his heart thumping like a schoolboy's, scarcely heard one single word he was saying.

"My daughter has a bad cough," said Mr Nevill, passing his arm through his kinsman's affectionately. "She does not look well to-night. Come and let me introduce you. Jessica, my dear——" a little impatiently, for Jessica was covering her confusion by an unnecessarily prolonged and effusive greeting of Mrs Williams and Flora. As for John, he was in no hurry, for he was looking all about the room for Talbot, and had no eyes to spare for mere Jessica Nevill.

Until the young hostess raised her head at last from Flora's shoulder, and advanced with an air of desperation towards her cousin. And lo! John found her the very darling of his search—found her in his cousin herself, in the hostess, the heiress, Jessica Nevill.

The room swam round for John Farquhar, and he did not know if he stood on his head or his heels. He heard Flora laugh, and he saw Mr Nevill standing by smiling; and he knew Jessica, and saw that she was looking at him, and that in her eyes—large, wan, troubled eyes—was the same wistfulness that he had seen there on the night of his mother's death, when she had asked to share his watch, and he had not dared to speak to her because he loved her so. John saw all this as in a dream, but he had not the faintest idea what he was saying or doing himself, and after a minute he was swept away in a procession to the dining-room under charge of an elderly lady named Snow, who planted him at table very far away from the hostess, and talked to him diligently all through many courses till she gave him up as a hopeless dummy of a blockhead.

John never knew how he got through that dinner; and as for Jessica, she got whiter and whiter and whiter, till Flora began to think her comedy an error, and to fear that the sick headache had for once arrived in good earnest, though most inopportunely. After dinner Miss Nevill disappeared altogether. And the guests said, "Poor child, she is obviously ill, and no doubt has slipped away to her bed."

But they were all totally mistaken. Jessica had no headache whatever, and was sitting quite comfortably on a bench in the garden, with her cousin, John Farquhar.

He had invited her out there alone to tell her, of course, all

about his engagement to Flora; and Jessica took her courage in both hands, and stepped out with him when no one was looking. And there they sat hidden among the trees; and the moon shone through the branches, so that they could just see each other as they talked—he looking quite content and smiling and happy, and she with the wild eyes and forced cheerfulness of agitated heroism.

"Then it was Jessica all the time!" said John, with gentle reproach.

"Didn't you know? Didn't she tell you? Didn't Mrs Farquhar tell you? I told *her*."

"My mother? Jessica, how glad I am to think my dear mother knew! But no, no one told me. I had no idea till to-night—till I saw you."

Jessica swallowed a sob. "Oh, do forgive me! I only meant it for fun. I wanted to see you so—to get to know you," she pleaded, in her agitation saying all the things she had meant not to say.

"What can I possibly have to forgive?" said John, and paused for a few minutes, watching her and smiling.

"Let me tell you a little about myself," he said presently; "may I? though the story is not entirely flattering to either of us. Listen, Jessica." Then he began; "When the wish was expressed that we should marry, I knew nothing about love — nothing. I was a good deal perplexed just then, Jessica, and hardly knew what I was doing. But, as you remember, I did offer myself to you, and you accepted me out of sheer generosity."

"Oh no," cried Jessica; "I didn't want to marry you at all! I wasn't generous. It was all papa's doing."

"How could you have wanted to marry me?" cried John, indignantly. "I was a shabby mercenary wretch. The whole matter was a blunder. It was worse than a blunder — it was a crime. I didn't like it at the time—that much I can say for myself. But, Jessica, what waked me up, what showed me that the thing couldn't and shouldn't be done, was that I fell in love."

"I know that!"

"Did you know it?" Again he paused and looked at her, but Jessica's eyes were fixed on a gap in the trees, and she *wouldn't* see his smile. "There came some one into my life quite different from all I had seen before. I loved her from the first moment I saw her—on the Hercules—and every day I loved her more, and always more. Sometimes I fancied—perhaps I was wrong—I hoped, perhaps presumptuously—that she—— But, Jessica, I was engaged to Miss Nevill. Think! I was engaged to Miss Nevill, and not a word could I say to that other. Then I wrote to you—to Miss Nevill—and told her I couldn't do her the wrong of marrying her when my heart was elsewhere. It is a very confusing story, Jessica; can you follow it? I wanted to woo my darling; and to win her I was ready to give up anything. But I was rather too bold, wasn't I? I have hardly a sixpence in the world, and yet I have found her out; and, beggar as I am, my prayer to her now is to come and share my sixpence. It is better than riches, isn't it, Jessica? Love and a sixpence! Love! Love!"

"Yes," said Jessica, bravely, "you are right. But she is not poor. You will be quite rich enough, John."

"Never mind the riches: all I want is her dear self. Will she come to me? Will she forgive all and come to me?"

"Oh, how can I tell?" said Jessica, pinching her fingers. "Yes,

I imagine so. Let me go, and I will send her to you now."

"Who?" exclaimed John, bewildered.

"Flora! Oh, don't say it is not my dear Flora!"

"Flora?" repeated John. And then he put his arm round the trembling girl and drew her to him gently. "No, it is not Flora. It never was Flora. Oh, Jessica, don't you know? Don't you understand? Jessica!"

"*Oh!*" said Jessica.

After that they somehow arrived at a very good understanding indeed. And they forgot all about the dinner-party, and sat there for an immense time in the moonlight, till it was quite too late to reappear in the drawing-room.

Before the party broke up, Flora resolved to find out what had happened; and she slipped off to her friend's room, and found her sitting there alone—

> "All kin' o' smily roun' the lips,
> An' teary roun' the lashes,"

and quite ready to talk. And after Flora had gone, Jessica still knelt on by her window, till the last carriage had driven away, and the house was very quiet, and the lamps of festivity were all put out. But all the while conversation was going on in her father's room below; and Jessica recognised John's voice, and knew that he was there still. At last she heard his foot in the passage, not going to the hall door but disappearing into one of the spare rooms. And then Mr Nevill, candle in hand, came up-stairs to bed, and went into his dressing-room and shut the door.

Then up jumped Jessica, still in her white dress, with the string of pearls in her hair; and she fleeted along the lobby, and burst the door open, and flung herself into her father's arms.

"Oh, papa, dear, dear papa! Has John told you everything?"

Mr Nevill unlaced her strangling clasp, and seated her in his arm-chair, and stroked her cheek. "My dear Jess," he said, gently, "if you had told me the facts long ago, you would have spared yourself a great deal of needless distress."

"Oh no, papa!" cried Jessica; "it has all turned out most beautifully. We haven't the least objection now to marrying each other, papa. And I shall be so glad, please papa, if you will be fond of me again, as you were before I got the money; and—and the cough at Tangier," ended Jessica, blushing and laughing, and gay as her old self.

Well, she married John Farquhar in the autumn, and every one said they made a very pretty couple. But do you want to know the sequel to the story?

Mr Nevill, after his daughter's wedding, lived by himself for full a year, and was so lonely and miserable that every one said he was quite certain to marry again. Rumour said also that Miss Snow was prepared to accept him. But Mr Nevill, whose wife had died at twenty-five, and whose daughter had deserted him at nineteen, knew nothing about elderly ladies, and was not particularly fond of them. I fear it ran in the family, that espousing of women thirty years too young. Old John Farquhar had done it; and, instead of taking warning, Mr Nevill went and followed his example.

He married that Miss Williams.

KATHARINE WYLDE.

THE GREAT DIVIDE.

She stepped out of the Imperial Palace into a garden full of roses and mignonette. She never looked back at the Imperial Palace. Youth's starlike eyes look straight ahead, and she wore no Mnemosyne face as yet. The bees hummed deliciously over the mignonette. The scent of the roses crept into her blood. She flung herself among flowers. Something stung her, and she rose with a sharp cry. The word "pain" had crept for a moment into her vocabulary and out again. Moving on, she passed through a gate and began to ascend the slope that led to "the Great Divide." Flowers still blossomed for her. Friends met her and walked with her. Now and again one would slip from her side, and she would call the friend by name, and there was no answer. The word "loss" had crept into her vocabulary and stayed there. She had been learning a language all the way hitherto, in which the words "joy," "love," "life," "light," and their synonyms, were in daily use. She was aware of a figure walking always just in front of her, with buoyant step and smiling face. She loved the look on the face, but she never asked who this pioneer could be. She was occupied in listening to the swish of the rustling grasses as she trod upwards, and to the music of a rivulet which babbled down over mossy stones.

There were times when the place whereon she stood became holy ground, and she talked with God on the Mount. There were moments when evil beasts came out of the rocks and glared at her. She found, as she neared "the Great Divide," that a new language was spoken there. The commonest words in this new language were "effort," "darkness," "failure," "sorrow," "temptation." Yet the old words were still at times in use, and Love would show his face tip-tilted like a flower from out a brier-bush. And Joy would toss himself laughing at her feet; but the laugh sounded like an echo, and seemed to come up from the path below, and not from where he lay.

And now she was aware of a great change in the figure before her. It had shrouded itself in a cloak, and had drawn a cowl over its head. The face had grown grey and set, and now she stood at last on "the Great Divide," and heard, as it were, a trumpet talking. The summit was bare and wind-swept. As she stood, the mountain gloom and the mountain glory strove for mastery over her, and in their conflict transfigured her now to the blackness of darkness and now to the brightness of day. She turned to take the first downward step from "the Great Divide," and caught sight of the cloaked figure crouching near her with its arms clasped round its knees; and rocking softly, it sang in sobbing minor key:—

"Ah! sorrow in the morn
Is not lightly to be borne,
And the tears of early youth
Are tears of bitter ruth.
Pass by, pass by, O grief!
The tender budding leaf.

Ah! sorrow in the noon
Comes all too soon, too soon,
And the tears of riper age
No comfort may assuage.
Pass by, pass by, O grief!
The full-blown perfect leaf.

Ah! sorrow in the eve,
No thought can well conceive
How bitter in their smart
Are the tears of failing heart.
Pass by, pass by, O grief!
The sere, the yellow leaf.

Ah! sorrow in the night
Is there in her own right
If Faith and Hope are fled,
And Love's deep heart be dead.
Pass no more by, O grief!
Stoop, take thine own poor leaf."

The figure rose, and stepped down the path before her, its face still hidden. Her face shone with the glory of the Mount, shone with the clear shining after rain—the rain of tears. The slope she was descending lay for the most part in shadow. No brook leapt forth in the sun—but a sluggish stream bordered by willows crept drop by drop down a shallow bed. The alders sighed as she passed. She began to unlearn the language she had learnt on the other side of "the Great Divide." Many words slipped altogether out of her vocabulary. Others remained with half their former meaning attached. A few new ones added themselves—"peace," "rest," "patience" were some of these.

The shadows deepened, but there was light enough for her to see that a strange change had come over her guide. The mantle and cowl had fallen off, and the radiant smiling form and face lit up the path around. She said gently, "Who are you? I know your face—it is the same that went before me towards 'the Great Divide.'" "Men call me Hope," the figure answered; "when trouble and trial make me veil my face at the summit of 'the Great Divide,' men call me Despair. Anon, descending the dark downhill side of the slope, I renew my youth, and men call me Hope once more. We are near the valley; sit down and I will sing you to sleep." She obeyed, resting on a bank beside the smiling face of Hope, who crooned softly thus:—

"You may reap your harvest of wheat and tares,
You may gather your cockle and barley;
You may husband a harvest of joys and cares
Labouring late and early,—
The grain of gold
And the poppy bold
And the cornflower blue for adorning;
But the *fullest ears* of the seven fat years
Will be gleaned by the gleaner next morning.

You may draw your nets, you may draw your line,
Find silvery fish in plenty;
You may angle for honour, hook titles fine,
And of places and posts fill twenty,—
The fish of weight
Swallowed up your bait,
Your lures and your wiles not scorning;
But the *lustiest trout*, there's no manner of doubt,
Will be caught by the fisher next morning.

You may think out thoughts that are witty and wise,
You may think some deep, some shallow;
You may store your brain with truth or with lies,
You may let your brain lie fallow.
Thought is good,
Be it understood;
But this fact on your mind must be borne in,
That the *latest thought* that mankind can be taught
Will be thought by some thinker next morning.

You may cling to this world of time and sense,
You may think of another rarely;
You may sigh, ah! whither? and ask, ah! whence?
And find life puzzling—fairly.
Yet life is sweet
We still repeat
On this dear old earth we were born in.
Good bettered to *best*, best changed into blest
When we wake to God's cloudless 'next morning.'"

She fell asleep with the song in her ears, and the darkness covered her. She will lie there sleeping till "next morning."

O. J.

EARLSCOURT: A NOVEL OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

CHAPTER XXXV.—A TANGLED WEB.

It began to strike the family at Earlscourt that Harold had infected his aunt with his passion for natural science, for not only had she asked him to take her to see the Museum, but had come back delighted and full of interest with its marvels, and quite ready to repeat her visit. In fact she was always proposing to accompany Harold; and that young gentleman would probably have been bored with Dorothy's company; and, with that regard for his own comfort and his own way which he was allowed to take unchallenged at the Court, he would probably have put a summary stop to his aunt's new passion for natural history, had not their conversation possessed a mutual fund of interest. This was the beauty and perfections of Cloete Sparshott, to which Harold was never tired of listening. Dorothy had made the acquaintance of the curator's daughter, and had charmed the girl with her kindliness and affability. Cloete had mixed so little with the society of ladies, that when Miss Colpoys became a visitor to the Museum, and came up-stairs in the afternoon for a cup of tea and a comfortable chat—which generally involved an exposition of the goodness and nobleness and cleverness of her nephew, Harold—Cloete became sympathetically attached to her, and looked forward to her comings as the great events of her life. But it was not alone Cloete that Dorothy tried to engross. As far as she could she tried to capture the doctor himself; and often when Cloete and Harold were having a *tête-à-tête* talk, she would drag the curator down-stairs to show her some rarity, and listen with an ineffable patience for half an hour at least to his disquisitions without understanding a single word of them. All this seemed quite natural to the simple-minded people of the Museum. Cloete enjoyed hearing Harold talk about the foreign capitals he had lived in, and all that he had seen and done; and the doctor found Miss Colpoys a singularly docile student, who with a lamentable ignorance of elementary facts was yet anxious to improve her mind by an acquaintance with the great principles of science.

A very slight perspicuity might have shown even such unsophisticated minds as those of Cloete and her father that their visitors were driving at something ulterior. Cloete, indeed, was woman enough to be conscious that Harold Colpoys was much impressed by her; she was even woman enough to feel a little vain of making an evident conquest, and not indisposed to improve it. But all this was quite harmless, quite justifiable, in the safety with which the great distance between Harold and herself surrounded her. She was agreeably pleased and flattered for the moment; perhaps she may have flirted just enough to continue his encouragement; but no idea ever entered her mind that the young man was being seriously attracted towards her, or that anything was to come of his visits. Nor did she see anything in the praises with which Dorothy plied her nephew any more than an aunt's natural fondness or affection.

"You see, my dear," Dorothy

told her in a moment of confidence, "people used to think that Harold was queer—that he was not just himself at times; but there was nothing in it. It was all his delicate health when he was a boy that made them keep him abroad; and since he has grown up and become robust he is quite like other people, only a great deal more clever."

"A great deal more clever," Cloete had warmly assented.

Lord Earlsfield had not failed to mark how frequently Dorothy was now accompanying Harold, and the circumstance struck him as one that might be turned to good account.

"I don't see what you can find to amuse yourself with in the Museum," he had said; "but since you do go there, I wish you would have an eye to Harold, and keep him out of mischief with that collector's—that curator's daughter. He seems to be inclined to be fascinated with her; and any entanglement of that description — especially so near as Earlsport — would be about the worst thing that could befall him."

"Oh, you may make your mind easy," Dorothy reassured him. "I don't think Miss Sparshott is at all the person to seek to entangle any one. She seems a quiet, modest, well-behaved girl. I think you need feel no alarm from that quarter."

"I hope not," answered Lord Earlsfield, doubtfully; "but all the same, I shall be very glad if you can continue to look after them. You will particularly oblige me, Dora, by giving me early warning for any need of my interference."

This Dorothy readily promised. Lord Earlsfield's remarks introduced, however, a new and disturbing element into Dorothy's schemes. In her short-sightedness she had not calculated upon the consequences to herself and her own plans if Lord Earlsfield discovered that she had been abetting his son in a clandestine wooing. She had only thought of ridding herself of a rival in her husband's affection by getting Cloete Sparshott to fall in love with her nephew. Dorothy had but small talent for finesse, and she had been so struck with the daring cleverness of her original conception that she had overlooked the attendant risks. She must work more guardedly. She had already effected something, she thought, in the way of bringing Harold and Cloete more closely together, and she must curtail her visits to the Museum.

Meanwhile Dorothy's more domestic affairs were not in a happy train. Her private visits to the Dunes House had gone on without detection, but they had been productive of little pleasure to either husband or wife. After her *rencontre* with Cloete Sparshott at the bank, Dorothy had appeared at the Dunes House in a storm of passionate jealousy, which Brancepeth had met with callous stolidity. He positively asserted that his old sweetheart had merely called upon a matter of business, and that his duty required him to see her or any one else who had a business excuse for calling. And when Dorothy had taunted him about still loving the girl, he had turned upon her by accusing her of keeping Lord Earlsfield in the dark and himself in a false position.

"The whole blame is your own," he pettishly argued. "If you would tell your brother, or let me tell him for you, as I have a right to do, all your fears will be removed at once. Come and take your place here, and all room for your absurd jealousy will be gone. Once it is known that I am a married man, the rivals whom you are silly enough to conjure up in

your own mind will speedily disappear. You wish me to be looked upon as a bachelor; could you blame me if I were to behave as such?"

"Yes, I could," replied Dorothy. "I am your wife, and you have no right to commit such a sin as to encourage any woman who does not know that you are married."

"I encourage them!" repeated Brancepeth, indignantly. "I encourage no one. It is you who are the cause of any misunderstanding that may arise, by your obstinacy and silence. Publish your marriage, and come straight to my house, and you will soon see how naturally our surroundings will adapt themselves to our position."

"And my money?" sighed Dorothy.

"I shall have enough for us both," returned her husband. But Dorothy was still haunted by the dread that by losing her fortune she would also lose her hold upon her husband. Equally with her dread of Lord Earlsfield's wrath, this fear, that when her money was gone she would lose all importance in Brancepeth's eyes, had been the cause of her procrastination. She worshipped her husband, not after the equal and even-minded way of a woman whose love has a stable foundation in respect, but rather with the jealousy of one who has secured a treasure, and dreads her monopoly of it being endangered. As it seemed to her, she had bought Brancepeth with her money —saved him for herself when he was penniless, ill, and perhaps dying; and now that he was again reinstated in his father's favour and with ample wealth at command, he was anxious to buy back his freedom. That was how Dorothy put it to herself, and she loathed the reconciliation with his father and his new connection with the bank from the bottom of her heart. She had once thought to solve the difficulty by again retreating to the Continent and carrying her husband with her. But Brancepeth had promptly declared against the possibility of such a step.

"No, I must stick to the bank now I am in it," had been his positive answer; "and we cannot leave Earlsport until after the declaration of our marriage. It was at your wish I came back, and we must take all the consequences that have followed upon it. Besides, you ought surely to be glad that things have turned out as they have done. We are now independent of Lord Earlsfield, whatever course he chooses to take."

Dorothy could not very well explain that it was this independence which seemed to her the most objectionable feature in the situation; but to all her arguments Brancepeth had the crushing rejoinder, "Tell Lord Earlsfield, and you will see that everything will come right for us; never mind about the money." But the money was power, *her* power; and if she had to part with that, what would be her hold on her husband? Dorothy felt keenly the disparity in their ages; and though she looked much younger than her years, her mirror told her truths which could happily be hid from the world. Whatever hold she had possessed over Brancepeth's affection when she had him all to herself, and when he was thrown entirely upon her society, had, she felt, become much impaired by their *quasi* separation since they came to Earlsport, and the reappearance of Cloete Sparshott as a disturbing element. Somehow all Dorothy's difficulties seemed to centre themselves around this rival, and if she could only be got out of the way, all, she fondly flattered herself, might yet be well.

"You must promise me that you will never see her again," Dorothy had imperatively ordered her husband; "that she shall not come back to your office, and that you will avoid her whenever you see her."

"How can I do that?" had been the rather obstinate rejoinder; "Miss Sparshott has business at the bank. Her father is in money difficulties, and the old fossil is incapable of doing anything for himself; his daughter has all the trouble."

"Ah, then," cried Dorothy, joyfully, "I shall make that straight for them, and she need not trouble you more. I shall give her what money is necessary."

"You must do nothing of the kind," interrupted Brancepeth, sternly. "You have no right to know anything of their troubles. It came to my knowledge as a mere matter of business and in strict confidence, and I had no right to say anything about it to you. Your interference would only pain them, and make them think that their distress was becoming public property."

"At least, if I give you the money, you can pay off their debts and have done with them altogether," retorted Dorothy, with considerable asperity.

"No, that cannot be done either," with equal doggedness. "The fact is, you know nothing of the business, and would make matters much worse by meddling in it."

"I know enough of the business to know that you are making it an excuse for having interviews with Miss Sparshott, and carrying on a flirtation with her perhaps."

"Dorothy, how can you be so provokingly absurd, so insulting to me? Ever since my return my acquaintance with Miss Sparshott has been upon the most formal and distant footing. Indeed I have told her that circumstances have occurred which can never allow us to be on more than the merest terms of friendship."

"You have: then you have been speaking to her of — of things?" gasped Dorothy.

"Of nothing more than was due as an explanation to a woman to whom I had been once engaged, and to whom my conduct seemed in a measure to require clearing up. And now, Dorothy, once for all, drop these silly suspicions, and let us spend the occasions when we do see one another in peace and happiness."

But Dorothy still refused to be comforted; and if she did not go so far as Job, and actually curse the day when she was born, and when her mother had brought a woman-child into the world, she bewailed her hard lot in tearful language, and accused her husband, Lord Earlsfield, and Cloete Sparshott, of being leagued together to work her unhappiness. Once upon a time her tears and distress would have wrung Brancepeth's heart; but he was growing in marital experience, and knew that it was better to let the ferment work itself off before he sought to administer consolation. When Dorothy's tears and bemoanings had fairly exhausted themselves, he took her tenderly enough in his arms and soothed her emotions, protesting his love for her, and the groundlessness of her jealous fears.

"Let us throw off the mask," he urged, "and all our troubles will at once vanish. We shall be always together, except when I am at the bank, and there will be no room left in your life for silly thoughts."

And Dorothy had perforce to be coaxed and comforted, and to promise that she would certainly screw up her courage and tell Lord Earls-

field—in a fortnight at the longest—well, certainly before the end of the month. And she went back to the Court, and, aided by the faithful Minton, regained her room without any one being aware of her absence; and sat down sadly to consider the position. In days when Lord Earlsfield had doomed her to celibacy, she had looked upon marriage as a temporal salvation; but it had not so turned out. It had only brought her fresh troubles, fresh anxieties; and every remedy that she could think of resorting to only seemed likely to plunge her into fresh and increasing difficulties. Poor Dorothy! she had no comforter and no confidant, and her way in the future seemed to grow blacker and blacker as she looked before her.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—DIPLOMACY.

The honourable member for Earlsport betook himself to town in high spirits, and with an assured conviction that he carried a bargain in his pocket which the Government could not fail to jump at. The ethical aspects of the idea probably never presented themselves to his mind, or if they did, they threw no scruples in the way of his course. Even in his Cambridge days, when he had prepared himself for the life of a legislator by cultivating the virtue of silence in the Union, George Colpoys had never troubled himself with such transcendental subjects as whether the franchise was a right or a trust, or whether a member of Parliament was a delegate or a deputy. His practical mind brushed away all the cobwebs of political precisianism; and he calmly regarded the idea of swopping the borough of Earlsport—always supposing the Solicitor-General could carry it—for the Chairmanship of the Board of Docks and Canals, as quite a natural and legitimate piece of business. In justice to him, it must be stated that the idea of consulting his constituents on the subject never for a moment crossed his imagination. If he did feel any qualms, it was at the thought of how Lord Earlsfield would feel when he found that the borough had been bartered away without his knowledge and sanction. If there was any sin involved in the matter it must lie in this; for it was an article in George's political creed that Earlsport belonged to the Colpoyses, and that they could do what they liked with their own.

"Suppose they ask me point-blank if Earlsfield will support the Solicitor," mused George on his way up, as an unforeseen contingency presented itself in a threatening aspect. "I can't tell them a thundering lie, which they would very soon find out for themselves; and if I let out that he knows nothing of my intentions, why, I may whistle for the post. I must trust to luck, and try to dodge them somehow or other."

Arrived in town, George Colpoys avoided his clubs, and took up his quarters in a quiet hotel. He was too good-natured a man to wake unpleasant memories in the minds of creditors, or make the privileges of Parliament invidious in his own person by showing himself freely about town. Nor did he manifest himself to any of his colleagues either in the House or in the lobby, but quietly sat down after dinner and penned a note to Mr Elliott, the senior Ministerial Whip, asking for a short interview on

the morrow. A brief note written by a secretary appointed his audience at two o'clock, and George found the busy Whip in a most ungracious humour. There had been a count-out the night before, when a private member's bill which the Government had promised to countenance had been attempted to be discussed; and not only had that private member written hard things to Elliott, and threatened the withdrawal of his own and his friends' support, but the morning papers had made themselves disagreeable, and had twitted the Government with the waste of public time. He had also a long list of recalcitrant members who were either threatening to go abroad or to the country, or who were consulting doctors for an excuse of absenting themselves, and with each and all of these he would have to personally deal. So it was with rather an ungracious manner that he gave George two fingers, and motioned him to a seat, while he planted himself with his back to the fire and his arms under his coat-tails.

"Well, Colpoys, glad to see you back again," he observed, in the tone of a head-master welcoming a boy back to school after an attack of the measles, and wondering at the same time how soon it would be before the birch would have to come into play. "Hope you are going to stick to work for the rest of the session—lots of important divisions coming on."

"No," said George; "I think of cutting the whole business—Chiltern Hundreds, and that kind of thing."

"Eh!" ejaculated Mr Elliott, and he sat down and immediately passed the whole political condition of the borough of Earlsport through his mind. It was a safe Liberal seat,—the Earlsfield influence had always been paramount; and if there had been any signs of revolt, they had been solely due to the *laches* of the sitting member.

"Nothing wrong?" he said presently. "I hope you have no better cause for resignation than weariness of the House. I often wish myself I could get out of the grind."

"I understand the Chairmanship of the Canals and Docks Board is vacant," was the Scotch answer.

"Well," returned the Whip, raising his eyebrows; "it is and it isn't. It was vacant, but practically we have made up our mind about the appointment."

"In that case," said George, rising, "I need not bother you longer. I called to ask you to give me a turn. My idea was to get you to send me to the Board, and we would give up my seat for the borough in favour of the Solicitor-General. But as you say the matter is as good as settled, we need not say more about it."

"Stop!" shouted the Whip, as George was moving towards the door, and he took a step or two about the room as if in much dubiety. "I don't believe you would be any good at the Canals and Docks," he at last said bluntly.

"I don't suppose I should," said George, calmly; "but surely there are fellows there who could do the work for me."

"Umph!" retorted Mr Elliott. "I expect if we were to think of *you*, we should have the press down upon us."

"Very likely," retorted George, quietly, "but you surely wouldn't mind that. I know I wouldn't."

"And how about your seat? Would it be safe for the Solicitor-General?" asked Elliott, meditatively.

"Well, the Colpoys' candidate has always carried the day," assured George. "Of course I shall recommend him in my address, and do the best I can for him. If we can steal a march on the constituency, he may have a walk over."

Mr Elliott relapsed into thought for a little. "After all," he said, "the Canals and Docks are not much of an office, and we might do something better for so old a supporter as you are. Take the Chiltern Hundreds by all means, and get back to Earlsport and make the running for the Solicitor, and you may depend upon having the first really handsome thing that comes in our way."

"No, thank you," said the member; "it must be a P.P. business or I don't play. Until I see my appointment made out, I keep my seat: once it is booked, I resign immediately."

"You are not up to any trick with us, Colpoys?" asked the Whip, doubtfully. "Remember the Ministry are not to be played with. I confess that I do not quite see your hand."

"I shall show it you in a minute," returned the other with bright frankness. "I am going to marry and settle down at once, and a settled means of subsistence is necessary. That is the whole secret, but as it is a secret I must beg of you to say nothing about it."

"Ah," said the Whip, his countenance clearing, "I begin to understand now. My congratulations. May I inquire if I know the lady?"

"I don't think you do. She is a ward of Lord Earlsfield's and a daughter of Colonel Donne, who used to be in the House, but before our day. So you see it is all a family matter."

"Ah, indeed! a very happy arrangement. Well, I am sure I am very anxious to oblige so old a friend and colleague as yourself, and I believe Ministers would be glad to do anything to serve Lord Earlsfield. But I must consult the powers that be. Can you call on me to-morrow at this time, and I shall tell you what can be done?"

"Remember," said George, as he took his leave, "that not a soul in the borough has as yet an inkling of my intention, and also that no appointment no seat, and the one before the other."

Next day found Mr Elliott doubtful, not indeed about George's resignation of his seat, which he was willing to accept with the utmost cheerfulness,—"although we are all very sorry indeed to lose you, Colpoys, you know. The Home Secretary spoke quite handsomely about your long and steady support." But there were difficulties about the Docks and Canals Board. Broadly, who had made the subject a specialty, had been as good as promised the appointment, and could make himself uncommonly nasty if he did not get it. He had the ear of the 'Times,' and a lot of personal friends on the front Opposition bench, and there would be no end of a dust if he were passed over.

"All right," George had returned good-humouredly. "Pray don't get into any difficulties on my account. Give Broadly the post by all means, and I shall keep my seat."

"Yes; but then you want to marry, don't you see. An awful bore the House is to a wife! And Docks and Canals is, after all, only fifteen hundred. I think we could do better for you than that."

"Much obliged, I am sure, but I shall keep my seat until the opportunity offers."

"The Governor of the Maldives is dying, and cannot live six

months. Three thousand with Government House — we could give you that. And the Consul-Generalship of the Marquesas Islands will soon be vacant—that would be quite in your way: two thousand and a residence at Fatuhuhu—nothing to do, and no newspapers to worry you. We shall certainly have to appoint to that before the year's out."

"Wouldn't have it as a gift," retorted George. "Now look here, Elliott, I won't have any more beating about the bush. Docks and Canals, and the Solicitor is returned for Earlsport. Without that I keep the seat, and when I do give it up, I shall take deuced good care that it does not return a Ministerialist. A fine reward I get for following you all these years!"

Elliott gave him one of his blackest looks. "Well, then, I suppose you must have it, and you had better make up your mind to hear some not very flattering remarks made about yourself in the morning papers. That would not matter so much if we had not to bear the brunt."

"Oh, don't disturb yourself on my account; I really don't care a rush what people say about me," put in George, blandly.

"Well, then, you better get ready your address to your constituents, and send in your application for the Chiltern Hundreds, and we shall see that the Solictor is ready to take the field."

"I shall do both immediately I receive the official notice of my appointment."

"You shall have that next week," said Elliott, curtly, as he extended a couple of fingers of one hand, and opened the door with the other.

"Well," said George to himself with a sigh of relief, "that is one matter settled; and though Earlsfield storm, and the Solicitor-General be defeated, I shall have my fifteen hundred a-year, and I am hanged if they get me out of it without abolishing the Board, and then they must pension me. Well, I must go back to Earlsport again and prepare Mary for action. We must both make tracks from the Court before anything further is done. That fellow Elliott," he concluded with a grin, "evidently wanted to fob me off with promises; but he will find himself paid off for it if his man is beaten, as I shouldn't wonder though he be if Earlsfield knocks up nasty. Egad! I think I shall write to Mary to-night and tell her all, and go down to Richmond to-morrow and tell Jim all about it. He is such a long-headed chap, he will be sure to give me a tip or two."

So George dined liberally at the Criterion, and looked in at a theatre afterwards; but before going to bed he penned his good news to Mary Donne, and told her that if she would escape the fate that hung over her she must make up her mind to be married immediately, and without beat of drum. "Earlsfield would never stand it if he were to know," he wrote. "He would be sure to find some cunning means of making you marry Harold; and he would certainly tell the Government that I had been humbugging them about the safety of the seat. So you must keep your own counsel, my dear, and have yourself ready in light marching order for any early emergency." It is doubtful whether Mary Donne would have been ready to respond to so peremptory a demand had not George Colpoys's plans received a powerful auxiliary in the person of his elder brother. On the day

when George went to Richmond to tell the Colonel of his success, and consult with him about what steps he should next take, Lord Earlsfield had requested an interview with Mary in his library. She had gone with a presentiment of what was coming—she had been expecting such a summons for some time; and now when the fatal moment had arrived, George Colpoys, the only one on earth from whom she could expect sympathy or support, was absent. In the dread of the coming interview, she had found her heart go out to him as it had never done before. Why, oh why, was he not there to save her? She would have run away with him to the uttermost parts of the earth rather than face Lord Earlsfield at that moment. Could she be bold? Could she dare to be frank with him and tell him that the marriage he had set his heart upon could not be? It was not, however, easy to be frank with Lord Earlsfield, and opposition had little effect upon him once his mind was made up. And so Mary entered the library, feeling that to all the rest of her misery the humiliation of having to play a part that was more or less double and hypocritical would have to be added. Lord Earlsfield was all grave kindness and benevolence.

"You remember, of course, the talk we had about your future, my dearest Mary," he said, in his most fatherly tones, "and what I said about my wish that you and Harold should marry. Well, since I have seen you both together, I am more than ever convinced of the excellence of the arrangement. I have never seen two young people more naturally made to make each other happy. Harold's aversion to anything like public life exactly corresponds with your domestic tastes"—poor Mary! what other tastes had she ever had the opportunity of cultivating?—"and—and the family ties which already bind you together will lay a solid foundation for lasting happiness. You know how I have set my heart on this; and if I thought that I were to leave you as Lady Earlsfield after me, I could die happy and easy in my mind about Harold's future," he concluded, with a sad smile that touched the girl to the quick.

"But, Lord Earlsfield," she faltered, when he had paused a minute, as if expecting a reply, "Harold has never said anything to me. Indeed, indeed I have no reason to suppose that he has thought of me at all."

"Oh," said Lord Earlsfield, with a forced show of indifference, "young men of Harold's age rarely allow themselves to think of such a serious step as marriage until they have the way made clear for them. He knows nothing as yet of my views, and very probably thinks that I would oppose him settling so soon. So I would have done if he had had his way to make in public life; but since that is not to be"—with a deep sigh—"I shall take care that he understands that I shall throw no obstacles in the way of his happiness. I shall make a point of telling him so at once."

"But, Lord Earlsfield," gasped poor Mary in desperation, "I don't think Harold ever will—ever could care for me; and I—I don't think I could love him."

"Love, Mary," said Lord Earlsfield, shaking his head with an air of judicial sadness, "is a dream that has worked more misery than all the other illusions of life put together. It begins with creating an ideal, then worshipping it, and ends with sitting down to weep among its shattered ruins. It is

the most unsound foundation that life can be laid upon. You credit your lover with all the virtues and graces that belong only to a superior order of beings, and as familiarity betrays that you have been deceived in each and every one of them, what then remains to you? You may love on perhaps, but it is not with the feeling that you young girls know and speak of as love. It is with a feeling that is born of respect, that is cemented and strengthened by social ties, by identity of interests, by unity of life. This is the real love that brings happiness, and not that love which is simply the desire for a pleasing and fascinating object, and for the imaginary gratification which its possession would bring. I am an old man, Mary, and know the world, and would have your happiness fixed upon a much securer basis."

And as he delivered this little speech, which he had carefully thought over beforehand, Lord Earlsfield beamed down upon her with the affectionate dignity of a moral philosopher; but Mary still shook her head.

"I could not marry any one that I did not love; and—and," she added, in desperation for an excuse, "Harold has never asked me."

"He will do so, depend upon it, and that soon, and what I want you to promise me is that you will not say no."

"I cannot promise that, Lord Earlsfield."

"No!" in tones of grave disappointment. "Well, promise me, at least, that you will not make up your mind over-hastily. You know I would do nothing to force your judgment, but you know also how much my heart is set upon this. I have loved you like a father, Mary, and ever since your own dear father left you to my charge I have tried in my way to act as one. To have both my children united would be the crowning joy of my life."

"I do not wish to be ungrateful, said Mary in tears; "believe me, Lord Earlsfield, I wish I could do it, but——"

"But you will think over it," he interrupted; "take time and don't do anything rash. Harold will plead his own cause better than I can for him. And, Mary, if I were you I would be careful not to give George any encouragement by preferring his society to that of, say, Harold. George has always been weak—wretchedly weak—and disposed to amuse his idleness by flirtation. He has now been involved in a good many love-affairs, and I have had much trouble with him. A young girl like you could get no good from him, and it is only right you should be warned. You will think over what I have been saying to you," he concluded, with a persuasive smile, as he opened the door for her.

Mary went straight to her room, and threw herself upon her bed in a state of the deepest dejection. The end seemed to be drawing near, and every prospect of escape closing against her. She had been so accustomed to see Lord Earlsfield's will have the force of law, that she could scarcely realise herself or any one else venturing to dispute it. She had no doubt that Harold would be made by his father to propose to her, and that though she rejected his offer, and told him truly that she could not love him, Lord Earlsfield would bring them both up to the altar. They were but pawns on his chessboard, and he could move them where he pleased. And even if Mary could summon up the desperate courage to rebel, how could

she meet the claim which Lord Earlsfield would certainly put forth on the ground of gratitude? This was the weak part of her defence, and the one that she most feared having to capitulate upon. Lord Earlsfield had done a father's duty to her, and had a right to claim her obedience; but what a price was he asking for his guardian care! She had come across one day in the library an old print of a maniac, to whom his beautiful wife and sweet child were clinging in vain attempts to win his recognition; and the picture with the mournful legend underneath it—

> "Forgotten quite
> All former scenes of dear delight,
> Connubial love, parental joy—
> No sympathy like these his soul employ;
> But all is dark within,"—

had seemed to her to too clearly predict her future, and now haunted her thoughts like a waking nightmare. Oh for some escape from fate! Why could she not fly to a convent, to a desert—anywhere? Even death itself was preferable to such a future.

A tap came to the door, which was presently opened by her maid with two or three letters. The first that caught her eye was one from George Colpoys, and tearing it open, she read of the success of his mission to London, of the prospect opened up to them, and of the necessity for their speedy and secret marriage. The last, which would have been the most unpalatable of the member's proposals under ordinary circumstances, was now the one to which she clung with most tenacity. To get away from Earlscourt—and at once — was to her as salvation, and she kissed the letter as its harbinger. She looked at the engagement ring on her finger, and kissed that also.

"Dear George," she murmured, "he is sacrificing much for me, and I will be a good wife to him if I can. And I shall love him—I do love him"—and again the letter was kissed, this time with a rapture that would have elevated George Colpoys — at that instant discussing with the Colonel, over a cigar and brandy-and-soda, the various more or less reputable ways of effecting matrimony — into the seventh heaven of delight if he could have only seen her.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—BREAKING GROUND.

Lord Earlsfield had made many attempts to get Harold to show an interest in the property and position which he was one day to inherit, but hitherto his efforts had met with but indifferent success. The young man listened to his father with a languid interest when the senior talked of farm-letting, of rents, of the curse of repairs, of never allowing tenants to fall into arrears, of the management of coal-mines and the difficulties of dealing with miners, of the troubles from the town property, and the unnatural disposition which the citizens of Earlsport showed to rebel against the benevolent rule of the Earlsfield family. Harold heard him patiently, but, as Lord Earlsfield could see, without any particular interest in the subject; and if he made a remark or asked a question, it seemed to his father to proceed more from a desire for general information than from the particular interest which he might have been naturally expected to show for matters that would closely

concern himself. Lord Earlsfield had gone the length of suggesting that Harold should take Mr Douce, the estate steward, for a tutor, and learn from him the mystery of accounts and the details of the Earlsfield property; but though Harold had not ventured upon an absolute refusal, he had raised so many objections, and had evinced such distaste for the proposal, that his father had been content to drop the subject for a time.

But it was not Lord Earlsfield's habit to give up an idea that he had once seriously formed. He was now beginning to be anxious that his son's future should be settled—that he should marry Miss Donne and take an interest, under Lord Earlsfield's control, in the management of the property. Lord Earlsfield had all the details arranged in his own mind. He even had in his drawer the estimates of the work which would be required to transform the west wing of the Court into suitable suites of rooms for the married couple. There had been an element of reluctance on Mary's part on which he had not calculated, and which rather disappointed him, but which was certainly not going to turn him from his purpose. And Harold had not, as he had fondly imagined, fallen in love with Mary Donne when they found themselves thrown together, the sole young inmates of the house. Lord Earlsfield was rather surprised at this, for he had looked upon the event as a certainty occurring from a law of nature. But if natural law failed in its duty, Lord Earlsfield was quite prepared to do his. He troubled himself little about Harold's evident admiration of Miss Sparshott—the worst that could come of that would be an entanglement; but even that Lord Earlsfield was anxious to have avoided. As for George's flirtations with Mary Donne, he troubled himself little: he held the member in the hollow of his hand, and could knead him into whatever form he pleased.

It was not, however, without much reflection and a careful arrangement of all the arguments that might have to be brought to bear upon his son, that he ventured to approach the subject of marriage to Harold. The two were in the library, whither Lord Earlsfield had carried his son to see the plans of some new machinery which had been proposed for one of the Earlsfield coal-pits. For once Harold was interested. He carefully examined the plans, made calculations, took a pencil and paper and made a sketch showing his father how by a very simple alteration the machine could be made to work with more power and less expenditure of force; and Lord Earlsfield with delight had promised at once that his idea should be carried out, and that they should go together to see the machinery tried.

"You see what a help you could be to me," said Lord Earlsfield, laying his hands upon Harold's shoulder. "I am getting an old man now, and the weight of business will soon get irksome to me; but I shall have you to rely upon to take my place, when you have applied yourself a little more closely to the mastery of details."

"I am sure I would be very glad to do anything to help you, sir," returned his son, "but I am afraid I have very little head for management. I never could understand accounts, and my tastes have never been inclined to money-making."

"Wait till you have to do with money-spending, my boy," said Lord Earlsfield, pleasantly. "You have always as yet had whatever

you required, and have never had to consider where it came from, and how it was got; but when you become chancellor of the exchequer, and have to study both sides of the budget, and how to make the revenue balance with the expenditure, you will have to take an interest in the matter, *nolens volens*."

Harold sighed. "Well, at all events I hope it will be long before such a burden falls upon me."

"Well, I hope so too," said his father, also with a sigh; "but, as I said, I am getting old, and I think I could die cheerfully if I saw you happily married and settled, and able to fill my place."

Harold coloured violently and became very agitated. "Did you say married, sir?" he said after a little pause; "do you really think that I might marry?"

"Think you might marry!" re-echoed his father; "why, of course you might marry—must marry, in fact. What is to become of the title if you don't? George would ruin the Earlsfield estates in twelve months' time."

"I have thought of marriage," answered Harold with a flushed face, and speaking very deliberately. "I have very often thought of it, and doubted whether I ever ought to marry."

"Why, what could have put such an idea into your head?" cried Lord Earlsfield, with great appearance of heartiness, but with a sinking feeling at heart.

"Why, sir, you know well that I am not—that I have not been as other people are."

"My dear, dear Harold," said his father, taking him in his arms, "do not let such thoughts distress you. You must not brood over past temporary ailments. That is all gone now, and never was anything to speak of. Mere delicacy of constitution—nothing more—nothing congenital. I have the best medical authority for saying so. You are over all that now, and there is not the remotest chance of your again suffering in the same way."

"I wish I could think so, sir," replied Harold; "but I thought my mother's family——"

"Not a word of truth in it," interrupted Lord Earlsfield promptly. He felt that he had himself forsaken the paths of truth, and was resolved to make the most of his transgression. "Not a word of truth in it. The Beechboroughs were all eccentric—prided themselves on being so. But there never was a clearer-headed or a stronger-minded woman than your poor dear mother."

"I have often thought that if there really was anything constitutionally wrong with me," said Harold, sadly, "it would be a great crime of me to think of marriage,—to run the risk of making a woman's life unhappy,—to be the father perhaps of lunatics or imbeciles."

"My dear boy," cried Lord Earlsfield, "pray dismiss all such morbid nonsense from your mind. Do you think if there were the possibility of such a risk, I would speak to you as I am doing? Of course I have carefully satisfied myself upon the point—have consulted the best authorities—and I assure you that there is no earthly reason why you should not be married to-morrow if the lady were only selected."

"There need be no such hurry," said Harold, with a brightening face; "but it is very kind of you, father, to have spoken to me as you have done. You have taken a load off my mind, for one does not like not to be as other people."

"Well, then," said his father,

"you must look about you. Now, if I were a young man again, there is no one I would be so much tempted to fall in love with as Miss Donne. A charming girl, and as good as she is beautiful. And highly intellectual too. She has been shut up here ever since she left school, but if she were to go into society, she would have a score of offers in a week. Now, if you could find me a daughter-in-law like Mary Donne, my consent would not be difficult to gain."

"I must think over my newly found freedom in the abstract, before realising it by an application in the concrete," replied Harold, lightly.

"Well, you will find few like Mary Donne wherever you look," persisted his father.

"I know that, sir,—she is as good as you have said she is," said Harold, somewhat evasively.

"Well, then, go and see if you can find her, and exercise your fascinations on her, and leave me to these accounts which you despise," concluded Lord Earlsfield in hearty good-humour, "and let me hear no more of morbid and absurd fancies." And Harold gladly beat a retreat.

Left to himself, Lord Earlsfield relapsed from the appearance of light-heartedness which he had assumed when he was talking to his son. "A woman's life unhappy," and "the father of lunatics or imbeciles," sounded in his ears with an accusing echo. What if these words should come true? Harold had said it would be a crime. If so, the crime would rest on his shoulders; for though he fondly hoped that Harold's malady would give him immunity in the future, all the weight of the medical evidence, which he had carefully consulted, was against such a supposition. He had deceived his son, and the guilt of any possible disaster lay at his door. And Mary Donne, was he criminally sacrificing her life and happiness? For a moment Lord Earlsfield felt horror-struck at the possible disasters which crowded upon his imagination, and he felt disposed to abandon his plans to the wind. He kept a conscience, but it was a well-disciplined one, and his conduct had been shaped so much by form and rule that it was rarely necessary to have recourse to its arbitrament. For a moment he wavered, but then there arose a vision of his son, mad and uncared for, immured perhaps in a lunatic asylum; George, and perhaps his brother James, revelling in Earlscourt with all sorts of disreputable and disorderly companions; the estates wasted; the name of Earlsfield dragged through the dirt. And then he thought of Mary Donne as the one good angel who could prevent such a catastrophe; who could tend with devotedness her helpless husband; who could maintain order and preserve their honour; and this last vision settled his resolution. With a pale and drawn face, as if of one suffering from severe pain, Lord Earlsfield sat down to his table, and began to busy himself with work.

SHUDDERMAN SOLDIER.

Beyond the Beannan is the Bog of the Fairy Maid, and a stone-put further is the knoll where Shudderman Soldier died in the snow. He was a half-wit who was wise enough in one thing, for he knew the heart of a maid. It happened in the poor year, when the glen gathered its corn in boats, and the potato-shaws were black when they burst the ground, and the catechist's horse came home by Dhu-loch side to a widow that reckoned on no empty saddle. And this is the story.

"Ho, ho, *suas e!*"[1] said the nor' wind, and the snow, and the black frost, as they galloped down Glen-ara like a leash of strong dogs. It was there was the pretty business! The Salachary hills lost their sink and swell in the great drifts that swirled on them in the night; the dumb white swathes made a cold harvest on the flats of Kilmune; the frost gripped tight at the throats of the burns, and turned the Salmon-leap to a stack of silver lances. A cold world it was, sure enough, at the mouth of day. The bloodshot sun looked over Ben Ime for a moment, and that was the last of him. The sheep lay in the shoulder of the hill with the drift many a crook's-length above them, and the cock-of-the-mountain and the white grouse, driven on the blast, met death with a blind shock against the edge of the larch wood.

Up from Lochow, where Kames looks over to Cruachan, and Cruachan cocks his grey cap against Lorn, a foolish lad came that day for a tryst that was made by a wanton maid unthinking. Half-way over the hill he slipped on the edge of a drift, and a sore wound in the side he got against a splinter of the blue stone of the Quey's Rock; but he pushed on, with the blood oozing through his cut vest. Yet, in spite of himself, he slept beyond the Bog of the Fairy Maid. *Mo-thruaigh, mo-thruaigh!*[2] The Fairy Maid came and covered him up close and warm with a white blanket that needs no posting, and sung the soft tune a man hears but once, and kissed him on the beard as he slept in the drift—and his name had been Ellar Ban.

Round by the king's good high-road came Solomon the carrier with his cart, and many a time he thought of turning between Carnis and Kilmune. But he was of the stuff of Clan Coll, and his mare was Proud Maisie. He had a boll of meal from Portinisherrich, from the son of a widow woman who was hungry in Inneraora and waiting for that same.

"No Ellar here yet!" he said at Kilmune when he asked, and they told him. "Then there's a story to tell, for if he's not here, he's not at Kames, and his grave's on the grey mountain."

Later came Luath, the collie of Ellar, slinking through the snow wet and weary, and without wind enough for barking. 'Twas as good as the man's ghost.

The shepherds came in from the fanks, and over from the curling at Curlunnan, to go on a search.

Long Duncan of Drimfern, the slim swarthy champion, was there before them. He was a pretty man—the like never tied a shoe in

[1] Up with it!—a cry of encouragement.

[2] Alas, alas!

Glenara—and he was the real one who had Mairi's eye, which the dead fellow thought had the laugh only for him. But Lord! a young man with a ten-hundred-sheep hill, and acres of arable land, and a good name with the shinty and the *clach-neart*,[1] has other things to think of than the whims of women, and Donacha never noticed.

"We'll go up and see about it—about him at once, Mairi," he said, sick-sorry for the girl. All the rest stood round pitying, because her kists were said to be full of her own spinning for the day that was not to be.

Mairi took him to the other side of the peat-stack, and spoke with a red face.

"Is it any use your going till the snow's off the hill, Drimfern?" she said, biting at the corner of her brattie, and not looking the man in the face.

"*Dia gleidh sinn!*[2] it's who knows when the white'll be off the snouts of these hills, and we can't wait till—— I thought it would ease your mind." And Donacha looked at the maid stupid enough. For a woman with her heart on the hill, cold, she was mighty queer on it.

"Yes, yes; but it's dangerous for you to go up, and the showers so heavy yet. It's not twenty finger-lengths you can see in front of you, and you might go into the bog."

"Is't the bog I would be thinking of, Mairi Macarthur? It's little fear there is of that, for here is the man that has been on Salachary when the mist was like smoke, as well as when the spittle froze in my mouth. Oh, I'm not the one to talk; but where's the other like me?"

Mairi choked. "But, Dona—but, Drimfern, it's dead Ellar must be; and—and—you have a widow mother to support."

Donacha looked blank at the maid. By the dirk of Diarmid, she had the sweet face, yon curve of the lip, and the soft turn of the neck of all Arthur's children, ripe of the cheek, with tossed hair like a *gruagach*[3] of the lake, and the quirk of the eye that never left a plain man at ease if he was under the threescore. There were knives out in the glen for many a worse one.

It was the lea of the peat-stack they stood in, and the falling flakes left for a while without a shroud a drop of crimson at the maid's feet. She was gripping fierce at her left wrist under the cover of her apron, till the nails cut the flesh. There was the stress of a dumb bard's sorrow in her face: her heart was in her eyes, if there had been a woman to see it; but Drimfern missed it, for he had no mind of the dance at the last Old New Year, or the ploy at the sheep-dipping, or the nuts they cracked on the hot peats at Hallowe'en.

The girl saw he was bound to go. He was as restless as if the snow was a swarm of *sheangans*.[4] She had not two drops of blood in her lips, but she tried to laugh as she took something out from a pocket and half held it out to him. He did not understand at first, for if he was smart on the *caman*[5] ball, 'twas slow in the ways of women he was.

"It's daft I am. I don't know what it is, Donacha, but I had a dream that wasn't canny last night, and I'm afraid, I'm afraid," said the poor girl. "I was going to give you——"

---

[1] The putting-stone. [2] God keep us! [3] A mermaid.
[4] Ants. [5] Shinty.

Drimfern could not get the meaning of the laugh, strained as it was. He thought the maid's reason was wandering.

She had whatever it was — a square piece of cloth of a woman's sewing—into the man's hand before he knew what she would be after; and when his fingers closed on it, she would have given a king's gold to get it back. But the Tullich lads, and the Paymaster's shepherd from Lecknamban, with Dol Splendid and Francie Ro, in their plaids and with their crooks, came round the gable-end. Luath, who knew Glenara as well as he knew Creag Cranda, was with them, and away they went for the hill. All that Donacha the blind one said, as he put the sewing in his pocket to look at again, was, "Blessing with thee!" for all the world like a man for the fair.

Still the nor' wind, and the snow, and the dark frost said "*suas e!*" running down the glen like the strong dogs on the peching deer; and the men were not a hundred yards away from the potato-pit when they were ghosts that went out altogether, without a sound, like Drimendorran's Grey Dame in the Red Forester's *bochdan* story.[1]

A white face on a plump neck stood the sting of the storm dourly, though the good wife said it would kill her out there, and the father cried, "Shame" on her sorrow, and her a maiden. "Where's the decency of you?" says he, fierce-like; "if it was a widow you were this day, you couldn't show your heart more." And into the house he went and supped two cogies of brose, and swore at the *sgalag*[2] for noticing that his cheeks were wet.

When the searchers would be high on the hill, Shudderman came on the maid. He was a wizened daft old one, always in a tinker Fencible's tartan trews and scarlet doublet. He would pucker his bare brown face like a foreign Italian, and whistle continually. The whistle was on his face when he came on the girl standing behind the byre, looking up with a corpse's whiteness where the Beannan should be.

"Te-he! Lord! but we're cunning," said the Soldier. "It's a pity about Ellar, is it not, white darling?" said he.

Mairi saw nothing, but swallowed a sob. Was this thing to know her secret, when the wise old women of the valley never guessed it? There was something that troubled her in his look.

The wee creature put his shoulder against the peats, and shoved each hand up the other sleeve of his doublet, while he whistled soft and cunningly looked at the maid. The cords of her neck were working, and her breast heaved sore, but she kept her teeth tight together.

"Ay, ay, it's an awful thing, and him so fond too," he went on; and he snickered till his face was nothing but a handful of wrinkles and peat-smoke. It was a bigger ploy for the fool than a good dinner.

"What — who — who are you talking about, you poor *amadain?*"[3] cried Mairi, desperately.

"Och, it's yourself that'll know. They're saying over at Tullich and up bye at Miss Jean's, Accurach, that it's a bonny pair you would make, you and Ellar. Yonnat Yalla says he was the first Lochow man ever she saw that would go a mile out of his way for a lass, and I saw him once come the round-

[1] A ghost story. [2] A herd boy. [3] Fool.

about road by Cladich, because it was too easy to meet you coming the short cut over the hill. Oh! there's no doubt he was fond, fond, and——"

"*Amadain!*" cried the maid, with no canny light in her eyes.

"Hoots! You're not angry with me, darling. I ken, I ken. Of course Drimfern's the swanky lad too, but it's not very safe this night on yon same hill. There's the Bog of the Fairy Maid that never was frozen yet, and there's the Quey's Rock, and — te-he! I wouldn't give much for some of them not coming back any more than poor Ellar. It's namely that Drimfern got the bad eye from the Glenorchy Woman come Martinmas next, because of his taking up with her cousin-german's girl, Morag Callum."

"Yon *spàgach*[1] doll, indeed!"

"God, I do not know about that! but they're telling me he had her up at all the reels at Baldy Geepie's wedding, whatever, and it's a Maclean tartan frock she got for the Sacrament; I saw it with my own eyes."

"Lies, lies, lies," whispered the girl to herself, her lips dry, her hands and feet restless to do some crazy thing to kill the pain in her heart.

She was a little helpless bird in the hands of the silly one.

He was bursting himself inside with laughing, that couldn't be seen for the snow and the cracks on his face.

"But it's not marriages nor tartan you'll be thinking on, Mairi, with your own lad up there stiff. Let Morag have Drimfern——"

"You and your Morag! Shudderman, if it was not the crazy one you were, you would see that a man like Donacha Drimfern would have no dealings with the breed of Macallum, tinker children of the sixty fools."

"Fools here or fools there, look at them in the castle at Duntroon! And Drimfern is——"

"Drimfern again! Who's thinking of Drimfern, the mother's big pet, the soft, soft creature, the poor thing that's daft about the shinty and the games — and — and—— Go in bye, haverer, and —— Oh, my heart, my heart!"

"Cripple Callum," whistled the daft wee one; and faith it was the great sport he was having! The snap went out of the lass's eyes; she stamped furiously in the snow, as if she would warm her feet. She could have gone into the house, but the Shudderman would follow, and the devil was in him, and she might just as well tell her story at the cross-roads as risk. So she stayed.

"Come in this minute, oh foolish one!" her mother came to the door and craved, but no.

The wee *bodach*[2] took a wee pipe from his big poke and started at the smoking. When his match went out the dark was almost flat on the glen, and a night-hag complained with a wean's cry in the planting beyond the burn. At each draw of the pipe the wicked eyes of the Soldier gleamed like a ferret's, and like any ferret's they were watching. He put in a word between-while that stabbed the poor thing's heart, about the shame of love in maids uncourted, and the cruelty of maids that cast love-looks for mere mischief. There were some old havers about himself here and there among the words: of a woman who changed her mind and went to another man's bed and board; of sport up the glen and

[1] With awkward, unshapely feet.

[2] An old man.

burials beyond; and Ellar Ban's widow mother, and the carry-on of Drimfern and the Glenorchy Woman's cousin-german's girl. And it was all ravelled, like the old story Loch Finne comes up on the shore to tell when the moon's on Shian Sluidh.

The girl was sobbing sore. "Man!" she said at last, "give me the peace of a night till we know what is." The *amadan* laughed at her, and went shauchling down to the cotter's, and Mairi went in out of the darkness.

The hours passed and passed, and the same leash of strong dogs were scouring like fury down Glenara, and the moon looked a little through a hole, and was sickly at the sight, and went bye in a hurry. A collie's bark in the night came to the house where the people waited round the peats, and "Oh my heart!" said poor Mairi.

The father took the tin lantern with the holes in it, and they all went out to the house-end. The lantern light stuck long needles in the night as it swung on the goodman's finger, and the byre and the shed and the peat-stack danced into the world and out of it, and the clouds were only an arm's-length overhead.

The men were coming down the brae in the smother of snow, carrying something in a plaid. The dog was done with its barking, and there was no more sound from the coming ones than if they were ghosts. Like enough to ghosts they looked. No one said a word till the goodman spoke.

"You have him there," he said.

"Ay, *beannachd leis*![1] all that there is of him," said the Paymaster's man; and they took it but an' ben, where Mairi's mother had the white dambrod cloth she had meant for herself, when her own time came, on the table.

"It's poor Ellar, indeed," said the goodman, noticing the fair beard.

"Where's Donacha? where's Drimfern?" cried Mairi, who had pulled herself together and come in from the byre-end, where she had waited to see if there was none of the watchers behind.

The Paymaster's man was leaning against the press-door with a face like the clay; Dol Splendid was putting a story in the *sgalag's* ear; the Tullich men were very busy on it taking the snow off their boots. Outside the wind had the sorry song of the hoolet.

"Me-the-day! it's the story of this there is to tell," at last said Francie Ro, with a shake of the head. "Poor Drimfern——"

"Drimfern—ay, where's Drimfern in all the world?" said the goodman, with a start. He was standing before his girl to keep her from seeing the thing on the table till the wife had the boots covered. It was the gathered face of a *cailleach*[2] of threescore Mairi had.

"It's God knows! We were taking Ellar there down, spell about resting. It was a cruel business, for the drifts. There's blood on his side where he fell somewhere, and Drimfern had to put a clout on it to keep the blood off his plaid. That's Drimfern's plaid. When Donacha's second spell was over up at the bog, we couldn't get a bit of him. He's as lost as the deer the Duke shot, and we looked and whistled for hours."

The maid gave a wee turn to the door, shivered, and fell like a clod at her mother's feet.

---

[1] Peace be with him!

[2] Old woman.

"Look at yon, now! Am not I the poor father altogether?" said the old man with a soft lip to his friends. "Who would think, and her so healthy, and not married to Ellar, that she would be so much put about? You'll excuse it in her, lads, I know, for she's not twenty till the dipping-time, and the mother maybe spoiled her."

"Och, well," said the Splendid one, twisting his bonnet uneasy in his hands, "I've seen them daft enough over a living lad, and it's no great wonder when this one's dead."

They took the maid beyond to the big room bye the kitchen, and a good mother's redding put her to rights. A search in the morning for Drimfern was set by the men. They had a glass before going home, and when they were gone the *bochdans* came in the deep hollow of the night, and rattled the windows and shook the door-sneck; but what cared yon long white thing on the goodwife's dambrod tablecloth?

At the mouth of day there was one woman with a gnawing breast looking about the glen-foot among the snow for the Shudderman Soldier. She found him snedding the shaft of a shinny stick at the Stronmagachan Gate, and whistling as if it was six weeks south of Whitsunday, and the woods piping in the heat.

"I ken all about it, my white little lamb," he said, extraordinary soft. "All about them finding Ellar, and losing a better man, maybe, but anyway one that some will miss more."

"God's heavy, heavy on a woman!" said the poor child. "I gave Donacha a sampler with something sewn on it yesterday, and the men, when they go up the hill to look for him to-day, will get it on him—and—it would——"

"Ay, ay, ay! I ken, my *caileag*.[1] We'll put that right, or I'm no soldier." And the little man cocked his bonnet on his head like a piper. Then he was sorry for the pride of it, and he pulled it down on his face, and whistled to stop his nose from jagging.

"My heart! my bruised heart! they're saying sorry things of Ellar, and Donacha dead. The cotter's wife was talking this morning, and it'll send me daft!"

"Blind, blind," quo' the Soldier; "but you'll not be shamed, if the *amadan* can help it."

"But what can you do, my poor Shudderman? And yet—and yet—there's no one between Carnis and Croitvillé I can speak to of it."

"Go home, white love, and I'll make it right," said the daft one, and faith he looked like meaning it.

"Who knows?" thought the helpless girl. Shudderman was chief enough with the Glenorchy Woman, and the Glenorchy Woman sometimes gave her spells to her friends. So the girl went home half comforted.

A cogie of brose and a bit braxy in his belly, and a farl of cake in his poke, and out stepped the Shudderman with never a word to any one about the end of his journey. Dol Splendid had told him the story of the night before, and whereabout Drimfern was lost, close beyond the Beannan. He would find the body and the sampler, he promised himself as he plunged up the brae at Blarvhor. The dogs were nearly as furious as the night before, and the day's eye

[1] Girl.

was blear. Hours passed, and the flats of Kilmune were far below.

There was nothing in all the world but whiteness, and a silly old *bodach* with a red coat trailing across it. Shudderman Soldier sank his head between his shoulders as he pushed himself up with his hazel crook, his tartan trews in rags about his ankles, his doublet letting in the teeth of the wind here and there, and at the best grudging sore its too tight shelter for his shrunk body. He had not the wind to whistle, but he gasped bits of "Faill-il-o" and the Psalms, and between he swore terribly at the white hares that jerked across in front of him with the ill-luck of a lifetime on their backs.

If it was the earth that was white, the sky was not far behind it; if they were paper, it would take schooling to write on them straight, for there wasn't a line between them. The long sweep of Balantyre itself was lost, and the Beannan stone was buried. The creature's brogues were clods of snow, ugly, big, without a shape; his feet were lumps of ice; his knees shook under his frail skinful of bones; but, by the black stones, 'twas the man's heart he had!

When the snow made a paste on his win'ard cheek, he had it off with a jerk of the head, and one of the jerks put off his bonnet. Its frozen ribbons had been whipping his eyes, and he left it where it fell, with never a glance over his shoulder. His hair clogged with flakes that kept the frost even after they fell. It was a peching effort for the foot of the Beannan brae.

"Poor lamb, poor Mairi, calf of my heart, *mo leannan!*"[1] gasped the Soldier to himself. He was staggering half blind through the smourach of snow, now and then with a leg failing below him, and plunging him right or left. Once his knees shut like a gardener's gully, and he made a crazy huddle in the drift. His tired wrists could hardly bring him up, and the corpse of the world swung in his eyes when he was on his feet again and trying to steady himself.

There's a green knoll beside the Bog of the Fairy Maid, where the wee folks dance reels when the moon's on it, and there the old fellow struggled to. He thought if he was up there he would see some sign of what he wanted. Up he pushed, with the hazel *cromag* bending behind him, and his brogues slipping on the round snow-soles. Up he went, with the pluck of a whole man, let alone a poor silly object; up he went till he got his foot on the top, and then his heart failed, for he saw nothing of what he sought.

"I'll look again when I'm out of this foolish sleep,—I'll see better when I waken," said the poor *amadan;* and behold the dogs were on him! and he was a man who was.

For all that—the *sgeul*[2] tells—Drimfern was no ghost. When he was lost he found Kames where the Callum girl was that came to his fire-end later and suckled his clan. And Ellar's mother, dressing her son's corpse in the house at Kilmune, found on his wound a sampler that went with him to his long home in green Inishael. Its letters, sewn in the folly of a woman, told her story:—

"Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth; for thy love is better than wine."—Song of Solomon i. 2.

NEIL MUNRO.

[1] My love.

[2] Tale or tradition.

A NIGHT-LONG STRIFE WITH A SALMON AND A WIFE.

I INHABITED an ancient northern fortress, but during an annual southern peregrination, which generally took place about Derby time, fell in love with a magnificent Kentish beauty. She had large, soft, brown eyes, though they could flash at times, and hair of the same colour but tipped with gold; and standing nearly five feet seven, her beauty, stately deportment, and *contour* of figure were enough to turn the brain of any man. In six months we were married, and after the usual visitation of those places across the Channel most favoured by honeymoon couples, the journey concluded with a peep at the Canterbury week on the way home; and so at length my lovely bride was abstracted from the land of hops and safely immured in the aforesaid northern stronghold.

It was not long before I perceived that our interpretations of the word "sport" were widely different. The wife's idea of pleasurable excitement in this world consisted of a constant succession of balls, private theatricals, the dissipations of the Canterbury week, tennis-parties, and so on; whereas my hopes and even dreams of enjoyment were centred in hunting and killing something scientifically with the utmost labour and forethought—in other words, in pitting my brains and bodily powers against the wiles and instincts of animal creation, whether represented by fish, foxes, fur, feathers, or rats: for I would rather hunt the latter any day than face a tea-fight or a tennis-party.

Now our residence stood on the banks of a roaring rocky salmon-river, very difficult to fish, and also very uncertain; for which reasons it is as sporting a river as an angler could desire, and is indeed a river of surprises, for sooner or later a good persevering fisherman is sure of his reward therein. Among the neighbours, both male and female, the first and foremost conversation invariably consisted of the latest fishing news, whether they met in the train, at balls, dinner-parties, or any social function, and even as soon as they reassembled outside the village church after service. Ladies especially would talk of nothing else at afternoon tea, till they had argued and settled among themselves whose husband or brother had killed the most salmon since their last meeting. Vainly did I try to imbue my pretty wife with an adequate sense of the solemn importance of salmon-fishing, but it was a thankless task. "Oh, those fish! always fish, fish, fish, nothing but fish! do, for goodness' sake, try to talk about something sensible," she would say, and perhaps not in the sweetest tone; so I gave up the attempt at last and suppressed the river report in the evening after fishing. Naturally I was careful not to acknowledge that at a pinch I could play lawn-tennis, for in such a case I might have been often kept from the river when it was in prime order,—a matter which was beyond the fair lady's comprehension; for to her the river was always the river whether in flood or not, her persuasion being that fishing should be carried on within fixed hours and under any conditions, and salmon "pulled out" by the barrack-clock, so to speak.

On one occasion I got out of an awkward scrape by the following

device. Just before leaving the river a 13-pounder took a small trout-fly, and after an obstinate fight I arrived an hour and a half late for dinner—but, fortunately, with the fish; for what would have been my reception without it I dread to think of. Instead of dodging round to the back premises, taking the waders off, and retreating with all speed to my dressing-room, as was my usual custom when a wee bit late, I marched boldly up to the front door with the fish, where her ladyship was awaiting me on the threshold with flaming eyes, and the corners of her otherwise pretty mouth drawn down—ominous signs, which I knew only too well. "Look here, darling!" I exclaimed, with a jubilant countenance and a quaking heart; "I have been trying for long to catch a good fish for your mother, and here at last is the very thing, such a beauty, and there is plenty of time to send it by the evening train." Her countenance immediately cleared, and peace and a nice little *tête-à-tête* dinner followed; so I won that time: but it was a close shave, and mutely in a bumper of '51 port I (*mirabile dictu!*) pledged my mother-in-law.

The following conversation is an example of my wife's hopeless ignorance of salmon-fishing. One afternoon whilst I was out several neighbouring ladies chanced to call, and as usual over their tea opened fire with the usual query as to my sport on the river.

"Oh yes," said her ladyship, in an abstracted manner, "my husband caught a salmon yesterday."

"What size was it?" inquired one of the fair visitors.

"Eleven *feet* long," was the reply.

There was, of course, much tittering at this.

"Then it must have been eleven *inches* long," was the amended answer.

Increased merriment ensued.

"Well," said my wife, desperately, "I know it was eleven *something*; perhaps it was eleven pounds."

Needless to say the story lost nothing by repetition, and for long was a standing joke in the county. Many and smart were the sly allusions made to this salmon of wonderful proportions, and though I could afford to laugh at any chaff aimed at myself, jokes at my wife's expense hurt me considerably in more ways than one, for she consequently held salmon-fishing and salmon-anglers (amongst them myself) in greater contempt than ever; a state of affairs which was not conducive to domestic felicity, and actually produced some estrangement between us,—any mention of fishing being sufficient to illuminate the brown eyes which I loved so well with a dangerous fire.

Once more was a scheme planned whereby I hoped to conquer her unreasonable aversion to fishing by endeavouring to excite her sympathies in witnessing a good struggle between man and salmon. No one will deny that women are more emotional than men, and that any manly performance will go more to their hearts (at least those that are worth anything at all) than all the drawing-room blandishments put together.

During the first week in September there was a magnificent run of fish, and feeling as certain of sport as an angler ever can be, both water and weather being propitious, I coaxed my wife to accompany me with her book to an easily accessible stream where operations would be commenced. She had not turned over many leaves of the latest arrival from Mudie's before

a triumphant yell called her attention to the fact that I was fast in a thumping 20-pounder, and a wild fish he was. The reel screamed and the line whistled against the strong current as the furious salmon dashed up-stream, and then, with two successive springs clean out of the water, shook himself free, and was gone for evermore! A flush of excitement, followed by a look of intense vexation, swept across the wife's countenance, like varying clouds athwart the sun, as I reeled up, and wading ashore, endeavoured *en route* to explain the catastrophe. But words were wasted. "Why did you not pull it out at once?" she indignantly cried, her unalterable conviction being that salmon should be pitched out on the bank like Thames gudgeon; so after inquiring "if I was going to stay there, and throw the rod in again," she gathered up her skirts and book and relieved me of her majestic presence. Thoroughly disheartened at the failure of my little plot, I fished on almost mechanically, and though a 15-, a 12-pounder, and a grilse were realised by dinner-time, they in no degree counterbalanced the loss in the morning, and the evening meal was sombre in the extreme; for while enjoying our salmon on the table, the manner of their capture was too sore a subject to be touched upon. In this unsatisfactory condition did our relations remain till the close of the season; but spring gives fresh life and hope to all creation, and it was on the 23d of February that I was destined to achieve a decisive victory over both wife and salmon.

The winter had been exceptionally mild, and the river well flushed with rain-water from November to February; prospects for the coming season were therefore good. On the afternoon of the day referred to, the water being heavy but clear, I thought I might as well get my back, arms, and 18-foot greenheart into trim by landing a few kelts; and considering the chance of hooking a clean fish so improbable as scarcely to be worth a thought, the keeper's services were dispensed with, rabbit-trapping still being necessary. Accordingly after lunch, armed *cap-à-pie*, I sallied forth and pulled across the river, for it was from the opposite side that the best spring catches could be most advantageously fished. Soon I was seated on a flat ledge of rock with a little pool of spring-water adjacent wherein to soak the gut, and there with much deliberation and thought put the tackle together, smoking a pipe the while. What a lovely spring day it was! Thrush and blackbird hailed the sun with merry song, and on each attempt their notes became fuller and more perfect as the increasing warmth penetrated the woods behind me. For some reason or other I was happy too—perhaps in sympathy with the birds and opening primroses around, or perhaps because, as Thomas Campbell said, "coming events cast their shadows before;" but my pipe is finished and the ashes knocked out, so a light treble cast is attached to the running line and terminated with a few lengths of single gut and a goodly-sized "Wilkinson." The genial weather caused the fish to be in as lively a humour as the birds, and several kelts were soon landed. The last, a large one, gave me some trouble, for as I was "tailing" him the casting-line caught round a sharp-edged rock, and after the fish had been returned to the river I saw that the single gut was so much frayed that it would be necessary to replace it; but as the water

was at the highest fishing level possible, single gut was not needed, and the fly was therefore knotted to the treble cast. As after events will show, it is fortunate that this alteration in the tackle was made, for on such apparently trifling matters does a man's destiny often depend.

Then I made my way to a stream several hundred yards lower down, and below the pool which was crossed by the boat. The line of march lay through a low-lying, crescent-shaped haugh, covered with rough grass and low bushes, and here and there intersected by rivulets. On the convex side it was bordered by hills on which oak and elm predominated; while on the concave, alders overhung a still pool in which trout were here and there poking their noses up in an inquiring and uncertain manner as if unwilling to believe the evidence of their eyes that flies were actually dropping from the bushes. How often had an otter been bolted from beneath the *débris* of that bush-grown brae! A brace of partridges, an old cock pheasant, and further on a late-staying woodcock rose from among the scrub and rushes as I passed along, while the bunnies scuttled away in all directions; nor was a peep into a well-worked sandy fox-earth omitted, as, lighting another pipe, I reflected how justly had that wood-and-water-encircled field been named Paradise.

At the uttermost horn of this crescent of Paradise was the stream about to be fished, and broad, especially at its head, it required all that a strong man and rod could do to cover its surface and hang the fly after the cast was completed. It was now four o'clock when, in the narrowest and strongest running part of the stream, I hooked a fish. Thinking only of kelts, he was played in a mechanical half-listless manner for about ten minutes, and then, assuming that it was high time the fish was landed, a heavier pressure was applied, with the result that I quickly became aware that instead of getting weaker the fish was becoming stronger every moment. Fortunately just then the keeper was passing up the opposite bank with a back-load of rabbit-traps, and seated himself on a rock to watch the conclusion of the struggle. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, the hitherto quiet fish fairly charged me, pitching his head and shoulders out of the water, so that I had to run up the bank, reeling in desperately at the same time in order to keep the line taut. There was no mistaking that shoulder and head. "Tom," I roared across the river, "he's a clean fish and a 27-pounder!" as, with a violent rush and a nasty whack with his tail against the line, the powerful beast dashed into mid-stream again.

The edge of the pool at the foot of the stream on my side of the river was very deep and overhung with trees, it being impossible to pass along the bank, either wading or ashore, with a rod; and as the fish after each rush dropped farther and farther down the strong water in the centre of the river into the depths of the pool below, I could not get below him. Tom, comprehending the state of affairs, at once made off with all speed, and crossing the river by a ferry-boat some distance off, arrived breathless at my side in half an hour. The fish was then sawing about at a distance of some eighty yards down the pool, and we held a consultation, the result of which was that I turned the point of the rod over under the trees on the bank below me, and endeavoured

to wind up the fish in the eddy. Thrice was this operation repeated, but on each occasion the fish, after coming up quietly some thirty or forty yards, turned his nose into the strong current and tumbled away down-stream once more. Just after the failure of the last attempt, fancying I heard a voice, I looked up and beheld my wife on the opposite bank.

In one hand she held up a watch, the while beckoning to me frantically with the other, and I could distinctly hear the words "Pull it out!" several times repeated. Tom glanced at me with a curious expression, in which humour was prominently visible. After a moment's reflection said I to him, "Go and bring Mrs —— over in the boat;" and presently, being too much occupied with the fish to look round, I heard my wife, as she scrambled over the rocks, ejaculating, "Pull it out! pull it out at once, and come home to dinner; anybody can pull out a stupid fish!" and so on. In another minute she stood beside me. "Look here, dear," I said very quietly, "if you can 'pull it out,' I shall not only be very proud, but delighted to go home to dinner immediately; take the rod." With these words, and mindful that the running gear was all clear, the heaviest greenheart I ever used—I may almost say that any man can use—with the full pressure of a large salmon in a strong current on it, was placed in her hands. Just then the powerful fish made a sudden rush across the river.

"Oh! oh!" she cried, as he gave two violent tugs, "I never knew what it was; take it, dear, quick, quick, or the rod will fall into the water!"

Needless to say, my outstretched hands at once relieved her of the greenheart. After a few moments of silence, only broken by the whir of the reel and a splash of the fish as he turned over on a shallow opposite, "How long will you be, dear, before you land the fish?" inquired a much softened voice.

"It is impossible to say," I replied; "for I can do nothing with him in the growing darkness and without a boat, and so may have to hang on all night."

"Darling," continued the soft voice, "you will want supper, so I will go home and fetch some both for you and the men;" for by this time the whole of the men-servants, to the number of six, had turned up by ones and twos, rightly surmising, from the prolonged absence of the keeper and self, that some unusual adventure had befallen us.

"Darling" and "dear," indeed! and in the most loving tone of her voice I had ever heard. I could scarcely believe my ears; so turning round, our eyes met, and in an instant my heart was beating wildly — a sensation which any male readers of this little tale who have ever passionately loved a beautiful woman will understand and appreciate.

"Thank you a thousand times, pet," I managed to stammer out as she bounded away over the rocks (no reckless angry scrambling this time) with an escort following; and though the fish was dangerously active at the time, it was impossible to resist a peep over the shoulder at the graces of her retreating figure.

Victory was mine over the wife; but the salmon had still to be settled with, for now the happiness which the double conquest would bring was a certainty, but I still feared that should a misfortune occur with the fish, in her

disappointment the wife might again ask "Why I hadn't pulled it out?" a question which I hoped ere morn would be expunged from our marital vocabulary for ever. Therefore every artifice I knew or could think of was applied to the capture of the fish.

In about an hour, as day was fading into night, she returned loaded with an ample and dainty supper, a liberal supply of whisky not being omitted. By this time I was seated on a large rock at the foot of the stream, and there being plenty of room for two, she sat down beside me with her basket. When the fish would permit it, for the reel was almost constantly running either one way or the other, small sandwiches or the flask were slipped into the hand which was at liberty, and the cravings of appetite having been appeased, she absolutely filled and lighted a pipe herself and then placed it between my teeth. That was the sweetest pipe I ever smoked. Two large bonfires, composed of driftwood, were soon blazing, and it was not till near midnight that my wife was persuaded to go home, the fish being then as active as ever, and moving about the pool fully a hundred yards off, so that there was no sign of his giving in, at any rate for some time to come.

The moon, nearly full, was soon well up, and anxious and frequent were the inquiries of the attendant company as they listened to each turn of the reel. "He's comin' in noo"—"Na, man, he's awa' doon again," and similar remarks following the varied conditions of the contest as the stratagem of working the fish up the eddy under the trees was attempted again and again without success. Presently, irritated to the last degree by this process, the salmon dashed with a mighty rush downwards, almost to the limit of the reel, and at the moment that the moon, appearing from behind a cloud, shed a sparkling light on the river, made the water fly with his powerful tail. It was a magnificent sight; but I could not but feel powerless, and sensible that at the time the fish was master of the situation. So the night wore on till, at 2 A.M., a second consultation was held, which resulted in four men being despatched to endeavour to drop the boat down the rapids from the pool above, so that it would be in readiness at my feet pending daybreak; and this operation, under great difficulties, was successfully carried out.

At last we became sensible of that peculiar faintness in the air which precedes the coming day, and two or three herons, scarcely visible, for the moon was now down, flew up the river past us with hoarse cries. Taking a pull at the flask, I felt that the crucial moment had arrived. With the first glimmer of dawn the fish made straight up-stream, to me seemingly as strong as if only just hooked, and the line had to be wound in with the utmost rapidity to keep it taut. On he came without a check till opposite, and then, getting to as close quarters as possible, I gave him the butt unmercifully, and in a very few minutes the gallant fish was to all intents and purposes settled; but though exhausted and showing his broad sides, he once more tumbled down the strong current, and regained the pool.

"Now, Tom, for the boat," said I to the keeper, "and paddle quietly down under the trees till we get below him."

This manœuvre was soon executed, and the now thoroughly beaten fish towed down to a gravel bank some two hundred yards dis-

tant, where he was landed, not having so much as a kick left in him.

A perfectly shaped spring salmon, he weighed 26 lb., and his beauty was enhanced by the prismatic hues on his scales as they shone in the morning sun; for it was now eight o'clock. The most remarkable feature about the fish was the size of his tail, which, measuring 10½ inches from point to point, must have given him much of the extraordinary power he had displayed. A neighbour afterwards said, perhaps a little jealously, that he would rather have broken the tackle and gone home than fought a salmon for sixteen hours. I do not think that, under any circumstances, a true sportsman would have given in; and certainly, when the double value of the capture is considered, no man would have accepted defeat as long as the most slender chance of victory remained.

All chattering together over the events of the night, we marched triumphantly home, the salmon being carefully carried so that no speck of sand or soil should mar his appearance. In half an hour he was deposited on the dewy lawn beneath my wife's windows, and I then gave vent to the loudest "Whoo-whoop" I was capable of. Such a yell was, however, quite unnecessary, for she instantly appeared at the door in the freshest and daintiest of morning costumes; and as she stood gazing on the shapely salmon with sparkling eyes and a flush of pleasure overspreading her face, a more lovely *tableau* than the two formed can scarcely be imagined.

The double conquest was a *fait accompli*, but the struggle had been a hard one, and mutely for some moments did I absorb that never-to-be-forgotten scene, looking alternately from the wife to the fish till my eyes eventually rested on her; for it was evident that the few seconds she had held the mighty salmon and the greenheart had sufficed to sweep away all her prejudices against salmon-fishing at once and for ever, and convince her of the real nature and the difficulties of a severe fight between man and salmon. Admiration had taken the place of contempt, and with intense satisfaction I felt assured that never more need a cold shoulder be dreaded when I chanced to be late for dinner, nor a salmon under any circumstances allowed to interfere with domestic felicity; for the wife would now understand how only a hooked fish could detain me, and sympathy would be mine whether it was landed or not.

"Darling," I at length said, "send us out a tankard apiece of the old ale;" and as she presently handed me a foaming flagon herself, spontaneously a toast sprang to my lips, and looking into her eyes I drank to the Queen of Beauty and the King of Fish.

A FRENCH LESSON.

NEVER, surely, was a sincerer compliment paid to a nation than that which the two military Powers at the opposite sides of Europe unite in paying to the British empire in making its mere destruction a definite object. We are temptingly rich, no doubt, and temptingly vulnerable in all quarters of the world; and if our insular assurance in dispensing with an army at home in a military age, while yet carrying on our business as if all were serene, should excite the envy of heavily burdened nations, there would be little cause for surprise. Let us then accept for what it is worth the flattery which is implied in these neighbourly sentiments, but without omitting to take accurate note of the same, or to make our own arrangements in accordance with the facts revealed. When the Russian and French press incite each other, as they were doing but the other day across the breadth of Europe, to the "glorious" common task of destroying British power, not as an incident in their own aggrandisement, but as an enterprise worthy on its own merits of the enthusiasm of two great Powers, it behoves us to be on our guard. Beyond a doubt these nations mean what they say; and however extravagant their clamours may sound in our dull, cold ears, they are nevertheless a true index of a great volume of public opinion, the surface eruption of hidden fires, which it would be fatuous to ignore.

The primary concern of Great Britain is its foreign markets; labour and capital have a common interest here; and we say so in full recognition of the importance of that internal organisation, by means of which we are able to produce things better and cheaper than our competitors. But just as a man cannot feed his family by counting his pulse or making continuous chemical experiments on his system, so may a nation fail through excessive introspection. The sane and healthy man looks outward, and not inward; nor is it any way different with the body politic.

It is not easy, amid the rattle of our industrial and other machinery, to maintain a clear grasp of the fact that, while the Christian states are rigorously, and with animus, closing their markets against British goods, the hope of our commerce lies in the non-Christian countries which have not yet risen to the level of prohibitive tariffs. Where our customers are, there lie our interests; and where our treasure is our hearts ought to be—whether in Africa or Asia or in the Behring Sea. The preservation and development of those countries with which we trade is as real a British interest as the protection of our own territory. Hence, when the independence of our Eastern customers is threatened, no matter from what quarter, it is a blow dealt directly at our national wealth, which is our life.[1] For—

> "You take my house when you do take the prop
> That doth sustain my house; you take my life
> When you do take the means whereby I live."

[1] Our exports to non-Christian countries amount to one-fifth of our whole export trade.

Egypt, China, Siam, Japan, being valuable constituents, are our natural allies, because our interests and theirs are identical in all essential points; and though constantly marred by the ineptitude of official intermediaries, friendship between ourselves and our Eastern *clientèle* should be as natural as those personal and social attachments which grow out of the business intercourse between ordinary traders. It is as much our business to preserve the independence of these peoples, as it is the business of any Government to preserve the fisheries on its coasts. Not, certainly, in the interest of the seals, but of those who live by the seals, do we see great nations disputing about the right of catching them. A Government of England that would stand aloof while any of the Eastern trading nations was put in subjection to a commerce-crushing Power, would prove itself incapable of representing the interests of a manufacturing country. It is because we know the commercial policy of both France and Russia to be fatal to the freedom of trade, that we would rather not see either of them obtain dominion over any country where commerce already flourishes, for they would kill it.

We may have difficulty in reasoning out problems so complicated as those affecting our imperial commerce; but so far at least as the schemes of our French antagonists are concerned we are spared this intellectual labour, for we have only to sit still and observe their proceedings as we would a play where the plot is clearly revealed in the action. Such an object-lesson supersedes the laboured expositions of the professor.

To found an empire in Asia has been the dream of France for more than two hundred years; and it is an admirable and instructive thing to trace the continuity of purpose in a great nation through every storm and every vicissitude. The more so as we are rather too apt to think of France as changeable, in which it is obvious that we do her traditions an injustice. "The more she changes the more she remains the same" in the grand outlines of her national development. Her course resembles a melody with variations; the *motif* is continuous amid every diversity of expression. The commotions of the surface do not affect the deep currents of the ocean, and there is a certain repose in the reflection that there is something more stable in national life than kings, emperors, directories, and republics. Such as France was in the days of the great monarchy, under the first and second empires and under the first and second republics, such she is now, and will, under any conceivable change of outward form, remain. That was a terse summing-up of a deep-reaching truth when Von Moltke said to Thiers, "We are not fighting you; the man we are fighting is Louis Quatorze," for nations have memories and races histories. The French republicans of to-day are simply continuing the enterprise inaugurated by their autocratic predecessors, and it is only by referring each separate detail back to the central plan that the symmetry of the whole movement can be understood. It were well perhaps that we ourselves had a little more of the conscious and avowed continuity which is an element of so much strength to French and Russians; for it is obvious to remark that however highly we may rate our radical strength, a passive, gelatinous national policy, or a

vacillating and flighty one, can never withstand the steady and intelligently directed aggression of our two great competitors for empire, any more than a mob of citizens could stand against a small disciplined force. We may presume too far on the Providence that shapes our ends; we may trust too much to the chapter of accidents which has helped us so often out of difficulties. Because a vigilance and foresight almost superhuman would hardly be adequate to the defence of every foot of our extended front, while our assailants may select their point of attack, that is no reason for placing blind men on our ramparts and deaf men in our intelligence *bureaux*.

A comparative glance at the doings of the three great rival colonising Powers will help us to appreciate the modes and motives of each, even though there is no common standard to which they can all be brought, nor any competent tribunal to hold the balance between them.

Having recently discussed at some length the progress of Russia, we need only say here that she is not a colonising Power at all in our sense of the word, any more than the United States—spite of their purchase of Alaska—are a colonising Power. She may be better described as an expanding and assimilating Power, growing by the mere bulging of her frontiers, like a settlement in a jungle whose cleared area is ever widening at the cost of the bush. This growth by accretions to a consolidated body constitutes a position so strong as to put Russia quite out of comparison with both England and France.

Great Britain and France have this one thing in common, that they colonise beyond sea; but the correspondence between them goes very little further. In the one case colonial responsibilities follow slowly on the growth of material interests, and where these can be safeguarded without conquest, conquest is eschewed. Such is the policy prescribed by the character and circumstances of a commercial country, the maxim of whose merchants and bankers is to secure the largest advantages with the smallest liability, and in particular to avoid lock-up and landed or mining securities. A commercial nation, on the same principle, seeks trade by any means rather than by giving hostages to fortune in the shape of territorial responsibilities; and if the British have figured in the world as an imperial race, it is a greatness that has been thrust upon them by the exigencies of that trade which, out of the commercial adventurer evolves the merchant prince.

In the other case it is rather the creation of an empire which constitutes the primary and dominant idea; the pomp and circumstance of government first, industry and commerce second. Let us found an empire, say the French, no matter at whose expense, and having erected the framework, seek material for the structure. Let us cultivate our commerce, say the English, and if empire be found necessary we will not shrink from throwing its protecting ægis over the thriving industry. Such opposite principles not only lead to opposite results, but are for ever unintelligible to each other's votaries. British colonies support themselves, while French draw their aliment from the mother country. From a business point of view, to erect a palace and install an expensive staff is the quickest road to ruin; whereas the successful merchant begins in a shanty.

Our ingrained habit of applying the financial touchstone to everything, from county council to popular concerts, will wholly mislead us in judging of French foreign policy, which — notwithstanding the constant reference to trade — proceeds on a different theory of national life.

The policy pursued by France has been further complicated by an element which is entirely wanting to British colonisation—its intimate organic union with the Church in all schemes of aggression, a survival from the politico-ecclesiastical *régime* of the middle ages. How far the kings of France and their imperial and republican heirs have been really animated by religious zeal, and how far they have used the Church as a stalking-horse, while the Church was using them as a bully, it would be useless to inquire, as it is with the practical results only we are here concerned. And in every case we may safely take for granted that human motives are mixed. The propagation of the Catholic faith, the promotion of commerce, and national glory pure and simple, may be taken as the concurrent motives of French policy *in partibus;* and if we throw in the spice of hostility to British interests which, like the onion in the salad, animates the whole, we shall probably not be very far from possessing the complete key to all that has taken place, and is now taking place, in the Far East; and we shall be able to follow the rapid and steady advances that have been made in the formation of an Indo-Chinese empire since the idea was resumed in a practical form by Napoleon III.

In the reign of Louis XIV. a flirtation was inaugurated between the Court of Versailles and that of Ayuthia, the capital of Siam, the pander—if the expressive term may be fitly used in such a connection—being a missionary bishop of long residence in Siam. The affair had a grotesque history, and ended in a fiasco. The latter half of the seventeenth had this resemblance to the close of the nineteenth century, that there was a scramble among the European Powers for remote possessions, with the difference that then religion played the leading part. The most Christian king was bent on establishing the Church in Siam, and converting the king and the country to the faith, while his worldly ministers saw a chance of extending French commerce, then, as now, an object of healthy solicitude in France. The Siamese monarch, on his part, had no thought whatever of abandoning the faith of his fathers; but he was counting on a political alliance with France as a counterpoise to the influence of Holland, in those days the most obvious Power in the Far East. And so, deceiving and deceived, the parties went on negotiating for some twenty years before the hopeless incompatibility of their respective aims was finally acknowledged. Embassies were exchanged, negotiations for concessions — commercial, religious, and political—were carried on, in which the Pope and the Jesuits, the French East India Company and an odd personage named Phaulkon, a smart Greek adventurer who had made his way to Siam and made himself important, and the two kings, were all deeply involved, when "a revolution at Ayuthia swept away king, Greek, and garrison," and the curtain fell on the first act of the French drama in the Far East.

An interval of a century separated the first from the second act,

which was opened under the auspices of the tragic Louis XVI., the scene this time being laid in the more distant kingdom of Annam. It was again a missionary bishop, Monsignor Pigneau de Behaine, who was the author of the project, which was to persuade the French to reinstate the Annamese king, who had been deposed by rebels. The usual inducements were, of course, held out; and it may be remarked in passing that the conditions of the compact were not conceived in a spirit of special friendliness towards England. The date of the treaty, which was signed at Versailles in November 1789, affords all the explanation necessary of its never having been consummated. The transaction fell apparently as dead as the negotiations with Siam had done a hundred years before. Yet in the light of the subsequent evolution of French policy in Indo-China, who shall say that these two seeds, though long dormant, have proved infertile? The thread untimely cut by the guillotine was picked up again by Napoleon III. in 1858, and was again resumed by the new Republic as soon as it began to recover breath after the struggle of 1870. We may thus see a wider truth than perhaps the speaker was aware of in the declaration of Louis XIV., that "he was the State." He was France, and Louis XVI. was France, as Napoleon I. and III. were, and as the successive Republics have been, and are. Under every mask it is always the same France; and whatever a Louis or a Napoleon did, that will a Carnot or a Develle do in the like circumstances — for the simple reason that none of them can do more or less than the nation from its soul wills.

For the history of contemporary French adventure in Eastern Asia we are indebted to many able pens. First, and chiefly of course, to the French, among whom may be named Mons. F. Garnier, the heroic explorer; his colleague, Carné; M. Lanier, who unearthed the colonial records in 1883; M. Marcel; M. Deschamps; and last, but not least, M. de Lanessan, the present Governor of Indo-China, whose important work, 'L'Expansion Coloniale de France,' 1886, clearly forecast the programme which has been followed by France up to the present hour. We owe to these French writers, therefore, the singular advantage of learning beforehand what they intend to do, while as yet none of the contingencies have arisen which, when the time of action arrives, sometimes appear to the careless observer to be the causes of events which were, in fact, planned long before. Prophecy and history go hand in hand in this department of contemporary literature, the prophecy of one decade being the history of the next. Our intelligence respecting current transactions is greatly assisted by having the whole plan of campaign carefully explained before a sod has been turned. To numerous English writers of recent years we also owe a debt, scarcely secondary to what we owe the French themselves, for the light they have thrown, both by literary research and personal observation, on the progress of the drama of Asiatic transformation. Mr Holt S. Hallett has been indefatigable for many years, both as an explorer, in conjunction with Mr Colquhoun, and as an author, lecturer, and pamphleteer, in trying to keep up the interest of Englishmen in the history that was being made under

their eyes, and how the yet unwritten chapters might be shaped to the advantage of our country. Mr Curzon, Lord Lamington, and Mr Archer of the Consular service, who have all recently travelled in Siam, have spared no pains to make the situation clear to the British public. And, finally, a work[1] of exceptional merit has just been published which will be simply invaluable to the student both of the past and present history of the whole region which we speak of under the general name of the Far East, which practically begins at Burmah and ends at Japan. The conscientious and painstaking author, having the advantage of a long residence in China, has observed and studied for many years the general political movements in Eastern Asia, and more minutely the development of the French imperial idea in China, Siam, Tongking, and Burmah, and has been a regular contributor to the periodical press. He is, therefore, a safe guide to the recent history of the Far East.

It was really an astute thing of the Emperor Napoleon III. to make use of the temporary and rather incongruous alliance with Great Britain, first against Russia and then against China, in order to promote his own enterprises. For it was the force despatched to coerce China that was employed to capture Saigon. "The Emperor willed to put a stop to the constantly recurring persecutions against Christians in Cochin-China, and to secure them the efficacious protection of France;" and so Cochin-China, a viceroyalty of Annam, was invaded, and three of the six provinces were ceded to France by the Treaty of Saigon of 1862. This treaty is particularly interesting at the present moment as a counterpart of what is now being transacted in Siam, and as, in fact, constituting the basis of subsequent operations in those Far Eastern countries. The great river of Cambodia in all its branches was opened to French merchants, and to war-ships—ominous for the defeated Annamese; certain ports were to be opened to French and Spanish commerce; and as regards the three provinces which were left to the king, this pregnant article was inserted in the treaty:—

"The citadel of Vinh-luong shall be occupied for the present by French troops, without, however, interfering in any way with the Annamese officials. It will be surrendered to the King of Annam as soon as he has stopped the rebellion which exists at present by his orders in the provinces Gia-dinh and Dinh-tuong."

This provisional arrangement served till 1867, when these three provinces were simply added to the French possessions.

It is further interesting, and indeed highly important for us to note, that the admiral in command attempted to reserve the trade of Saigon exclusively for French merchants; and it was only after it became evident that there were no Frenchmen willing to avail themselves of the privilege, that the commerce of the country was permitted to be carried on by English, German, and Chinese merchants.

The neighbouring kingdom of Cambodia likewise soon fell under the protectorate of France, to which the consent of Siam, as suzerain, was obtained by treaty in 1867. It is that treaty which, by defining the Siamese frontiers, has interposed a technical obstacle

[1] China and her Neighbours. By R. S. Gundry. Chapman.

to the French advances into Siamese territory. How this difficulty has been overcome is familiar to the readers of newspapers during the past three months. The same treaty stipulated that France should never incorporate Cambodia, which nevertheless was done by arrangement with the vassal king, without reference to Siam. The new Cambodian treaty had lofty purposes. It secured respect for "the ancient laws and customs of the kingdom, so far as they are compatible with the eternal principles of right and human progress," as these might be interpreted from time to time by the French executive.

The early successes in Saigon had fed the appetite for conquest, roused the spirit of adventure, and allured the nation to schemes which were to realise the dream of centuries. The ferment worked so rapidly that the French Government could hardly keep touch with the movements which were going on all round and far outside their new territories. The extraordinary haste of these advances naturally involved some tripping, and caused more than one rather severe check.

The grandest achievement of the French in Asia, worthy to be ranked with the Russian acquisition of Manchuria, was the conquest of Tongking, which carried them right up to the frontiers of China. A rare combination of the pure passion of discovery, of masterful adventure, of resourceful diplomacy, and of military bravado, gained for France all that splendid territory. The history of the conquest is like a romance of the middle ages, interesting beyond all the other foreign enterprises of France. Originating in the explorations of Francis Garnier in the valley of the Meikong, the annexation of Tongking may be said to have been based entirely on the potentialities of that water-way, which seemed formed by nature to be the artery of commerce between south-west China and the sea. The explorers of the Meikong, however, soon discovered that that great river was in places impassable, but they were richly recompensed by the discovery of another stream which was navigable from Chinese Yunnan to the Gulf of Tongking. This valuable discovery—the river, however, was clearly shown in the old Jesuit maps—led the French into a new field of conquest, for it became imperative from their point of view that France should possess the region through which the "Red River" flowed. The Songkoi became thenceforth the ruling factor in Indo-Chinese politics.

Garnier's discovery was opportunely supplemented by a remarkable adventure of another sort. A certain M. Dupuis had wandered into Yunnan from the Upper Yangtze during the time when the Mohammedan rebellion was in full career in that province. Dupuis entered into contracts with the imperial Chinese authorities of the revolted province to supply them with arms, in pursuance of which he descended a river which he was told would take him to the sea, and would afford the means of transport for the war stores which he had to take back. How the Annamese Government opposed the return passage of Dupuis's expedition; how their objections were overruled by the persistence of the adventurer, supported by the advice of certain French naval officers; how he eventually reached Yunnan and completed his mission; how he came a second time to Tongking with letters of recom-

mendation from the Chinese Viceroy, and with a force of 500 boatmen and soldiers; how the Annamese Viceroy of Tongking was overawed by the increase of Dupuis's force; how the eyes of the French were opened to the value of Tongking on its territorial merits, as well as affording a lever of coercion against the recalcitrant King of Annam; in a word, how the fascinating potentialities of empire unrolled themselves before the eager imagination of the French representatives,—would be appropriate matter for a poem rather than for prosaic history.

The Annamese Government remonstrated with the French authorities at Saigon against the illegal proceedings of Dupuis; but though at first the French admiral was inclined to repress him, he soon came round to Dupuis's side, and then, fishing up grievances against the Annamese Government, the chief of which was its dilatoriness in signing the treaty ceding the three provinces appropriated by France in 1867, Admiral Dupré threatened to occupy Tongking. Garnier was the agent selected to conduct the negotiations at Hanoi, the capital, which he did in so summary a manner that within a fortnight he had taken the citadel and posted proclamations throwing the blame on the Tongkingese officials. Resistance to the French occupation was indeed organised by the natives, and a desultory war was carried on during the winter 1873-74; but a treaty was finally concluded in March 1874 between France and Annam, whereby the three provinces seized in 1867 were formally ceded to France, and the ports of Tongking and the Red River were opened to foreign trade. The suzerainty of China over Annam was disposed of by a clause in the treaty declaring Annam independent, — a status, however, which was really no more consistent with the French protectorate than with the Chinese suzerainty.

Neither Annam nor China acquiesced in the arrangements which were thus forced upon them, but resisted the French occupation in their peculiar manner, and the *quantité négligeable* was destined for the next ten years to be a thorn in the side of France. France was, in fact, compelled to conquer the Red River delta by the usual military means. The negotiations with China, arising out of the war in Tongking, would make an instructive little comedy of itself, which, however, we must deny ourselves the pleasure of touching on.

Tongking, then, was opened, and considerable progress has already been made in "developing its resources," as the phrase goes; though it appears that, as before in Saigon, the trade is carried on by aliens—the British colony of Hong-Kong even furnishing the capital for the exploitation of the coal-mines. A satisfactory inland trade has been established over the frontier of Yunnan, though the hopes of a similar development in the more easterly province of Kwangsi have not been realised. The pacification still leaves something to be desired, "pirates" being still numerous enough to tax the resources of the administration.

The acquisition of Tongking, affording access to the province of Yunnan, produced on the minds of the French a similar effect to that of their previous conquests — a craving for more territory. The expanding Indo-China was hemmed in by the

kingdom of Siam on the south, and on the west by loosely settled states, some owing allegiance to Burmah and some to Siam. Here there was a tempting field for promiscuous enterprise, and operations of the sapping and mining order were set on foot against both the settled and the unsettled enemies. Adventurers penetrated to the court of Mandalay, and by working on the jealousy of the British Burman rule and on the cupidity of a corrupt king, the French had almost succeeded, by means of a treaty with Theebaw, in establishing their authority on the flank and rear of British Burmah. To prevent this, Upper Burmah was annexed by the Government of India.

With Siam the case was different, for it was an independent kingdom, within the comity of nations, having thrown off its ancient allegiance to China. The status of Siam, therefore, presented a difficulty of another sort in the obligatory force which was assigned to the treaty concluded in 1867, of which all the world was cognisant. By that treaty Siam had made a most important concession to France in confirming her protectorate over Cambodia, a country which owed historical allegiance to Siam, but whose king had been forced to sign an independent treaty with France in 1863. Siam, no doubt with a view to the prevention of what she considered worse evils, consented to legitimise the French ascendancy in Cambodia. But not unconditionally, for France, on her part, solemnly confirmed the provinces of Battambong and Angkor to Siam, and pledged herself never to incorporate Cambodia in her Cochin-China government. Imperial France had been satisfied with the enormous advantages accruing to her under that treaty, which, however, were found ridiculously inadequate by the Republic. The boy had outgrown his clothes, and the Siamese treaty was like a strait-waistcoat to the colonial men. M. de Lanessan in his book calls it the "deplorable treaty"; and one of the most interesting chapters in the whole history is the account of the ingenious devices to which French pioneering politicians have been driven in order to circumvent a treaty whose incurable fault was its recognition of Siamese boundaries. It is to the credit of the French feeling for legality that they should have taken the trouble, by means of historical researches, geographical expeditions, and political polemic, to dispose of the obligations of a treaty which was so seriously hindering their expansion. A less punctilious nation would have simply entered *sans phrase* on possession of the coveted territories.

For years past the public has been apprised from time to time of the proceedings of French tourists, commercial agents, and other explorers, travelling under the protection of Siam in the hinterland of Indo-China. Dr Neis and M. Pavie have been particularly prominent in beating the boundaries of the Siamese and Laos States with a view to dissolving the ties which bound them to the kingdom of Siam. These Laos people happened to occupy the strip of country east of the Meikong, between that river and the French territory of Annam. The possession of the great river, which had become an object of the keenest interest to the French, could not be attained without the occupation of that intervening country. Evidence was accordingly hunted up of an old connection of the Laotian States with

Cambodia, which might afford to the French a colourable ground of claim to the inheritance. Nothing stood in the way of its realisation but the *beati possidentes*, the Siamese; and M. de Lanessan, therefore, the present Governor-General, and former Special Commissioner, in his important work on colonial expansion, laboured to explain them away, and to show that the Cambodian rights ceded by Siam to France in 1867 had superior validity.

A French commercial mission, organised in 1889-90 to push trade in the valley of the Meikong, reported in favour of a scheme for drawing the trade of Yunnan to the Tongking seaboard by means of a railway having its western terminus at Ssumao, the ideal terminus which Mr Holt Hallett had fixed on some years ago for the imaginary English railway which should tap Yunnan from the Burmese side. The proposed French railway to Ssumao could not be worked without France owning the left bank of the Meikong. So that we have the geographers, the historians, the politicians, and the merchants uniting in demanding possession of the country intervening between Annam and the Meikong—a country inhabited by Laos and governed by Siam. And so rapidly did the idea develop, that from coveting to claiming, and from claiming to believing that the country was already theirs, seemed almost an instantaneous process. The presence of Siamese troops in the Laos territory soon came to be felt as an aggression to be repulsed, and resistance to the advance of the Franco-Annamese forces became an insult to the French flag. The French maps embodying the results of the explorations of Garnier, Pavie, and other travellers, delineated without ambiguity the Siamese territory east of the Meikong; while in those of recent date issued from the Foreign and Colonial Offices, the frontier line between Annam and Siam has disappeared. The Siamese Government's reiterated requests that the frontier should be surveyed and delimited passed unheeded; but the Siamese scheme of a neutral zone of thirty miles was agreed to by France—Siam, of course, ceding the requisite strip of territory. But a neutral zone is a dangerous device where a strong and progressive Power confronts a weak and yielding one; and France soon found occasion to occupy the neutral zone, driving the Siamese troops across the Meikong. These military operations were not carried on without some resistance. One French officer was killed, and another taken prisoner; and two French gunboats ascending the Menam, contrary to treaty and to remonstrances, were fired on by the Siamese forts. These outrages on France filled the cup of Siamese iniquity, and France thereupon proceeded with her scheme for readjustment of territory.

The ultimatum of July 18th formulated the following demands: (1) Recognition of the rights of Annam and Cambodia (that is, France) to left bank of River Meikong and the islands; (2) evacuation of the posts held there by the Siamese within one month's time; (3) satisfaction for the various aggressions against French subjects in Siam and French ships and sailors in the Menam; (4) punishment of the culprits, and pecuniary indemnities to the families of victims; (5) indemnities of two million francs for various damages inflicted on French subjects; (6) immediate deposit of

three million francs as a guarantee for these claims, or in default an assignment, by way of security, of the revenues of Battambong and Angkor. Forty-eight hours were allowed for acceptance. Siam surrendered at discretion, and saved the two threatened provinces by paying the fine imposed on her. It is believed that the demands of France were so framed that compliance should be impossible—as, for instance, the money payment by an impecunious country, and the evacuation within a month of regions which could not be reached in that time by an express messenger despatched with orders to evacuate. But if the French plans were temporarily disconcerted by the instant acceptance of the ultimatum, M. Develle, with admirable presence of mind, covered himself by presenting "more last words" embodying the demands which would have been provoked by the Siamese refusal of the ultimatum proper. This ultimate ultimatum, if indeed it be the last, stipulates that Siam shall not only surrender the left bank of the Meikong, but keep no troops within twenty-five kilometres of the right bank; that pending the evacuation of the ceded territory France is to occupy the port and river of Chantaboon (which she is now fortifying); that Siam shall keep no armed vessels on her own great lake, already marked out by M. de Lanessan as a future possession of French Cambodia; and finally, that the French are to place consuls at Nan and Korat.

The significance of these stipulations, and of the interrupted attempt to annex the provinces of Battambong and Angkor, is clearly explained in M. de Lanessan's interesting book:—

"The Great Lake has not merely a great economic importance; it has also an immense political value. The entire possession of that great depression and of the basin which it drains is one of the most important *desiderata* of the work which we have hitherto pursued in an empirical way, but which we can and should accomplish henceforth systematically. The western part of the lake especially—namely, the part which our too ignorant or too careless diplomacy ceded to Siam with the provinces of Battambong and Angkor—is one of the vital points of the peninsula, from whatever point of view, commercial, political, or military, we regard it."

And again:—

"All the efforts of the Government of Indo-China should be directed towards repairing the injuries inflicted by the deplorable treaty of 1867. It may be said that the interest of Siam is also at stake. In assuring to her the protection of her independence, which is destined to be constantly threatened by England, we might easily obtain, without striking a blow, a modification of the treaty of 1867, which would secure for Cambodia not only the whole of the Great Lake, but also the provinces of Battambong and Angkor, which ought to constitute, in this point of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, the limit of our reasonable ambition. . . .

"Battambong communicates by a march of five or six days with Chantaboon, a port in the Gulf of Siam, inhabited principally by colonies of Annamese and Chinese. This route has now acquired much importance in consequence of the working of the sapphire-mines of Payrinh, and it is by this way that arms and munitions of war are introduced into Cambodia. If we succeeded in utilising our new position in Annam so as to demand from Siam the protection of the Annamese, who are very numerous throughout the whole of the Lower Menam, on the coast, and especially at Chantaboon, we should necessarily be led to place a vice-consul at the port which interests us in many ways, and at which no one could dispute the preponderant influence of our agent."

The French consul at the tributary State of Nan—always ac-

knowledged to be in the British sphere—can only busy himself in converting the chief from a tributary of Siam to a tributary of France; while the consulate at Korat, the terminus of the railway now being constructed from Bangkok, bodes no good to the success of that enterprise. Indeed, our experts are unanimous in believing that it was the progress of that work which the French felt bound at all costs to frustrate, that precipitated the invasion of Siam.

It were needless to follow into greater detail the progress of negotiations not yet concluded. Our object has been to survey the crisis and assign to it its true place in the system of which it is an integral part. On this subject there can be neither doubt nor ambiguity. We are not judging France. Our business is simply to read, mark, and learn the lesson which she has chalked with a bold hand on the black-board of history—a lesson of the most vital importance to our country. Two points of special interest stand out like Alpine peaks in a blue sky: the boundless ambition of France, which spurns all obstacles; and her inflexible designs against the prosperity of Great Britain. When French writers, not of Chauvinist temper, calmly lay down as the legitimate *rôle* of France the guiding of the destinies of China in concert with Russia, squeezing out Great Britain entirely, with all her trade, from any influence in that country; and when responsible French Governments plan a direct attack on the integrity of British India,—it is obvious that no measure we possess is fit to gauge French ambition. There is, in truth, no question at all of limit, except such as may be imposed by failure of strength or impassable barriers; and it were as vain for us to fret over this, or over the French animus against British commerce, as it would be to vituperate the forces of nature. We should rather thank the French for their extreme frankness, and see how we may turn their calculable proceedings to our own advantage. Once we clearly perceive what it is we have to meet, the result to ourselves is very much in our own hands.

It is no "fair field and no favour" which the French aim at in Siam or elsewhere. Their commercial aspirations have much of the nature of an ill-regulated passion, which destroys when it cannot enjoy, and is always fiercely exclusive. Within their own dependencies protective duties and restrictive regulations strangle their own trade, and the spectacle of the commerce of aliens, which they intended to kill, flourishing at their own ports, naturally arouses bitter and envious feelings, of which it would be most unreasonable to complain. So long as Siamese commerce was free to all the world, the French were unable to take a share in it; and the commercial convention which is being imposed on Siam is designed to remedy that state of things by putting all Siamese business into French hands forcibly. And as the threatened blockade of Siamese ports was aimed at the large British trade which was carried on at Bangkok, so the convention for regulating a non-existent French trade is a well-directed blow at the vested interests of our merchants. As regards ourselves, the convention has a real destructive purpose.

The French idea of acquiring trade has been made perfectly intelligible by their dealings with China since 1885. The treaty concluded in that year contained

a commercial clause under which the French Government claimed—with only partial success—that all railway contracts should be put in French hands, without regard to cost or quality. The Chinese Government, after experiment, found it could be better served elsewhere; but France will never cease to urge it as a grievance that a French monopoly, ruinous to the interests concerned, has not been granted by China. Whenever it may suit France again to quarrel with that country, the claims of her disappointed contractors will doubtless form the ground of a demand for compensation which will figure in some future ultimatum.

There is an unpleasant feeling in the country that British interests in Siam have been inefficiently safeguarded. After years of warning from all quarters, chiefly from the French themselves, all that our travellers and officials have apprehended, and more, has actually come to pass. And our Government in the midst of it all presents the appearance of one awakening from sleep to discover that his enemy has stolen a march on him. How our facile Foreign Secretary came to assure the French that it was "of no consequence," is a matter for which he will be surely held to account at the bar of history, if nowhere else; for it seems—from all that is as yet known of it—as perfect an example of doing just the wrong thing as it is possible to imagine. As Russia was warned off meddling with Egypt in 1877, by the clear notification of British interests there, so France would have been warned off Siam by a similar declaration, even as late as the spring of the present year. Straightforward and timely assertion of rights, with clear definition, backed up by unswerving resolution to maintain them, is the surest way to keep the peace among nations. The wavering and wobbling invite aggression, and deserve it.

But after all, "Was it not a little one?" That is one of the most dangerous, because insidious, fallacies to which our people and Government are liable. Because British interests are ubiquitous and manifold it is thought impossible to protect them all at all times; and cowardly counsellors suggest the surrender of anything that is attacked that we are not "prepared to go to war for." Then the "weary Titan" is trotted out as a cover for our imperial delinquencies. Now we take it that the true philosophy of the matter runs clean counter to these lazy and luxurious inclinations. It is cheaper to defend the compact whole than the separate parts; for when we begin to discuss in public whether this or that interest be worth fighting for, the conclusion the world draws is that, taken separately, none of them are worth fighting for, and that we can be attacked in detail with impunity. A ring-fence of inflexible national resolution thrown round our whole empire, with all its interests, without petty discrimination, would be at once the simplest and the safest form of national defence. We dare not confess ourselves the degenerate heirs of an empire on which the sun is setting; therefore let us frankly accept without reservation the responsibilities of our eminent position. We can effectually protect the integrity of our empire only as a woman protects her virtue — altogether, at all times, at all points, and against all-comers.

THE TAXPAYER UNDER HOME RULE.

THE finance of the Government of Ireland Bill ought to be understood by the country. The subject is tiresome, intricate, and repellent, but it is nevertheless capable of being simply stated; and the object of this short paper is to reduce arguments and calculations to the simplest form, and to state in the fewest words and fewest figures possible what the Government are committed to do, and to examine the reasons they give in justification of a scheme which they themselves admit to be unfair. The scheme before the country is the third for which Mr Gladstone is responsible. The first, proposed in 1886, was, from the British point of view, bad; the second, which found a place in the Home Rule Bill as laid before the House of Commons last February, was worse; and the third, which was engrafted on the bill under Parnellite pressure, is by far the worst of all. A great deal that is curious, and possibly interesting, might be written on the first two proposals, but both of them are as dead as Queen Anne; and the third alone, being the plan on which Mr Gladstone must go to the country, is worth attention in detail.

So long as the United Kingdom is one, it is of no practical importance whatever from what part the revenue mainly comes, or in what part it is mainly spent. We are all one people, and the Imperial Parliament imposes equal taxes, and votes money for the welfare of the people at large. But when one part of the kingdom desires to set up a separate exchequer, and to collect and spend her own taxes, still leaving, however, the Imperial Government to provide for the army, navy, diplomatic service, and service of the debt, a calculation must be made of the amount the separating kingdom ought to pay as her share of these services. To an ordinary mind three courses would be open: (1) to take the population of the two countries, and to say that the imperial outlay which benefits each individual equally should be divided *per capita;* (2) to take the wealth of the two countries, and assess their respective shares not by population but by wealth; (3) to require the separating country to bear the same share that she had in fact been already contributing. But Mr Gladstone has evolved a fourth principle — viz., that whatever justice between the two people may seem to require, the Irish must have what satisfies them, and at least must be started with a clear surplus of £500,000 a-year. Calculations have been prepared and issued under the hand of the Gladstonian Secretary to the Treasury, from which the whole of the following figures have been directly taken.

The first table shows the facts as they now exist.

Contributed to revenue by

		per cent.
England, .	£78,046,000 or	80.20
Scotland, .	10,409,000 ,,	10.70
Ireland, .	7,644,000 ,,	7.85
Imperial sources,	1,216,000 ,,	1.25
Total, .	£97,315,000 or	100.00

There is spent on

English services,	£26,099,000 or	26.74
Scottish ,,	3,883,000 ,,	3.98
Irish ,,	5,540,000 ,,	5.68
Imperial ,,	62,067,000 ,,	63.60
Total, .	£97,589,000 or	100.00

The difference between these two sums is the amount each country contributes to the cost of imperial services.

		per cent.
England,	£51,947,000 or	85.76
Scotland,	6,526,000 "	10.77
Ireland,	2,103,000 "	3.47
Total,	£60,576,000 or	100.00

Note must be taken in passing of the advantage Ireland now enjoys, how large a sum is spent on her local wants, and how small a sum she contributes to imperial necessities.

The next point is the system which would have been established had Mr Gladstone's bill become law. The postal and telegraph service is still to be maintained at the imperial charge. The Irish receipts from this source are therefore deducted from the gross Irish revenues, as stated above, and the produce of Irish taxes for the purposes of the bill becomes £6,922,000. The great problem is how to divide this sum between the Irish Exchequer, for the purposes of local government, and the Imperial Exchequer for Ireland's share of the services enumerated above. To make any simple calculation on the basis of numbers or wealth would not satisfy Mr Gladstone's task-masters. It has therefore been necessary to resort to a complicated scheme, in order to bring out the desired result. The two succeeding tables will show how the calculation is worked out, and how the allotment, first to the Irish and secondly to the Imperial Exchequer, is arrived at.

Irish Exchequer.

Total Irish revenue for division,		£6,922,000
Deduct whole of revenue from miscellaneous sources,		138,000
		£6,784,000
Two-thirds of £6,784,000,		£4,522,000
Whole of miscellaneous revenue,		138,000
One-third cost of Constabulary, £1,489,000,		486,000
Actual Irish receipts,		£5,146,000
Add cost of collection of revenue,		224,000
Total pecuniary advantage enjoyed by Ireland,		£5,370,000

Imperial Exchequer.

Total Irish revenue for division,		£6,922,000
Deduct miscellaneous revenue as above,		138,000
		£6,784,000
The Imperial Exchequer retains one-third of £6,784,000,		£2,261,000
But has to pay to, or in the interest of, Ireland as above—		
One-third cost of Constabulary,	£486,000	
Outlay in collecting revenue,	224,000	
		710,000
Net amount available for imperial services,		£1,551,000

The new position under the bill would therefore be—

		per cent.
Contribution to imperial services from Great Britain,	£59,025,000 or	97.44
" " " Ireland,	1,551,000 "	2.56
Total,	£60,576,000 or	100.00

At this point in the argument the attention will naturally be turned to the respective magnitude of the two countries.

The population of Great Britain is	33,026,000	or 87.51 per cent.
" " Ireland is .	4,704,000	" 12.49 "

Therefore, under Mr Gladstone's proposal the Irish people, who number—within a small fraction—one-eighth of the whole, will contribute one-fortieth to the support of imperial services. In other words, while the protection and advantage afforded is equal in both cases, each Englishman and Scotsman bears five times as heavy a burden as each Irishman.

Although this is a startling fact, it might be met by a plea for mercy on the ground of Ireland's poverty. It might be argued fairly enough that the army and navy defend not only the persons of the lieges but also their property; and that if there is more property and wealth in one kingdom than in another, the cost of defence should be drawn more largely from the kingdom best able to bear it. This, indeed, is the argument of the Government; and if facts do not support it, the whole scheme of finance, and with it the whole bill, falls to the ground. It thus becomes necessary to examine this plea by the test of figures, and to ascertain exactly what is the wealth on each side of the Irish Channel. Accumulated wealth is best shown by the revenue from the death duties, current wealth by the produce of the income-tax, and capacity to spend by the yield of Customs duties imposed on articles superior to the barest necessities of life.

The produce of the death duties in the year ending March 31, 1893, was as follows:—

			per cent.
From England,	£7,077,000	or	84.75
" Scotland,	843,000	"	10.09
" Ireland,	389,000	"	4.66
" Unspecified,	41,000	"	0.50
	£8,350,000	or	100.00

From this test Ireland is shown to possess proportionally a much smaller amount of accumulated wealth than the sister kingdoms, but still enough to enable her to pay not far short of double the amount provided by the bill.

The yield of income-tax assessment was as follows:—

			per cent.
From England,	£11,413,000	or	84.92
" Scotland,	1,292,000	"	9.61
" Ireland,	563,000	"	4.19
" Unspecified,	171,000	"	1.28
	£13,439,000	or	100.00

Here again the revenue derived from Ireland is small in comparison with her population, but enough to justify a far larger contribution than that contemplated by Mr Gladstone.

These returns, however, indicate almost exclusively the position of the wealthier classes, and it is evident there are many fewer great estates or great revenues in Ireland than in Great Britain. Any facts which throw any light on the position of the mass of the people who pay no income-tax and little or no succession duty are of even greater importance. The figures already given have been effectively utilised by Mr Balfour, Mr Chamberlain, and Mr Goschen; but for the main facts illustrated by the succeeding tables thanks are due to Lord Balfour, whose speech in the House of Lords effectively demonstrated the position that the poverty of the consuming classes in Ireland is not such as to prevent indulgence with ample freedom in taxed luxuries. Tea may be styled mainly the luxury of women, tobacco that of men of all classes, while the use of wine is limited to the well to do. The

revenue derived from these sources during the last financial year was as follows:—

Wine.

		per cent.
From England,	£1,083,000 or	85.41
" Scotland,	84,000 "	6.62
" Ireland,	101,000 "	7.97
	£1,268,000 or	100.00

Tea.

From England,	£2,587,000 or	76.09
" Scotland,	336,000 "	9.92
" Ireland,	476,000 "	13.99
	£3,399,000 or	100.00

Tobacco.

From England,	£7,593,000 or	75.00
" Scotland,	1,134,000 "	11.20
" Ireland,	1,397,000 "	13.80
	£10,124,000 or	100.00

In the first case, the proportion consumed by Ireland is more than three times, in the last two cases more than five times, as large as the percentage required from her under the Home Rule Bill. The consumption in both tea and tobacco has become so general that they are perhaps scarcely to be styled luxuries; but the fact that the Irish can and do indulge in a larger consumption of both per head than is the case in England and Scotland is a striking link in the chain of evidence, adverse to the theory on which alone the financial clauses can stand, that the people are so dreadfully poor they can only contribute to the common purse one-fifth as much as the taxpayers of England and Scotland. These figures are wholly taken from the returns presented to Parliament for the express purpose of elucidating the Home Rule Bill, and it is curious to discover that while there is great inferiority in accumulated wealth, while that inferiority remains in a smaller degree in the consumption of wine, now a widespread luxury, it wholly disappears when articles of almost universal consumption by all classes are taken as the test.

The position may be summed up as follows:—

Total amount required for imperial services, . . .	£60,576,000
Sum to be provided by Ireland under Mr Gladstone's scheme, .	1,551,000
Sum which should be provided by Ireland if assessed on the following bases:—	
(*a*) Population, 12.49 per cent, ...	7,565,000
(*b*) Wealth, as shown by death duties, 4.66 per cent, .	2,816,000
(*c*) " " Income-tax, 4.19 " . .	2,532,000
(*d*) " " Customs receipts on wines, 7.97 per cent, . . .	4,827,000
(*e*) " " Customs receipts on tea, 13.99 per cent, ...	8,462,000
(*f*) " " Customs receipts on tobacco, 13.80 per cent, . . .	8,353,000
(*g*) " " Representation (80 members) in the Imperial Parliament, 12.36 per cent, ...	7,490,000

It is not for a moment suggested that the division of burden should be based on the Customs revenue; these figures are given only as one evidence that the argument of Ireland's poverty has been driven a great deal too far. Again, to take population as the sole guide would be unfair to the poorer country, were it not indeed that population is adopted as the basis for representation. The foregoing

statement brings out in a clear light the gross outrage inflicted on the British people by placing eighty Irishmen in the Westminster Parliament. This will be rejected by the country on other and higher grounds than finance; but without trespassing from the narrow limits of this article, it may be asked, "Is it to be endured that Irishmen shall return eighty members, one-eighth of the whole, to share in that proportion not only in the imperial expenditures, to which their constituents contribute not one-eighth but one-fortieth, but also in the internal expenditure of England and Scotland, towards which they contribute nothing at all?" It is a very good thing to be liberal, but it should be remembered that liberality in this case to the people of Ireland who wish for Home Rule means injustice to the people of Great Britain who don't. Let the Irish remain enjoying their full share in the control of the common empire, and more than their share, as at present, in the benefits resulting from the general wealth and industry of the empire; or if they want to indulge in the pleasures of an independent financial existence, before asking the people of Great Britain to submit to the dangers of a separation of interests, let them show that they both can and will pay their own way.

Note.—The figures used in this paper are taken exclusively from Papers Nos. 334 and 335, presented to the House of Commons in July 1893.

"SEA-WRACK."

THE wrack was dark an' shiny where it floated in the sea,
There was no one in the brown boat but only him an' me;
Him to cut the sea-wrack—me to mind the boat,
An' not a word between us the hours we were afloat.
The wet wrack,
The sea-wrack,
The wrack was strong to cut.

We laid it on the grey rocks to wither in the sun;
An' what should call my lad then to sail from Cushendun?
With a low moon, a full tide, a swell upon the deep,
Him to sail the old boat—me to fall asleep.
The dry wrack,
The sea-wrack,
The wrack was dead so soon.

There's a fire low upon the rocks to burn the wrack to kelp;
There's a boat gone down upon the Moyle, an' sorra one to help.
Him beneath the salt sea—me upon the shore,—
By sunlight or moonlight we'll lift the wrack no more.
The dark wrack,
The sea-wrack,
The wrack may drift ashore.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

MURDERS IN CHINA.

THE murder of two Swedish missionaries near Hankow has opened a new page in the history of outrages against foreigners in China. Since the lamentable outbreak on the shores of the Yangtsze two years ago, the spirit of hostility, fed by the ill-will of the *literati*, or lettered classes, and supported by the connivance of the officials, has been kept alive among the people by a series of dropping attacks on missionaries and others in the interior of the country. Men and women have been ill-treated, mission premises have been burned down, and the property of the missionaries has been destroyed wholesale. In each case the guiding hand has been the hand of the *literati*, and the actual perpetrators of the outrages have been men especially employed for the purpose, sometimes even brought from a distance. The work has been thoroughly congenial to these miscreants, and the perfect immunity which they have enjoyed has now encouraged them to begin again the more violent methods which they employed so fatally two years ago. No punishment has been inflicted upon them; and if any gentle remonstrance has reached the local officials from Peking, the disapproval hinted at has been turned into approbation by these inveterate enemies of foreigners.

In this particular instance the usual formula in such cases was faithfully followed. First, false and malicious rumours were set afloat. The intended victims were accused of various crimes, among which the grossest forms of sensuality formed conspicuous items. Then followed placards charging them with gouging out the eyes of converts for medicinal purposes, and with kidnapping children. When the minds of the disaffected among the people had been thoroughly aroused by these familiar methods, an organised crowd attacked the mission premises and brutally murdered Messrs Wickholm and Johansen. The agitation in its preliminary stages was carried on in the light of day, and with the full knowledge of the Mandarins, who were perfectly aware that it was intended to end in outrage, and possibly in murder. Yet they did nothing to check the movement, and when the riot broke out they allowed the helpless foreigners to be done to death without raising a hand to save them.

It happened that in this instance the victims were Swedes. But this was a mere accident. Chinamen take no account of the different foreign nationalities. They divide the earth into China and the rest of the world. With the exception of the few Mandarins who have gathered a smattering of knowledge from Western sources, the "educated" classes regard such kingdoms of the earth as they know by name as insignificant tributaries of China. Their native geographical works proclaim this view; and we, by consenting that our new province of Burma should continue to pay tribute to Peking, have done our best to confirm the impression. The murder of these two missionaries, therefore, is not a question which affects only the Swedish Government — it concerns all foreign Governments alike; and if an end is to be put to these continual

outrages, some concerted line of action must be taken by the Treaty Powers conjointly.

As a first step to the consideration of the matter, it is necessary to understand the nature of the crime which has been committed. It is not by any means to be classed with an ordinary murder, such as might be committed any day in the Chinese quarters at Shanghai or Hongkong. It is as different from such a crime as an agrarian murder in Ireland is from an ordinary murder in Whitechapel. Indeed, in its aims and methods it bears a very strong resemblance to the crimes which have so often disgraced Ireland. Like the Irish agitators, the Chinese *literati* desire to get rid of those whom they regard as intruders, and in promotion of this aim they denounce them to their countrymen, and virtually proclaim that whoever shall kill them will be doing their country true and laudable service. When the crime has been committed the murderers find from the Mandarins the same protection which is extended to Irish criminals by the Land League. The man, Chow Han, who was proved to have instigated the outrages on the Yangtsze Kiang two years ago is still at large, although his arrest has been demanded over and over again by the British Minister at Peking, and in spite of the orders which were apparently sent by the Tsungli Yamun that he should be brought to trial. But there is this wide difference between Chinese and Irish crime. In Ireland the promoters of outrage are a faction, while in China they are the officials and supporters of the Government. In the one case they can be dealt with individually, while in the other it is necessary to hold the ruling powers in the country responsible. It is here that the difficulty arises. How are you to deal with a Government which persistently endeavours to nullify the rights of foreigners, and by underhand methods to counteract the spirit and conditions of the treaties? Until the war of 1860 it was the practice when any difficulty arose at a port for the Consul on the spot to negotiate with the local officials, and if he found that justice was wilfully withheld from him, to invoke the support of the naval authorities on the station, to whose more forcible arguments the Mandarins commonly yielded. This was a rough-and-ready system which met the requirements of the day, and which was fairly well adapted to the necessities of the position. Matters, however, did not always run smoothly, and an exaggerated belief in the civilised proclivities of the central Government induced England and France—Russia was already at Peking—to demand representatives at the capital. This, it was believed, was all that was necessary to secure a sure and ready fulfilment of the treaty obligations. When once, it was thought, we were in touch with the central authorities, we should be able to ensure satisfactory understandings on all matters in dispute at the treaty ports. It was well known that a word from Peking was enough to make the local Mandarins, even in the most distant provinces, "tremble and obey," to use the common formula of Imperial decrees; and it was therefore confidently expected that the establishment of legations at Peking would be the beginning of an era of peace and goodwill between the Chinese and ourselves. But it is as unsafe to dogmatise about diplomacy as about most things; and the idea that a system which

works well at St James's or at the Quai d'Orsay must necessarily answer at Peking, has proved to be both fallacious and mischievous.

For the success of the experiment, it was necessary that the Chinese should be such men as ourselves—that they should be penetrated with a sense of national honour, and that they should enter on the new relationship with friendly feelings towards us. Unfortunately these conditions have not been fulfilled. Throughout the whole of Asia no more orientally-minded statesmen can be found than those who govern the fate of the Chinese Empire. In pursuit of any political aim or intrigue they are prepared to countenance crime, to practise chicanery of the worst and most dishonourable kind, to belie their words, and to stoop to every form of meanness. Without any undue pride, therefore, we may safely say that they are not such men as ourselves. Being in practice entirely indifferent to the principles of truth and justice, the fulfilment of treaty obligations undertaken by the Government is a matter which in no way binds them, and the feeling that the national honour is involved in the due performance of national agreements is beyond their comprehension.

For more than a quarter of a century our Ministers—in common with the representatives of the other Powers—have striven to carry on diplomatic relations with these impossible people. It is a fact which is admitted by all those who know anything of the state of things at Peking, that the position as regards foreign affairs at the capital is worse now than it was after the war of 1860. The effect of establishing diplomatic relations with the Government has merely been to put into the hands of the Tsungli Yamun a weapon of which they quickly perceived the value. They had the wit to see that in times of peace international law protected them against all arguments, except those to be conveyed in despatches or at formal interviews; and that therefore they may ply their trade of evasion and chicanery without let or hindrance. Of these advantages they had made full use; and it would be interesting if some M.P. were to ask the Under-Secretary of State in the House of Commons how many mercantile claims against the Chinese Government are unsettled at the present time, and how long they have been outstanding. It is commonly reported that the obstinacy and bad faith of the Tsungli Yamun so disgusted our late Minister, Sir John Walsham, that he gave up all attempts to carry through the just claims of the merchants at the ports, and that at the close of his tenure of office things had come almost to a deadlock. Such a state of affairs is bad enough; but when the situation is aggravated by the frequent recurrence of political murders—for the missionary murders are clearly crimes of this nature—it is surely time that some steps should be taken to ensure the fulfilment of the treaty, and to protect the lives of peaceable foreigners living in the interior of the country.

But what is to be done? It is plain that the lines on which we have been working for the last three-and-thirty years have broken down. The attempt to apply the diplomatic method to people who are not sufficiently advanced for it has proved a failure. It was like putting a beggar on horseback. Disaster was the only possible result to be expected. It is said by some of those who cling to

the idea that all men are alike, that the Chinese, being new to European diplomacy, should be given time to accustom themselves to its method of procedure. This would be a reasonable plea if there were the least signs that they were endeavouring to act honestly towards us. But unhappily the reverse is the case. As has already been said, they have seized upon those rules of diplomatic usage which tell in their favour, and have ignored with increasing bad faith the obligations imposed upon them by the treaties. They have entirely failed to recognise that they cannot play fast and loose with international obligations; and that if they wish to reap the advantages of being treated as a civilised Power, they must learn to discharge at least the elementary duties belonging to civilised States. One of the first of these is the duty of exercising all due care to protect the lives of foreigners residing within their territories. Far from doing this, they have by connivance and encouragement repeatedly prompted the murder of Europeans travelling or residing in the country; and it is imperatively necessary, therefore, that the heinous nature of these treacherous international crimes should be brought home to their consciences.

It will be remembered that during the war of 1860 some Englishmen, including Sir Harry Parkes and Sir Henry Loch, were made prisoners when under a flag of truce, and that some of them were cruelly tortured to death. This flagrant breach of the usages of civilised nations called, in Lord Elgin's opinion, for the infliction of some conspicuous punishment; and, after due consideration, he determined to mark his abhorrence of the offence by reducing the Emperor's summer palace to ashes. This was done, and the lesson taught made an impression which would have lasted until now had not the Chinese succeeded in the meantime in emasculating our policy. Every one must admit that Lord Elgin was of all men the most just and considerate. He was surrounded on this occasion with the most competent advisers, among whom were Sir Thomas Wade, Sir Harry Parkes after his release, and others, and he occupied a position, therefore, which eminently qualified him to arrive at a wise decision. The crime was particularly shocking, because it came upon us as a surprise that a Government calling itself civilised could be guilty of so gross a breach of the most ordinary political honour. Since then the frequent repetition of crimes of an equally heinous nature has mitigated our surprise, and has, to a certain extent, blunted our sense of the infamous conduct of the Government. If the murder of prisoners taken during war under a flag of truce demanded an exemplary punishment, surely the murder, when the two nations are at peace, of innocent foreigners residing among the people in accordance with the terms of a treaty, demands similar treatment. According to the Chinese system, the principal Mandarin of each district is held personally responsible for the peace and good order of the territory under his jurisdiction. We have tried to make the Tsungli Yamun act up to this common practice in cases in which foreigners have been murdered, and have failed to do so. The only official who was dismissed after the murder of Messrs Green and Argent at Wusueh two years ago, was the magistrate who saved the lives of English women and children during the riot. As the

Government has persistently abrogated its duty in this respect, it is incumbent on the Treaty Powers, if travellers and missionaries are not to be excluded from the country altogether, to follow the principle laid down in the precedent set by Lord Elgin, and to take the punishment into their own hands. Such retribution is easily effected. When, some years ago, two Frenchmen were assaulted at a village thirty miles from Hankow, a detachment of sailors from a French gunboat marched to the scene of the tumult and destroyed the houses of the rioters. Far from arousing the resentment of the Mandarins, the effect produced was most salutary. The Taotai immediately expressed himself ready to pay, in addition, any indemnity demanded, and for years the lives and property of foreigners were held sacred in the district. So it would be now, if, on the occurrence of a murder at which the connivance of the Mandarins could be reasonably proved, a punishment was inflicted on the scene of the crime, or at the nearest accessible spot. Either on the coast or on the shores of the Yangtsze Kiang we are in touch with almost every province in the empire, and there need be no difficulty therefore in dealing effectively with the provincial authorities in the manner suggested.

Such a system of reprisals would have the additional advantage, paradoxical as it may appear, of securing the goodwill and respect of the Mandarins and the people. Chinamen are like nettles. If you grasp them firmly, they become perfectly harmless; but if with a timid and fluttering hand you attempt to hold them, you only get stung for your pains. Since the acquisition of Burma, an idea has been prevalent that the goodwill of China is essential to us. Every one will admit that the friendship of the Peking Government is much to be desired; but it is well to remember that our friendship is infinitely more important to China than hers is to us. At the present moment she is threatened on the north by Russia, and on the south by France; and it is mainly due to our influence that these Powers stay the hands which are prepared and anxious to seize upon portions of the promised land. If we were to stand aloof, Russia would take without remorse the tempting harbours of Corea, and France would advance her conquests to the West River with a light heart. But it is not a question of choosing between some such system as is here proposed and the goodwill of China. That can only be secured by adopting a firm and temperate policy. Let the steel glove be encased in velvet, if you please; but if we are to secure the respect and friendship of China, there must be the steel glove.

THE PEERS AND THE PEOPLE.

THE Session has been unprecedented. Never before has a Government carried through the House of Commons a measure involving imperial disintegration; never before has a Government relied night after night upon the votes of men who have been censured by the highest tribunals for not having denounced "the system of intimidation which led to crime and outrage, but persisted in it, with knowledge of its effects," for their majority, and consequently for their existence; never before has a Government by brute and arbitrary force driven through the House a bill effecting a series of constitutional changes, refusing all discussion on twenty-six out of thirty-seven clauses; and finally, never before has a Government been so overwhelmed in a great division. Overwhelmed, not by the normal Tory majority—that might have been endured; not by a rush to Westminster of the shooters, and the hunters, and the farmers who are supposed to have little aptitude for politics, but by the best trained in the church, in the army, in the law, in the senate, in administration; by those who enjoy in every walk of life in a pre-eminent degree the respect of the people.

On the other hand, what is the value of the 41 votes recorded for the Government? 21 now hold office under the crown, and are therefore as much bound to vote for this or any other measure as to discharge the duty of their respective offices. 14 others owe the rank they hold to Mr Gladstone, and are therefore linked to his policy by close ties of gratitude; and six only—the Earl of Ashburnham, Earl Granville, Earl Russell, the Earl of Elgin, Lord Leigh, and Lord Wentworth—without any strong compelling motive, have thrown in their lot with Home Rule. On the other hand, the ranks of the majority owe their commanding superiority to the adhesion of men whose natural bent, whose lifelong friendships, and whose sentiments of party gratitude, must have suffered some measure of strain in the vote of Saturday morning. 83 Peers have been created on Mr Gladstone's suggestion: of these, 62 now occupy a seat in the House, and of this number 24 only could endure to vote with the Government. Since 1830 there have been created by Liberal ministries 214 Peers; under Conservative ministries, only 105. The extinction of the following of the present Liberal Premier is thus not owing to Conservative creations, or even to existing sympathy with party Conservatism, but to the wild and wayward policy forced upon the Liberal party by Mr Gladstone. Such is the constitution and character of the Assembly which has given this decisive vote. What are the reasons and arguments which have led up to this result?

Ministers in the House of Lords had this great advantage—the bill it was their part to present to the Peers was the final outcome of Home Rule wisdom; it was the best and most perfect production which six years' incubation and six months' assiduous labour could construct; there was no longer any reason to dread a knock-down blow of Parnellite passion from Mr Redmond, or an outbreak of cleri-

cal prejudice from Mr M'Carthy, or a stampede by those various bodies of reluctant Home Rulers who had agreed to risk the welfare of Ireland—one for Disestablishment, another for Local Option, others each for his petty and personal fad. The old parliamentary hand had engineered his bill through all these dangers; he had taken his soundings with consummate skill, he had avoided this sandbank and that promontory, and through a maze of dangers he had steered his beloved vessel with scarcely a scratch into the midway haven which succeeds the third reading in the House of Commons. It is true that the vessel was patched and cobbled and reconstructed to such an extent as to be unrecognisable; it is true she now embodied principles of construction which each member of her crew, and most especially her captain, had declared he never would endure; but the great fact remained that her name continued the same—the "Home Rule" of Hawarden—and that no one could doubt her final acceptance by the nation involved disintegration of the Empire.

The Gladstonian speakers in the House of Lords had, then, a simple task—nothing more to do than to justify the measure which had come up from the House of Commons,—the very best measure which the most favourable House of Commons, after the largest expenditure of time, under the ablest leader, could possibly produce. Here was something indeed worth a desperate struggle, the very best of its kind that could be gotten or was to be hoped for—not merely the idea of Home Rule, which meant anything, from gas and water to an Irish Republic, but a perfect, living, sentient scheme. How did the Gladstonian Peers utilise this great opportunity? The best of them shall answer. To criticise the speeches of Lords Kimberley, Spencer, and Ripon would be unkind to worthy men; to reproduce their arguments would be tyranny to the reader. The best only shall be taken; and the best—that which excited most expectation, and which was most worth hearing or reading—was without question the speech by Lord Rosebery. Four columns of matter had to be produced: the first column was a succession of witticisms, full of point, originality, delicacy, and brilliancy; for after dinner it would have been superb. When the second column begins, the reader is startled into gravity by the declaration, "To-night I would ask to waive all discussion of the bill." The leading Minister declines to discuss, still more to support, the leading, indeed the only, bill of the session! Nor does he hesitate to draw the curtain and show the working of his mind. "You may be certain in regard to this controversy of the infallibility of the course you have pursued or propose to pursue. I may frankly say I am by no means sure of mine. I am not certain about anything in regard to Ireland." After this disclosure, Lord Rosebery again relapsed to the jocular strain, and spent ten minutes in inimitable fooling, likening Lord Salisbury to the matador who finally slays the bull (the Home Rule Bill) after it has survived all the lesser perils of the arena.

In the third column Lord Rosebery becomes historical, and asks a very pertinent question, which is being continually put by his political opponents: "How did it come about that in the year 1886 a great English party, comprising responsible men—an ex-Viceroy of Ireland and an ex-Chief Secretary—deliberately proposed a measure

of Home Rule—a measure which the party had resisted for eighty years?" How indeed? Irreverent persons have thought because Mr Gladstone, having asked the electors for a majority strong enough to make him independent of the Irish vote, and not having got it, found himself forced to purchase the necessary support by a sacrifice of these eighty-year old opinions. This great party, containing all these responsible personages, were, according to Lord Rosebery, converted suddenly, completely, irrevocably, because Lord Salisbury, coming into office in June 1885, determined to govern Ireland without what is called coercion for the four months intervening before the general election could be held: the announcement of this intention "cut altogether the ground from the feet of the Liberal party." Without having any particular belief in or admiration for the Liberal party, it is startling, on being admitted behind the scenes, to discover, on the highest authority, how slight a thrust will cause that party to stagger in its convictions and to fall from its principles. The mountain has not brought forth a mouse, but the mouse a mountain. So monstrous a result —the word may be said in quite a friendly sense—is sufficiently extraordinary to require elucidation in the clear light of facts.

Mr Gladstone's Government was governing Ireland with the aid of an Act which was to expire at the close of the session of 1885. Up to the 6th of June in that year, the day of their defeat, the Government had not given the slightest indication of their desire to renew the Act. Lord Salisbury came into office towards the end of the month, in a minority, with a Reform Bill already passed into law, and a general election in prospect as soon as the new voters could be placed upon the roll. The majority would do nothing to make government easy, and the ordinary remedy of a dissolution was impracticable, because the new electorate was not constituted, and a House of Commons chosen by the old electorate would have neither public respect nor permanence. But although the Conservative Ministry did not, because they could not, obtain an immediate renewal of the expiring Act, they did intimate in the House of Commons their intention to strengthen the criminal law if again returned to power. It would be difficult to imagine an argument more inadequate, not to say inane, than that here stated for a revolution in the policy of a great party.

The last column of Lord Rosebery's speech strikes a chord which finds an echo in every speech delivered on the Government side of the House. "We were face to face with the moral and material failure of the Union to secure prosperity to Ireland. We then were driven, and not unwillingly driven, to the policy of Home Rule; all other policies we had tried had failed,—this alone remained, and we tried it." What a cry for the country—Failure! It is presented as a regular grammar in every person and every tense,—I fail, thou didst fail, he failed, we have failed, you will fail, &c., and the only remedy is to do the exact opposite of what you have been doing for eighty years or more. We know our new policy is difficult—all its details are in fact so embarrassing that we can't bear to speak of them; we know it is detested by a million or two who will be placed under a hated yoke; we don't believe in it ourselves—at least, not much—but we have come to the conclusion something must be done, and this may be tried as well as anything else.

Lord Herschell's speech, taken

in conjunction with Lord Rosebery's, completes the case of the Gladstonian Peers. Lord Rosebery, whom nobody imagines to desire office from any other motive than that of public duty, does not believe in the bill, but rightly remembers that the people look to him at all costs, or almost at all costs, to keep his place in a Ministry which would otherwise infallibly lead the country into foreign peril. Lord Herschell is impressed with the belief that we have never understood Ireland, and therefore never been able to legislate for her. With the desire of a majority in Ireland for some distinct national life, with the dangers he foresees under the Union, with part of Ireland discontented and foreign enemies ready to take advantage of that discontent,—he nevertheless admits that "he would have preferred to leave untouched the Act of Union, if that Act were regarded with equal affection and esteem by both the parties to it." Here is the speaker to whom the Gladstonian party looked with most hope for a solid justification of the measure confessing he would have preferred not to introduce it. And again, in place of this particular bill, he would have liked better a scheme "by which the Irish members should only vote on those reserved questions, or bills relating to Ireland." He gives away the position assumed by the Government on a point essential to the whole framework of their bill. In this speech, as in all others, there is the undercurrent of a sense of failure running through it. "The British Parliament, as a piece of legislative machinery for Ireland, has been a failure," and the depressing and impotent conclusion that something else must be tried follows in the inevitable sequence of ideas. Lord Herschell's speech fell as a blight upon the Gladstonian Peers, and it would perhaps be hard in the annals of debate to find so perfect an instance of the weakness of a cause being exposed by the arguments of its ablest advocates. If any one doubts, let him peruse the speeches of Lords Rosebery and Herschell, and he will learn from the Government itself how weak is their argumentative position.

It is refreshing to turn from Gladstonian apologists to the champions of the Union. There is a ringing note of confidence and hope and honour and courage in the speeches of the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Cranbrook, and Lord Salisbury, which comes as a welcome change from the dreary accents of despair. A brief analysis of these speeches can give little idea of their cogency, and a bare recitation of arguments would extend beyond the limits of this paper.

The whole policy of the Opposition, as expressed by Lord Salisbury, may be summed up in the words, "patient continuance in well-doing," and if this is persisted in, Lord Herschell may cease to be startled into proposing what he disapproves by the discontent of a portion of the Irish people. They are not inhuman, and they can be gained by a policy of strength, justice, and kindness, undertaken not by fits and starts, but with resolution and continuity.

It has been shown what the majority was that destroyed this bill, and what the arguments were on the merits of the case that led to their decision. The question of acute interest at the present time is, "What is the attitude of the Lords to the country, of the country to the Lords, and of the Government to both?" The House of Lords have refused to accept the

bill, not so much because it is incurably bad as because it has not been approved by the people, and because the policy on which it rests has been condemned at the last election by the majority of British electors. It is too often forgotten that the Union was a contract between two Parliaments. The preamble of the Act of Union recites that "The two Houses of the Parliament of Great Britain and the two Houses of the Parliament of Ireland have '*severally*' agreed," &c. The Union would not have been effected had either country refused consent. Should at some future date a new Union be desired, a similar rule must apply; but at the intervening stage, the destruction of the Union, the Government seek to secure their act in the direction of separation by an appeal to the argument that on this occasion, but for this occasion only, the majority of members from the whole kingdom should decide. Unionists are perfectly prepared to acknowledge now and always the decision of the House of Commons as at present constituted; but an Act which destroys the existing House and sets up two Houses in its place, cannot logically be allowed to have received the popular approval when it is rejected by the representatives of the larger kingdom. The striking fact that in every important division a British majority of 12 to 20 declared persistently against the policy of the Government, can hardly be too urgently pressed on public attention.

Mr Balfour concluded his great speech at the third reading by a declaration that a bill effecting a constitutional revolution in the relations between Great Britain and Ireland could never be effected in opposition to the will of the former. This is the opinion of the House of Lords. It is of the utmost moment that the country should understand the attitude the Lords have deliberately taken. The majority, indeed, represents the prevalent conviction of its members, that the bill placed before them is one that on its merits ought to be defeated. It may be that they would hold this occasion to be that supreme occasion when public duty could only be satisfied by a persistence in their opinion, even at the cost of a collision with the popular will clearly and emphatically expressed, and having in view violent and revolutionary change as a possible result. Having regard to the balance of power which exists in all polities in these days of democratic supremacy, concession to the popular will is a necessity to which sovereigns as well as second chambers must bow; the heroic course of persistent opposition can be resorted to but very rarely—perhaps only once.

It would indeed be difficult to find an occasion of higher importance, an occasion better worthy of the great stake of existence. There is every reason to believe that this question will not arise, that the British electorate will confirm with still greater emphasis the views now expressed in Parliament on their behalf; but should this not be the case, it will become the duty of the Lords to take a decision of the utmost moment. No such question, however, has yet arisen. The Lords are the champions of free discussion, and of the rights of the majority of the British people. The point must be emphasised by quoting the opinion of the leaders in the debate. The Duke of Devonshire says: "I maintain that on a question of such magnitude, so closely touching the fundamental institutions of our State, if there is any object in the

existence of a second chamber at all, it is to prevent changes of that character being made without the absolute certainty that they are in accordance with the will of the majority of the people. . . . We contend that this is a question large enough to justify us in refusing to pass the measure into law until the real desire and wish of the people is settled beyond the shadow of a doubt." Lord Ashbourne concludes an eloquent appeal for the rejection of the bill with the declaration that the Lords should be "animated by the conviction that our action will be ratified by the country." Lord Selborne is equally emphatic: "Now the bill is before your lordships, after having been passed in the House of Commons by a majority of the Irish members against a majority of the representatives of Great Britain; and if there be any duty, the shrinking or retreating from which would be an act of the most abject meanness and cowardice, it is the duty of giving to the British people an opportunity of saying whether they agree with the majority of their own representatives or not." Lord Halsbury states the position as follows: "I am prepared to vote against this bill, because I believe it is not in accordance with the will of the country. It has not been explained to the people; it is not understood by them; while it has not been properly discussed in the House of Commons." And finally, Lord Salisbury, wielding so vast an influence, expresses his view of the duty of the Peers in language at once dignified and restrained: "If England withdraws her mandate, if England tells us she wishes this horror should be consummated, I agree that a different state of things will have arisen. I believe that to be impossible, and that as long as England is true to herself, now or on any future occasion, if you allow this atrocious, this mean, this treacherous revolution to pass, you will be untrue to the duty which has descended to you from a splendid ancestry—you will be untrue to your highest traditions—you will be untrue to the trust that has been bequeathed to you from the past—you will be untrue to the empire."

Throughout the whole debate there is among the Unionist Peers one unvarying tone, a tone of hope for the future, of confidence in themselves, and of trust in the people; but a plunge out of this high atmosphere must be taken—from Lord Salisbury to Mr Schnadhorst! Bearing in mind the terrible things Mr Gladstone and his followers have said about the House of Lords, there was an uncomfortable feeling that something alarming ought to happen,—that the leader of the Opposition should have his carriage smashed, or, at the very least, that the windows of the Carlton Club must be broken, as an indication of the passionate determination of the people to be governed by a contingent of Irish members. For some days nothing happened, except, indeed, that a crowd assembled in Palace Yard at one A.M. to cheer the Unionist Peers; but this was only the calm before the storm, and the whirlwind has been let loose in the shape of a circular signed by four gentlemen belonging to the National Liberal Federation, two of whom are known as wire-pullers and two not known at all. No violence, no noise, no resolutions, no meetings, nothing but a modest little missive, that is believed to be circulating among the faithful through the humble medium of the halfpenny

post. Has the British Lion forgotten to roar, or is it possible that he is well satisfied at what has been done? Even Mr Schnadhorst is mildness itself, when it is considered how Mr Gladstone has been "flouted" by the Peers. He only asks for careful consideration, and suggests that the mending or ending of the House of Lords "may before long" cry aloud for vigorous treatment. There is at present no indication whatever that the feeling of the country to the House of Lords is other than a feeling of grateful acquiescence.

One question remains—What is the attitude of the Government to the House of Lords and the people? There is no doubt what it should be. They have been defeated on the one supreme cardinal measure of their programme; this defeat is inflicted on the ground that the people have not yet expressed their will, and logic and justice as well as constitutional usage demand that the people should at once be asked, Do you want this bill? Mr Gladstone has one excellent reason why he does not follow this course, dissolve Parliament, and ask this question. He knows that the people do not want the bill, and the answer would be a dismissal both of his bill and of himself. Let the people regard and grasp the situation—Mr Gladstone passionately enthusiastic but defeated; one power and one alone, the people, can bear him onwards—can secure the crowning triumph of his life, can place his foot on the neck of his hereditary enemy. Can any one be so simple as to doubt that he would appeal to the people and end this controversy in a cloud of glory if he believed that the answer would be favourable? His ineffective action, his hesitation to appeal to the power which he always affects to regard as master both of Lords and Commons, afford internal evidence of the most absolute kind that Ministers know they do not enjoy the support of the people. Knowing this, refusing to dissolve and clinging to office, it has become the duty of the Unionist majority — be it remembered a majority in both Houses save for the representation of the south and west of Ireland — to consider what course they should take to terminate the unprecedented and unconstitutional action of the Government. There is no objection to their continuing a little longer to enjoy the sweets of office; they may even be permitted to introduce and to pass measures of a useful and non-contentious character, but they must not be allowed to carry any serious legislation. Deference to the popular will is the perpetual cry of the Radical party. When it suits them, they are always calling aloud on the people — when it answers their purpose. They appeal unto Cæsar; unto Cæsar let them go. Until they come back with the verdict, it is the duty of the British majority in the House of Commons, and ultimately of the imperial majority in the House of Lords, to insist that they shall not govern on the basis of a possession of power which their own conduct proves they know they do not possess. The maintenance of the Legislative Union or its destruction in the manner proposed by the bill, is the single point on which the judgment of the country must be asked.

The decadence of the House of Commons is a subject on which no Englishman or Scotsman can reflect without pain. The revival of the House of Lords may, however, be regarded by patriotic men of all parties with a feeling of

genuine satisfaction, because it is a revival not resting on the prejudices of an oligarchy, but on the perception of the ablest and most independent men in the country of their duty as the leaders of a patriotic democracy. It is long since the House of Lords enjoyed so great a degree of power, and very long since they possessed in so large a measure the trust of the people: trust, because the people are far-sighted enough to see that the Lords are acting not as the depositaries of supreme authority, but as the guardians of the popular will; power, because they have nothing to fear. "Mending or ending" (a phrase which Mr Schnadhorst seems to think, when blown on his dread horn, will cause the walls of the gilded chamber to sink and crumble)—what terror has that for the Peers? Mending can hardly be applied save in the form of strengthening the House for its practical duties in the twentieth century. Mending can have no terror for individuals; for those who do not now attend would lose nothing, and those who do would under any conceivable system be the first to find a place in any second chamber. Ending! What business has a wire-puller to talk of ending when his own party has insisted on the creation of a second chamber in Dublin? Ending, moreover, if Peers could share the more selfish thoughts and ambitions of ordinary men, what an influence would men like the Duke of Devonshire and Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis of Salisbury or the Marquis of Londonderry, the Earl of Cranbrooke or the Earl of Wemyss, Lord Ashbourne or Lord Balfour, exercise in the country if free to head their party in the thick of the strife! It may seem paradoxical, but it may well be true, that there is more desire to end the House of Lords from within than from without.

However this may be, the House of Lords has nothing to dread in the future if it continues to discharge its plain duty, and insist that no Minister, however imperious and however venerable, shall exercise the power of office until he has obtained a mandate from the people in favour of his defeated and discredited policy.

As this article leaves the writer's hands, Mr Gladstone is about to make an important declaration of his intentions. He has declared, time after time, that he lives in politics only to settle the Irish question, and he may boldly and frankly announce his intention to dissolve. This is the course both honour and logic should lead him to take. He may, dreading an adverse decision, decide to hold on and lay his plans for concealing Home Rule under a cover of specious measures of interior reform, just as children's powders are concealed in a spoonful of jam, diverting attention as much as possible from his Irish policy, and making as much as possible of a vicious assault on the House of Lords. Whatever course may be announced, the Unionist position is so impregnable that any resolution on Mr Gladstone's part may be received with the equanimity of conscious strength. The Unionist party in Lords and Commons have done their duty. A question of the greatest conceivable magnitude has been raised, and they insist that it and not other things must be remitted to and decided by the country. The Peers and the people are at one, each understanding the power, position, and duty of the other. The people have nothing to fear from the Peers, nor the Peers from the people.

THE DECADENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE present position of the House of Commons in the eyes of the country is becoming a matter of great anxiety, and calls for serious consideration. The disgraceful scenes which culminated last July in a free fight on the floor of the House, are the outward and visible manifestations of the process of the decay of the parliamentary traditions which for so many generations have been the proud boast of the British people. It is a singular and melancholy reflection that the process of degradation of the character of the House should be going on at a time when that body is arrogating to itself year by year all those powers of the State which it formerly shared with the Crown and the House of Lords. A century ago the power of the Crown was a considerable factor in politics. A generation ago a vote in the House of Lords was of little less importance than a decision of the House of Commons. When, at the time of the Danish war, votes of censure on Lord Palmerston's Government were moved in the two Houses of Parliament (carried by nine votes in the Lords, and rejected by eighteen in the Commons), it was seriously argued that Lord Palmerston should resign or dissolve. It is interesting, incidentally, to note, for the benefit of those who talk of the House of Lords as a mere Tory preserve, that thirty years ago it was almost exactly evenly divided in its politics, and that since that time its ranks have mainly been filled by Mr Gladstone's nominees. Nobody would wish or expect nowadays to see a partisan monarch on the Throne, nor is it reasonable that any hereditary chamber should be invested with authority equal to that of the direct representatives of the people. But if the power of these two branches of the Constitution be abated, it behoves the nation to select their rulers in the House of Commons with the utmost care.

It must be remembered that, in governing the country, the House of Commons has to compete with the irresponsible but formidable rivalry of the press. The character of British journalism stands high; but after all journalism is a trade, and must to some extent be conducted on the simple principles of the American editor, who defined his duty as being "To raise h—ll, and sell my paper." Such a thing as a non-partisan paper dealing with politics does not, probably could not, exist; and the mass of the people must get political facts shown to them through coloured glasses. As every man interested in politics, except the most and the least educated, reads his particular journal's parliamentary comments, it is easy to write down any political opponent not in the very front rank of debaters. If men are told daily or weekly that Mr A. is a bore, a dinner-bell, a rowdy, or a wind-bag, they can hardly in the long-run do otherwise than believe it. It is sometimes curious to note the different appreciation of a man by his fellow-M.P.'s, as compared with his reputation in the country. The remedy for this state of affairs would appear to be of a twofold description. Get good local candi-

dates, and give them a freer hand when you have got them. At the present time what is the state of affairs? Mr Brown is elected on his party ticket. The leaders of his party change their politics. If Brown fails to do the same, of course he is *anathema maranatha*. But, short of that, Mr B. votes on some detail of a bill against his party. Usually he is allowed "first fault." A second vote, and he is termed "erratic"; a third, and he is "untrustworthy"; a fourth, and he is consigned to the ranks of "traitors." What inducement is there to a self-respecting man to enter Parliament on such terms? If the local caucuses and associations want men who will merely say ditto to Mr Gladstone or Lord Salisbury, they can easily get them; but what are they worth when got? No wonder the public despises them. Yet they constitute the supreme power in the State.

It may be asked why we urge that candidates should be local men. The rule would not, of course, be invariable. Constituencies would be proud to elect distinguished outsiders such as Mr Gladstone or Mr Balfour, or other eminent men. Such a man as Mr Burt would be considered a local candidate in any constituency dominated by the mining vote. But nowadays a gentleman goes to the party whips — wants a seat — has the necessary means — can speak a little, and will vote straight. He neither knows nor cares to what part of the country he may be sent; the constituency to which he is assigned take him on trust—know nothing of him—are, consequently, easy to persuade that he is a failure in the House, and regard him as a voting-machine sent to support Mr Gladstone or Mr Balfour —and expel him on the slightest symptom of independence, or, as they think, insubordination. Can such a man be said to represent a constituency? The picture is in no way overdrawn. Take the list of the present members of the House of Commons, and look at the number of men who, with an equally light heart, have contested the county of Dan and the borough of Beersheba, before being returned for the constituency of Jericho. Without counting the Irish contingent, it would be probably no exaggeration to say that at least one-third of the members of the House of Commons have no connection with the constituencies for which they sit.

An ideal House of Commons would consist of 670 of the very ablest and best men — men distinguished for their historical, scientific, artistic, &c., knowledge— that could be found in the country; and very dull would their proceedings be. Happily, that ideal is unattainable; but as a matter of practical politics, cannot the country be served better than it at present is? Establish the proposition that a constituency shall be served either by a man who has won his spurs in the parliamentary tournament, or by one who has a real and substantial interest in the locality for which he seeks to sit, and you diminish the power of an irresponsible critic to unfairly deprecate the *personnel* of the House. It is hardly likely at the present moment that our rulers would consider with favour a proposal for a reduction in their own numbers. But if the time comes when District Parliaments are established for the consideration of such matters as are now dealt with by private bills, the country might

with advantage remit the consideration of the great issues of State policy to a moiety of the gentlemen who now sit in the popular chamber.

Other reasons tend to diminish the respect with which the opinions and decisions of the House are regarded in the country. In every profession in the United Kingdom experience counts, and justly counts, for much. If we are ill, supposing we have the means, do we call in the experienced or inexperienced practitioner? Do we intrust our armies to the general or subaltern? Do we prefer a young lawyer who is just called to a Q.C., a curate to an archbishop, and so on? Yet we are intrusting a revolutionary change in the British constitution to a Parliament five-sixths of whose members entered the House of Commons between 1880 and the present time. Roughly speaking, the House of Commons comprises 100 members who held seats prior to 1880—many of whom, however, have only intermittently been members of the House—about 240 members elected from 1880 to 1886, and about 330 members of from one to seven years' standing in Parliament. The work of Parliament has increased so enormously, the demands of the platform have become so incessant, and the work of canvassing and electioneering has grown so much in consequence of the enlargement of the constituencies, that it is little wonder that many men cannot long support the fatigues of parliamentary work. The younger generation who succeed are doubtless men of ability, but somewhat disposed to "rush" their political fences, and to be intolerant of opposition. One thing is absolutely necessary if the House of Commons is to be restored to the position it formerly occupied in the eyes of the nation, and that is, that discipline should be enforced. "Quid leges sine moribus vanæ proficiunt?" People were rightly shocked and indignant at the scene of last July; but if they could appreciate the habitual language and demeanour of a certain number of members, they would only wonder that the outbreak should so long have been postponed. There are a certain number of men—not many, but still an appreciable number—who are in the constant practice of using language of the coarsest and most provocative nature. With the view of avoiding scenes, the authorities of the House, as well as the members attacked, turn a deaf ear to nine-tenths of the disorder that goes on. But the evil is becoming almost unendurable. The number of offenders is not large, and the suspension for a few weeks or months of one or two ringleaders would probably put a stop to this scandal. But nowadays, when a breach of order occurs, the first idea of too many members is to see how easily the offender can be let off.

Patriotic men of all shades of politics should reflect upon the enormous change in the position of Parliament which has been the outcome of the Parnellite movement. The late Mr Parnell considered that, to attain certain objects, his best tactics would be to paralyse the whole parliamentary machine—a course which had never before been adopted in the House. His strategy met with great success. In order to carry it out, he required a few lieutenants well acquainted with the forms of the House, and a body of rank

and file who should yield implicit obedience to their leader. From his point of view it was not necessary or desirable that the bulk of the Irish members should be men of independence and position in their own country; and matters are not very different since his downfall and death.

We have to deal with a body of men who may be divided into three categories. First, those who, provided they can get what they want for Ireland, are anxious to maintain the dignity and decorum of Parliament; secondly, a class consisting of men who hate England, and who prefer obtaining what they seek for their country by the humiliation of Parliament and the infringement of its usages; and thirdly, the men who have no pride in or respect for parliamentary tradition on the one hand, and no active feeling of hostility to England on the other. If the Irish people really desire such a measure of Home Rule as Mr Gladstone's followers affect to believe would content them, their best chance would probably be to reinforce Class I. of their representatives. Class II. have done their work. By their pertinacity and violence they have forced Home Rule on the Gladstonian party, as the Clerkenwell explosion loosened the foundations of the Irish Church. Their outbreaks now are useful to Unionists, but calculated to scare the hesitating Gladstonian.

These lines are not, however, written with the object of discussing the Home Rule question. For the dignity of the House of Commons it is earnestly to be hoped that a better feeling may be fostered among its members. It is not by tall-talk about "mandates" and "programmes" that the country will be satisfied. There is plenty of ability, plenty of good sense, amongst members. In the work of which the public see and hear little or nothing—in select committees, private bill work, &c.—good sense and good humour prevail. Why should the presence of a reporter act as a red flag to a member of Parliament? As a silent but an interested spectator, the writer shakes his head, and would thereby be understood respectfully to affirm "that even though they had more justice in their cause, and wisdom in their measures, yet if there was not a greater spirit shown on the part of the people, the country" (as represented in the House of Commons) "would at last fall a sacrifice to the hostile ambition of" those who envy its ancient fame.

Printed by William Blackwood and Sons.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCCXXXVII. NOV. 1893. Vol. CLIV.

1ST MARCH 1871.

In the early morning of 1st March 1871, Laurence Oliphant (who was then correspondent of the 'Times') and I left the Hôtel Chatham to walk up the Champs Elysées to a balcony in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, from which we were to view the entry of the Germans into Paris. The sky was grey; the air was full of mist; not a soul was to be seen; the shutters of every house were closed; a day of national humiliation could not have commenced more dismally. I remember that we felt an oppressive sensation of loneliness and gloom, which we communicated to each other at the same instant, and then laughed at the simultaneity of our thoughts.

At the Arch of Triumph were two men in blouses, the first we met. They were staring through the mist at the Porte Maillot, and we proceeded to stare too, for it was from that gate that the entry was to be made. So far as we could see, the whole place was absolutely empty; but our eyes were not quite reliable, for the fog on the low ground was so thick that it was impossible to make out anything. That fog might be full of troops, for all we knew.

It was then about half-past seven, and as we had been told the night before that the advanced-guard would come in at eight, we thought, after standing for some minutes on the heaps of gravel which had been thrown up during the siege to form a trench and barricade under and around the Arch, that we had better move on to our balcony. Meanwhile, however, some twenty or thirty other blouses, evil-faced and wretched, had come up, and eyed us with undisguised suspicion, and consulted each other, apparently, as to what we could be, and what

they should do to us. We left them hesitating, and walked on.

A group of Englishmen gathered on that balcony—a dozen curious sight-seers. The owner of the house was Mr Corbett, who was afterwards minister at Stockholm; amongst the others, so far as I remember, were Mr Elliot, the Duke of Manchester, Captain Trotter, and Lord Ronald Gower. Excepting the men in blouses about the Arch, who by this time had multiplied to at least a hundred, there was nobody within sight. The void was painful. Not a window was open (excepting in the rooms to which we had come); our balcony alone was peopled: one of the greatest historic spectacles of our time was about to be enacted in front of us; yet, save ourselves and the blouses, there was no public to contemplate it. The French who lived up there refused to look, or, if they did look, it was from behind their shutters. Such part of the educated population as were in Paris that day (most of them were absent) hid themselves in grief. We English represented the rest of the world, as we generally do on such occasions.

We gazed hard at the Porte Maillot, from which we were distant about a quarter of a mile; but though the mist had begun to lift a little, it was still too thick to allow anything to be distinguished clearly on the Neuilly road. We looked and looked again in vain. It was not till we had waited, somewhat impatiently, for half an hour, that, at a quarter past eight, some one exclaimed, "I do believe I see moving specks out there beyond the gate." Up went all our glasses, and there they were! We recognised more and more distinctly six horsemen coming, and evidently coming fast, for they grew bigger and sharper as each second passed. One seemed to be in front, the other five behind.

As we watched eagerly they reached the open gate, dashed through it, and the instant they were inside the five behind spread out right and left across the broad avenue, as if to occupy it. The one in front, who, so far as we could see, had been riding until then at a canter, broke into a hand-gallop, and then into a full gallop, and came tearing up the hill. As he neared us we saw he was a hussar officer—a boy—he did not look eighteen! He charged past us, his sword uplifted, his head thrown back, his eyes fixed straight before him, and one of us cried out, "By Jove, if that fellow's mother could see him she'd have something to be proud of for the rest of her time!" The youngster raced on far ahead of his men, but at the Arch of Triumph the blouses faced him. So, as he would not ride them down in order to go through (and if he had tried it he would only have broken his own neck and his horse's too in the trench), he waved his sword at them, and at slackened speed passed round. We caught sight of him on the other side through the archway, his sword high up, as if he were saluting the vanquished city at his feet. But he did not stop for sentiment. He cantered on, came back, and as his five men had got up by that time (he had outpaced them by a couple of minutes), he gave them orders, and off they went, one to each diverging avenue, and rode down it a short distance to see that all was right.

The boy trotted slowly round and round the Arch, the blouses glaring at him.

The entry was over—that is to say, the Germans were inside Paris. That boy had done it all alone. The moral effect was produced. Nothing more of that sort could be seen from the balcony. We took it for granted that the rest, when it came, would only be a march past, and that thenceforth the interest of the drama would be in the street. So to the street Oliphant and I returned, two others accompanying us. The remainder of the party, if I remember right, stopped where they were for some time longer.

Just as we got to the Arch the boy came round once more. I went to him and asked his name.

"What for?" he inquired.

"To publish it in London tomorrow morning."

"Oh! that's it, is it?" he remarked, with a tinge of the contempt for newspapers which all German officers display. "Well, I'm von Bernhardi, 14th Hussars. Only, if you're going to print it, please give my captain's name also; he's von Colomb."

(I heard, the last time I was in Germany, that the brave boy Bernhardi is dead, and that Colomb was then colonel of the King's Hussars, at Bonn.)

Five minutes later a squadron of the regiment came up, and Lieutenant von Bernhardi's command-in-chief expired. But the youngster had made a history for his name; he was the first German into Paris in 1871.

We stood amongst the blouses, and wondered whether they would wring our necks. We were clean, presumably we had money in our pockets, and I had spoken to a German—three unpardonable offences. No attack, however, was made on any of us for the moment. Now that I look back on the particular circumstances, I fail to comprehend why they were good enough to abstain.

More and more troops marched up, infantry and cavalry, but always in small numbers; the mass of the German army was at Longchamps, for the great review to be held that morning by the Emperor, and the 30,000 men who, under the convention of occupation, were to enter Paris (in reality, about 40,000 came), were not to appear till the review was over.

At nine o'clock the commander of the occupation (General von Kameke) rode in with an escort. At his side was Count Waldersee, who during the war had been chief of the staff to the Duke of Mecklenburg, to whose army Oliphant had been attached. Seeing Waldersee, Oliphant jumped out to greet him, shook hands with him warmly, chatted gaily, and, after showing various signs of intimacy, came back towards us laughing, as the other rode on. This was, not unnaturally, too much for those of the blouses who saw it; and, before Oliphant could reach us, they rushed at him. Some hit him, some tried to trip him up; a good dozen of them were on him. A couple of us made a plunge after him, roared to the blouses that he was an Englishman, and that they had no right to touch him; and somehow (I have never understood how) we pulled him out undamaged, but a good deal out of breath and with his jacket torn. The blouses howled at us, and bestowed ungentle epithets on us, and followed us, and menaced; but we got away into another part of the constantly thickening crowd, and promised each other that we would speak no more that day to Germans. I need scarcely say that the mob was unchecked master, that the Germans would not have

interfered in any fight that did not directly concern them, and that neither a French policeman nor a French soldier was present to keep order within the limits of the district fixed for the occupation. Those limits were — the Place de la Concorde on the east, the Fauburg St Honoré and the Avenue des Ternes on the north, the Seine on the south.

By ten the sun had worked through the fog, and also, by ten, a considerable number of the inhabitants of Paris had become unable to resist the temptation of seeing a new sight, and had come out to the show. At that hour there must have been 30,000 or 40,000 people in the upper part of the Champs Elysées; the gloom of the early morning was as if it had not been; all was movement and brightness. The crowd, which in the afternoon we estimated at 100,000 to 150,000, was composed, for the greater part, of blouses; but mixed with them were a quantity of decent people, from all parts of the town, women and children as well as men, belonging, apparently, to the classes of small shopkeepers, employees, and workmen. From morning to night I did not perceive one single gentleman; nor was a shutter opened in the Champs Elysées. The upper strata kept out of sight; it was the other *couches*, especially the very lowest, that had come out.

Directly troops enough were in to supply pickets, sentries were posted at the street-corners; patrols were set going; a guard was mounted at the house of Queen Christina, in the Champs Elysées, which had been selected for the German headquarters. We looked on at all this, at first with close attention, but by degrees the state of things grew rather dull. In times of great excitement, events seem to become stupid so soon as they cease, temporarily, to be dangerous. Besides, for the moment, the interest of the day had changed its place and nature; it was no longer in the German army, but in the French crowd; not in the entry, but in the reception. As we had rightly judged, the drama was in the street. So we stood about and watched the people, and talked to some of them, and thought that, on the whole, they behaved very well. Of course they would have done better still if they had stopped at home, and had left the Germans severely alone; but, as they had thought fit to come, they also thought fit to keep their tempers, which was creditable to them. So long as they were not provoked by some particular cause, they remained quiet and showed no rage. They wanted to behold a remarkable sight that was offered for their inspection, and though beyond doubt it vexed them, their vexation was not strong enough to check their curiosity. At least that was our impression from what we saw.

At half-past one I had wandered back alone to the Avenue de la Grande Armée, where the crowd had become very dense, filling up, indeed, the entire roadway. On the other side I saw a horseman trying to work his way through. It was Mr W. H. Russell. I could not get to him to speak, but I knew by his presence there that the review (to which he had ridden from Versailles) was over, and that, before very long, the real march in would commence. It did not occur to me at the moment that Mr Russell was doing a risky thing in cutting across the mob on a prosperous horse, which manifestly had not gone

through the siege-time in Paris. It was not till some hours later that I learnt how nearly the mob had killed him.

At last, at two o'clock, thick dust arose outside the Porte Maillot, and I made out with my glass that the people were being pressed back at the gate, and that troops were advancing slowly—for the mob would not make way, and the Germans were patient and gentle with them. The head of the column got up creepingly as far as the Arch of Triumph: but then came a dead block. The gathering of people filled up the Place de l'Etoile and the upper part of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, and packed it all so solidly that often, for minutes at a time, the cavalry could not move ahead. A good half-hour passed before space was cleared for the Emperor's headquarters staff; and even then, for nearly another half-hour after the staff had reached the Neuilly side of the Arch, they had to sit still upon their horses, unable to progress one yard.

And what a staff it was! With the exception of the Crown Prince Frederick, every prince in the army—and that meant almost every prince in Germany—and heaps of officers of high rank, had come up from the review to take part in the ride in. At their head, alone, sat the late Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, taking precedence as the senior reigning sovereign present. Behind him were rows on rows of members of the royal and historic families of Germany, some twenty in a row, and, including aides-de-camp and orderlies, some thirty rows! In every sort and colour of uniform, they stretched across the full width of the great Avenue from curbstone to curbstone, and would have filled up the pathways too if they had not been already choked with French spectators. I had the good fortune to work my way to the corner of the pavement where the Place de l'Etoile opens out, and there I stood and gazed.

The sun shone splendidly; the mob stared silently; the princes waited tranquilly.

I recognised many faces that I had got to know at Versailles during the siege. I saw Meiningens, and Hohenzollern, and Altenburgs, and Lippes, and Reuss, and Pless, and Schoenburgs, Waldecks, Wieds, Hohenlohes, and Mecklenburgs, and other names that are written large in the chronicles of the Fatherland.

And as I went on looking, my eyes fell on to the front rank, and the fourth man in that rank was—Bismarck.

His right hand was twisted into his horse's mane; his helmeted head hung down upon his chest, so low that I could perceive nothing of his face except the tip of his nose and the ends of his moustache. There he sat, motionless, evidently in deep thought. After I had watched him for a couple of minutes (I need scarcely say that, having discovered him, I ceased to look at anybody else), he raised his head slowly and fixed his eyes on the top of the Arch, which was just in front of him, some eighty yards off. In that position he remained, once more motionless, for a while. I did my best—he was only the thickness of three horses from me—to make out the expression of his face, which was then fully exposed to me; but there was no marked expression on it. At that moment of intense victory, when all was won, inside surrendered Paris, with the whole world thinking of him, he seemed indifferent, fatigued, almost sad.

Suddenly I saw that his horse's head was moving from the line; he was coming out. He turned to the right, in my direction; he raised his hand to the salute as he passed before his neighbours to the end of the rank, came straight towards me, and guided his horse in between the column of officers and the tightly jammed crowd on the pavement. It seemed impossible he could find room to pass, so little space was there; but pass he did. The top of his jackboot brushed hard against my waistcoat; but with all my desire to get out of his way I could not struggle backwards, because of the denseness of the throng behind me. No Frenchman recognised him. I have wondered since what would have happened if I had told the people who he was. Would they have gaped at him in hating silence? Would they have cursed him aloud? Would they have flung stones at him? Or would they, as a safer solution, have battered me for the crime of knowing him by sight? He rode on slowly down the hill, making his way with difficulty. I heard next day that, once outside the gate, he trotted straight back to Versailles.

So, on that marvellous occasion —an occasion which he, of all men, had most contributed to create — he did not enter Paris after all (beyond the Arch of Triumph, I mean). A friend to whom I told this story some years later, took an opportunity to ask him what was his reason for riding away and for taking no further part in the day's work. He answered, "Why, I saw that all was going on well, and that there would be no row: I had a lot to do at Versailles, so I went and did it." If that was in reality his sole motive, he proved that he possessed, at that period of his life, a power of self-control which he has lost since; for it must have cost him a good deal to forego the splendid satisfaction of consummating his work by heading the triumphal progress down the Champs Elysées.

At the moment when this happened I was separated from Oliphant; but as we had fixed upon a trysting-place close by, I was able to find him soon, and to tell him of the sight I had just witnessed. He was sorry he had not seen it too, for he was curious about the mental ways of Count Bismarck (as he was then).

At last the cavalry in front succeeded in opening out a way. But what a way! It was a twisting narrow path, all zigzags, curves, and bends; not twenty yards of it were straight. The French stood doggedly; they would not move. With infinite patience, avoiding all brutality, excepting here and there when some soldier lost his temper for a moment and used the flat of his sword, the Germans ended by squeezing the mob just enough to form a crooked lane a few yards wide, between two walls of people, and down that lane the first part of the solemn entry (the only part I saw) was performed. It was not an effective spectacle, nor did the German army, otherwise than by their mere presence there, represent a conquering host; they were vastly too polite for victors, and vastly too irregular for a phalanx. Regarded either as a military pageant or as a blaze of triumph, the entry was a failure. Decidedly young Bernhardi had the best of it. There was sore talking afterwards, amongst the troops that had not come in, about the sacrifice of the glory of Germany to fanciful ideas of respect for the vanquished.

The march down the Champs Elysées commenced about three o'clock, but we did not care to follow it; it was difficult to see anything at all, so wedged in was the column; and, furthermore, we had eaten nothing for nine hours and were desperately hungry. So, as some one told us that a *café* was open at the corner of the Avenue de l'Alma, we went off to it, in hopes. Most happily the report was true; only the place was so crammed with devouring Germans that we could obtain scarcely anything. To punish the owner for feeding the foe, the blouses had the kindness to pull that *café* to pieces two days afterwards, at the moment of the evacuation.

And then we strolled again, and stood about, and listened to the talk of the mob, and noticed more and more that, though full of a dull hate against the enemy, the hate was in no way violent. Curiosity, as I have already said, was more vigorous than rage. Sometimes a blouse would curse an officer, or sneer at one, or even lift a threatening hand (though that was rare); but, on the whole, they were very quiet, and they all ran for their lives if, here and there, a too aggressively provoked German made pretence to ride at them or to raise his sword. I cannot sufficiently repeat that, taking into account the realities of the position, the crowd behaved well. There was some laughing, and a good deal of amused comment on the appearance of the Germans; some scoffed at them, especially at the few who wore the Frederick the Great mitre shakos of the Foot Guards; but some again frankly praised the height and size, and particularly the aristocratic bearing, of many of the officers. A woman at my side gave vent simultaneously to her artistic appreciation of them, and to her indignation at being forced involuntarily to admire them, by exclaiming, "C'est dégoûtant comme ils sont distingués!"

It was only on the fringes of the crowd, so far as I saw and heard, that attacks were made and cruelties committed, and even there, only against persons who spoke to Germans, or were suspected of being "spies," whatever that might mean. A friend of mine saw a young woman, smartly dressed, but pale and seemingly half starved, trying to talk to some officers at the corner of the Rue de Presbourg in the Avenue Joséphine (now the Avenue Marceau). And then, when she turned away from them, he also saw, to his sickening disgust, a band of blackguards rush at her. Within half a minute all her clothes were torn from the unhappy creature, and she was cruelly beaten; and there she stood, shrieking, in the sunlight, with nothing left untattered on her but her stays and boots, and her bare flesh bleeding everywhere from cuts. And this was what those ruffians called "patriotism"! An hour later I was told that another woman, for a similar offence, had been thrown into the Seine; but my informant had not seen it with his own eyes, as in the other case. Of course these atrocities were the work of the filthiest scum of the population.

By five o'clock, when the troops off duty had been dismissed, the door of every house in the Champs Elysées, and in all the streets within the area of occupation, bore chalk-marks indicating the regiment and the number of men to be billeted there; and there began to be a clearance in the roadway. So, as there was little to see that we had not already seen, Oliphant and I went to the

Embassy, passing through the Faubourg on our way, and observing that the limits of the occupation were guarded on each side by German and by French sentries, face to face, and sometimes not a yard apart. We thought that was not pleasant for the French. At the Embassy we found, as well as I remember, the present Sir E. Malet, the present Sir F. Lascelles, Mr Barrington, and Mr Wodehouse. They told us about Mr W. H. Russell, who, after he had passed me in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, had been set upon by the crowd, who tried to drag him from his horse and lynch him. They took him for an isolated German, in plain clothes, and thought the opportunity was excellent. Nevertheless, by pluck and luck, he had managed to gallop on to the shelter of the Embassy, left his horse there, proceeded on foot to the Northern Station, got to London at midnight, by special boat and train, wrote several columns for the morning's 'Times,' went to bed, and next day returned to Paris.

We heard, at the same time, that Mr Archibald Forbes had been knocked over for speaking to a German, and rather hurt, but that he had been rescued by some of the more decent French members of the crowd, and taken, as prisoner, to the nearest Mairie, where he had been released.

After resting for a while, we went back into the Champs Elysées by the Embassy garden-gate in the Avenue Gabriel, so as to avoid the pressure in the Faubourg. We fancied that the French had already grown somewhat accustomed to the presence of the "Prussians," as they called all the Germans indiscriminately. It was evident they did not yet consider them to be *nos amis les ennemis*, as in 1814, but they had got so far as to look at them with relative calm and much inquisitiveness, and here and there a word or two was exchanged, with looks that were not unkind. The Germans generally were studiously civil, and even respectful; it was clear that stringent orders had been given them to put on their best behaviour. As one example of their conduct, I was told next day by a priest who lived in the Rue du Colysée—that is to say, within the occupied district—that nearly all the soldiers saluted him in the streets.

A Uhlan band was playing in the Place de la Concorde; the sun had set; evening was coming down; we were tired; so we went to dinner at the Hôtel, with the feeling that we had been through a memorable day.

In conclusion I must add, as part of the story, that if the march in was a failure, the march out was a splendour.

The Germans expected to remain in Paris for a few days, until the Treaty of Peace was ratified; but in consequence of the rapidity with which the assembly at Bordeaux despatched their work of confirmation, the ratifications reached Versailles on the afternoon of 2d March, and the occupation had to come to an end next morning. On the evening of the 2d I received the following note from a friend in the French Ministry for Foreign Affairs:—

"Les ratifications ont été échangées tantôt à Versailles. Les Prussiens évacuent Paris demain matin. Le Roi devait faire demain son entrée solennelle à Paris. Il a été désagréablement surpris de nous trouver en règle des aujourdhui."

So, next morning, Oliphant and

I started off once more to the Arch of Triumph; only, as the Champs Elysées were crammed with troops, we walked by the Boulevard Haussmann. On reaching the Faubourg St Honoré, at the bottom of the Avenue Friedland, we were stopped by the French cordon, and at the Rue de Tilsit were stopped again by the German pickets; but we had a pass for each, and got through. I believe I am correct in saying that we two were the sole spectators on the Place de l'Etoile, which was rigorously guarded on every side; at all events, we saw no one else, and most certainly we stood alone under the Arch.

The barricade had been demolished by the Germans, the trench had been filled up, the ground had been levelled, and the entire force strode through the great Arcade.

As each regiment reached the circular enclosure, its colonel raised his sword and shouted the command to cheer, and then his men tore off their helmets, their busbies, or their czapkas, tossed them on their bayonets, their swords, or lances, and, heads flung back and eyes upturned in maddening excitement, and faces frantic with enthusiasm, they roared and yelled, and shrieked out hurrah! and gaped with wild laughter, as they marched on, at the names of their father's defeats chiselled on the stone above them—defeats which they were then effacing.

Some 40,000 of them poured beneath the Arch in utter intoxication of delight, exulting, triumphing. It was difficult to believe that the scene was real, so flaming was the paroxysm of rejoicing.

Oliphant and I grew hot as we gazed at that tremendous parade and hearkened to that prodigious pæan, and told each other, almost in a reverent whisper, that at last we knew what military glory meant. Never have I passed since in view of the Arch of Triumph without remembering vividly that soul-stirring spectacle.

When the last man was through and General Kameke's staff had closed the column, the dragoon sentries at the heads of the Avenues backed their horses in and formed a rear-guard, facing the howling mob which had followed the retiring army up the Champs Elysées. That mob pressed on, and whooped, and execrated, and defied. It was so easy to do all that at the tail of the occupation!

The German tread, the German march music, the German shouts, faded gradually out of hearing; there was a vast cloud of dust in the sunlight above the Neuilly road; and all was over.

Then came a cruel contrast. A picket of French soldiers, with lowered arms and faces full of shame, passed slowly through the crowd to reoccupy the Porte Maillot. The blouses remained masters of Paris, and, a fortnight later, made the Commune.

THIRTY YEARS OF SHIKAR.—II.

At Deoghur I found myself not only in the midst of big game, but, happily, clear of the malarious country. Jungle was there throughout the district, interspersed with cultivated tracts and towns and villages. Sometimes the cultivated lands were but small clearings in the forest depths, sometimes the forest was a mere fringe of the settlements; but everywhere and always the jungle was more or less at hand—tree jungle with a dense undergrowth, wherein the tiger and the panther found congenial homes, and the bears a pleasant hunting-ground.

For the most part the country was undulating throughout, and had, as a frequent dominant feature, a hill that rose sheer out of the plain—a stony outcrop, unconnected with any range, that varied from the dwarf mountain of 1200 feet in height, such as Teeur or Phooljoori, to the unnamed rock-pile of 50 feet. The rivers were hill-streams that, in dry weather, trickled through their gravelly beds, and after rain rushed seaward as torrents. I have ridden across one of these rivers in the morning when the water only covered my horse's fetlocks, and, returning in the afternoon, have had to swim it—then ten feet of rapid, bearing upon its angry bosom uprooted trees and other wreckage of its course. These rivers provided for the district a splendid drainage-system, and the only scheme of sanitation known or required.

The station of Deoghur (which consisted of the bungalows of myself and my assistant, the Government cutcherry, and the ruins of the barracks where two mutinous companies of a native infantry regiment had been quartered) stood upon a height which commanded the native town and the renowned Hindoo temple of Byjinauth. This temple, served by 360 Bhramin priests or pundas, ranked in the Hindoo mind with that of Juggurnauth at Pooree, and pilgrims in hundreds of thousands poured into the town at certain seasons to lay their votive offerings at the idol's feet, to fill the purses of the pundas, and to disseminate amongst the town's folks such smallpox or cholera as might be going then. Byjinauth's fane was a constant thorn in my official flesh, and provided me with a considerable amount of work. There was a standing difficulty about the chief pundaship that was always at hand to occupy my diplomatic skill—a difficulty that arose, if I rightly remember, out of this *de facto* high priest having failed to observe the rule of celibacy required by his office. He was a man of strong family instincts, and would not give up his wife and children; he was also a man of marked acquisitiveness, and would not forego the emoluments of the chief pundaship,—and no diplomacy of mine could adjust this difficulty. When I left Deoghur, after nearly five years, that obstinate flamen was still battling with a less domestic priest who sought to oust him from the musnud. Then the other 359 pundas were always at loggerheads with each other or with any available outsider; frequently about their *chelas* or disciples, but about anything or anybody when the chelas failed as motive for a row. And, finally, the wretched pilgrims gave constant trouble, in that they were

plundered by the priests and other robbers, no less professional, who found their opportunity of thieving in the crowded town, just as if Deoghur had been Trafalgar Square on a demonstration day.

The work provided for me by these people and others of the district was sufficiently to my taste, and I slaved in that Deoghur cutcherry and in camp when I went on tour as magistrate, collector, judge, &c., eight, ten, and twelve hours a-day, and every day, with one reservation—viz., that whenever news was brought of a tiger, panther, or bear anywhere within twenty miles, my court was to be closed *instanter*. That rule was appreciated by the people I had to deal with: many of them had a liking for sport, and would turn out in hundreds to beat the jungle for me without fee or reward; many of them, and notably the Santhals and Paharias, did some amount of shikar on their own account; and all of them either had been or might be sufferers by the cruel work of the animals I went forth to slay.

For during the time of my predecessor (who did not shoot) these creatures had increased to a very serious extent. Now and again, but at rare intervals, a native shikari would kill a tiger or panther for the sake of the reward (10 rupees); but these occasional exploits did not by any means balance the natural increase of those animals from year to year, much less reduce the number existing. An organised attack was necessary, and I organised accordingly.

And it was an evil feature in the tigers and panthers of that district that they were very generally, if not universally, man-eaters. I have heard it argued that tigers only become man-eaters when, in their old age, their teeth have been worn down and their strength and activity impaired; but this apology could not be made for the Deoghur tigers. Young and old alike, their prey was, on occasion, man or woman: they killed the wretched wood-cutters, or the old women who picked up sticks in the jungle; they carried off the wayfarer from the highroad; they broke into the grass huts of the sleeping peasant and carried off the husband from his wife's side; and panthers emulated the tigers in these evil doings. Every year brought its long death-roll of men, women, and children killed after this fashion, and one tiger alone, of which more hereafter, was credited with a hundred victims.

Necessarily, as an exigency of their situation, the Deoghur tigers and panthers had to indent for their commissariat upon the resources of civilisation: they had killed off all the deer; they had left very few pigs and neelghaies, and their food-supply had to be drawn from the herd or home of man,—all that is remarkable in the matter was that preference for the human being when there was an alternative in the form of a cow almost always at the tiger's disposal. In one instance within my knowledge, a tiger, neglectful of the beeves close by, killed and ate a bear; but, as a rule, the Deoghur tiger preferred a ryot or cowherd, or other specimen of humanity, to any other mammalian.

And of these man-eating tigers there were, when I went to Deoghur, four close at hand. The town that lay at my feet, three furlongs from my bungalow, was on three sides enclosed by a belt of jungle, and that jungle held at that time four tigers whose con-

firmed habit it was to devour the Deoghurites. A long period of immunity had encouraged such confidence in these brutes that they made occasional night-raids into the town itself, and dragged their unfortunate victims out of the houses. They even stalked abroad by day, as I saw for myself very shortly after my arrival, when one of them sauntered through my compound some time before sunset, as if bent on making an afternoon call on the new Hakim. But they had reason for this calm assurance, in that they were under the protection of Byjinauth, who would not suffer them to be slain. So the pundas informed me, and they should have been the best authorities as to the scope and direction of that deity's protective influence. They should have been, moreover, prejudiced against the tigers, if prejudiced at all, inasmuch as those animals discriminated not between pundas and other folk in their selection of victims. And it was contrary to their apparent interest to represent, as they did, that any attempt of mine to shoot these black-mailers must be futile. Those pundas were very rarely agreed upon any subject under heaven, but they were unanimous upon this point.

It only struck me as ridiculous that they should talk in this way to one who thirsted for the blood of many tigers; a score of Byjinauths, backed up by ten thousand pundas, could not have quenched my tigercidal thirst or stayed me in the attempt to slake it. The jungle was not such as could be beaten by elephants with any promise of success, and I therefore did not court defeat in my first endeavour by using the few elephants that, as it chanced, Yule had then with him at Deoghur. I tried a *machan* with a tied-up buffalo below.

That *machan* was a small *charpoy* (Indian bedstead) fastened securely to the branches of a tree, and surrounded by a screen of boughs. I started for this perch soon after sundown, so as to have as much as possible of the moonlight for my operations; tied up the poor buffalo in an open patch close to a tiger avenue, where it and the tiger that attacked it could be seen, and then clambered off the elephant I had ridden, into my nest some sixteen feet from the ground. My shikari joined me, and we settled down for a close and silent watch.

Soon the last glimmer of day was spent: the moon, casting spectral shadows in the glade, tinselled the leaves with glittering silver, and brought out the sandy forest-track in pallid clearness amidst the shades. And as night closed upon us more and more the silence grew. At first the sounds of human life, the beat of drum, the bark of dogs, reached us from the town, what time our buffalo chewed the cud audibly and the tree-crickets made music of their own; but as the night advanced these sounds decreased, then, save a rare insect voice, died away, and left a silence that one might have felt—an active not a mere passive silence—silence that was not so much the negation of sound as a painful actuality. And the moon passed in her solemn course, and sank, and darkness fell upon the land, while still that tied-up buffalo, spared of the tigers, slept.

"Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne
In rayless majesty now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world,
Silence how dark."

Before this time I had come to wish more than once that I had been smoking the comforting pipe (denied me here) with Yule and Robinson in their Deoghur camp, instead of roosting like an unfledged unpiping bird on a forest-tree. But it was idle to think of this when the moon had sunk to rest: it was also idle to continue watching when I could see nothing—not even the white sand of the road below me—and so I accommodated myself to the very restricted area of the *charpoy*, and went to sleep.

To be awakened before dawn by a significant pressure upon my knee—a pressure that called me to wakefulness more emphatically and effectively than human voice or trumpet-call. It was a *réveillé* not to be disregarded, and I sat up wide-awake to look into darkness, and feel the silence once more—and then the hush was broken, as I would have chosen, by a roar that was sweeter to me at that moment than Patti's mellifluous notes or the soft music of the spheres (which, by the way, I have never heard). That roar came from the distance, but pervaded, as it seemed, the whole earth and the black starlit vault above; and another came, this time from a different and somewhat nearer point, and so, at intervals, those roars betrayed the tiger's zigzag course towards my buffalo. The brute was quartering the ground with instinctive skill that would have been creditable in the most perfectly broken pointer, and his leisurely strategy was highly impressive.

And as the tiger worked his way towards my tree, I looked for the chance of the dawn preceding it. That, too, was close at hand, as the position of the morning star distinctly told me; but would it come in time? Never did the breaking of an Indian day (generally an abrupt proceeding) seem so tardy; and the tiger was steadily and stealthily coming on. And then, when I made that tiger out to be less than fifty yards off, silence reigned again — a silence of deadly omen to the slumbering buffalo, happily unconscious of its impending fate. For a couple of minutes that deadly stillness lasted. Then came the noise of the tiger's rush upon its prey, that was killed as it slept, and then only the sounds of the tiger's movements and sucking of the victim's blood. And still the day had not dawned, and that tiger was hidden from me by impenetrable gloom. For some few minutes the situation remained as I have described, and then (probably because it had come to know of my presence) the tiger dragged the dead buffalo from my tree into the jungle-road, where, at last, I saw it dimly outlined against the sand. This was a tactical blunder that cost that tiger its life. In the glade below my tree it would have remained for some time longer veiled from my sight by the shade cast upon the spot by overhanging trees; and from that spot it might have retreated into the jungle from which it emerged, carrying its prey with it, without my seeing it. But on that forest-road there was no shade to hide; on the contrary, there was that white sand, which caught every gleam of the early light, and served as a background to the tiger's silhouette.

As the tiger was evidently making for the jungle across the road, I seized my chance and fired. The thud of the bullet and one sharp roar of pain from the tiger told me I had not missed; but the disappearance of the tiger told me I had not killed, nor,

when it had passed off the road, could I see it to fire a second shot.

So ended my first *machan* shooting. As soon as I had given the wounded tiger time to settle down somewhere clear of my path, and to forget any nasty views of revenge, my shikari and I descended from our tree, and walked home. After *chota hazri* we were ready with half-a-dozen elephants to follow that tiger up; and we found it, after beating in close line backwards and forwards in vain, about a hundred yards from the point where it had been wounded. It was moribund, and not of a mind for fight when we did find it. The *coup de grâce* was given, and the tiger padded. The first of the sacred tigers of Byjinauth.

We were in some sort a triumphant procession as we went homewards through the town of Deoghur. The townspeople flocked out in street and road to look upon their stricken foe, and cry, "*Waugh, waugh!*" Even the pundas—the priests of the tiger-protecting deity—came out and joined in the popular acclaim, and were not ashamed. Wonderful are the Hindoos for accepting the inevitable! Tell one of these that he must take castor-oil, and he will drain the oleaginous cup to the dregs, and smack his lips. Tell him that his leg must be amputated, and he will present the limb for dismemberment, and smile as he sees it severed. Tell him that he is to be hanged, and, with no touch of emotion whatever, he will reply "*Jo hookm*" ("Whatever is ordered"), just as if he had been told that he must have his corns cut. Our tiger was the inevitable to those pundas, and had to be accepted accordingly; and all the statements made in regard to Byjinauth's position as tutelary saint of the Deoghur tigers were, for those pundas, as if they had never been.

Flushed with this success, I sought every opportunity of killing the three tigers yet remaining. I tried the *machan* system again, but without effect. I went out after them whenever they were reported to be abroad in the scrub and lighter jungle that lay outside the heavier cover, and in the course of three months No. 2 was killed from elephants almost in the open, and in a disgustingly peaceable fashion; and, to make a long story short, within twelve months all four of the Byjinauth tigers had been destroyed, No. 3 falling to me in the scrub and light grass jungle much after the manner of No. 2, the fourth and last falling, more ignobly still, to the poisoned arrow shot from the spring-bow of a native shikari; and thenceforward, during my stay at Deoghur, that Byjinauth jungle (which I had come to regard as my own particular preserve) knew tigers no more, and the wood-cutter and the cowherd were free to traverse it in safety.

That spring-bow by which the fourth Byjinauth tiger was killed deserves some mention. It was the only form of trap employed in that district, and was, I think, peculiar to the Santhal country. It was, moreover, the only method by which the Deoghur tigers were attacked with any degree of success, for the shikaris, who tried shooting from *machans*, very rarely brought their tiger down, and the Santhals in their great hunting parties left these more dangerous creatures religiously alone. It used to be said, I know, that the Santhals, having put up a tiger or bear, would encompass it by a ring of bowmen, whose arrows

would generally kill the formidable game, or, when the arrows failed, whose battle-axes would serve their purpose. But, although the Ghoorkas will deliberately attack a tiger, surround it in a circle, and cut it to death with their *kookris* only, the Santhals, as far as my experience justifies an opinion, will certainly not court an encounter of this kind, but rather do all they can to avoid it. I have been out with them on their shikar expeditions frequently, and on several occasions I have seen them get out of the way of a tiger or bear, even when they had to break their line to do it. But they were death on tiger in another sense—*i.e.*, in the matter of eating it when dead. Tiger stood at the head of their game list, occupying a position analogous to that of the woodcock in the British poulterer's list, and could not be too high for them: the Santhal gourmet said the tiger's meat was so strong; and very frequently there was good reason for that strength. I have had more than once to place a guard upon a buried tiger, to prevent my Santhal friends from exhuming and eating it.

But I have wandered away from the spring-bow, which I will now revert to and describe. This instrument (of the cross-bow order) is charged with a poisoned arrow that is levelled the proper height for the tiger or panther for which it is intended: the machine is so set in the path by which its victim habitually walks that the tiger or leopard, as the case may be, itself discharges the arrow, and so actually commits suicide. It does this by striking against a string connected with the trigger, and this string is carried round pegs at such a height that the tiger or panther must breast it in passing. This string is the *mar suth* (or death-thread), and when it is pushed by the tiger or panther so as to release the arrow, that arrow aims at about that animal's shoulder. There is also another string connected with the trigger, the *dhurmo suth* (or thread of virtue), which is carried round an outer series of sticks at such a height that while man or cattle will hit it in passing, the tiger will walk under it; when the trigger is pulled by this string the arrow is discharged at a point ahead of the creature that moved the string.

I bagged no more tigers as near to my home as were those of Byjinauth, although once I thought for a few blissful minutes that I had got one even closer—that is to say, in a heap of large rocks (I cannot describe it as a hill) that stood just outside my compound. Thither was I summoned one day to kill a tiger that had been seen in a small cave—the only cave that mound possessed. I went off forthwith, was led to a point above that cave, and had pointed out to me the tiger's stripes lying about ten feet below me, and visible enough through a wide fissure between the rocks that constituted the roof of that cave. Never, as I thought, was tiger given into the hand of man as was this one into mine. Knowing that, if I had a shot at all, it would be a close one, I had brought a smooth-bore, No. 12, and I felt that the two barrels of this ought to settle the affair. I fired the right barrel. The striped thing was convulsed in its death-throes, then motionless. I threw stones upon it, and it made no sign; then, when there was clearly no life left in the creature, I went with my attendants to the mouth of the cave, and drew my quarry forth into the light of day. It was painfully

light to draw, and my heart misgave me—it came out into the sunlight, and proved to be a hyena.

I suppose that sells of this sort are on occasion necessary incidents of sporting life, where so much depends upon chance and hastily formed conclusions. If this be not so as a general rule, it has been my honour to afford a generous exception. Nor was this hyena incident the worst of its kind. I did get a hyena then at all events, and hyenas found a place at the very bottom of my list of creatures to be killed. I can remember two days when under very similar conditions of promise I got nothing, and the ill-starred moment in which I got, instead of a beast of the chase, a domestic animal that I had to pay for.

One of those blank misfortunes was shared in by Jacky Hills and others. We were out after tiger in the Nepal Terai, and one of our shikaris directed our attention to what he pronounced to be a tiger. This sporting guide, whose business it was to be lynx-eyed and of sight unfailing and infallible, saw that tiger in a cave hollowed out of the precipitous bank of a ravine. The cave was of dimensions so narrow that we might well have questioned how and why a tiger had packed himself into such a lodging; but it was not ours "to reason why." The shikari saw it, saw its head resting upon its paws, saw the white spots on the ears, saw all possible details, and of course we saw it too. And we fired shot after shot across the ravine into the tiger we saw, and then resolved unanimously that we had killed it, and finally, on closer examination of its carcass, discovered that there was none, whether of tiger or any other creature. I rather think Sir William Ffolkes, who shot with me one season in the Terai, was present as a performer on that occasion. History very much repeated itself in this incident, for again, and for the third time, it happened to me to shoot an imaginary tiger in a cave.

But disappointment and wasted ammunition were all that I had to deplore on those occasions. More calamitous was the disaster that befell me once when I was after bears. The beaters were driving a promising patch of jungle, and when they were yet some 150 yards from me, a black object broke in front of the line: "*Dekho, sahib! baloo*" ("Look, sahib! bear"), said my shikari. I entirely agreed with him. I saw the black animal distinctly enough, fired, and dropped it. I even more emphatically agreed with the shikari when he said it was a good shot; albeit that is the invariable criticism of the Indian keeper, according to whom, as a rule, every creature shot at by the master is mortally wounded, even though it go off to all appearances unhurt. But I knew that I had hit and dropped that black object, and was not a little surprised when the beaters emerged without having come across a defunct bear. I sent them back to beat the last 150 yards of the cover up to me, with explicit instructions to look out for that bear, and they made a detour, formed line, and beat back to me as instructed—still with the same result—the cover drawn blank, and no bear living or dead seen by any beater. Then, when I was about to make my way straight for that spot where my bear had fallen, our proceedings were interrupted by the advent of an excited peasant,

who, with much uncultured and noisy rhetoric, demanded the price of his murdered buffalo. Here was a situation! No gun other than mine had been fired: I had fired once only, and had dropped a black animal, and the only black and dropped animal to be discovered was the buffalo of this peasant. And it unfortunately happened that this particular buffalo was a peerless creature of its kind, a paragon, a pearl beyond price, or, at least, beyond any such price as might be determined by the law of averages. So said its owner, crying aloud to me in my dual capacity of magistrate and cherisher of the poor, and that woe-stricken man had to be silenced and sent away with rupees. He was thoroughly satisfied with the result of my too fatal shot, so were the beaters who ate the buffalo, so was not I, who had only the adulation of my shikari—the accessory before the fact of that buffalocide—to compensate or console me.

If I got no more tigers so close to my Deoghur home as those of Byjinauth, I obtained three panthers still closer. One of these I shot in my garden, where it had sought cover in a small patch of Indian corn. Once before had that bungalow been besieged. Then my predecessor, as district official, two native infantry officers, and three loyal men of the native infantry held out in it against two companies of mutineers until they were driven forth by fire. Now it was close shut against that panther in the interests of a couple of children, happily unconscious of the whole proceeding, and two trembling ayahs.

The engagement with this self-invited guest did not last long, but was lively enough while it lasted. There was not cover enough to admit of the panther's ordinary tactics. Although I very nearly got a shot at it before it broke, it did not cling to the shelter of the Indian corn for any time; but, after some five minutes of hullabaloo, sprang out and in the same bound reached the back of one of my party, who promptly made a cut at it with his tulwar, and, missing the panther, cut his own leg. Then the panther jumped off its unwilling mount and made for the hedged bank that enclosed the garden, and close to that boundary I killed it. That panther did not hurt the man it attacked half as much as he hurt himself.

The other two panthers of this trio I shot on different occasions, divided by some few days, in the same patch of sugar-cane, and under similar circumstances. Both of these were convicted man-eaters, and one of them had carried off into that sugar-cane the body of a young girl it had killed the night before I shot it.

My Santhal sepoys acted as beaters for me with both of these: both panthers broke the line occasionally, and left their marks upon three or four beaters whom they clawed as they broke, and both were shot as they crouched in the cover. Of them, as of several others, this was the recreant fate — at first some show of fight, and then, instead of standing at bay, the attempt to hide. I came to know that when there was a marked pause in the beating I might expect a summons to some spot where the panther cowered. As often as not, this anticipation was realised: a beater would issue from the cover and beckon to me, and when I joined him, would lead me to the panther's hiding-place, and point to the animal lying almost at our

feet. I, after a time, would distinguish enough of the animal's outline to determine the direction of my aim, and then one shot almost invariably ended the business. That one shot was always fired from a smooth-bore. Such was the end of those two man-eaters and of many another panther of the Deoghur district.

But my success with panthers was as nothing compared with that of a man of Eastern Bengal who, while I was at Deoghur, shot over a dog some surprising number (between thirty and forty) in one year. He had trained his dog to hunt and point panthers, or the dog had developed a natural aptitude that way, and with this result. Unfortunately that dog pointed once too often—perhaps pointed in a manner that no self-respecting panther could tolerate; but, however that may be, that dog concluded a good season's shikar by getting itself killed.

That Eastern Bengal country was then, and perhaps is now, a splendid one for big game. It was thereaway that Yule rode and speared panthers by the score. I managed to do this with a couple in the Deoghur country, but the natural features of the country did not lend themselves to this class of sport: the too frequent and too heavy cover presented obstacles that balked one at every turn; riding through some of the jungle was difficult, through some impossible, and the panther that was followed by a horseman through the dense undergrowth was almost immediately lost to view, and lost irretrievably for that occasion.

But occasionally a panther in the pursuit of its nefarious objects would be driven to the shelter of some plot of maize or sugar-cane in the midst of a cultivated plain; and I rode down and speared a couple that had ventured thus into an area of comparative civilisation. Those twain were not in all respects worthy of rank beside the Bengal boar: they gave me a harder run, but there was no fight in them. The spear-thrust that would have goaded a fighting boar to battle cowed them: what mind was left to them was given up to thoughts of flight, and when too sorely hurt to fly, no life was left in them for other measures.

Pigs were there none to ride after in that district, but wolves as well as panthers gave me an occasional opportunity of having a gallop. There were wolves in several localities of the Deoghur district, and one pack of six or seven frequented a broken bit of open country that undulated below my bungalow on the opposite side to that which faced Byjinauth's temple and the town. These suburban wolves had become a standing or prowling menace to the village flocks, and, emboldened by their long immunity, had once, at least, attacked a belated peasant. Twice or three times I rode after them, carbine in hand, but always in vain. I sighted them and pursued them up and down, and in and out of ravines; galloped as hard as those too frequent ravines permitted; galloped as long as wolf or hope remained with me; but I never got a shot, always the finale was the same—the wolves had vanished. The dejection that comes of failure accompanied me, as my *atra cura*, on my homeward ride. I was beaten morally, and, as its heaving flanks betrayed, the horse I rode was physically beaten.

It has been often noticed how fast a wolf travels by means of a lounging louping trot that is by no means suggestive of speed. While one gallops after it as hard

as a good horse can go, the wolf pursued, never apparently hurrying, lollops along at a pace that equals that of the following steed. I have heard it said that no horseman ever rode a wolf down; but to this statement I must demur, inasmuch as I have done this thing. Perhaps my wolf was sick. Be that as it may, I did when out pig-sticking in the Ganges country over against Colgong follow a wolf, and that wolf turned sharply when I closed with it, and the horse I rode (a rare good one) kicked it over with his fore-feet, and made the matter of spearing my wolf simplicity itself. One of my companions of that day found explanation of this performance in the fact that I had ridden another man's horse with my own spurs.

It was not long, however, before I was enabled to inflict condign punishment upon two of those Deoghur wolves—my next-door neighbours. The report was made to me that some of the pack had been marked down in a patch of sugar-cane, and I set out to beat them up. The work was soon done. I took up my position in a good strategical point about the centre of the frontage of that sugar-cane field. The beaters almost immediately after their start towards this point drove one wolf out close to me. That I sent back into the cane with a charge of shot in it. Then after a short interval another emerged, and that also I sent back bearing a charge of shot; and, finally, the beaters came forth dragging out two dead wolves. A third wolf broke at one end of the cover and got away, in spite of several Santhal arrows sent to stop it. But the slaying of the two served as a sufficient hint to the remainder of that pack, and never more, during my time, did any of them infest that neighbourhood. Those two wolves made up, with the tigers, panthers, and hyena above mentioned, the sum-total of wild animals that fell to my gun within a half-mile radius of my home.

There was one especial charm about the shooting of my Deoghur time, in that it mostly occurred as a surprise. If I missed the joys of anticipation, I had not to experience the worry of preparation made long beforehand. Ordinarily, the news of a kill by tiger or panther, or of the marking down of some bear, or what not, came post-haste—if necessary by relays of village watchmen, whose chief I was—and found me in camp or station prepared to take immediate action: then, if the distance required it, I rode off to the spot where my services were demanded as fast as my horse could travel. The worst feature of this impromptu sport was that I had to depend entirely upon the resources of the place where my game was for beaters, and every other form of assistance. But if there were any people within reach, they were glad enough to turn out and beat for me; even the superior Hindoos, Brahmins, Khetris, and Rajpoots, who elsewhere in India would deem it derogatory to their caste and honour to do this coolie's work, turning out for this service willingly enough in Deoghur.

Beaters, however, were not always immediately available at that particular moment when they were wanted. Operations against the object of the chase had to be commenced promptly or not at all, and this precluded the hunting up of beaters from afar. In some jungles, too, and under some conditions, a beat by shouting, drum-thumping, horn-blowing men was almost certain to be ineffec-

tive. And so it came about, for one reason or another, that on several occasions I shot tigers from *machans*. This somewhat questionable form of shikar was always more practicable (for me), and often more effective than any other. I could procure the materials for this structure when I could not get beaters; I had no elephants, and could not have raised in all Santhalia enough for threshing out some of the Deoghur jungles; and I was almost always alone, and had therefore to depend solely upon my own hand and eye for success when the quarry presented itself. It was, moreover, necessary to that success that the quarry should expose itself to my fire, and not break cover out of my sight and take itself off into space unseen.

Nor were all the tigers that I shot out of *machans* finally disposed of without some such excitement as the shikari loves. Tame as was the first shot, treacherously fired out of ambush, there was sometimes sufficient animation before the last bullet was fired and the tiger laid at rest. I will give a typical example.

One day when I reached my camp at the edge of a large jungle, *khubber* awaited me of a kill close by. I went out to inspect, and found the kill—a cow of which little or nothing had been eaten; decided that the tiger which had killed would return at nightfall to eat, if not disturbed meanwhile; and had a *machan* constructed in a tree that overlooked the small patch of open in which the carcass lay. I could not have got that day half the number of beaters necessary to drive that tiger out of its lair, and had it been driven out I should, in all probability, not have seen it. Just before sunset I took up my position in the tree: the sun went down, the short Indian twilight waned, and before darkness had encompassed my eyrie, the moon rose, full of face, and when it had risen above the earth-haze, bright in its fulness. Very considerate was the tiger with which I sought an interview: it did not come on the scene during the evil quarter of an hour when the cow's carcass was obscured by the shade cast by the rising moon from overhanging greenery; it did not keep the stage waiting when Cynthia ceased to frown most darkly upon that murdered beef; it came silently as a shadow stealing along the ground, and like an evil phantom moved about its prey. The cow was clearly discernible, the tiger only sketchily so, and hardly to be seen at all, save when it stood out, a darker object, against the cow's white hide. My only chance lay in choosing the moment when the tiger was thus outlined, when the silent victim should betray its murderer by posthumous evidence. I could not wait, nor would the tiger, until the moon cast its full light upon the scene, if, indeed, the moon would have penetrated to it at any time through the foliage that overarched and embowered it. If 'twere to be done, 'twere well—nay, 'twas indispensable—that 'twere done quickly. So, when I thought that I made out, approximately, the shoulder of the tiger, I aimed at that approximate limb and fired.

A hit—a palpable hit. The thud of the bullet might have proceeded from the defunct cow, but not the sharp angry roar that almost synchronised with it: and if the tiger had not been hit, it would not have charged the foot of my tree as it did, in an evident paroxysm of pain and passion.

My position was a peculiar one. I had no idea that the tiger would join me on my *machan* and fight it out on that first-floor lodging, for, in spite of occasional narratives about tree-climbing tigers, I did not then, and do not now, believe that tigers are tree-climbers as bears and panthers are; but for some moments it was obviously just below me, in the only passage of my temporary lodgment, and I could not finish it off with a second shot because, in the deep shade cast by my tree, I could see nothing of it. There it was, and yet a good deal unfinished, as I knew from its movements and an occasional low growl; but when it ceased to move and growl, there was a necessary and uncomfortable doubt in my mind whether it was not still there, patiently waiting to give me a warm reception when I climbed down to its level. I did not hurry my proceedings, I gave that tiger ample time to die, if death was to be the immediate consequence of my bullet, and more than enough time to convince any proper-minded tiger that I was not at home to it. I listened long and keenly, not a sound came from below (and I think I could have heard that tiger wink had it done so), and so I descended to the ground, prepared, gun in hand, for any emergency, and with my shikari got back to camp for the night.

Next morning I went out with a few beaters to follow the thing—*i.e.*, the tiger—out to its end, bitter or otherwise. There under my *machan* were blood-stained tracks, showing where the tiger had moved to and fro, and how hard it had been hit. In one spot close to my tree was a small pool of blood: then, away through the jungle, more blood-stains for a hundred yards, and at that point a larger pool of blood, that, to my mind, betokened a dying creature whose life had here oozed out, leaving just so much strength as would permit it to crawl into some adjacent thicket, and make an end of all in that dim solitude.

But I was all wrong; instead of leaving that pool with faltering steps, and decently dying close at hand, the wounded tiger seemed to have taken a new lease of life there—just as if phlebotomy in an exaggerated form had been the special treatment needed for its cure. From that point the tiger ceased to leave its trail of blood, but, indiscreetly, substituted a trail of clawed and bitten saplings. It had evidently started, after its copious blood-letting, in the worst of tempers, and the evidence of its rage and power struck me as something extraordinary, even though I knew what immense strength the tiger possesses. Good-sized saplings were smashed by this beast in its course—not at long intervals, but so frequently that one followed it by these on a breast-high scent. Apparently it had vented its rage upon every object it encountered where clawing and biting could be practised: in every tree and sapling it had, I suppose, imagined yet another man such as that one of the *machan;* and, its instinct obscured by frenzy, it had not sought safety by a traceless flight into cover, where I should probably have never seen it, but had ostentatiously left in its path a challenge to me to track it down.

The jungle through which the tiger took its way was by no means heavy, and the undergrowth was light and patchy. For about a mile I followed in its track, always with eyes wide open, to detect it crouching in

some brake ahead or on either hand; and then I saw it lying within ten yards of me, in the shade of a bush that in a great measure concealed it. I saw it, and it saw me, and as I levelled my smooth-bore at it it rose and roared and tried to charge. But mine was not to be the fate of those torn and broken saplings; one bullet, full in the tiger's chest as it came head up towards me, dropped it, and the cow and the dryads were avenged. Mostly, my *machan*-shot tigers were killed there and then, and died within a few yards of my bower—sometimes within sight of it. Those afforded little sport in the shooting, and none after the one or two shots required had brought the forest king to earth, unless it can be deemed of the nature of sport to descend from a tree in some uncertainty as to whether an exceedingly angry and sufficiently lively tiger was or was not at the foot of it. In some instances the tiger went away mortally wounded, and was found dead the next day, if it could be tracked; or later on, when, perhaps, the vultures led to its discovery. On other occasions I followed and found the tiger still alive, and animated by a greater or less degree of pugnacity, which was usually in excess of its physical power, but with results no more exciting than those I have just described. Never did one of those tigers or any other place me at the disadvantage of being charged before I had seen my enemy. It was reserved for a bear and my first panther to do that; no tiger ever made good its charge upon me or any one of my beaters.

But I always had the feeling that in shooting tigers from a *machan* I was an unworthy foe—a mere assassin—and, at the best, that the performance, however largely beneficent, was distinctly inglorious. The peasants whose cows or wives or sons were killed by tigers were other-minded. They were not disposed to criticise methods so long as the tiger was destroyed. They even approved of murder by strychnine, and would have canonised the Marchioness de Brinvilliers herself had she practised some part of her toxicological art upon those beasts. They saw no merit, no good point whatever, in a tiger, which I, rightly or wrongly, regarded as the veritable king of beasts, and far more worthy of this style and title than the over-vaunted lion. Those benighted peasants were eaten up by prejudice as well as by tigers. I suppose it was much the same with the relatives of those maidens who were requisitioned for the larders of dragons. Those biassed people would have thought St George quite in the right had he employed dynamite, and destroyed thereby the whole dragon race.

It was otherwise, however, with the tigers that I shot from the ground, even though here I took such advantage as I could of the enemy. There was the inevitable advantage that came to me as the one forewarned. I knew the tiger was coming (or might come), and that it might be expected to emerge from the jungle at or about a certain spot. The tiger did not know that I was awaiting it, and would have all its attention directed to the shouting, drumming, and braying that was driving it forth. Then I usually had in front of me a low screen of boughs that hid me to some extent, and acted as a piece of furniture against which I could place my spare gun and rifle ready to my hand, should more than two shots

be necessary; and, having the pick of the ground, I could take up a position that would, in all probability, give me a further and important advantage, in that it would expose the tiger to a flank attack, to a deadly shot in or behind the shoulder, which could be repeated before the tiger turned upon its aggressor, if it did turn.

I thought quite enough of myself when, thus, I had shot two or three singly: it was the proudest moment of my life, as post-prandial oratory hath it, when I bagged a brace right and left. They came out of the jungle close together those two—a tiger and his consort; and I had hardly realised the fact that this king of beasts had walked into the open, when the queen was there, two or three yards behind her sovereign lord. Slowly they came forth, with backward glance that told of some bewilderment, and, on the female's part, it may be conceived, some curiosity. No fear quickened the pulse or stride of that twain; no suspicion of my presence crossed their minds. Calmly those splendid beauties of the forest sauntered on, giving me full broadside shots at a distance of some twenty-five yards. Crack! crack! right and left the bullets from my smooth-bore went home, and the two tigers dropped—the female never to rise again. The tiger, terribly hard hit, rose and made a feeble demonstration in my direction, but another shot settled it; and there were the couple bagged, and the curtain dropped upon this splendid drama of the forest. It was to be my lot, later on, to kill three, and on one occasion four, at one time; but those subsequent performances found me more *blasé* than I was at this time, and were the results of much more elaborate preparation than the impromptu sport I have just described. Those triplets and quartet were, moreover, shot from elephants, and, with one exception, by two or three of us. These two, like most of the animals that made up my Deoghur bag, were the spoil of my gun alone.

I think I have said enough of those Deoghur tigers generally; but there remains one whose infamous career and execution call for description — the Jamtarra man-eater. It was said of this beast that it had killed a hundred men and women; and although there was doubtless exaggeration as to the number of its human victims, there can be no question that its notoriety stood upon a solid foundation. Over and over again reports were brought to me of some one killed and carried off from the particular locality (close to a large village), believed to be the preserve of this one tiger; and very often the man so killed was attacked upon the high-road, where it immediately abutted upon the jungle. One report of the kind, and about the last, was to the effect that a sepoy, making a night-march with his company, had been carried off from the high-way at that point by a tiger that, under the shadow of night, had got clear away from more than a hundred guns. The officers of the regiment, when they arrived at my station two days after this, confirmed the report, and spoke with very natural regret of their inability, in the darkness, to follow the tiger, either to rescue or avenge the sepoy.

Unfortunately, Jamtarra was too far from my headquarters to admit of my acting upon the reports of that tiger's doings. Even if the beast had, contrary to its stereotyped habit, killed a cow or bullock or buffalo, the carcass whereof would have been left on

the ground, I could not have reached the scene until the tiger had relinquished what remained of that carcass. But its victims were human beings, whose remains were promptly removed by relatives. Only once did I persuade the family of a man killed within easy reach of me to leave the corpse on the ground for one night. Speaking generally of these bereaved people, a cynic might say that this tender regard for the remnants of their relations was a new development by no means foreshadowed by their previous behaviour.

On two occasions when I was in the Jamtarra neighbourhood, I tried to get that tiger beaten out of the jungle it frequented; but these were chance efforts almost necessarily foredoomed to failure. There had been no kill; there was nothing to tell what part of that wide expanse of jungle the tiger was in, or if it was in any part. But Nemesis, if somewhat lagging, was represented in my person, and the hour was not far off when I should kill that tiger red-handed (or red-pawed) upon the corpse of its last human victim, and kill it, too, with little or no trouble in the way of beating or riding or otherwise.

I was on tour in my district with Yule and Robinson when our march brought us to the immediate vicinity of that tiger's slaughter-house. Our tents were pitched close by that deadly spot, a peaceful Arcadia now, whose turf for many days had been unstained by bloodshed. After nightfall a beautiful calm surrounded us, broken only by the occasional clanking of the chains that fettered Yule's elephants, or, while the camp was yet awake, by animated discussion among our followers on the enthralling subjects of rice and pice. And we in the mess-tent argued over our pipes about the merits of Mary Queen of Scots, or the Rent Act, or the perpetual settlement of Lord Cornwallis, or anything else that we could agree to differ about. And then, about midnight, silence and sleep descended upon us all.

"*Bagh! bagh!*" That was the cry that brought us back from dreamland, or the empty void of slumber, to the waking world, and we three Britons tumbled out of our beds and tents forthwith to learn who in the grey dawn shouted of tigers, and why. There stood the shouter amongst our tent-ropes, green with terror. Doubtless he would have been respectably pallid if the native Indian complexion permitted of that form of decoloration; but, doing the best he could according to his lights, he, after the manner of his kind, had turned green.

He had some reason for this and his excited cry of "*Bagh!*" He had just come out of the very jaws of death; his head was deeply scored by a tiger's claws, and the blood still oozed slowly from the wounds. He had been in the clutches of the terrible man-eater, and had succeeded somehow in coming out of that deadly embrace a living and quivering Hindoo. Being soothed and supported by brandy, administered under the guise of medicine, he told us his story while his wounds were being cauterised. Briefly, his story was that he had made an early start from the village, had reached a spot on the road close to our camp, had there been brought to the ground by a tiger, and had crawled from under that beast, and got away, leaving his quilted coverlet with his assailant. That wadded *rezai*, which is the native's greatcoat and bedding in one, had

saved him: he had wrapped this round him and over his head, as is the way of his people when they walk abroad in the chill air of early morn, and it had not only weakened the force of the tiger's blow upon his head, but had served as a shield from beneath which he had crept away.

And still was he being tended with caustic and bandage when his tale was done, and a pause occurred. Then, after an interval, it occurred to this Hindoo Caleb Balderstone to bethink him of his master. "Where was his master?" he asked. His master, he explained, had been walking just behind him when the tiger interrupted their march. He had taken no thought of that employer when he had rushed into our camp, his whole intelligence being absorbed in the one vital measure of taking to his heels. Where was his master?

It did not take us long to procure evidence that his master would not rejoin his servant on this side of the river of death. There on the road hard by we found very certain indications that this unfortunate had been carried off into the jungle by a tiger. There were the imprints of that tiger's feet, the marks of a brief struggle, and the trail from the road into the forest that marked where and how the master's corpse had been carried off.

Yule, Robinson, and I lost no time in starting on our quest for the man-eater. The elephants were got out forthwith, and off we went in as widely extended a line as our resources ran to. We had not far to go. In about a quarter of an hour I came upon it. There it was, within thirty yards of me, stretched in an almost open patch of scrub, with one paw resting upon the body of the man cruelly slain within the hour, calm and wholly undismayed by my appearance. Never did I interview a tiger so little disconcerted as was this by my abrupt intrusion. As its cruel eyes met mine they seemed to express no sentiment so strongly as languid curiosity. *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* it might have said, to render that look into appropriate and much-hackneyed words. Hardened by its long and unpunished career of crime against humanity, it had, I suppose, come to regard man merely as something to be eaten by hungry tigers, and I interpreted that look of its yellow eyes as signifying "You are not wanted now. Here is my dinner. Go!"

It never moved from that moment when our eyes met until I put a bullet into the back of its neck as it lay facing me; then it rose and charged, received a second bullet full in the chest from my left barrel and dropped, growling as it fell, into a clump of grass some half-dozen yards from me, where, only half concealed, it lay growling.

And then a difference of opinion arose between the mahout who drove my elephant and myself. I was riding on a pad (not in a howdah), and had no weapon with me save a smooth-bore, empty now as to both its barrels. That mahout proposed to drive into the clump of grass forthwith. Stimulated by *ganga*, he was deaf to my suggestion that he should pause while I loaded, at any rate, one barrel. The *ganga* would not hear reason, although our tiger was delivered into our hands, and might have been left to yield up what life remained to it after its own way and undisturbed. "Don't be afraid, sahib," said that bedrugged mahout; and so saying drove on,

and made his elephant finish off the dying tiger with a kick. So perished that notorious man-eater —an old tiger, as it proved, with worn and blunted teeth and mangy hide; but still capable, had it been spared, of killing men. I can imagine that a sigh of relief went up as a pæan of rejoicing when the news of that creature's death went forth, and that many a wayfarer passed thenceforth with lighter heart along the road it had frequented.

There was danger then (and perhaps is now) for the foot-traveller in many parts of the Deoghur district. I substantially reduced that risk during my four and a half years there; but fifteen years after I left the district, I was told that tigers, panthers, and bears had increased in numbers to something like their old proportions. My successor in office had done nothing to keep them down.

Among those who encountered the maximum danger from tigers was the officer of the Government Geological Survey, who, armed with no weapon more lethal than the hammer of his craft, had, in pursuit of formations and strata, to make his way right into the fastnesses of the forest kings. Poor Jo Medlicott, who for two years surveyed the Deoghur district for the Geological Department (and who was one of the brightest and best-informed men I have met), had as narrow an escape from collision with a tiger as can be well imagined. He went prospecting up a nullah, fringed and overhung on either hand by forest-trees and undergrowth, and for a few minutes turned from the bed of the main water-course (now a bed of sand) into a small subsidiary channel. When, having returned from that branch, he retraced his steps down the main nullah, he saw that a tiger had just preceded him. There could be no mistake about it, for this tiger's footprints often overlaid his of half an hour or less ago. He had, by a lucky chance, just missed a meeting with that tiger face to face, or, worse than this by far, the encounter that might have followed had he just preceded the tiger down the nullah and given that animal a chance of stalking him from the rear, over sand that would have given forth no warning sound.

Among the beasts of the Deoghur jungles an occasional cheetah was to be found. In Oudh and other parts of India this animal is domesticated and kept by sporting rajahs for the purpose of running down antelope: in the Deoghur country they kept themselves by running down the goats and sheep of the people. A curious animal is this hunting cheetah—a cat (*i.e.*, a small and much attenuated leopard) down to its feet, and at those extremities a dog. Twice in the course of my Deoghur career was I summoned forth from my cutcherry to shoot cheetahs. In both instances they had been imprisoned in a hut into which they had made their way after the goats of the hut-holder, and as to both I pursued the same tactics—that is to say, I rode gun in hand to the scene of action, from five to ten miles distant, climbed on to the thatched roof that covered the cheetah, and made a hole in the thatch in view to shooting the spotted thief where it crouched below. In both instances I failed of this purpose in consequence of the cheetah's anticipation of my plans; for so soon as I had displaced enough of the roof to make a hole through which I could look into the interior, the cheetah came out by it, and springing to the

ground, went off. On the second occasion, when, forewarned by previous experience, I conducted my house-breaking with a more jealous care as to monopoly of my skylight, the cheetah was still too many for me, and bounding out from off a beam upon which it lay, swept me before it nearly off my coign of vantage. The first cheetah I killed within a hundred yards of the hut; the second was less summarily disposed of. I missed it with my right barrel (fired before I had regained composure and equilibrium), and my second shot, although it went home, did not drop my quarry or stay its retreat into a small patch of bush and grass close by. There it was speedily found cowering in cover that failed to conceal it, but how was it to be finished off? I had brought no spare ammunition, for two shots seemed more than enough for a creature that I had reckoned upon killing inside the hut that had become its prison, and there was no weapon at hand, except the spear of a village watchman—a spear lacking the keenness of Ithuriel's, a spear that, as to point and edge, was far less formidable than a ploughshare or the weaver's shuttle. However, this was the sum-total of our available armoury, and I attacked the cheetah therewith. The active resistance of the wounded beast was a *quantité négligeable*, but the passive hindrance offered by its slender and too lissome body constituted an insuperable obstacle to the spearing. I pinned the cheetah down with this rude halberd, so that an inch or two of its carcass only intervened between the spear-point and the ground, and yet was its skin unbroken by prick of steel. The wretched animal had to be finished off with a heavy stake.

Bears were plentiful in that land—black bears that, when they rose on their hind-legs, stood about six feet in height, powerful but clumsy beasts, that ordinarily employed their strength harmlessly enough. Now and again one of these would attack a man and maul his face and head with its cruel nails. One bear in my district was rumoured to be carnivorous; but, as a rule, these bears were strictly vegetarian, and lived upon the wild figs (the fruit of the *Ficus indicus*) and other products of the forest: and if they did not live in amity with man, their inclination was, I fancy, to preserve peaceable relations with him and other animals, by the simple device of having nothing to do with them. But, perhaps by way of exceptions to a general rule, several of the Deoghurites wore on their heads and faces the scars of bear-wounds that they would carry to their grave or funeral pyre.

These bears furnished sufficient objects of sport where better could not be had: men on shooting expeditions in the Himalaya were glad enough to get an occasional bear, even though ibex and markhore were the chief objects of pursuit; and I fancy the bear of Santhalia did not merit the title of sloth given to those whose feeding-grounds are just below the snow-line. There was nothing slothful about those Santhalian bears when they pounded along, or up or down, the rock-strewn hills of Deoghur, but rather the speed and agility of the chamois; on the flat it was easy to dodge and get away from them, lumbering of gait and slow of turning. I have seen a coolie escape from a bear that pursued him on the plain, and have had similar experience myself; but on those

steep and stony hillsides the bear was master of the situation.

It was on one of those rock-piles that I shot my first bear, unless the credit of shooting it has to be given to Robinson, or divided between us. That bear was in a cave formed by a solid slab of stone wedged into a cleft that reached from top to bottom of the hill for a horizontal distance of about 40 feet. That slab, fixed between perpendicular cliffs, formed a roof to the cave, and on the side next to the open country was some 20 to 24 feet from the ground—the path, that is to say, by which the bear was supposed to travel to and from its lodging. Robinson and I ascended the hill and climbed or crawled on to the slab, while Yule stood in the open at the end of the alley to receive the bear when it emerged. Our arrangements would have been perfect if the architecture of that cave had been what we expected; we should have cajoled or compelled the bear to come from under the slab, and if Robinson and I had not killed it in the passage below, Yule would have accounted for it when it reached the open. But, owing to our defective knowledge of that cave's structure, it was the unexpected that happened. The bear, rudely driven from its bed, did emerge into the alley: so far the programme was carried out; but on the instant that I fired into it the creature turned in its course back under the slab, and before I could have cried Jack Robinson to my comrade, there was the bear entering our very restricted first-floor chamber by the opening we had come in by. That drop of many feet into the alley would have hindered flight had we inclined to the Parthian method. There was no course open to us but to hold that pass like a pair of Leonidases—not that we held any council of war or discussed in any way the action to be taken, we only fired into that bulky trespasser, and as it chanced, dropped it dead on the threshold of our somewhat crowded apartment.

In my experience of bear-shooting chance was a peculiarly prominent element, if only because of the difficulty of aiming at a vital point in the fur-covered body: a good deal of that which loomed upon one as bear was hair only, and it was not always easy to judge where the hair ended and bear commenced. I recall one occasion upon which it seemed as though I were trying to make a maximum of misses, or to save my bear as a peripatetic target. I put that animal up in a narrow nullah, fired at it, and pursued it in its flight down that nullah for about half a mile, always within easy range of it, always firing when my gun was loaded, and never, as it appeared, doing any harm to it. It was for about a dozen shots a case of "ineffectual fires," and then a bullet went home, and that bear was rolled over like a rabbit.

But it was not always safe, when they rolled over rabbit-wise, to regard them as done for. Of the bears of my acquaintance several dropped to a hit, and affected to be dead, only to get up when the time was ripe for movement, and be off again. One of my beaters learned something of this histrionic feature of our bears, as I will proceed to tell.

Three bears were beaten out of the jungle towards me, a she-bear with two young ones, nearly fully grown. They came out close to where I stood, and presented fairly easy shots. I dropped the mother, and put a bullet into one of the others; and when I fired the second shot, the mother was up again and

all three off. I turned to where my second gun should have been; but the bearer of that weapon was off after the bears, and the gun was off too, its bullets fired into the air, to fall he knew not where nor cared. Then came a stern chase and long, a chase made sterner by the necessity of loading my piece (a muzzle-loader) as I ran, and then up got those three bears again, and again the mother seemed to have received her death-blow, this time lying in the dry bed of a nullah; and an idiotic beater went on ahead of me to where it lay, and put his thumb into that bear's mouth, and the bear bit that thumb so that it adhered to the man's hand by a strip of skin and tendon only, got up and went off again beyond the nullah into a water-course begirt with bush and tree—we, except the too-confiding beater of wounded hand, in pursuit.

Then my two shikaris and I hunted about for that bear, and, after some time, one of them pointed into a thick bush and said, "There it is." I looked and saw only greenery, and the gloom of heavy shade at the heart of it. The other shikari looked, and whatever he may have seen he saw no bear, and said as much. This latter was that one in whom I most pinned my faith—that faith which, in such circumstances as these, was so often blind—and so I sided with him. "There it is," said the former, "There it isn't," said the latter; and while the argument proceeded I stood there with my rifle uncocked upon my shoulder, acquiescing placidly with the noes. Then the first shikari, angry after the manner of some minorities, took up a good-sized stone without preamble, and hurled it into the bush, with the remark, "I'll show you that it's there." Sure enough the bear was there, but not for long. When that stone fell it was up and at us with angry growls, and we this time were off in front of it; but, going head down and blind as to our doubles, it soon let me place myself upon its flank, and then one shot more brought that much-dissembling beast to the ground, never more to go off on its own account. One of the orphaned bruins we got later in the day; the other was not seen again.

By way of contrast to this long and only partially successful campaign against three bears, I had a very brief and wholly triumphant affair with another triplet, all killed between dawn and sunrise. That morning's shikar also contrasted in a curious way with the long day's shooting that preceded it. I had expected great things of that long day, in that I had joined the Santhals in one of their periodical hunting-parties, and so was accompanied by a force of beaters some three thousand strong. With this formidable array of bowmen, I took the jungle in the early morning, full of ambitious hope that tiger, panther, and bear would be my spoil before nightfall; and when at eventide we gave up the chase I had not fired a shot—I had not even seen of big game an animal to shoot at, or heard of one having been seen by any of my companions. Small game, such as pea-fowl, hares, and foxes, had fallen before the ruder weapons of the Santhals: now and again a pea-fowl rose within sight of me, and was accompanied in its rise by many of the short sticks with which the Santhals, after the manner of the New Foresters, assail some of the forest creatures; but these aerial Aunt Sallys were not for me, and my long day ended absolutely blank.

I slept that night in a tent close to the point where our army of beaters ceased to disturb the jungle, and was still sleeping when a villager brought into camp intelligence of three bears that he had just seen and marked down in a small patch of scrub a couple of furlongs distant. When this information penetrated my drowsy *sensorium*, sleep fell away from me, and I was up, clothed, and in my right mind with a celerity that would have been creditable to the clown in an old-time transformation-scene; then with a score or so of camp-followers, chuprassies, &c., as beaters, I set out. The ground was very favourable to my purpose: the jungle, what there was of it, narrowed funnel-like towards the side upon which the bears were to be driven out, and a shallow water-course running through the funnel was the almost inevitable route the bears would take. I planted myself at a spot that commanded this exit, placed a brushwood screen in front of me, leaned my spare guns against the screen, and waited. Not for very long: as soon as I had settled down in my ambuscade the beaters commenced their drive, and in five minutes out came the bears within twenty feet of me, and again the bears were mother and adult offspring. Two of these I dropped right and left, the third I wounded as it turned; then the mother bear called for further attention, and I finally stopped her with a second shot; then, leaving two dead at the funnel's mouth, I went after the third, came up with it where it was pounded by the heavy soil of a rice-field, and finished it off. And the sun was only just risen when this third bear died, and I had had a good day's sport before I broke my fast with the *chota hazri* of the land.

Until I came to know Kudha Buksh (of whom more — much more — hereafter), and to enjoy his service as a shikari, I always preferred to have my spare guns placed ready to hand against a screen or tree or rock, rather than in the keeping of an attendant. I have mentioned one instance of many in which the attendant failed me. That man failed me in consequence of his pursuit of the quarry; others failed me for the opposite reason — they ran away, carrying my spare gun out of action. But I must do justice to one of my gun-bearers of that time, whose promptitude and steadiness probably saved me from a mauling. I was bear-shooting on that occasion, and, standing in a gully that intersected two largish rock-piles, had just killed one bear, emptying both barrels in the killing, when a second, upon which I had not counted, came rattling down-hill straight for where I stood. Time did not permit of my getting a loaded gun from my shikari, who was about as far from me as was the bear. The hilly and rocky nature of my environment made flight impracticable. The situation was critical enough, but my shikari was equal to it; for, not being able to hand the loaded gun to me, he fired it himself, with such effect that the bear, which had threatened me a moment before, came tumbling down the hillside and rolled over almost at my feet in the throes of death.

Thrice during those Deoghur days did I pursue a herd of wild elephants that occasionally, when the paddy was uncut, visited the district. There were twelve or fourteen of them, and they inflicted a considerable amount of damage upon the standing rice, &c., although, as far as my jurisdic-

tion was concerned, they strictly confined their depredations to the night-grazing in, and treading down of, crops. Sometimes, however, I heard of these marauders (I assumed that they were one with my herd) as being in the district—Doomka—that adjoined mine; and heard, moreover, of their attacking villages, killing people, unroofing huts and granaries to pillage the contents, and looting also from the carts the garnered grain which was the rent and sustenance of the unfortunate ryots. But the herd that crossed the border into Deoghur (whether that of Doomka or another) confined their operations within narrower limits.

I had never been able to sympathise heartily with the joys of elephant-shooting, until now that elephants had come to plunder and harass the people who, in a sense, were under my protection. I had hitherto regarded this form of shikar as peculiar to Africa and Ceylon, and the Indian elephant as a precious thing of higher destiny, that should be taken alive in the toils of the hunters (the *khedda*-men of Dacca or others) and domesticated to man's use. But what was I to do? I had no *khedda*, or anything connected therewith; no racing elephants that could run down these invaders of a peaceful land; no mahout, quick of limb and wit, who could in the twinkling of an eye shackle the legs of the fugitive when, being run down and hustled by its tame congeners, this was required to make its capture good; no well-trained behemoths of mighty strength, that could pound a captured elephant into good behaviour. I had none of these things, and therefore had to go after this herd with no better resources than those which nature and a gunsmith had supplied to me.

And on the three occasions that I went after them they led me a very thorough, if not a pretty, dance. I pursued them always on foot, always hoping that I should surprise them and kill a tusker or two in a leisurely way most pleasurable to all concerned, except, perhaps, the tuskers; and never did they allow me to drop in quietly upon their jungle encampment. Always I came upon their spoor; and for the greater part of each hunt I pursued them over hill and dale for many weary miles, keeping ever close in their rear, and, with one exception, never coming in sight of them. Once I outmanœuvred them by tactics of a brilliant but exhausting order, and, by making a detour among the small hills, came upon their flank and within fifty yards of them. There they were, of all sizes, a dozen at least, on the further side of a ravine, but even then not for me was the tusker that bossed the herd. No shot that could be regarded as of a fatal character (to the elephant) was practicable from where I stood; not one of the herd offered a broadside target; and firing at their heads seemed to me an utterly useless expenditure of ammunition: there they were, however, the first wild elephants that I had seen, and I was bound to celebrate the new experience somehow. I chanced a shot just behind the tusker's shoulder that did not drop him—how, indeed, should it? That did not turn or stay him, but only urged him and his family to further and faster flight. I chanced a second shot, aimed at a point something further back than was the first; and the tusker went away with his herd and three ounces of lead somewhere in his

anatomy. That was the sum-total of my elephant-shooting, and I have never once regretted that neither that tusker nor any of its kind had to be added to my list of big game killed. Yule, I believe, on another occasion, came upon this herd, and wounded one; but not even he—the champion tiger-shooter and pig-sticker—ever killed one.

Before leaving Deoghur and its wild creatures I may mention a curious superstition of the Deoghurites that, as far as I know, was strictly localised to that people or the people of Santhalia. They believed that an extraordinary animal with the voice of the fox and the horns of a goat went before the tiger as its *avant-courier*. They styled this mythical creature the *feksiari;* and when the fox at certain seasons uttered the cry peculiar to that time, the Deoghurites said, "There are the *feksiari* and its lord the tiger." No one of them professed to have ever seen this mysterious beast, and yet they all seemed to know everything about the physical character of the beast from its horns downward. There are many superstitions that rest on no more solid foundation.

What number of animals I killed during my four and a half years at Deoghur I *cannot* say. I kept no diary or any record of my sport. At first I kept the skins as trophies, and had a fairly large bungalow carpeted with them from end to end; but they smelt objectionably in the rains, and tripped me up in the hot weather, and I got rid of them. Then I kept skulls ranged upon shelves until I made my house a Golgotha, and gave that up; and when I left Deoghur for Oudh I took with me no memento whatever of those four and a half years' shikar, and but a hazy idea of the number of heads of big game that had fallen to my gun.

Whatever the number was, it was of fair proportion, and obtained with only trifling casualties, caused by panthers. One beater was killed by a panther while I was beating through some light cover, but he died very much as the consequence of his own neglect. He stumbled upon the panther in the scrub, and the beast hit him one blow in the back and fled. I saw nothing of this or of the panther at any time; but when I heard of this accident, the wounded man, thinking little of his hurt, had gone off to his home. He died two days later of lockjaw; whereas, had his wound been cauterised and dressed at my camp without loss of time, he would in all probability have survived, as did several other beaters no more seriously wounded. Tigers were in my experience far less dangerous than panthers; even when wounded they fled from the line of beaters, and from first to last no beater of mine ever suffered hurt by these forest kings.

EDWARD BRADDON.

WHAT WAS TARTUFFE?

THERE have been hypocrites in every time and in every country, but the forms of society under which they have lived have not always been the same. Other people, other manners. The wiles of hypocrisy will vary according to the conditions favourable to their existence. Everybody knows that Tartuffe was a hypocrite, but everybody does not know to what class he belonged. He was one of the directors of conscience—a class of men either in the Church or connected with it, but not to be confounded with the confessors, who had always been admitted into holy orders. I shall have something to say about the directors later on. Adaptations of Molière's play have been made in England to suit our notions, but the most important character has been altered, because the reasons for his existence are not familiar to us. Tartuffe is not a scoundrel of English growth, like Pecksniff, nor could he be easily transplanted to our soil. We have had our hypocrites, but our imaginative literature does not supply us with a Tartuffe. For us he must remain a foreigner. It is not the enormity of the man's offence that differentiates him from our own native-born scoundrels, but its kind. The circumstances under which we live, our customs and habits of thought, do not leave a ready opening for his schemes. Our form of Protestantism debars his entrance into our households. But in France, in the seventeenth century, everything lay ready to his hands; the will only on his part was wanting. If a man in his position did not scruple to become a villain, he could find a scope for his talents.

As the 'Provincial Letters' (January 1656 to March 1657) was an event in literary history, so was 'Le Tartuffe' (first written in 1664) an event in the annals of the stage. Like Pascal's Letters, Molière's comedy was at the time an actuality. It spoke of matters that were of daily occurrence in well-to-do households, and was therefore likely to excite strong interest. People thought very differently about it. The public as a whole enjoyed the comedy; but men in high places, those in authority, decried it, and said that it was immoral. Pascal had to hide himself while his Letters were being printed clandestinely, and Molière was denounced in terms that now might make us smile did we not know that ignorant-minded men commonly make use of very violent language in speaking of their opponents. But in spite of all the invective shown by the ablest advocates that the enemies of each could bring forward, neither the Letters nor the comedy were refuted.[1] They were both written for the public, and by the public they were both accepted and believed. In both cases time has ratified the popular verdict.

Molière did not draw his picture of a *faux dévot* from any one of his contemporaries. The Abbé

[1] There was a partial refutation of Pascal's Letters by the Père Daniel in 1694. But the objections came much too late to be of general interest. They were not always well founded, and they carried little weight. See Sainte-Beuve's 'Port-Royal,' book iii.

Roquette was commonly said to have been his model; but there were two other names which tradition has handed down to us as furnishing materials for his character. If there were three churchmen whose likeness to Tartuffe was remarked, there were probably others who afforded points of resemblance that were noticeable. One of these points was the Jesuitical doctrine of "directing the intention," which Tartuffe tries to teach Elmire in the fourth act; another was the doctrine of "mental restrictions," which Orgon shows that Tartuffe had succeeded in teaching him in act v. sc. 1. Pascal had previously satirised both of these deceitful practices.

And in the eleventh Provincial Letter he says:—

"There is a great difference between laughing at religion and laughing at those who profane it by their extravagant opinions. It is wicked not to feel respect for the truths which the Spirit of God has revealed; and it is wickedness of another kind not to feel contempt for the falsehoods which the mind of man has opposed to them."

And later, in the same letter:—

"When there is need to employ a little raillery, the spirit of piety demands that it be used against error only, and not against things that are holy; whereas the spirit of buffoonery, impiety, and heresy mocks at everything that is most sacred."

Whatever may be thought of these sayings of Pascal, they certainly go on all-fours with Molière's comedy. The play was then regarded by the Church, by the Bench, and by many in private life, as an impious theological pamphlet, holding up to scorn and ridicule devout people—the teacher and his pupil—who were to be reprobated and laughed at by everybody who wished to see them travestied. We who live now can see more clearly than those who were alive at the time, that Molière was actuated by a broader and a truer religion than his opponents. We can see now that he was bold enough to tell the world, with all earnestness and reverence, how a wicked man can scoff at religious practices and invoke heaven for his own bad ends. We can see now that Molière's intentions may have been mistaken at the time, and that moderate-minded people may have regarded his play as dangerous. Yet Tartuffe's villainy is perfectly transparent. It is quite impossible, one would say, to confound him with a sincere or a God-fearing man. To any one who knows the meaning of words, his baseness is as clear as the sun; no ingenuity, no special pleading, can make it otherwise. He does not appear on the stage until the third act; by that time his character is plainly established. His first words, spoken to his valet as soon as he sees Dorine, form a most admirable dramatic *début:* "Laurent, lock up[1] my hair-shirt with my scourge, and pray that heaven may always shine upon you. If any one comes to see me, I am going to the prisoners to divide amongst them my small alms of charity." In the next scene he makes a strong protestation of love to Orgon's wife.

The province of comedy has always been to laugh at the follies and attack the vices of the age,

[1] The primary meaning of the word *serrer* is doubtless to press closely, to tighten; but it also means to put away into a place of safety. Littré, under the thirteenth heading of the word *serrer*, chooses this line of 'Le Tartuffe' as an example to show that the word means to lock up, or to put away safely.

and the dramatist felt himself justified in exposing to derision and contempt the double-facedness of some members of a class of men who were increasing in numbers, and whose influence was gaining strength in the households of good families. Molière knew that the charge he was making was very serious, and I cannot think that he undertook it lightly; nor can I quite agree with those who hold that he bravely threw his gauntlet into the arena as the champion reformer of a grave abuse. He was not a reformer by nature. He had no wish to constitute himself a literary or stage policeman over his fellow-creatures. Such work was not to his taste. And he was not an enthusiast like Pascal. But his sensitive and sympathetic nature was pained to see men in places of deep responsibility and of emolument walking through the world with a lie continually on their faces and on their tongues. I interpret in the same way, though in a lesser degree, his attacks upon the doctors; but against the Tartuffes the accusation was much more serious. If there are any who think that he was trifling in solemn matters, they will do well to read the play again. It is not difficult to imagine that he enjoyed his own fun as he was writing the 'Amour Médecin' or the 'Médecin malgré lui,' but there is much less inward enjoyment to be discovered in the composition of 'Le Tartuffe.' If his mirth is infectious, so also are his cares; and there is in this play an earnestness of feeling he has not shown elsewhere, unless it be in the character of Alceste in the 'Misanthrope.'

It may be taken for granted that Molière wrote his comedy against those who make a false profession of religion—

"Ces dévots de place,
De qui la sacrilége et trompeuse grimace
Abuse impunément et se joue à leur gré
De ce qu'ont les mortels de plus saint et sacré."

Besides these lines, he states his object very plainly in his first petition to the king; and the whole play fully bears out his assertion. The *dévot*, or hypocrite, was then a personage well known, though he was perhaps not so common when Molière wrote his play in 1664 as later in the century. His motives were nearly always interest and vanity. Among men and women who knew the ways of the world, the *dévot* was recognised as quite the opposite of a devout man. The word was nearly always used in an ironical sense. He was so spoken of by the writers of the time, and they were understood by their readers. There are many instances of this in the 'Caractères' of La Bruyère; and Fléchier, the Bishop of Nîmes, says clearly that the *homme de bien* is a good man, and the *dévot* is a false man. Something of the same stigma was attached to a woman when she was spoken of as *une dévote;* but as women were more given to the practices of religion than men, the term did not apply to them with quite the same blackness. Nevertheless, La Bruyère wrote: "It is too long odds against a husband for a woman to be both a coquette and a *dévote:* she should make her choice." Perhaps a woman who was really devout would have been called *une femme pieuse.* But though we may accept Tartuffe as a *dévot de profession,* I think that the play which bears his name shows with abundant clearness that he belonged also to a particular class known as the direc-

tors of conscience. Molière wished, no doubt, to provoke a laugh against those who allowed themselves to be duped by the hollow speciousness of men who professed to lead a saintly life, and whose exterior proclaimed them for what they were to any one who could look about him with open eyes; but his hot anger was shot against the false guides who deceived others for their own profit. Without making the dupes appear ridiculous, he could hardly have made the knave's villainy apparent.

Early in the seventeenth century the Catholic Church in France had regained much of its supremacy over the free-thinking tendency which the wars of religion had fostered in the century previous. The latter half of the sixteenth century in France has been likened to the eighteenth, inasmuch as the foremost men in each age were known for their scepticism, their love of free-thought, and their habit of laughing at religious matters. Under Louis XIV. the people were more devout than the nobles. It might be too much to say that this was an age of faith, but many among the upper classes were actuated by a wish to believe. Forms of worship were thought necessary to those whose fathers or grandfathers had piqued themselves on unbelief and had enjoyed the fun of irreverence; and when the country was at rest from the civil war of the Fronde, conformity to the rules of the Church was looked upon by the religious-minded as necessary for the salvation of their souls. There were many who gloried in practising self-denying ordinances in order to make themselves think they were leading good lives. Besides their confessor, they engaged the services of a "director." He was known as the director of conscience, and was chosen as a guide to direct the conduct. The most distinguishing mark of the office of the director was in the private and homely nature of his functions. As has been said, the confessor was always a man who had taken orders, and his duties were prescribed to him by the Church: it was not necessary that the director should be in orders, though such was usually the case. There were lay directors connected with the Church. In either case, his own good sense was to tell him how to direct others. It was thought he should be acquainted with the style of living of the family under his care, and what went on in the household. He was to instruct the members of the family how to regulate their daily actions; he was allowed to offer his opinion on the most intimate family matters. When a woman put herself under his guidance, he was ever at her right hand to advise her in all her projects, in all her difficulties; he was to prescribe her pleasures, and nothing was to be undertaken without his sanction. This sounds to us like tyrannical supervision, and we wonder how any woman could submit to it. Very much would depend upon the choice of a director, and what manner of man he was. The lady doubtless made inquiries about him, and questioned him before engaging his services if he was rigid or lax in his precepts. If she had her director, she would have one to suit her tastes; and when she got tired of him, it was open to her to dismiss him and take another. In short, she wished to be led in the way she liked to go. Among Pascal's 'Thoughts' there is a sentence: "Tout le monde veut naturellement avoir une religion, mais

douce." When we think for a moment how rare a quality is discretion, and still more so a sound discernment, we can see the errors into which a director might be led whose own conscience did not show him the intricate and slippery path between right and wrong. That there were good men who discharged their functions well and honourably is indisputable, but that there were others who were quite unfit for the position is equally true. Bourdaloue has spoken of the importance of the director, but he recognised that the office had its abuses. "Crowds of women," he says, "making a profession of piety, choose a director, and put themselves absolutely under his advice, deferring in everything to his authority. This man's knowledge is often very superficial, but he is their bishop, their pope, their church." Priests, monks, spiritual and lay directors, were sought after by those who wished to ease their consciences by performing religious exercises. If holy men were wanted, holy men could be found when they knew that their services would be remunerated.

"Ces gens qui, par une âme à l'intérêt soumise,
Font de dévotion métier et marchandise."

It was simply an affair of demand and supply. In the seventeenth century these men were in fashion, in the eighteenth they were much less frequent; but while the mode lasted, smart ladies had their director as commonly as they had their cook. Those who were less well off were visited less often. But among the rich the director had always his place at table, his seat in the carriage; he accompanied the mistress of the house to church, he sat beside her in the theatre, he was invited in the summer to the country-seat or to a watering-place; sons and daughters, nephews and nieces, were not thought of until his comforts had been prepared.

"Mais de tous les mortels, grâce aux dévotes âmes,
Nul n'est si bien soigné qu'un directeur de femmes."[1]

Once in his position, he reigned supreme. He learned to direct consciences so well that women under his influence became tools in his hands.

"He educates their mind and their memory, he tells them what their religion should be, and even undertakes to regulate their hearts. They do not approve or disapprove. They offer neither praise nor censure until they have watched his eyes and his face. They confide in him their joys and their griefs, their hopes and their jealousies, their hatred and their loves. He makes them leave their gallants; he makes them quarrel with and reconciles them to their husbands, and he gets his own profit in the intervals."

In another paragraph the same moralist asks —

"Whether a woman under the influence of her director gives greater pleasure to her husband; is she kinder to her servants, more attentive to her family and its wants; is she warmer and truer to her friends? Is she less governed by her passions, less selfish in her own concerns; does she enjoy less the good things of life?"

To all of which he answers No. These last two quotations are from the 'Caractères' of La Bruyère, in the chapter "Des Femmes." About the middle of that chapter there are several paragraphs satirising the dishonesty of the direc-

[1] See the portrait that Boileau has drawn of a director, in his tenth Satire, v. 558 *et seq.*

tors, and the silly vanity of women who chose to be led by them. La Bruyère first published his book in 1688, and a new edition was called for and appeared every year, each time with considerable additions, until his death in 1696. He was an earnest thinking man, slow in publishing his opinions, but when he did express his thoughts he meant all that he said. That a churchman should undertake the care of souls was good and right, but that a divine or a layman in accepting such functions should allow himself to become a petted darling of society was to him abominable. Men will not fawn over men in that way, though they may, like Orgon, become infatuated, lose their reason, and act as simpletons; but through their love of trust in men women will do so, and among them the directors found their easiest prey.

For reasons of his own, Molière chose that a man, not a woman, should be the victim of the schemes of his hypocrite. Perhaps he saw that this was necessary in order to give a better dramatic effect to his play. It is true that Mme. Pernelle is also deceived by him, but she is only a minor character, and none of the events in the comedy are made to depend upon her. When Tartuffe first comes on the stage, in the second scene of the third act, it is known that he lives in Orgon's house, and that by the master's orders he is pampered and made much of, though he is very cordially disliked and distrusted by all the inmates except Orgon himself and his mother. The family would be happy but for him. They live comfortably, enjoying the pleasures of life in a natural way; they have no vices, and are not given to self-indulgence. But Tartuffe criticises their innocent amusements, all their daily actions, and makes his tyranny felt. Orgon is a good man, affectionate to his wife and children, and is loved and respected by them. But through his weakness he has become besotted in his admiration for one who was unworthy of the trust. I cannot doubt that Tartuffe was intended by Molière to represent a director of a particularly odious kind. Dorine speaks of him as a director:—

"C'est de tous ses secrets l'unique confident,
Et de ses actions le directeur prudent."

Indirectly he is very often so mentioned in the first act; and later, just after he has made his declaration to Elmire, he speaks some remarkable lines, in which the word *nous* is repeated three times—showing that he belonged to a class of men who were supposed to act together:—

"Mais les gens comme nous brûlent d'un feu discret,
Avec qui pour toujours on est sûr du secret:
Le soin que nous prenons de notre renommée
Répond de toute chose à la personne aimée,
Et c'est en nous qu'on trouve en acceptant notre cœur,
De l'amour sans scandale et du plaisir sans peur."

And there is another indication which might be overlooked by an Englishman, but which is not without signification. In this comedy Molière has repeatedly used the word *céans*. In the first act it may be found six times. This word is now obsolete, or very little used, and means "here, inside this house." It is more precise in its meaning than *ici;* and considering the private and homely nature of the director's functions,

it seems to be specially applicable.

Before 'Le Tartuffe' appeared in public for the first time on the stage at the Palais Royal Theatre on the 5th August 1667—a single performance only, for the comedy was forbidden the next day, and was not played again until February 1669—there had been five representations of the play at Court. Two performances had been given of the first three acts—in May and in September 1664; and the whole five acts were performed first in November of that year, and afterwards in November of the year following, and again in September 1668. But before it was put upon the public stage, alterations were made in the play. It is not easy to determine what the alterations were. The title was changed from 'Le Tartuffe' to 'L'Imposteur'; Tartuffe became Panulphe; passages in the text were softened; and Tartuffe's appearance was altered. Molière himself says that he "disguised the personage under the dress of a man of the world." Frenchmen are not agreed in explaining this passage very clearly. Does it mean that Molière had at first intended to represent a churchman, and that he afterwards converted him into a layman to allay the hostility towards his play? Probably the alteration made was not so great as that; for if Tartuffe had been a churchman, Orgon could not have proposed that he should marry his daughter: if Tartuffe at first represented a churchman, other large and very important alterations in the play must have been made. That, of course, is not impossible, but it does not seem to be altogether likely. Besides, Molière, who was a moderate-minded man, must have known that to represent an ecclesiastic on the stage in a very odious light would certainly not have been permitted. But it may be that Tartuffe's dress originally was one that would leave doubts in the minds of many; while others would perceive that he was meant to show a personage connected with the Church, though not actually belonging to it. If this was Molière's idea, it was sufficiently bold, and he had to abandon it.

It has not been my intention to speak of Tartuffe's character at large, to repeat or to repel the charge that he was overdrawn, that it is against nature to suppose that any man in his position could have been so black as he has been painted. The same charge has been made against Becky Sharp, and yet in England she remains a general favourite. My concern has been with one side of Tartuffe's character. I have tried to show that, besides drawing the picture of a hypocrite, which was doubtless Molière's chief object, the dramatist wished to direct his satire against the dishonest directors of conscience. I repeat—what everybody knows—that Molière's chief desire was to satirise hypocrisy—"all the studied grimaces of those outrageously good men, all the dissembling tricks of those false coiners of devotion, who wish to ensnare men with counterfeit zeal and deceitful charity." These are Molière's words. But there is, I think, a side to the character of Tartuffe not very well known in England, and it is about this particular or special feature that I have made my remarks.

HENRY M. TROLLOPE.

YARROW AND ITS INSCRIBED STONE.

THE pedestrian who starts from Selkirk to walk up the Yarrow will find numerous places of interest even in the first nine miles. After crossing the Ettrick and proceeding along its course for a short distance, he reaches the vale of the Yarrow itself, and passes along the line of the battle-field of Philiphaugh :—

"On Philiphaugh a fray began,
At Harehead Wood it ended;
The Scotts out o'er the Græmes they ran,
Sae merrily they bended."

Thence the defeated Montrose, on a September day, rode up and across the bridle-path of Minchmoor, past Wallace's Trench, and then amid the fading heather sped down by the Fairies' Well to Traquair, where, being in the shadow of fortune, he got but scant welcome. His lot for the future was a fretting of the heart —again, indeed, after a time, to risk and lose all, but never again to strike another brilliant or successful blow for the cause to which he was devoted. A little farther on, on the south bank of the Yarrow, stands Newark, square, massive, grey-lichened, and red-tinted, the castle of the Sheriff of Ettrick Forest, almost encircled by the glittering and restless river; the tower now stricken, riven, and silent, but suggesting to us the old free forest life,—

"With horse and hawk, and horn and hound,"—

when the great demesne around was the wooded and deer-haunted resort of the ancient Stuart kings. Beyond, a little to the south, on the peninsula between the Yarrow and the Ettrick, is Bowhill and the Carterhaugh, where the fairies revelled and pranced of yore, and loving but stout-hearted Janet —alone— seized and tore down from the midst of the troop of riders the young Tamlane as the eerie pageant passed on under the brooding midnight sky. And there, too, on the opposite side of the Ettrick, is Oakwood Tower, through whose narrow boles Michael Scott's lamp, as people believe, gleamed through the night in the old wizard times. Then on the right-hand bank of the Yarrow, nearly opposite Newark, we have the ruins of Foulshiels, that mark the birthplace in 1771 of Mungo Park, the brave pioneer of African travel and discovery. This stout-hearted son of a line of Border farmers was dashed with the Border fervour and imagination—of the same type as in Leyden and even Walter Scott. With Park, this spirit found its outlet in the dream of the revelations of unknown lands that haunted his fancy and guided and stimulated him to rare personal courage and persistent adventure. The tragic close was found at the rock of Boussa, when, driven within the narrows of the Niger, Park, in presence of outnumbering enemies furnished with pike, javelin, and arrow, elected to throw himself into the foaming river with his friend in his arms; and so the two passed to their rest out of the turmoil of stream and foe.

Then we have Broadmeadows with its noble trees, and its association with Scott's early dream of acquiring a Border estate; and the Hangingshaw on the brae, recalling the figure of the outlaw Murray,

—his state, his pomp, his semi-regal rule, and his company of green-coated riders. Alas now for the old line of the Murrays—the descendants of Archibald de Moravia — of the Ragman Roll of 1296, and their lordships in Yarrow! for Philiphaugh, Newark, Foulshiels, Tinnis, Lewinshope, Sundhope, Deuchar, and other fair hills and hopes, know them no more. Up to the old and picturesque broken bridge of Deuchar the valley of the Yarrow is open, but not bare. It has all along clumps of birk, hazel, and rowan on the hillsides,—remains of the old forest:—

"In Atryk forrest hath my wonnying beyne;
Thar I was born among the schawis scheyne."

There is mixed with this a good deal of modern planting, — some of it of a commendable sort, and none of it quite so bad as on parts of Tweedside, where apparently the ideal has been afflicting monotony of tree and repulsive ugliness of shape and contour. Once we reach Yarrow Kirk we have "the bare and open valley," with the glimmering speeding stream breaking onwards amid its resounding stones, with the burns murmuring down through the Hopes of green far-receding pastoral solitude. At this point on the right or north bank of the river as one goes up, and immediately beyond the Kirk, lies the spot now of especial interest to us. Here there spreads out a crescent-shaped haugh or *houm*, stretching from the road by the river to the foot of the northern hills, and known since the time of the 'Minstrelsy' of Walter Scott by the name of "The Dowie Dens." It is now entirely under cultivation. In Sir Walter Scott's time it was a grassy haugh of lint-white bent,—hence probably the name. It was here that he localised the scene of the ballad of "The Dowie Dens." This was the prompting of his ardent realistic feeling,—the yearning of his pictorial imagination for definite place, — that the story might appear more real. We need not object. We can now fill that haugh with the scene. The bit of moorland, as it was in Scott's day, has been glorified in the series of pictures and incidents here localised—as few bare spots of earth have been. We recall the buckling on her lover of the armour by the sweetheart or young wife; the riding away slowly out from her sight into the dim moorland distance; the unequal conflict—nine to one; the terrible combat and slaughter; his treacherous fall; her lonely wandering and search for the dead; the outburst of passion on finding the body:—

"She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
As oft she had done afore, O;
She belted him with his noble brand,
And he's away to Yarrow.

. . . . . .

O gentle wind that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!

. . . . . .

Gae hame, gae hame, guid-brither John,
And tell your sister Sarah
To come and lift her leafu' lord;
He's sleepin' sound on Yarrow.

. . . . . .

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
She searched his wounds all thorough;
She kissed them till her lips grew red,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow."

This, in brief, is the old-world story that now rises upon the imagination, when we look on the spot named "The Dowie Dens."

Now no doubt the action is just as likely to have taken place here

as anywhere else in the valley; for it was in the valley, and near the water, and on a "dowie houm," whose sadness was thus emphasised tenfold. But historical accuracy is of some moment, even in dealing with the scenes of old ballads. And in this reference, Sir Walter Scott was the first, so far as I am aware, who specially applied and restricted the name of "The Dowie Dens" to the space of moorland west of Yarrow Kirk. This was hitherto known simply as "The Whitefield"—from its benty grass—and is now known as such to the dwellers on Yarrow. It is the tourist who brings with him "The Dowie Dens." There is no such specification in the ballad itself—"dowie dens," "dowie houms," "bonnie banks," all equally occur and recur in the ballad minstrelsy. But ground for localisation there seems to be none. Sir Walter always desired a locality—to give, as we have said, a deeper impression of real presence to an incident; and this bit of moorland in his day was especially suggestive of fight, slaughter, and death. The plough and the hand of modern improvement had not yet touched it. The monuments of the past were there, as the hands which mournfully raised them had left them. It was then simply a piece of uneven, rising and falling, land, showing certainly nothing of the shape of "dens" or "deans,"—that is, hollows or ravines,—only a considerable crescent haugh of the river, probably the bottom of an old loch. But it was dotted with at least twenty cairns; it had several standing-stones, near which cists and sepulchral remains were turned up, when the plough was set to work and desecration. I imagine there were even some cromlechs. Sir Walter Scott, with a curious confusion in his mind, or at least lack of discrimination of the prehistoric and the mediæval, set down the slaughter of the lover amid the cairns and the standing-stones of "The Whitefield," and forthwith called it "The Dowie Dens."

The truth, as I apprehend, is this,—that "the dowie dens" of the old ballads refers to the general appearance of the valley, scooped out under the hills—to the pensive and pathetic look, under a grey sky, even of its green knowes, and much more, of the depths and recesses of its ever-recurring mountain burns. This view is confirmed by the pretty constant recurrence, even alternation, of the parallel phrase, "the dowie houms of Yarrow"—that is, the holms or haughs by the river. Both phrases—"the dowie dens" and "the dowie houms"—must be taken as indicating a general feature of the stream and valley, and not as the names of localities. And though "dowie" may refer emphatically to the sad depressed state of mind arising from tragic incident,—death in combat, disappointment in love,—the feeling indicated fits exactly the impression which the valley gives on certain days under the aspect of the heavens, to a heart of the least susceptibility to the symbolism of outward nature.

But our concern at present is with The Whitefield. The ground slopes into a plain from the west, descending from two hills known as the Swinebraehill and Snouthead. Along the face of the former of these ran from Henhill and Minchmoor the line of the Catrail, ere it dipped into the valley of the river at the Redhawse, and ascended the hill on the south side on its way to Ettrick and the Cheviots. Distinct traces still remain here on the north side of

the Yarrow, as I have ascertained. The Whitefield stretches eastwards for nearly half a mile to the turn of the Whitehope Burn close to the kirk and manse of Yarrow. A low-lying, uneven stretch of land, sloping rather to the east, it is now divided by stone dikes into three or four cultivated fields. It is bounded on the north by the Whitehope Burn, which is joined by the Wurluss Burn, also on the north side. (I have sometimes thought the prefix here is suggestively the old Cymric — *Gwyr*, men.) The southern boundary is now the public road; and immediately south of that flows the Yarrow—originally, no doubt, the sole boundary on this side.

On the slope of the ridge to the western extremity of the Whitefield stands a monument of great and special interest, of a kind very rare in Scotland—the Inscribed Stone of Yarrow. This and three other standing-stones are all that are left us of the ancient monuments of this mysterious haugh by the water. Of these latter, there is one of about the same size as the Inscribed Stone, somewhat further to the east, in the Mansefield. Its height is 4 feet 10 inches; its greatest breadth, 3 feet 5 inches. Then a stone of lower height close to the Whitehope Burn, — both nearly in the same line. The height is 3 feet; breadth, 2 feet. To the north, near a shepherd's house, is another standing-stone, taller than either of those mentioned: 5 feet 6 inches in height, 2 feet 7 inches in breadth on its oval side. The Inscribed Stone is the only lettered one. This stone as it now stands upright is in height above ground, on the east side, 5 feet; its greatest breadth is 2 feet 11 inches; its least breadth is 1 foot 10 inches. It is a foot in thickness. Its breadth is greatest at the top; it tapers somewhat towards the base. A small portion has been splintered off at the right-hand top, but this seems to have had no lettering. The inscription runs not across the stone, but lengthwise downward to the base. The stone occupies the spot where it was originally found, but when discovered in the beginning of the century it was lying flat under ground at a depth of 8 inches of soil. It was turned up by the plough about 1803, when the Whitehope was being converted into arable land. Bones and ashes were found under it. "It is thin and flat, quite a contrast to its round lumpish standing companions." It may have formed the cover of a stone coffin, as the late Dr Russell thinks; or it may have been laid over a simple grave, as Dr J. A. Smith suggests; or more likely it was the horizontal slab of a cromlech.

The discovery of the stone was made known at the time to Walter Scott, then busy in the collection of the 'Minstrelsy of the Border.' There thus arose a sort of mythical story of the finding of a carved or ornamented stone, instead of one simply lettered. And this persuasion is hardly yet extinct, but it is wholly groundless. Only one stone was discovered, and that the Inscribed Stone of which we now speak. It happened on this wise. A party of friends—including a young artist or sketcher, George Scott, son of the farmer of Singlee, who afterwards perished in Mungo Park's Niger expedition, and, I think, William Laidlaw—came to visit Mr Ballantine of Whitehope, on whose farm the stone had been found, and to examine it. After a hospitable dinner of the good old farmer type, the party sallied out to the field, and George Scott then

and there made a sketch of the stone; but the transfiguring light of the summer afternoon apparently led the artist to see, not Roman letters, but ornaments and zigzag engravings of a rude type. This sketch was sent to Walter Scott, who at once pronounced it "druidical," as having on it symbols of "the sun and moon." But unfortunately for this theory, some keener-eyed people came to detect Latin words on it, and the druidical theory was forthwith exploded. The editor of the 'Minstrelsy' thereupon changed his view, and in the third edition in 1806 referred to the stone as probably recording the incident of the slaughter of "The Dowie Dens," as given in the ballad of that name. He tells us, further, that the person slain was the male ancestor of the Lord Napier of the day. The truth is that this personage—Walter Scott of Thirlestane—fell, not on the Whitefield, but on the Deuchar Swire, on the other side of the river altogether; and it is not at all clear that his death is the slaughter referred to in "The Dowie Dens." This imaginative sketch of George Scott is the only foundation for the engraving of an ornamental or figured Yarrow stone, still given by certain authorities on sculptured stones.[1]

In 1857, at about 30 or 36 feet to the south of the second of the four standing-stones, eight cists were discovered in the course of digging and trenching. They adjoined each other, and each measured some 5 or 6 feet in length. The cists were about the size of ordinary graves, and lay apparently east and west. They were composed of long slabs, and contained traces of bones. In them were found a ring of cannel-coal and a coarse clay urn, unfortunately broken at the time of discovery. A flint arrow-head was found in the neighbourhood of the cists.[2] Before this date, in 1803, a cairn was removed from the largest of the standing-stones — the most northerly—and under the cairn human bones were found. Near the standing-stones generally, cists and sepulchral remains were discovered. The moor, in fact, has shown all the evidence of having been a place of burial, either temporarily after a great battle, or permanently as a graveyard.[3]

The question arises, What can we make of the lettering on the stone? Does it as a whole, or does any part of it, give us a clue to its date, and to the personages whom it apparently records?

The inscription, running the long way of the stone, consists of six lines, somewhat wavy in their course, but still preserving a sort of parallelism. The letters are rudely carved, almost scratched on the stone, which is not sandstone as Sir Walter Scott supposed, but the hard greywacke or Lower Silurian of the district. They are Roman, and of a debased type. Various attempts have been made to read the inscription, from the beginning of the century downwards—none of them with assured success, though certain words, and these of great significance, have been clearly deciphered. I select two of the readings, as apparently approximating at least to the truth.

The first is that by Miss Russell of Ashiestiel, who has done so

---

[1] Cf. Dr Smith's Notes, and Dr Russell's letter there given.

[2] Dr J. A. Smith, Soc. Ant., 1857; and Dr Russell's Reminiscences.

[3] Cf. Dr Russell's Reminiscences of Yarrow; and Dr J. A. Smith, Soc. Ant., ii. 284, iv. 484, 524.

much to throw light on our Border antiquities. This is as follows :—

HIC MEMORIA CETI
LOI FINN Q FII PRINCI
PEI· NVDI
DVMNOGENI· HIC IACENT
IN TVMVLO DUO FILII
LIBERALI.

"This is the sepulchre of Cetilous and Finn, sons of the chief Nudd, the Dumnonian. Here lie in the barrow two sons of Liberalis."

On the assumption of the reading *Cetiloi*, there has been an ingenious attempt to show that the stone refers to the death of Catlon, whom Oswald of Northumbria defeated and slew at the battle variously known as Denises-burn, Devises-burn, Hefenfelth, and Cats-caul. This took place about 633 or 634 A.D. Catlon is even identified with the famous Ceadwalla, the powerful foe of the Angles. But even if the reading *Cetiloi* were made out, there seems no probability in this reference. It is clear that the site of Oswald's battle and triumph was quite close to the Roman or Hadrian wall. Cats-caul is but another form of *Cad-ys-gual* —that is, battle at the wall. Further, it is not proved that the commander Catlon who fell was Ceadwalla at all. Ceadwalla was known as Catguollaun, and the ruler who fell in this battle is called by Nennius (sec. 64) Catgublaun, King of Guenedotia (North Wales). Ceadwalla, moreover, was not the son of Nudd, the Dumnonian, nor a Dumnonian at all. His father was Caduan. He really had no connection with the Hael dynasty, distinctly mentioned on the stone. Besides, it is not probable that *Cetiloi* or *Cetilous* could mean Catlon. It would rather represent *Cetel* or *Cadell*, a Welsh name, as we find *Catellus* in the list of British kings far back in Geoffrey of Monmouth's semi-mythic genealogy, and later *Cetel Darnluc* (*Deyrnllwg*), that is, Cetel of the Royal Vale in Cheshire. None of these personages, however, can be shown to have had the slightest connection with Strathclyde or Yarrow, or any of the families therein of the period.

Professor Rhys in the summer of 1891 examined the Yarrow stone, after it had been submitted to a process of cleansing from the lichens which marked it and rendered its lettering almost undecipherable. His reading is as follows :—

HIC MEMORIA LETI
[BE]LLO INſIGNIſIMI PRINCI
PEI · NVdI ·
dVMNOGENI · HIC IACENT
IN TVMVLO dVO FILII
LIBERALI.

Here Γ is equivalent to S. Thus rendered :—

"Here is the memorial of the death of a prince most distinguished in war, Nudus Dumnogenus.

"Here lie in the barrow the two sons of Liberalis."[1]

The meaning would thus seem to be that the stone is the memorial of the father Nudd, the Dumnonian, and of his two sons—the three having fallen there in battle. Whether, according to the reading of the inscription by Miss Russell, the names of the sons of Nudd are actually given, or whether, according to the view of Professor Rhys, these are not inserted, is of little moment. We have distinctly the reference to the Dumnonian Nudd, and to his family designation "Liberalis.' And we may fairly take the

[1] The Academy, Aug. 29, 1891.

whole as commemorating the death in battle of Nudd Hael or Liberalis and his two sons.

The difficulty and variation in the reading occur after the word *Memoria* and on to *Nudi*. After that the matter is tolerably clear, and we may reach a fairly probable conclusion regarding date and personages.

Memoria is here taken as used for monumental tomb or sepulchre. This is certainly a rare usage; but examples are quoted, one in Roman and several in early Christian times. Thus on a stone coffin at York we have this: "Servilius Troilus se vivo comparavit memoriam sibi et suis. Memoriam posuit." Du Cange gives this as a single instance of this use of the word, but he quotes several examples from Jerome and Augustin of *memoria* for *monumentum*.

Clearly the Yarrow inscription is not Roman. It is later than the Roman occupation. The letters are debased, and one almost suspects that the engraver's knowledge of the inflections of nouns was limited to those of the second declension. Then *hic jacent* is clearly Christian. In classical Latin it would have been *Dis manibus*, or *Dis manibus sacrum*. There is no evidence of this use of *hic jacet* until the year 365 A.D., when it appears in Rome. This and the cognate phrases *hic pausat*, *hic quiescit*, are in Rome in 365, 371, 376 A.D. They are in Trêves somewhat later. They began to spread over Christianised Europe towards the end of the fifth century. They were gradually superseded by the growingly complex expressions, *Hic requiescit in pace*, *Hic requiescit bonæ memoriæ*, *Hic requiescit in pace bonæ memoriæ*. Then, *In hoc tumulo requiescit*, *In hoc tumulo requiescit bonæ memoriæ*, *In hoc tumulo requiescit in pace bonæ memoriæ*.[1] The Yarrow inscription thus affords internal evidence that it was the work of a period when the old pagan or Roman form was dying out, and the new or Christian form of the fifth century was coming in. It shows, further, that the later or *requiescit* form had not been introduced. This date, as we shall see, corresponds entirely to the epoch of the principal personage whose name appears distinctly on the stone.

The clearly deciphered words, "Principei Nudi Dumnogeni" and "Duo filii Liberali," give us the key to the date of the stone. We know who Nud or Nudd was. We know the references in "Dumnogeni" and in "Liberali." We can almost explain why those sons of "Liberali" lie here in Yarrow, so near the boundary line of the old Cymric kingdom of Strathclyde. Ida and his son Ella, after having consolidated Bryneich and Deifr into Northumbria, had pushed their conquests westward far up the Yarrow and the Tweed against the isolated Cymric tribes. Somewhat later, in the middle of the sixth century, arose Riderchen or Rydderch Hael—that is, *Liberalis*, the free-handed, the munificent—the specific name of his dynasty, as *Cæsar*, *Plantagenet*, or *Tudor*. He was head of the Roman, Christianised, or so far civilised party of the Britons. Gwenddoleu was head of the native or pagan party. Gwenddoleu was descended, or at least he claimed to be descended, from Coil Hen (the aged), whose name we still have in Kyle in Ayrshire. Rydderch sprang from Dungual Hen, whose grandfather was of Roman origin. Somehow the An-

[1] Cf. Le Blont, Inscriptions Chrétiennes de la Gaule, antérieures au viii. siècle.

gles of Lothian and the Picts of the same district are generally found in alliance against the Britons, however badly they may have fought originally among themselves. Both were pagan — the latter apostates. A large proportion of the south-country Britons had also relapsed into paganism. There was now a crisis of social and religious antagonism, and on the field of Arderydd in 573 the two parties fought a bloody and decisive battle in which the Romano-British or Christian side was victorious. Rydderch Hael now became firmly established as King of Strathclyde, as the head of the consolidated states, the strongest British ruler of the day. Gwenddoleu had fallen :—

"I have been in the place where was killed Gwenddoleu,
The son of Ceidaw, the pillar of songs,
When the ravens screamed over blood."[1]

Merlin, the friend and minister of Gwenddoleu, had fled to the wilds of Tweedsmuir, the desert of the country, to herd a solitary with the wild beasts in the wood of Caledon; and Kentigern, the friend of Rydderch Hael, was summoned from his exile to be the spiritual lord of the country from Alclyde to the Derwent. A great social and religious revolution had been consummated.

Now was the epoch of the dynasty of *Hael* or *Liberalis*. Rydderch Hael was the great-grandson of Dungual Hen, through Clinog and Twdwal Tudclud. But there was also Nudd Hael or Liberalis, a great-grandson of the same Dungual Hen, through Cedig and Senyllt—Cedig being apparently a younger brother of Clinog. Rydderch Hael and Nudd Hael were therefore near kinsmen — united by blood, family traditions, and a common Christian faith. What more likely than that he and his two sons were fighting against the ever-aggressive pagan Angle—on this very border of Strathclyde—and that here he and they fell in patriotic defence of their native state? This Nudd Hael or Liberalis is almost without doubt the person whose name appears on the Yarrow stone, and who probably, along with his two sons, were laid beneath it. He is styled *Dumnogeni*—that is, the Dumnonian, or of the Damnonii, the tribe whom we know from Ptolemy occupied a part of the central district of the Lowlands—a tribe allied in language and in blood to the Damnonii of Cornwall, certainly of the Cornish variety of the Cymri. "Liberali" evidently refers to the same person,—being the family designation. This supposition fits all the circumstances of the case,—the Christian character of the inscription and interment, the position of the stone in the centre of the Christianised part of the district, and on the border where attack was to be met and repelled.

We have at least two distinct references in the oldest legendary and poetical writings to Nudd Hael. When Elidyr Muhanvaur, a man from the north, was slain in Wales, some men from the north, "Gwyr y Gogledd," went to Wales to revenge his death. Among these were Rydderch Hael, son of Twdwal Tudclud—that is, of Clydesdale (or is it not rather Tweed and Clyde?)—Mordaf Hael, son of Servan, and Nudd Hael, son of Senyllt. Nudd Hael was thus living in the last half of the sixth century, for Rydderch Hael died either in 603 or 614 A.D. We have the

[1] Book of Caermarthen, xxiii.

further record that at the battle of Arderydd in 573, there fought Dryan, the son of Nudd Hael. We have no independent record of any sons of Nudd Hael, known as Cetil or Cetilous, or as Finn (if this be not Nenn). If Finn is the true reading, we have the same form as the Welsh Gwyn or Gwynn; and, curiously enough, the Welsh mythical hero is Gwynn ap Nudd, or son of Nudd. There are constant references to him in the old Welsh poems. Thus—

"Round-hoofed is my horse, the torment of battle,
Whilst I am called Gwyn, the son of Nudd,
The lover of Creurdilad, the daughter of Lud." [1]

Can this be the tomb of the prototype of the Welsh mythical hero—Gwynn ap Nudd?

What I have now said as to the specific references of this Inscribed Stone, is given merely as a probable solution of the question. It would fix the date of the stone as in the latter part of the sixth or early in the seventh century. This, it may be noted, corresponds pretty closely with the probable date of the Inscribed Stone known as the Catstane of Linlithgow, though Sir James Simpson held that the letters on the Yarrow stone are of a ruder, and therefore probably later, date than those on the Catstane. The Yarrow stone, again, resembles "the early so-called Romano-British stones which have been discovered in Wales, belonging apparently to the earlier centuries of the Christian era, from perhaps the fifth to the eighth century." [2] It is especially like the Llanerfyl Inscribed Stone of the fifth or sixth century, but ruder in character.[3]

The two sons of the Damnonian prince are laid in one tomb, probably along with their father. The tumulus—the tomb—of thirteen centuries ago is within an arrow-cast of the line of the Catrail, which here apparently formed the boundary and the mound of defence between the native Cymri of Strathclyde and the Anglo-Pictish kingdom of Northumbria. Here, where the chief and his sons fell in conflict with their persistent and hereditary enemies, those of their kin who survived raised the lettered stone as an especial distinction to cherish their names and to preserve an inspiring memory for subsequent generations. We can thus understand how this old battle-field, with its traditions of tribal, even national conflict, and princely death, helped to perpetuate the memory of the Cymric times among their descendants—served thus, long before a deed in Scottish story or in Border warfare had been done, to originate and to swell that tide of sad pathetic reflection and emotion which passed through the hearts, and, fusing with later incidents, issued in the plaintive minstrelsy of the subsequent dwellers in Yarrow.

J. Veitch.

[1] Black Book of Caermarthen, xxxiii.
[2] Dr J. A. Smith. See Archæologia Cambrensis, i. ii., third series, 1885, 1886.
[3] Montgomeryshire Collections, xvi. 91.

THE GLOAMING.

A WISH at close of day,
The evening waits;
A hope, a morning ray
From eastern gates:

A bright and sunny spot
Along the stream;
A quiet sheltered grot,
Where we can dream:

A window looking west
Toward sunset gold,
Bespeaking gentle rest
When we are old:

A glow in yonder sky
When shadows creep,
And love's soft lullaby
Inviteth sleep:

A hand to clasp in ours
With pressure dear;
And then—some simple flowers
With friendships near:

A good-night gloaming kiss,
Life's day complete;
A lingering hour of bliss
Where twilights meet.

WALLACE BRUCE.

EARLSCOURT: A NOVEL OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—A PROPOSAL.

Dr Sparshott was in a very bad humour — a humour compounded of trouble, annoyance, petty irritation, and misanthropy in general. He was struggling to concentrate his attention upon the "end buds" of Elasmobranchs, on which interesting subject he was penning an elaborate paper, which was to give to the scientific world a perfectly new theory of the sensory structure of that respected section of the piscatorial family. But though he carped at every one who had previously written upon the subject, though he cavilled at their facts and sneered at their conclusions, little mental relief came to him from this outpouring. He mixed his notes into inextricable confusion; he lost the pages which he had to consult in the battery of books of reference piled up on the floor beside his chair; and, worst of all, a certain blue letter lying on his desk would come between his attention and the Elasmobranchs. This was an intimation from the Metropolitan and Rural Bank reminding him that his acceptance to Mr John Spung for thirty pounds sterling was three days overdue, and a request that the note might be taken up at once to avoid protestation. It was easy enough for the bank to tell him to take it up, but how was the doctor to do it? This was the problem that would keep obtruding itself into his efforts to build up a new theory of Elasmobranchic sensation, and no vituperation of his fellow-workers in deep waters, no expenditure of temper or inward swearing, would eliminate it from his mind.

As if this was not enough, Mr Wynes his assistant put his head in at the door of the little den which was the one corner of the museum sacred to Dr Sparshott's privacy, with, "If you please, sir, Alderman Kyle is in the museum with a party of ladies, and could you come round with them?" The doctor assigned the alderman, ladies, and all a very disagreeable doom, which made his mild assistant shudder, and look nervously round his shoulder in case the visitors might be within earshot. "Tell them I'm busy," growled the doctor, "infernally busy, and show them over yourself,"—and he seized his pen again and made another assault upon the Elasmobranchs. But again a tap came to the door, and before the doctor could hurl a malediction at the intruder, Harold Colpoys appeared in the entrance. The doctor's face cleared. He liked the young man, who knew enough of science to sympathise with and appreciate his pursuits, and who was such an attentive and intelligent listener to his expositions. Besides, he would some day be Lord Earlsfield, and the doctor had even dreamed of an increased museum and an enlarged salary, and even of grants for special research obtained through the influence of this disciple who would be a potentate both in the county and the borough. So his brow cleared and he gave the new-comer a kindly greeting, and cleared a litter of books and papers from the only other chair in the room.

"It is a shame to disturb you, doctor, I know," said Harold, sit-

ting down and nervously playing with his gloves. "I am sure you are awfully busy, but in fact there is something important I have to tell you—something important to me, that is—and something to ask you too."

"Ah, I know," said the doctor, sympathetically; "your experiments on the acetylation of cellulose have broken down. You may remember that I expressed a doubt whether you were taking the right plan. Now what I would do is——"

"No, no, doctor, it is not that," interrupted Harold—"it isn't that. In fact, I have been—well, I have not done anything more to that. It is quite another thing I wanted to speak about—a purely personal matter to myself."

"Oh," said the doctor, sitting back in his chair in resigned expectancy, for his imagination could carry him no further, and his eye again caught sight of that ominous blue envelope. "Would this young man lend him the money?" he wondered—"could he?"

"You see, doctor," resumed Harold, getting still more nervous, "ever since I came home I have enjoyed coming to the Museum above all other places, thanks to the great kindness you have shown me—and Miss Sparshott too," he added, with a gulp.

"There can be no harm in asking him," said the doctor to himself. "Thirty pounds can't be much to him—if he has got it."

"My father, too," the ingenuous youth continued to ramble, "is anxious that I should get settled. He has spoken to me about it—and—and I want to marry Miss Sparshott, doctor. I am deeply, most deeply in love with her."

The doctor's lower jaw fell with sheer astonishment. He looked helplessly from Harold Colpoys to the blue envelope, and then at a drawing showing the nervous system of an Elasmobranch, as if his senses had been mislaid either upon the one or the other. "Eh?" was all that he was able to ejaculate, as he at last with an obvious effort turned his glance once more upon Harold.

"I love Miss Sparshott, doctor," repeated Harold, a little impatiently. "I want to marry her if she will have me. I hope you won't object, and that you will give me your good word."

"But, Lord bless my soul! she is only a child," ejaculated the doctor—"too young, far too young, for that kind of thing."

"Only a year younger than I am," corrected Harold, "and many ladies are married three years sooner than she would be."

"Bless my soul!" again ejaculated the doctor, "let me see. She was born the year I wrote my paper on the fossil reptiles of the Karoo Beds. I remember I wanted to call her Karoo, but her mother objected. I was at Cape Town, and that is twenty years ago. Why, the child must be a woman!" and this unexpected discovery plunged the doctor into still greater haziness than before.

"Well, but, doctor, what do you say?" urged Harold, knowing the difficulty in keeping his interlocutor to the point. "I know I am not good enough for her, but the whole aim of my life will be to make her happy."

Again the doctor strove to grasp the situation, but so many thoughts were struggling and fighting together to make the first impression on his sensorium, that nothing definite came of his cogitations. Again his eye lit upon the blue envelope, and thence came a gleam

of intelligence. Lord Earlsfield's son must be rich; if he was going to marry Cloete, he would of course pay those thirty pounds; perhaps more might be got out of him: and the doctor's mind already saw himself in possession of a number of coveted treatises which he had wanted badly, and which a little ago had lain far outside the scope of his hopes. Certainly he might marry Cloete, and a good thing too, the doctor at last said to himself.

"What does Cloete say?" he asked at length.

"I have not spoken to her yet," answered Harold, somewhat surprised at the question.

"Then why the devil did you come to me?" snapped the doctor testily, as he recollected that his girl had a mind of her own which did not always run in the same groove as his convenience. "I can't do anything in the matter. It isn't me you want to marry."

"I thought I ought in honour to speak to you first," replied the other, "to be sure that you had no objection, before I spoke to Miss Sparshott. May I assure myself, if I am happy enough to obtain Miss Sparshott's consent, you will raise no obstacles?"

"I! no, certainly not—I see no reason to do so," returned the doctor. "You can maintain a wife, of course, and that is all that has to be looked to if both you and she are pleased. Go and speak to her yourself, and when you have done, come back to me and I will give you a better formula for your acetylation. I felt sure your own would break down."

Harold went up-stairs a good deal perturbed by this interview. It had not turned out in any way as he had previously thought it would. He had expected that the doctor would go very seriously into the subject; that he would inquire about Lord Earlsfield's views, and want to be assured that he would receive Cloete as a member of his family; that, worst of all, he might raise objections on the score of Harold's own malady. All this the young man had thought over beforehand, and though it was a relief to have escaped with so little trouble, he did not feel altogether satisfied in his mind that the business had been properly gone through — that the doctor had sufficiently grasped how vitally important the matter was, both to his daughter and to Harold himself.

Still, the result was satisfactory so far as he had gone, and if he succeeded as well with Cloete herself, the victory would be with him. He tried to recall, as he went upstairs to the doctor's private rooms, every mark of encouragement that he had received from her,—her kindness, her frank confidence, her evident pleasure when he called upon her. When all was put together it was not much, but there was enough to afford hope to an ardent and uncalculating mind. Not that Harold thought himself uncalculating; on the contrary, he had long and thoughtfully matured his plan of campaign, had armed himself with every argument that could plead his cause, and anticipated every possible objection by a suitable answer. To do him justice, he thought little enough of the advantages of birth and rank in the abstract, but even these he was prepared to press if his suit needed them. He had meant to impress the doctor with these, but the *savant* had not required them, and Harold was thankful. But Cloete was a woman, was young, impressionable, and perhaps ambitious. Surely the Earlsfield coronet must

count for something, and Harold was prepared to lay it at her feet.

But he was quite pale and agitated as he tapped at the door of the doctor's parlour, and waited until the soft low voice, that seemed to him to contain the essence of all music, languidly bade him "come in."

Cloete was sitting at a table dreamily colouring some mysterious-looking diagrams, probably cross-sections of Elasmobranchs, according to the doctor's directions, and she rose with a sigh of relief and extended a cordial hand of welcome, saying—

"Ah, Mr Colpoys, you have come to see papa, and to have some tea, I hope. We have been waiting for him this past half-hour. He is particularly busy, which also means being particularly cross, and drove away Mary with indignity when she went to call him. But I shall send to tell him that you are here, and that will be sure to make him more amenable."

She moved towards the bell, but Harold quickly placed himself in her way, and with unsteady voice said hurriedly—

"Stay, Miss Sparshott—I have seen the doctor. I wish to speak to you very particularly before you send for him."

Cloete paused and looked at him: only then was she aware of the agitation of his manner, and his flushed face and sparkling eyes. The thought flashed across her, could the doctor have applied to Harold for money to meet that thirty-pound bill that was vexing him? Yet another humiliation, she thought with a sigh. But still, anything was better than having to go back to Stephen Brancepeth. So she sat down with a heightened colour, and waited to hear what was to come next.

Harold Colpoys leaned his elbow on the mantelpiece and stood looking down upon her, while he made an obvious effort to master his nervousness.

"It is about myself I want to speak," he said, "and—and about you. Ever since I came back my only happiness has been to be with you—to see you, to hear your voice. Oh, Miss Sparshott, dearest Cloete," he pleaded, clasping his hands and looking down into her face, "I cannot tell how I love you; but I love you, I do love you!"

Cloete was so startled by this sudden declaration as to doubt if she had heard aright; but the earnest passion of his last words brought her quickly to her senses.

"No, no, Mr Colpoys, you cannot say that, you must not say that to me!" she cried. "You cannot, you must not love me —*me!*"

She hardly knew what she was saying, and had sprung to her feet in her perturbation, and had stretched out one arm towards him half repellently, half entreatingly. A great flow of pity came over her as she marked how he almost staggered at her words, and leaned heavily against the mantelpiece.

"But hear me, Cloete," he urged, his confidence increasing as he noticed the girl's agitation. "Do not condemn me without hearing what I have to say. I have never loved before — never dreamed of love until I saw you, and then all at once you took possession of my whole heart, my life, my soul — and without you everything is blank. And, Cloete, if you would only give me a little of your love, if you would only give me one spark of hope, I——"

"Mr Colpoys," interrupted

Cloete, "I cannot allow you to go on. It would be unfair to yourself. I will not insult you by saying that I hope you are not in earnest, for I see you are in earnest, and I am very, very sorry; but, dear Mr Colpoys, forgive me for saying that it could never be—I could never love you."

"You could never love *me?*" he repeated, inquiringly; and he paused a minute in thought. Then a black frown came over his face, his throat quivered, and his limbs twitched. She had heard, then, of his malady. His fate was again thwarting him, and dooming him to misery. He passed his hand over his forehead as if to see if he could feel there the inscription of the curse which hung upon him.

"They have told you, then," he said, gloomily, "that I am mad, that I have been mad, and may become mad again—and—and you are afraid of me."

The look of despair on his face, the tortured eyes, the agonised clasping and unclasping of his hands, touched the girl's heart, and brought her whole feminine sympathy into play.

"It is not true," she said, laying her hand with soft tenderness upon his shoulder, and bending her eyes almost melting to tears full upon his. Her agitation was now gone, and the superiority of deep sympathy had made her thoroughly mistress of the situation. "I do not believe what you say," she said, fearlessly; "and if I did, and could love you, it would not prevent me from standing by you."

"Then, Cloete——" he urged, but the girl again broke in.

"Hear me to the end. You have done me a great honour—the greatest a man can offer to a woman; and liking and respecting you as I do, I am proud of it. And you are entitled to know why I cannot accept it. I have loved once, and can never love again."

"But that is over and gone," urged Harold. "If your heart is now free you may love again—you may yet love me. Do not dismiss me to despair all at once. I have startled you by my suddenness. Think over it; give me a chance."

"No," replied Cloete, firmly, "my heart is not free. I suppose I ought to be ashamed to say so now, but I owe you the truth. It is because I still love, and will continue to love, that I shall never be able to love another. And now, Mr Colpoys, that I have confessed my secret, be generous to me. Spare me, spare yourself further pain by speaking more of this. Let us just be as we were before, and I shall always esteem and value your friendship."

Harold Colpoys shook his head. He felt a deep gloom settling down over his mind, paralysing alike thought and feeling—a gloom which shut out the future and almost obscured the present. A maddening anger was beginning to rage within him, at what or against whom he did not clearly know. Mechanically, with dazed eyes, he almost staggered towards the door, but his hands refused to find the latch.

Cloete sprang after him. "You will not go thus, Mr Colpoys," she said, pleadingly. "You will forgive me if I have made you unhappy, and oh! I am so sorry that it should be so!"

"Yes, I will shake hands," he said absently, and turning round fixed an intent glassy look upon her face, which made Cloete shiver. The next minute he had her hand to his lips, impressed one deep fervent kiss upon it, and was gone. In the museum corridor he would have passed the doctor un-

observed, although the latter with his arm full of folios nearly ran into him.

"Eh?" cried the doctor. "I have just been to fetch the 'Histoire Naturelle des Poissons,'—not that there is much in *that*, though; but sometimes one gets a hint from the older books. The older naturalists were timorous, sir, and when they saw a new theory dimly they were as frightened as if they had seen a ghost. But ah! let me see. What was it? Oh yes, what did Cloete say?"

Harold shook his head, and with difficulty repressed a groan.

"It is that damned Brancepeth," growled the doctor, viciously clapping Cuvier against Valenciennes, raising a cloud of ancient dust which covered Harold's precipitate flight down the stair. "But ho!" he cried; "won't you take that formula away with you for your acetylation of cellulose?" But no answer was returned.

Harold Colpoys went out to the street, scarcely knowing where he was or whither he was going in his blindness. He did see that his aunt Dorothy had driven past, and that he had turned his back upon the signals which she made to him to join her. Unconsciously he took the opposite way to Earlscourt, and descended the slope towards the harbour. Gradually there was rising out of the chaos of his ruined hopes a definite sense of injury—that he had been deceived, wronged, betrayed, he did not see clearly how or by whom. But amid the surging tumults of his thoughts two feelings began to master him—a sense of injury, a desire for revenge.

"That damned Brancepeth," he muttered to himself, quoting the doctor. "Ay, it is him assuredly—and she, she——"

While he had been with Cloete, even while she was rejecting his prayer, his love and reverence for her had kept all other feelings in the background. But now that he was away from her presence, he found to his horror that his love was changing to an intense hate. It was she who was the prime cause of his misery; she who had encouraged him into loving her, she who had spurned his offer—the heir to the Earlsfield peerage. In Harold's distracted mind her offence became a crime—a crime that she must expiate. But how? "That devil Brancepeth" should never, at all events, enjoy one who had been denied to himself. He stamped his foot and glared wildly about him, unconscious of the attentions of the passers-by. And then there suddenly flashed across his mind the recollection of previous states of mental excitement, followed by days and months of suffering, mental torture, and bodily restraint. He knew the symptoms too well by previous experience. "God help me! I am going mad again!" he ejaculated. He had now reached the head of the quay, and an empty cab was standing at the door of a public-house. He had just strength to call the driver to order him to go to Earlscourt, and to throw himself back in the cab with a desperate resolution to dismiss all thoughts except that of fighting against the impending malady.

"Is it possible that you have rejected young Colpoys?" asked Dr Sparshott the same evening, when, his studies finished, he came up-stairs to smoke a pipe in his parlour before retiring to rest.

"Yes, father," replied Cloete, saddening at the recollection of the pain she had inflicted.

"And why, may I ask?" demanded the doctor tartly, deter-

mined for once to read her a lecture in the spirit of worldly wisdom, in revenge for the many homilies of the same kind which force compelled the girl to pour into his unwilling ears.

"Why, father, don't you know that he is not — have you not heard that he has fits of madness?" adroitly replied the daughter, using the argument which, of all others, would tell most with her parent.

"So he has! bless my soul, I had quite forgotten! I might have told him that it would never do, if I had only remembered about it. Be always sure to avoid either physical or mental defects in husbands, Cloete. Remember that 'like tends to beget like,' and though a generation may escape, 'atavism' always may be expected to crop up. When any one wants to marry you, send them to me, and I will carefully go into the subject."

"You stupid father, don't you see that nobody is likely to want to marry me unless they are cracked? and so you will have me always with you to tease you and look after you, and colour these senseless diagrams of yours, which you have never once looked at, although I am sure they are all wrong." And she first smoothed his hair and then ruffled it, and finally gave him a kiss and went to her room, leaving the doctor to think over the newly discovered problem that he had a daughter who had come to a marriageable age—a subject involving questions as weighty as any of those relating to the Elasmobranchs.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—A CRISIS.

Lord Earlsfield was so accustomed to play the part of Providence or Fate that he took but little account of the fact that there seemed to be no progress in the direction of his cherished plans. If he did anything himself, he felt sure that it was rightly done, and claimed a decent credit and satisfaction in the achievement. If his ends were compassed without any exertion on his part, he duly recognised the natural fitness of things, and generally noted some respects in which matters would have been improved by his personal intervention. So he was not at all disconcerted that there seemed to be no approach to an understanding between Harold and Mary Donne, but carried on his plans as if their marriage was an assured or early event. The matter had lately occupied all Lord Earlsfield's spare time that he could devote from the business of his property; and his arrangements were in a very advanced stage. The wedding, the honeymoon, the future residence of the bride and bridegroom, the alterations to be made in Earlscourt for their accommodation, the allowance to be settled upon them during his own lifetime, had all been carefully thought out and noted down in black and white in Lord Earlsfield's private memoranda. He had even got so far as to consider the prospective condition of an heir, and other children, which suggested many issues requiring the decision of a nice judgment such as Lord Earlsfield felt he could supply. It was an exceptional thing for the heir to the Earlsfield peerage to marry during his father's life, and there were no precedents to fall back

upon as to provision for the third generation. But this was altogether an exceptional arrangement, and Lord Earlsfield resolved that the marriage settlements should make distinct and liberal provision for Harold's eldest son, and that the upbringing and education of the child should be his own particular care; for Lord Earlsfield laid count with a long life, saving accidents, and calculated upon being able to see his son's son at least launched into public life.

"It seems all plain and straightforward enough," mused his lordship, as he sat in the library complacently regarding the notes in which he had jotted down these ideas; "and now all that we want is to make a start. I must get a date fixed for the marriage. I must speak to Harold again. I must show him that as there is a moot understanding that he is to marry Mary Donne, he is acting very wrongly and unfeelingly in trifling with her any longer—that should be a pretty strong argument; and I shall tell him, too, how much I have set my heart on the marriage, and how bitterly I should be disappointed if my plans for his happiness were in any way to fall through. Yes, he must yield to reason, and I shall bring him round as gently and judiciously as possible. And Mary—well, I may calculate on her obedience. I can see that she will never venture to oppose me. It would be ingratitude—it would ——" and as his eye caught the portrait of Colonel Donne on the wall he could not help wincing. "Yes," he endeavoured to reassure himself; "her settlements shall be as liberal as if she were a duke's daughter bringing a large dowry into the family. I think I shall give Fossebraye a hint at once as to what is coming on, and get him to make a draft for the settlements. The sight of them may influence her, although she is not mercenary—no, Mary is not mercenary," he added, with a half sigh; "it is to her respect and gratitude to myself that I must appeal."

Lord Earlsfield was indulging in very Machiavelli-like complacency over his policy, when a rap came to the library door, and George Colpoys entered almost before he had been invited. Lord Earlsfield looked up with a frown, for he did not like to be intruded upon in the library, and George's voluntary visits to that apartment were so invariably associated with requests for money, that his lordship clearly divined what was coming.

"So you are back again," he observed, rather gruffly. "You haven't stayed long in town. What took you there?"

"Parliamentary business," answered George, carelessly; "had to see Elliott—one of our Whips, you know."

"I don't wonder at their grumbling at your absence," replied Lord Earlsfield, with becoming severity. "The Government seems to be getting tightly wedged in in the Lower House. Every vote must be of use; and how on earth you can manage to stay away a whole session under plea of ill health—perfectly preposterous!"

"Well, I have got disease of the chest, anyhow, as Theodore Hook, or Charles Lamb, or some of these fellows, puts it," replied George, with emphasis.

"That disease is chronic with you," tartly replied his brother; "if it would have yielded to treatment, you would have been cured of that long ago."

"I inherit the complaint," re-

torted George, mildly; "it has always run in the younger members of our family. Dora is the only one who has been lucky enough to escape it."

Lord Earlsfield merely said "Hum," and showed no disposition to continue the subject.

"However, I shall have to go back to town very soon," said George. "I had a long talk with Elliott, and find that I must arrange to go up at once."

"Well?" queried Lord Earlsfield, with provoking indifference.

"Well," replied George, doggedly, "the long and the short of it is, that I can't go without money. If you would not mind my anticipating my next quarter's allowance——"

"I think you have anticipated five—no, six quarters already," remarked Lord Earlsfield, referring to a russia-bound book, which he had taken care to see handily placed soon after George had made his appearance.

"Possibly," returned George, doggedly, "but there we are. It is useless to speak of my going back to town without money."

Lord Earlsfield was thoughtful for a minute. "Well," he said at length, "for several reasons you are quite right in going back to town, and staying there for some time. I may as well tell you that I am going to have Harold's and Mary Donne's marriage brought off at once, and I think you had better keep away until the affair comes off. Of course I have noticed that you have been amusing yourself by philandering with Miss Donne—no, you needn't interrupt me: of course I know quite well that there could be nothing serious between you on either side; but still, for the sake of propriety, as the lady will soon be your niece, there should be a stop to such silly gallantry, and I am not indisposed to provide an escape for you."

George felt some difficulty in repressing a grimace at this oration, but prudently held his peace.

"And as I wish to mark my sense of the importance of my son's marriage, I shall not be so strict upon this occasion as I should be under other circumstances. You shall have another quarter's income, and shall go back to London at once; and perhaps it will be as well for you not to come back again until you come for the marriage."

"I certainly shall be in no hurry to come back," quoth George, grimly.

"You are quite right," said his lordship, blandly; "I hope you will make up for your absence during the remainder of the session. You will always have a chance of getting in a word upon Supply. Let me know when you start—and if I were you, I would not lose time—and I shall see that you are provided with funds."

"He wants to get me out of the way," George shortly after told Mary, "so that my philandering, as he calls it, will not interfere with Harold's running. And I'm to have a quarter's allowance graciously accorded to me. Well, my darling, that will come nicely handy for our honeymoon, and keep us off the Jews until we see the colour of her Majesty's money. I must try Dora too, and see if I can't levy a contribution from her."

"You will do nothing of the sort," said Mary, with a positive stamp of her little foot; "you are to give up all that kind of thing, and learn to live, ay, and to save money, on your salary. It is bad enough to have to cheat them all in this fashion, but I will have no more money levied under false

pretences. You would not have me ashamed of you, George?"

"No, dearest, not for all the millions in the Mint; but what is a poor devil to do?"

"To do as I tell you—and that will be to do what is right," said Mary, shaking her forefinger with pulpit emphasis.

"You little de—darling, have you begun to rule me already?" cried George, endeavouring to take her in his arms, which she skilfully evaded; "but never mind, Mary, I am your slave, and you shall flog and pickle me if you like. And now you have got to hold yourself in readiness—light marching order, mind; and we shall start as soon as my appointment is signed. Elliott is to wire, and I have everything perfect, a special licence in my pocket, and a parson to marry us at two hours' notice."

Mary sighed, "I wish it could have been done any other way. I hate anything clandestine, and I am sure that Lord Earlsfield will think me so ungrateful."

"To be sure he will," cried George, triumphantly; "he considers that all creation was made to further his own ends, and it is a bad look-out for creation if it does not endeavour to further the object of its being. He will never forgive either of us; but that mustn't vex us. You must look your last at the Court, Mary mine, for neither you nor I are likely to see the inside of it again, unless you come back as Lady Earlsfield. And yet, bad as they make me out to be, I wish Earlsfield may live for a thousand years, and Harold too for that matter—as long as he hasn't got you, my darling."

And here their conference was interrupted by Mrs Firebrace, who came along the corridor where they were standing, and who regarded their presence with evident disfavour and a suspicious sniff.

"Ah, Hetty, here you are!" cried George, whose high spirits could not be kept under; "I have just been discussing a future state with Miss Donne. I was telling her of a clerical friend of mine in York whose views on the subject I am very anxious she should hear."

"Hem!" replied Mrs Firebrace, doubtfully; "I am glad to think that you sometimes turn your thoughts to precious subjects. Life is but a span and eternity is infinite—especially an eternity of torments. I shall give you a precious book on 'The Destiny of the Lost,' my dear," turning to Mary; but Mary was gone—had already disappeared in the recesses of her own apartments. "Ah, as I feared, too many thorns for the seed; and as for you, George"—here she turned to him, but George was already gone, and nothing visible except his back at the extreme end of the corridor. Mrs Firebrace gave utterance to a triumphant groan, and muttering something about the "wrath to come," went on her way.

On his return home after his interview with Cloete Sparshott, Harold had gone straight to his own room, and had excused himself from appearing at dinner on the plea of a headache. There was a bitter struggle before him. He knew that upon his keeping himself perfectly quiet, and avoiding all irritating and annoying thoughts, depended his being able to stave off one of those recurring fits of insanity which, when they had passed over him, left him a wreck both in mind and body. His man Peters had been long with him, and knew perfectly well what to do under the circumstances. He announced that his master had

overworked himself at his studies, and was not to be disturbed; and even Lord Earlsfield, who came in in an agony of concern, was denied admittance, and assured there was nothing to be frightened about.

But in spite of opiates, that reposeful condition of mind which was so necessary to avert frenzy would not come. Harold strove to read, to write, to engage his mind anyhow or anyway; but still the black cloud seemed ever to settle closer and closer over his intellect, and out of it to come lightning-flashes, which served only to illuminate the road to revenge. Under its pressure his whole nature became transformed to the fierceness of a wild beast, and destruction was the only aim and gratification which could soothe by anticipation. Yet he was so far master of himself that he could distinguish in himself a dual identity,—a Harold Colpoys with a better nature, struggling for self-command; a Harold—no, a devil planning fiendish thoughts and infernal schemes of retribution. Which of the two, he asked himself with a hollow laugh that rang of despair, was to get the better of the other? And there was ever present, too, the feeling that he must dissimulate—that he must hide even from Peters. How ill he was—how terrible were the ideas revolving in his brain! Harold had been more than once under restraint in former days, and he must evade coercion this time. He had a feeling that he had something to do—what, he did not know; but it was something terrible—something that, with hard, resistless force, was dragging him onwards—to do what? A cold shudder shook the whole of his frame, his eyes rolled as if he saw his doom in front of him.

But again he recovered, with an effort of determination that almost exhausted his force, and rang the bell for Peters.

"Give me some more of that draught, Peters," he said; "I feel quite done up, and shall lie down on this sofa, and see if I can sleep a while."

"You are taking rather much, Mr Harold," said the man, looking critically at the medicine bottle; "but if you lie down and settle yourself to sleep, it will do you good."

He threw a fur rug over Harold and tucked him up, and went outside, carefully leaving his own door ajar that he might hear the least noise from his master's room. Peters was a man of judgment, and experienced in his master's maladies, and had been long enough with him to feel keenly sympathetic and attached to the young man. The opiate mounted to Harold's brain, but did not deaden the acute pain that was there. Was he sleeping? was he dreaming? He did not know. But there, flitting about him, was Brancepeth—"that damned Brancepeth," he kept repeating to himself—and Cloete Sparshott, and, strange to say, his aunt Dorothy. What did they want? Why had they come to torment him? They were burning his brain with red-hot irons, and he was powerless to drive them off—could stir neither hand nor foot. But soon he would be better—then he would be revenged upon them all, especially upon Cloete Sparshott. Yes, it was she who was the cause of all the evil; had it not been for her he would not have been thus tortured. It was she who was inflicting the severest pain upon him—her irons were hotter than the others—and it was she who was urging on the other two and showing them where

they could do him most injury. He tried to raise his hand to strike her as she hovered about his couch, but she touched his arm and it was paralysed. All he could do was to lie there, and grind his teeth, and bear it, and wait—wait. When Peters looked softly into the room, he seemed asleep, and his heavy breathing told of disturbed visions; so the man lowered the lamp, adjusted the rug about his master, and went out, this time locking the door gently behind him. As he was going into his room Lord Earlsfield came along the corridor.

"How is he now?" he inquired in a low voice.

"Asleep, my lord," replied the man. "He has got an opiate which ought to give him next eight hours' sleep certain."

"And do you think he will be better when he awakes?"

"I trust so, my lord. Sleep is the best thing for him. But I can't think what has come over him. You do not know of anything he has had to worry him, my lord?"

"N—no," said Lord Earlsfield, doubtfully, as the thought that what he had said to Harold about marriage might have given him a shock; but no, that was a week ago, and Harold had been quite easy and in excellent spirits since that time. "No, I know of nothing," he said, positively.

"Looks much as if——" said Peters, indefinitely.

"Take care, Peters, that this is kept very quiet," said Lord Earlsfield, impressively. "If you are asked about it, he has got a bad cold and is a little feverish." "It would never do for Mary to hear of this," he muttered, as he turned away.

CHAPTER XL.—PLAYING WITH FIRE.

Brancepeth, with the assistance of young Briggs, had devoted himself to an investigation of Dr Sparshott's pecuniary obligations, and had succeeded in paying off all the numerous small loans that were likely to press him. Mr Briggs's investigations soon made it apparent that "Spicy" Spong was the only man who had been confiding enough to discount the doctor's paper; and Mr Spong being brought to account, and severely jammed up in a corner, was compelled to admit that he had no interest in the doctor whatever, and wouldn't lend him a sixpence himself on his own risk, "no, not on no account." He admitted that he was acting for another party; but neither the cajoleries of Briggs, nor the unlimited threepenny-worths of rum which the liberal agent regaled him with, debiting the same to his master under the head of "miscellaneous charges," could extract from him the name of this benevolent Samaritan, who did not choose to let his lights shine before men. Even when brought up to the bank, and interrogated sharply by Mr Stephen himself, Spong declared that his honour would not allow him to betray his trust; and when shown that it would be made worth his while, his conscience proved superior to any proffer less than a "fiver." Fingering the note, Mr Spong then confessed that he had advanced money to the doctor at the instigation and at the risk of Mr Mold, and that there was a bill for thirty pounds now due at the Metropolitan and Rural Bank, Mr Mold having given orders that no more of the doctor's

paper was to be presented through Brancepeth Brothers.

Stephen Brancepeth had little difficulty in solving the mystery of Mr Mold's benevolence. He had long noticed the lawyer's hankering after Cloete Sparshott; and as he took his hat with the intention of walking along to Fossebraye and Mold's, it was with a lofty intention to expose and confound his machinations, to which a *quasi* dog-in-the-manger feeling with regard to the fair object of their mutual interest added a good deal of temper. "Look here, Mr Mold," he said abruptly, when he was shown into the lawyer's room, "I have undertaken to look into Dr Sparshott's affairs, and I want just a word with you."

"I trust there is nothing wrong with the doctor?" inquired Mr Mold, blandly.

"Nothing worse than usual; but some bills of his have come under my notice in the ordinary way of business, and I have promised to see what I can do to get matters put straight for him."

"Very considerate, very liberal indeed," rejoined Mr Mold suavely, rubbing his hands.

"And I find that you are his principal, in fact his only creditor, for money advanced to him through a man Spong."

"Ah," returned Mr Mold, gently; "is that so?"

"That is so; and now I have to ask you for a memorandum of the doctor's liability to you, and that you will also oblige me by not advancing the doctor more money through this man Spong."

"You are acting——?" queried Mr Mold, with polite interrogation in his tones.

"In behalf of Dr Sparshott, yes," replied Brancepeth, evasively.

"And by his instructions?" Mr Mold was increasing in mildness.

"No; I can't say that. You know enough of the doctor to be aware that he has got no head for business, and will not attend to its requirements, and that all his difficulties fall upon his daughter's shoulders."

"His daughter, yes, to be sure. And you are acting for Miss Sparshott?"

"You may consider my position to be such. Miss Sparshott was compelled to come to us about her father's affairs, and I have undertaken to get them settled."

"Very kind of you, very much so indeed, quite benevolent. Miss Sparshott is to be congratulated on having secured so able and liberal a financial adviser. It does one good to meet with such disinterestedness in this hard age, it does indeed, Mr Brancepeth."

"I can return the compliment with interest, Mr Mold. There are very few men who would have shown the same liberality towards the doctor, and with so much delicacy too, keeping yourself entirely in the background."

"Ah," said Mr Mold, with a smile, "it would never have done for the doctor to have known where the money came from. He would have drawn upon me like a bank. Besides, one naturally feels a delicacy in helping people in their position."

"A delicacy that does you credit, Mr Mold," returned Brancepeth, who, seeing that there was no opportunity of having it out with the lawyer, was impatient to be off; "but I trust you will not encourage the doctor to go any further."

"There will be no occasion, Mr Brancepeth—no occasion. When you have taken Miss Sparshott up, there will be no need for any

trifling assistance from me in future."

"You will understand, Mr Mold," said Brancepeth, severely, "that I am acting in this affair purely in a business way—in a matter which came before me in the course of my usual work in the bank."

"I understand perfectly, Mr Brancepeth; of course I could never imagine any except formal relations to exist between you and Miss Sparshott since your marriage."

Stephen started slightly, but Mr Mold's face was all indifferent placidity, and his eyes were rolling in their usual eccentric orbits without any sign of expression.

"In that case there can be no misunderstanding," he said as he left. "How has *he* found out, next?" he muttered to himself as he descended the stairs. "It seems to me that my marriage is an open secret, and that I am the only one who is not permitted to own it. Well, I don't care. The sooner the explosion comes the better, whoever is blown up. I am sick—sick of this concealment. I suppose Mold, now he knows, will tell Cloete. I wonder what she will think?"

The duty which Brancepeth had taken upon himself rendered it necessary that he should see Miss Sparshott and confer with her about details; and as he was now engaged in the work, he bent his steps from Fossebraye and Mold's office in the direction of the Museum. Cloete Sparshott had never again appeared at the bank; and though Brancepeth had found two or three excuses for writing to her about her father's affairs, her acknowledgments had been grateful but studiedly formal. Once he had called, but had received for answer that the young lady was not at home—a statement which he had accepted with doubts, and had gone away with his grumbles insufficiently consoled by the reflection that it was better after all for both of them that they should not meet. "And here I am again," he said to himself, "bent on singeing my wings again, and torturing the girl too, very likely. You are a coward, Stephen Brancepeth—a weak coward; and worse than that, you are a dishonest one. Is it not enough for you to torment yourself, without causing suffering to the girl too? Compromising her again, perhaps. If Dora knew of my visit, we should have a fine scene wrought out of it. Well, *her* day is at hand; and when the whole story is public property, and when we have been discussed, abused, and sneered at most likely, then Cloete will have her revenge, and our relations to each other will be clearly enough defined. How the girl will despise me!" And Brancepeth winced at the thought of the comparison between Cloete, in all the pride of her fresh young beauty, and his—well, his matured helpmate.

There was no one about the Museum, and the doctor in one corner, with spectacles and a magnifying-glass, was peering over a case of specimens, and so absorbed in his observations that he took no notice of the transit of Brancepeth across his horizon. Stephen passed him without speaking, took out a card, pencilled upon it "On particular business relating to Dr Sparshott," and handed it to the servant-girl who answered his knock. Mary, who, like every one else in Earlsport, knew the old love-story, and had a just contempt for Brancepeth's desertion of her mistress, favoured him with a vicious look, but presently re-

turned to say that Miss Sparshott would receive him.

Brancepeth almost uttered a groan as he came into the room. He saw the fair young vision before him, her simple white frock of muslin bound at the waist by a sash of broad blue ribbon, her cheeks glowing with health, and a flush of eager surprise that could not be concealed, her rich masses of hair loosely knotted above her head, her half-bare dimpled arms, the exquisitely arched lips which he had once kissed—ah, would he ever kiss them again!—but behind this, and visible only to himself, was the figure of Dorothy Colpoys, like a dark storm-cloud, threatening to discharge its lightnings upon them both. He saw all that he had lost—what had he won?—and, maddened by the thought, he felt inclined to dash out of the room without another word; but he just succeeded in mastering himself, and took the outstretched hand which Cloete frankly offered to him.

"There is nothing wrong, I hope, Mr Brancepeth?" she asked, anxiously. "I do trust that there has not been any more trouble to you about my father."

"Oh no; make your mind easy about that," said Brancepeth, seating himself; "but you know I promised to go into the doctor's affairs, and you were good enough to say that you would allow me to help you"—Cloete looked doubtful,—"and so I thought I would look in to tell you what I had done, and see if there was anything new in which I could be of use to you. I learn that the doctor has got another bill coming on at the Metropolitan and Rural Bank."

"Ah, you know that," said Cloete, sadly. "Yes, it has been troubling him much. I wonder how people *will* let him have money."

"Ah, you do not know how many unknown friends you have," returned Brancepeth, laughing. "You will never guess who the benevolent lender of the thirty pounds was."

"A Mr Spong, I understand—a man who has got a small shop in the town," replied Cloete. "He has several times got money for my father; though I have been to him, and told him he is not to do it."

"Spong is a mere blind," said Brancepeth, eyeing her keenly. "The money really comes from Mr Mold, who apparently takes a deep interest in your father—or in you, shall I say?"

"Mr Mold!" and Cloete flushed all over. "It is impossible; and yet—yes, I know that he had been interfering in my father's affairs, but I never dreamt that the money that came from Mr Spong was his."

"You must pardon me if I have done anything I should not have done, but I have seen Mr Mold, and told him that I was arranging your father's affairs, and that if he required any assistance in future, the matter had better be transacted through our bank."

"And what did he say?" asked Cloete, doubtfully.

"Well, it struck me that he was just a little piqued, but he acceded very pleasantly."

"Oh, I am glad!" cried Cloete, forgetting herself in the sense of relief from further importunities on the part of Mr Mold. "If you knew all. Mr Mold"—and here she checked herself in time to remember that Mr Brancepeth was of all men the most unfitting to be chosen as a confidant of the proposal Mr Mold had made her.

"I think I know," said Brance-

peth, gently. "I am afraid that Mold has not been disinterested in this matter. I hope he has not dared to persecute you. Poor Cloete! how I wish I might bear all your troubles as easily as I can relieve you of this!" and in his tenderness he sought to take her hand, which the girl, however, hurriedly snatched away.

"No," said Cloete, with a smile of assumed firmness; "I can hold my own against Mr Mold—against any one. I am a woman now," and she drew herself up bravely.

"Ah, Cloete, you were but a child when I first knew you! I am not sure that I did not like you best so, although you have—well, I shall not speak my thoughts."

"No," returned Cloete; "let us talk of what you came about. Father and I are very, very grateful to you, and I do hope we shall be able to pay back this money; but I wish it could have been arranged any other way."

"You mean that you would rather have Mr Mold for a creditor than me? Is this your friendship, Cloete?"

"No," she thoughtfully replied, "it is not exactly that. I know you and trust you more than any one else. Have you not always been kind to me? But what will Mr Mold think—what will people think if he tells what you are doing for us?"

"Do not be afraid, Cloete; the good people of Earlsport will soon have more sensational news to digest. Have they any right to say that we are not to be friends—good friends—and to help one another when the chance offers?"

"No," said Cloete, doubtfully; "but it is so difficult to make things look as right as they are."

"Don't trouble yourself too much about it. In our consciousness of innocence we can afford to despise malicious gossip. And we shall always be friends, Cloete, as we are now, whatever may happen to either of us." And he took her hand, which this time she did not draw away.

"The past binds us together—me to you, at any rate, with links of recollection that can never be broken. Ah, Cloete! it was a dream, a sweet dream, too bright and sweet to last."

"To me it has proved a waking reality," replied she, with dignified sadness.

"Forgive me, darling," he cried, as, overcome by his feelings, he clasped her in his arms; "I have wronged your love—I know it—I feel it day and night; and to hold you thus is at once my bliss and my curse! Oh, my darling, my darling!" and he pressed a passionate kiss upon the lips of the struggling girl, as she tore herself from his embraces.

"Mr Brancepeth!" panted Cloete, as she escaped to the other side of the room and stood all flushed and disordered, resting her hand upon a table. "This must not be! Have you forgotten that there is nothing now between us but friendship? and must that be broken off too? You have made me feel ashamed of myself—you have made me feel less in my own eyes. Leave me now, and remember that unless you can exercise more control over yourself we must never meet again."

Brancepeth felt humiliated before the pure, tender, but dignified woman, who now in her affronted modesty and hurt innocence stood facing him with severe reproach. How guilty he felt she could not conceive. The shade of Dorothy, which had temporarily escaped his vision, was there, vindictive and outraged. A sense of the enor-

mity of his rashness took a paralysing hold of him. If she could feel it thus, how insulted, how indignant would she be if she knew all! It was with deep self-abasement that Brancepeth made a step towards Cloete, who waved him back with a repelling gesture.

"Forgive me, Cloete, if you can," he said, humbly enough, "and forget, if you can, my violence. God knows I did not mean to alarm you; but when you are beside me, I am not master of myself. I shall not offend again, I swear to you. Forgive me, and let us part friends."

She took the hand which was pressed upon her, and stood with heaving breast and averted eyes, while he unconsciously transgressed again by pressing his lips upon her wrist, and without another word hurried out of the room.

"Stephen Brancepeth," he muttered to himself as he went out to the street, "I always thought you were a fool, but I never owned to you being a scoundrel. But to-day you have behaved like a villain. And how do I know that you would not do worse if you had the opportunity? All this fuss you are making about her father's debts is just only to get another chance of seeing her, to be with her, to burn your fingers again, and ruin the girl. Yes, Stephen Brancepeth, you are acting like a coward, a rascally coward."

And carrying on such comfortable self-communings, he reached the bank, and prepared to settle down at his desk in a white-heat of indignation with himself and with the universe in general. "It is Dorothy's blame, with all that confounded mystery of hers," he growled, comforted to some extent at being able to grasp a scapegoat. "This must end the matter. If I tell her about Cloete, and say that I am not sure of myself, she will declare our marriage quickly enough. She is jealous as the devil," he added bitterly, quite forgetting that he had so recently given the unsuspecting lady good cause to be so. "I shall write her this afternoon, and make a clean breast of the whole business—tell her that my only safety lies in the immediate announcement of our marriage."

Brancepeth might have spared himself the trouble of carrying out this resolve, as indeed he did spare himself when he had sufficiently calmed down into a more indifferent mood; for the sum and substance of all he would or could have told her on the subject was already on the way to Dorothy Colpoys in the Earlscourt letter-bag. "A Sincere Friend," knowing the warm interest that the Honourable Miss Colpoys took in Mr Stephen Brancepeth, begged to inform her that that gentleman, under the pretence of taking a friendly interest in Dr Sparshott's affairs, was endeavouring to entrap the curator's daughter into an intrigue, to which the writer feared the young lady, ignorant of Mr Brancepeth's condition as a married man, might too readily fall a victim. To save an innocent young lady and an erring husband was, the writer begged the Honourable Miss Colpoys to believe, the sole motive of his invoking her intervention.

Mr Mold had rolled his eyeballs wildly over this epistle, which he had written out in a feigned hand, and chuckled gleefully as he himself dropped it into the post-office.

REMBRANDT AND THE DUTCH SCHOOL.

THE range of the painter's art is infinite. There is the art which is the expression of the sublime and the conception of the ideal; the art which reflects the charms of nature; the art which is the handmaid of history and biography; and the art which is the more or less realistic interpretation of contemporary life and manners. There are the paintings which should be left to their appropriate resting-places over the high altars of stately cathedrals and churches, in the refectories of convents or in the reception-halls of palaces; and there are the paintings which seem destined for quiet domestic interiors, and which grow upon us as the friendly familiars of our solitude. For, after all, the collections in the great public and private galleries, although their value is inappreciable and their interest inexhaustible, are essentially heterogeneous and incongruous. The gems are there, and the sparkle may be undimmed; but they are so many jewels torn from their settings. In the rough and inadequate classification we have indicated by way of illustration, there is no difficulty in defining the place of the Dutch School. There are ambitious exceptions which serve to prove the rule, but it is essentially local, dramatic, and realistic: were we to express its characteristics and conditions in a word, we should say it was self-contained. The great artists of the Italian Renaissance, for example, revived and regenerated the traditions they had inherited from Greece and Rome—from æsthetic paganism and the devotion of primitive Christianity: they breathed the atmosphere of culture and refinement; they flourished under the patronage of the Church they glorified, and of princes who rivalled each other in the cultivated splendours of their courts. Nor were the southern republics less favourable to the arts. As Michael Angelo's majestically Titanic genius decorated the ceilings of the Vatican chapels; as the masterpieces of Raphael and Correggio attracted crowds of worshippers to the shrines they adorned, so the gorgeous pageants which were the pride of Venice in its palmy days suggested subjects for the brushes of the Titians and Tintorettos. *Mutatis mutandis*, it was much the same in Spain; for the Spanish monarchs, through their politics and zeal for their religion, were always in close relations with Italy.

The Dutch School, on the other hand, may be said to have created itself. No doubt it reflected the influences of the Renaissance, as the arctic icebergs reflect the cold rays of the same sun which is diffusing its warm lustre on the slopes of the Riviera. But the real Dutch Renaissance was when the struggling and persecuted people shook off the foreign yoke, and found themselves at the close of the war of liberation in a position to make money and enjoy life. It is undeniable that the Dutchman has a genius for art as for commerce. But even when the Dutch traffickers began to be merchant princes, the conditions were greatly

---

Rembrandt, sa Vie, son Œuvre, et son Temps. Par Émile Michel, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Libraire Hachette et Cie. 1893.

against the Dutch painter. When all around him were making fortunes or living comfortably by trade, the commodities he produced ruled low in the market. He had neither the habit nor the means of travelling, and thus his genius was thrown back upon itself. Moreover, his temperament was rather prosaic and practical than romantic and imaginative. His surroundings were quiet and tame, though they had a quaint picturesqueness of their own. He lived among polders and dreary sand-dunes, and looked out upon meadows traversed by canals and drenched in the reeking sea-fogs. We naturally associate lively sensibilities with brightness and sunshine, and the Dutch scenery is depressing as the climate. The flat monotony of the rural landscape was only broken by the sails of the windmills, or by the tall spires of the village churches, which often scarcely touched the sea-level. The consequence was, that these isolated and independent Dutchmen founded a school of their own. In so far as they merely painted what they saw, their realism was marvellous: and within certain definite limits, with almost invisible shortcomings, they even excelled in the sublime. As for the rise and rapid growth of the school, it is unparalleled in art-history. Almost entirely home-educated, but eminently conscientious and laborious, they soon became masters of colouring and technique. In little more than a single generation the school had attained its highest level. Circumstances, as well as their naturally artistic temperament, indicated or enforced the choice of the subjects. The man who lived by the brush or the graving-tools was bound to sell his pictures or etchings. The Hollanders, who were simple in their tastes and homely in their habits, had adopted the Reformed religion. There was little demand, as in the superb edifices of Catholic Flanders, for Crucifixions, Transfigurations, or Descents from the Cross. The patrons of the painters were the wealthy guilds and municipal corporations, or private individuals in comfortable circumstances. It is to the patronage of the guilds that modern connoisseurs are indebted for such masterpieces as the miscalled "Night-watch" of Rembrandt, or Van der Helst's "Congress of Munster." The scientific societies and the universities suggested such technical subjects as the famous "Lesson of Anatomy." And as the prominent personages in these great paintings were painted from the life, so the fashion had arisen among the private burghers of bequeathing their portraits to their families. In England we are apt to talk contemptuously of the gifted artist who takes to portrait-painting as "going in for pot-boilers." In Holland the portrait-painting at first, and for long, was the highest, as it was the most profitable, branch of the profession. It appealed strongly to the ambition of the aspirant, for it was by the portraits of statesmen and merchants, which would be carefully preserved as heirlooms, that he might best hope to immortalise himself. And, with Dutch forethought, in case of there being any mischance in the matter, he generally took care, like Rembrandt, to multiply presentments of himself.

But, after all, the demand for portraits was necessarily restricted; and, moreover, the veritable artistic genius refused to work always for lucre in the same regular grooves. Then the painter turned

his attention to domestic decoration. The Dutch of all classes, from the patricians of Amsterdam and the Hague to the cattle-breeders of Friesland and the fishermen of the Zuyder Zee, still delight to adorn the walls of their living-rooms with china that is often invaluable, and engravings that are generally indifferent. The well-to-do townsfolk in the Dutch Renaissance had taken to purchasing pictures. What they most appreciated were the faithful reproductions of the familiar scenes they loved. So we have the delightful reflections of that peaceful and industrious life which has scarcely altered appreciably at the present day. There was a *quai*-corner or a canal bridge, with the bright brass knockers on the house-doors, the little mirrors at either side of the parlour windows, and the hay-barge lying at its moorings, with the bargeman smoking on the caboose. There were the bustle in the open-air *bourse* and the bargaining in the open-air fish-market. Then the literally realistic turned to the realistically humorous. The Dutchmen of the seventeenth century were far from being generally licentious, but they were gross; the matrons were not given to blushing, and the men would shake their sides at coarse buffoonery. So we have the village Kirmess and the suburban fairs; the boors smoking and drinking in the wayside alehouses; and the troopers halting for refreshment, and flirting with the rustic belles. Even Rembrandt, in his younger days, must be condemned as a flagrant offender against our notions of decency. There are side-scenes and byplay in some of the best of his works which would be pronounced most offensive now, were they not sanctified by his memory. We doubt not that Teniers and Ostade and their *confrères* drew shrieks of laughter by their grotesque studies of unsophisticated surgery; the boor having his tooth drawn by the blacksmith's forceps, and the patient being cut for the stone by the razor of the village barber. More soberly droll were the quaint domestic romances of Gerard Dou, —the *savant* in spectacles musing over a case with a skinny finger on the pulse, or the wrinkled beldame bending over her spindle, while the granddaughter, seated demurely in the background, lends an ear to the lover's whispers. Those artists who multiplied their pet subjects, addressed themselves habitually to the popular taste. Assuredly they aimed low, but they had well measured their powers, and they invariably hit the mark. Now and then there was an exception like Terburg, who, without attempting original conception, struck into a line of his own. Terburg's pictures seem to have been meant for the boudoir and the fashionable beauty; and there were very few boudoirs or ladies of fashion in the Holland of his day. He left comparatively few of his works, and when any one of them comes into the market, it fetches a fancy price. In one respect they are worth any money that may be given for them. No Dutchman has a more exquisite command of delicate technique; and not even Vandyke, when draping his corpses in their shrouds, shows so marvellous a gift for handling whites in contrast with all shades of complexion. The gloss of Terburg's white satins and the shimmer of his brocades are inimitable. Yet at the best it seems to us the prostitution of fine art to the glorification of the haberdasher and milliner. When Worth was at the height of his fame in Imperial Paris, he might

have appropriately hung a Terburg over his chimneypiece, with the certainty, besides, of having made an excellent investment.

From the scents of the boudoir and the full-flavoured atmosphere of the fish-market, it is pleasant to turn to the landscape and marine pictures. The Dutch are born seamen: great part of the country is laid down in grass; and if they have a passionate attachment to anything besides finance and commerce, it is for ornamental gardening. The dream of the Dutchman is malarious retirement to a summer-house overhanging a stagnant canal, where he inhales the odours of his jonquils and admires the blaze of his tulip-beds between the puffs of his pipe and the sips of his schiedam. Scott credits even the truculent Dirk Hatteraick with the dream of retiring to a blooming *garten* like a burgomaster. Thus there could be no more suitable embellishment of a rural *lust-haus* than paintings of flower-beds and flowers, and that gave an impulse to the fashion of flower-painting. Not even Sneiders and Honde-Koeter, in their studies of dead game and lively poultry, are more true to the tints and the forms than the most famous of the flower-painters. We do not know that the farmers and graziers were ever great patrons of art. But the wealthy merchants of Amsterdam and Rotterdam had their country estates, and the stock they raised for the dairy or the butcher was bound to be represented on the walls of the city mansions. No animal-painter has ever surpassed Paul Potter. He lived fast and died young, but happily he made the most of his brief span, and worked with the brilliant indefatigability of the Dutchman. He is best known by his "Young Bull" at the Hague, which was rescued for Holland at the Congress of Vienna, after it had been stolen by that intelligent connoisseur Napoleon. We should never have known how rich even England was in Potters had it not been for the exhibitions of the old masters at Burlington House. And, by the way, there is a little Potter at Bearwood, which would be worth any money in reason to any millionaire if it ever were sent to the hammer. Yet in those pictures the characteristic Dutch realism is almost exaggerated. Our English cattle-painters always seem to us, as a rule, to assume that their beasts have had every attention. They might have been fattened at the Home Farm at Windsor, or if Highlanders or Aberdeenshire at the Mains of Abergeldie. In the coat of the young bull at the Hague we read the signs of the changing temperature and the brine-salted pasturage of the polders, although his shapely frame is not unclothed with flesh. Were he shown this season at the Royal Academy, we could tell at a glance that he knew as little of oilcake as a Kanaka of caviare. Yet in his degree the game-looking beast displays as much character as any English courtier by Vandyck or any Spanish grandee by Velasquez.

We said that within certain definite limits the realistic Dutchmen gave the rein to their imaginations. That is shown by their marine painters in their magnificent sea-pieces. Turner himself in his prime, and before he went mad, never brought such marvels of meaning out of dim obscurity, or played more effectively with fog and cloud and storm. Before the enterprise of Amsterdam made the North Holland Canal, the Dutch pilots had to bring the heavy-laden Indiamen

with their costly cargoes to the shelter of the Texel, through a labyrinth of shifting shoals and outlying islands. Frequently, and for days together, the low-lying shores were enveloped in curtains of impenetrable fog. These dangers and the possible catastrophes came feelingly home to the anxious hearts of speculative merchants and underwriters. Nothing could be pleasanter, when the good ship from Batavia was quietly discharging her freight before the windows, than to gaze placidly through a haze of wine-fumes and tobacco-smoke at a picture of the perils she had escaped, and which had encompassed her even to that threshold. And so, as a taste for the sublime and terrible was developed, the painters turned their attention to subjects which, doubtless, demanded vigorous and even original treatment, but which drew little on the imagination. To one who had been familiar from boyhood with the turmoil of the elements in a country only defended against the fury of the ocean by its formidable dykes; who had watched the gathering of the storm behind banks of lowering cloud, it was easy to present the scenes of a shipwreck, when the cumbrous Indiaman was drifting dismasted at the mercy of winds and waves. A still more favourite subject for these marine realists, because it came within the range of their everyday experiences, was a scattered fishing fleet from Scheveningen or the Texel scudding for shelter like so many frightened sea-fowl, — though no mere realist could have done such magnificent justice to the mingling of sea and spray and spindrift; and in many of these marine pieces it would almost seem that we can see the very set of the wind and measure its strength. Next came the triumphs of the marine-battle painters. After the United Provinces had asserted their independence, the Dutch army, being chiefly a volunteer force, did little land-fighting. They were all the more proud of the glories of their great sea-captains. As their naval explorers were to be found in every sea—and perhaps we seldom remember that the terrible Cape Horn took its name from the grass-grown old town on the Zuyder Zee—so their fleets disputed the supremacy of the ocean with England and France in the days when the Dutch bombarded Chatham and Van Tromp swept the Channel with the broom fastened to his mast-head. It was a characteristic and appropriate touch of grim satire for that homely but heroic people to go into battle under the familiar emblem of the bustling Dutch housewife. Many of the rising artists had either served on board the ships, or shipped for the sake of finding subjects, like the contributors to our own illustrated journals. The greatest masters of landscape, like Ruysdael, were amphibious, and equally at home on sea and land. So we have the brilliant battle-scenes in the galleries, where three-deckers or frigates, with yards interlocked, are belching forth fire and smoke in the lurid atmosphere, which is fitfully illuminated by the flashes of the guns or the gleam of the red jerseys of the combatants.

As for the landscape-painters, they were at least as essentially national as any of their *confrères*. They went in by preference for what was exceptionally and especially Dutch. Naturally they give us coloured photographs in abundance of the general features of the landscape; a broad expanse of

monotonous flat, with a stretch of canal or a stagnant pool in the foreground, and steeples or windmills standing out against the sky-line. But fully to appreciate the characteristic handling and the exquisite truth of their effects, we must have walked or driven in the half-submerged islands,—say in Walcheren. Walcheren is a verdant cup or saucer, sunk within the circle by its lofty dykes, and perpetually steeped in water. When it does not rain there, it always drizzles; and the heavy dew is impregnated by the saline sea-fogs. The herbage and the very sea-weeds have tints of the most vivid emerald. Or if you would see how the painter passed from the abstract to a romantically suggestive bit of the concrete, you will come upon some sixteenth-century chateau, embosomed in a dense growth of storm-beaten trees, which would be all the better for thinning. As in the parks and woods around the Hague in the autumn, you tread on a thick carpet of fallen leaves, which have been rotting through successive seasons. From brown tiles to basement the house is tapestried with velvety moss; the moat is overspread with a sheet of glossy duckweed. The Dutchman, delighting in the expression of details, has rendered all that with microscopic felicity. When we consider the depressing atmosphere he inhaled, we wonder at the exhilarating lightness of his touch. But the most brilliant professors of landscape seem to have wearied of that out-of-doors cabinet-work. Ruysdael and Hobbema must have sought for subjects in the more broken country of Eastern Utrecht or in secluded nooks among the sedgy meres of Friesland. Necessarily there is no such sublimity in their scenes as in the savage Apennines of Salvator Rosa, or in the glowing landscapes of Claude Lorraine or Poussin. Yet genius has made the most of the material. There is no background of snowy mountain or foreground of sunlit scene. But what can be more savage or more picturesque, within its limits, than the merry mill-wheels over the rushing stream, breaking in tiny cascades and swirling pools beneath the branches of the shattered pines? What can be more pathetically dramatic than the verdant loneliness of the Jews' burying-place, with the flat slabs of the gravestones with their time-worn inscriptions, among the thickets of bramble with the background of copse? As for Cuyp, he was the Dutch Claude, and to do justice to *his* genius we must have travelled in his own country, and seen it, moreover, under favourable circumstances. His shapely cattle, nevertheless showing shoulder-blades and ribs, and his comfortable horsemen in their scarlet tunics, are comparatively common and conventional. But neither Claude at his best, nor Turner when he sought to rival Claude, ever surpassed Cuyp when he steeps the Dutch mists in the mellow warmth of a vapoury sunshine. The struggle of the sun, though just falling short of success, pervades everything, and misses no opportunity. Each landscape is inspired by cheerfulness within the limits of credibility, though the pale luminary that irradiates the mists from the Dogger Bank would cut but a poor figure at Palermo or Cairo.

It is a proof of the truthfulness of these Dutchmen, as well as of the conservatism of Holland, that their pictures are faithfully reflected in the life of the present

day. Railways and steamers have facilitated communications, but have scarcely changed manners and customs. It is not only in the little fishing community of the island of Marken, or in the dead cities of the Zuyder Zee—which, by the way, are again beginning to awaken to life—that you see the old rich and quaint costumes, or the quaint old cottage interiors with their wealth of pottery and wood-carving. As the steamer takes a turn backwards at a *quai*, the figures of the little crowd, in its cumbrous workaday dress—in the many-buttoned jacket or bodice, the balloon-like breeches and petticoats, and the *sabots* a world too big for the sturdy feet—might have stepped out of some canvas by Teniers. The groups in the village gardens watching the skittles from behind their beer-jugs, or the gapers looking on at the horse-shoeing at the forge, might be the ancestors immortalised by Brouwer or Ostade. Only nowadays we are apt to miss the long churchwarden pipes, which are being replaced by rank and malodorous cigars. It is true that in the towns the dresses have been modernised. But there is no mistaking the old Dutch type of features; for few nations have intermarried less with the foreigner, and the latest family portraits in some of the civic private collections show resemblances to the old burgomasters that are almost ludicrous. We know not whether those practical and worldly-minded men of genius would have been more delighted or disgusted could they have foreseen the future. Some of them were hard-working husbands and fathers; others were gay Bohemians, indulging freely in the rough joviality they depicted. But almost all had to struggle hard for a decent livelihood and a respectable appearance. They were frequently patronised by the guilds and the rich householders; they were grateful for an invitation to a good dinner; they were seldom or never honoured by municipal dignities; their greatest pictures fetched moderate prices, and many were given away for a mere song. While they lived they found no foreign patrons, and it was only an exception which proved the rule when Rembrandt was flattered by commissions from the Stadtholder. Now those Dutch cabinet paintings are among the priceless gems of every famous gallery in Europe. The blacksmith and the boor divide admiration with the Virgins by Raphael and the Madonnas by Murillo. As a master of portraiture Rembrandt holds his own against the triumphs of Vandyck, Titian, or Velasquez. He scarcely yields to the inimitable Velasquez as a painter of *sujets de genre*, and he is noways inferior to the Spaniard in brilliant versatility.

Rembrandt is the glory of the Dutch school, and he has found a critic and biographer who does his genius justice. Our article has been suggested by the magnificently illustrated work by M. Émile Michel, which has been brought out by the Libraire Hachette, with all the adventitious luxury of type and binding. M. Michel has devoted himself to the elucidation of his subject with an enthusiasm and industry beyond all praise. Years ago he had written a monograph on the artist, which has been expanded into a portly and sumptuous quarto. Since then he has visited all the public galleries of Europe, as well as many private collections. He has explored unknown portfolios filled with the author's sketches and etchings. He has ransacked all the accessible literature in

print or manuscript relating to the painter. And as the result, not even Rembrandt himself ever brought a striking subject into more effective relief. M. Michel's Rembrandt is the grand central figure on a broad canvas which conjures up the Holland of the first half of the seventeenth century. The Dutch Velasquez, his genius was as versatile as that of the immortal Spaniard. Like him, he not only excels in the spirited fidelity of his portraits, but shows a most masterly and humorous command of *sujets de genre*. As for his landscapes, they seem to deserve even higher praise than has generally been given. For we may remark, by the way, for the benefit of those who have not travelled in Spain, that Velasquez as a landscape-painter is only to be studied and appreciated in the gallery of Madrid. Every one is familiar with engravings of his "Meniñas" and "Hilanderas"; but so far as we know, no one has thought it worth while to reproduce the sylvan enchantments of his "Gardens of Aranjuez."

To return to Rembrandt; his life, his rise, and his triumphs are a representative illustration of the difficulties with which the early Dutch painters had to contend, and which those who were gifted with genius nobly surmounted. Like most of his contemporaries and successors, he was humbly born. The Dutch had always a keen eye to the main chance, and the sons of wealthy families, imbued with the hereditary prejudices of the mercantile caste, would never have dreamed of turning Bohemians and trusting their fortunes to the hazards of the brush. Rembrandt was the fifth child of a miller of Leyden, who was blessed with a large family. Like so many other remarkable men, he was fortunate in his mother. She appreciated his talents, and was specially solicitous as to his religious instruction. No doubt that subsequently influenced him greatly—and as we shall see, not always to the advantage of his reputation—in his strong partiality for Biblical subjects. But the atmosphere in which he was brought up must inevitably have biassed him in the same direction. The heroic Leyden of the memorable siege was invited to ask a boon of the grateful Stadtholder. The half-ruined citizens, in place of a money grant or a remission of taxes, preferred to apply for the foundation of a university. So transformed, their town not only became a school of the arts and sciences, but a great theological centre. The worthy miller sent his son to college, where the education was sufficiently cheap. But the youth scarcely repaid the money expended upon him, and among the precocious evidences of his special genius was neglect of his regular studies. On the other hand, he soon began to make himself a domestic nuisance by sketching the members of his family *à tort et à travers*. Latterly, as they began to recognise his powers and take encouragement from the gulden with which he was rewarded, his parents resigned themselves to sit with the best grace in the world, and so their faces are continually reappearing in all manner of characters and disguises.

M. Michel suggests that the works of Lucas of Leyden, which were among the glories of his native town, may have stimulated the ambition of Rembrandt and taught him invaluable lessons. It is extremely likely. The career of Lucas had been brilliant as it

was brief. As Rembrandt was to do, he began young, worked hard, succeeded early, and lavished his genius in extravagances, which landed him prematurely in difficulties. Nor had Rembrandt lost his time when he shirked his classes. When he played truant, he loved to wander in the environs of the city, among the peaceful scenes which had a charm of their own, and which stirred the fancy of a patriotic Hollander. His own genius developed itself less precociously than that of Lucas. He was ambitious in his subjects as Clive Newcome, when Clive painted his grand battle-piece of Assaye; and all M. Michel—who is better acquainted with them than we are—can say for those productions is, that they contain precious indications for the critic. But the artist's natural good sense made him retrace his steps in the meantime. When he could afford the leisure, he again launched out upon sacred subjects; but now, for a time, he shook himself free from the seductions of the Delilahs and Susannahs, and fell back upon portraits and the subjects which surrounded him. He enjoyed few advantages: he had no professional models, for Leyden, unlike Amsterdam, though it turned out an extraordinary proportion of eminent artists, did not then possess a school of painting. But he set himself seriously to self-education, and laid violent hands on all accessible subjects. The wealthy miller had indulged in the luxury of looking-glasses, and so the young artist could always paint himself. To that early necessity, which became a habit, we are indebted for perhaps the most interesting series of auto-pictorial studies in existence. The first of them shows us a raw Dutch youth, with heavy features and dreamy eyes in deep shadow, with a shock head of luxuriantly curly hair, which might have done credit to Samson before the clipping. Yet the sketch is doubly interesting and significant; for in the harsh contrasts of its strong shadow and light, it is the forecast of the favourite manner which became almost a trick of his art. There are precisely similar characteristics, but with a display of marvellous progress, in another portrait, executed when he may have been twenty-three. The features have fined down, the locks are trimmed: he wears the black surcoat and falling collar of a well-to-do young burgher; but, above all, the lights and shades are managed with far greater delicacy. His powerful treatment of the *chiaro-oscuro* still obviously leaves something to desire, but it has all the promise of the perfection it was destined to attain.

There were other aspiring young painters in Leyden at the time; the best known and most distinguished was Lievens, for Gerard Dou was considerably younger. Much of the more ambitious work in which Rembrandt indulged has disappeared. We cannot believe that those grand canvases are much to be regretted, but it would be interesting to know what became of them. Probably they were consigned to the family lumber-room; but had the shrewd Dutchmen surmised the future of the famous master, we may be very sure they would have been carefully preserved. We have said that their suppression is not to be regretted, because, strangely enough, we know exactly what they were. Among Rembrandt's comrades was a certain Van Vliet, who had little talent but a sufficiency of good sense. He soon resigned him-

self to the conviction that he had no originality, and gave up painting to devote himself to engraving. As an engraver he was clever and extremely faithful, and many of the lost works of Lievens and Rembrandt survive in his very admirable etchings. Already we note the delight in gorgeous decoration which characterised the later pieces by Rembrandt. He made choice for the most part of the conventional subjects which were much in favour with devout Catholics. One of these was "Philip baptising the Eunuch." The travelling arrangements of the Queen of Ethiopia's confidential domestic were on the most magnificent scale. His person is draped in sumptuous robes, eminently unsuited to that sultry climate; he shades his swarthy countenance with a Dutch umbrella, and he is escorted by splendidly appointed guards. The captain of the troop is a gay and glittering cavalier, who ought to have worn the spurs and belt of chivalry. The party had come upon a solitary pool or water-brook after a weary march through thirsty deserts; but the luxuriant vegetation overhanging the limpid wave might have been nursed in the dripping fogs of the Dutch flats. It is hard to conceive a quainter combination of the fantastic, uneducated, and untravelled imagination with the deep-seated instincts of Dutch realism. Yet, as we said, it is eminently characteristic. For the artist, when many orders had made him affluent, sought to inspire himself, like Balzac, with a collection of costly properties. Even in the indulgence of a prodigal fancy, he would still be realistic. He surrounded himself in his studio with rich Venetian hangings and rare Eastern carpets; he decks the object of his adoration in a profusion of gold and gems; and then he reproduces the very texture of the finely woven fabrics, and the flashes and the colours of the glittering stones.

It is to that early period, ere he had left Leyden, that we owe many of his cleverest etchings and sketches. He had to draw upon fancy for his high priests and magi *en grande tenue*, but everywhere he found studies in abundance for his tramps and beggars. The devastated Netherlands were long in recovering from the consequences of the war; and the streets of Leyden swarmed with mendicants and crippled old soldiers. Rembrandt dashed them down and scratched them in, in every attitude and in all conceivable circumstances. Those grotesque and hasty studies in the manner of Callot, as they indicate his quick appreciation of the humorous, gave his hand a marvellous facility. Some of them do him no great credit from a moral point of view. The Dutchmen of the day were not over-refined, and were tickled by the broadest and coarsest humour. Nor, although the practice which they gave paid him well in the end, did the sketches turn to gold in the meantime. His reputation was increasing fast, but his art was far from remunerative.

So he took a bold resolution and removed to Amsterdam. The great city on the Zuyder Zee was already growing rich again. The banks already transacted the business of Western Europe; the *bourse* was crowded with merchants, who did business with all quarters of the world. Ships from the Dutch colonies discharged their cargoes of silks and spices at the doors of stately mansions, which the owners loved to embellish. Syndics and burgomasters perpetuated their features and those of their wives and daughters in the family por-

trait-galleries. The guilds and the civic corporations had become patrons of the arts, though probably they drove hard bargains, and took every legitimate advantage of the necessities of a rising artist. But it is to that period we owe some of the most brilliant of the works that hung upon the walls of the ill-lighted old *Treppenhuis*, with its creaking wooden stairs, and which have since been transferred to the new National Museum. And it is by comparing Rembrandt there with his contemporaries and scholars that we can come to a very definite conclusion, and pronounce him the incomparable master and lord paramount of the Dutch School. Yet still in his passion for the realistic he illustrates the confines of his genius. Imagination can never carry him far into the regions of the ideal, and his imitation of what he sees before him is almost servile. It is certain his reputation will never rest on his conception of the graceful shapes of classical or Scriptural beauties. His fair Susannah, emerging from the bath, would never have tempted anybody but matter-of-fact Dutch elders, who worshipped the substantial. Still less attractive is the chaste goddess Diana, who, in the ungainly attitude and the stolid expression of the face, gives us the idea of a peasant woman turned prostitute, and engaged at the street-corner for the purposes of the studio. In fact, the close obsequiousness of the study is literally stamped by the impression of the garter on the leg of the goddess. By far the finest of his many mythological pictures is the "Rape of Proserpine." The subject lends itself happily to the artist's powers, and we may say that he shows himself at home in Hell. The shrinking Ariadne in her robes of white is really a subsidiary figure. What strikes us is the fiery love or passion of the Prince of Tartarus, as he throws the reins over the necks of his infernal coursers, — the contrast between the smiling plains of Enna, under the Sicilian sun, and the gloom and bleak desolation beyond the stream of the Styx. Yet even in the blooming vale of Enna we never leave Haarlem behind; and the flowers which the beauty has been gathering for the banquet are the Dutch tulips and ranunculuses and corn-flowers.

The most masterly and perhaps the most famous of all his paintings is the famous "Lesson of Anatomy," which is one of the glories of the Hague Gallery. At that time the Dutch schools of medicine were already renowned; and assuredly their alumni must have had ample opportunities for surgical and medical practice during the wars. They carried a certain coquetry into the arrangement of their anatomical theatres, and Rembrandt and others have made us familiar with all the unpleasant technical details. The demonstrations drew crowds of amateurs as well as professional students; and the subject lies extended on a slab in the centre, surrounded by the cushioned circular benches, rising tier over tier. The walls are embellished with skeletons of men and horses and various anatomical preparations. These pictures, unpleasant or revolting in themselves, and rather resembling architectural drawings, are chiefly interesting as indicating the wealth and popularity of the medical guilds. The "Lesson of Anatomy" is of a different order altogether. The dignity of the treatment is as remarkable as the vigour of the execution, and the

highly distinctive expressions on the noble features of the eight eminent *savants*, make a marvellous triumph of suggestive portraiture. It was a turning-point in the painter's career, and the story of the picture is curious. The members of the medical guild had fallen into the universal fashion of having their portraits painted. The famous Tulp was then at the head of his profession: by the way, his real name was Pietersz, and he had borrowed a pseudonym from the national flower. "Lessons of Anatomy" had been painted frequently before for the medical colleges, and Tulp decided to give Rembrandt the order for this one. It was a flattering proposal to make to a novice, and the novice showed self-confidence in accepting the commission. The eloquent faces speak for themselves, and Tulp must have been gratified with his own presentment, which is the embodiment of benignant science. But what may perhaps have pleased him more, was Rembrandt's intelligent treatment of the corpse. We believe that doctors for once are agreed, in saying that they can diagnose the malady of which the patient died. The picture appealed strongly to the national tastes and predilections. Not only did the newcomer leap into notoriety, but he was raised beyond rivalry if not beyond jealousy. His seniors could not withhold their praise, and paid him the sincere compliment of imitation. He had a rush of orders with which he could not keep pace, and he commanded the highest prices in the market. Had his genius only been associated with ordinary prudence and frugality, he might have lived as comfortably as any of his mercantile patrons, and died in the fulness of wealth and honours.

The brilliancy of the rising star had even attracted the notice of the Stadtholder. Frederick Henry, the son of "The Taciturn," although he had lavished large sums upon works of art, had never encouraged native talent. His predilections were cosmopolitan, like his domains, and he had inclined to fill his galleries with the works of Italians and Flemings. But now the Prince's secretary, a warm admirer of the artist, enters into a regular correspondence with him, and the result of successive commissions was a series of remarkable Scriptural pieces. After passing into the possession of the Elector-Palatine, and for long being the boast of the famous Dusseldorf Gallery, they have since been transferred to the Pinacothek of Munich. The magnificent "Descent from the Cross" was with good reason a special favourite of the artist. Nothing can be more impressive than the general effect; nothing more grand than the arrangement and the grouping, which recommended themselves likewise to Rubens. The streams of celestial light, flowing down through the prevailing darkness, throw out the figure bending over the cross-arm of the accursed tree, and the shrouded body, still in the limpness of the last agony, as it is lowered by the executioner's assistants. Yet the great painting is far from perfect. The ideal and transcendental degenerate as usual into the trivial or commonplace in the lower part; and we are inclined to smile at the sleek and turbaned high priest, the typical Hollander in the boots of a burgomaster, who is phlegmatically leaning on his staff and complacently superintending the operations.

Never had the industrious artist worked more indefatigably than during the early years of residence in Amsterdam. Hitherto it would seem he had kept himself heart-whole, nor have we even reason to suspect that he was addicted to passing amours. Now he found a new mistress, though she became rather the handmaid than the rival of the art to which he had devoted himself. He fell passionately in love with the Saskia he has made famous, the fair and fairly dowered daughter of a noble Friesland family. Saskia smiled on the advances of the fashionable painter, but her relatives were in no hurry to give their consent. Like Jacob, he had to wait and work for his bride. The time of probation was fruitful, for he was not only permitted to see and correspond with the young lady, but to paint her charms as often as he pleased. He used, and perhaps abused, his opportunities. We see Saskia posing in all costumes and characters; he elaborates her attractions with a loving touch, and he delights to deck her out with jewels, and to arrange her fanciful toilets with the taste of an artistic costumier. Her features are as familiar to us as those of his venerated parents, but they scarcely impress us as being equally faithful. We suspect he was inclined sometimes to idealise, and in the half-length in the Cassel Museum she seems more delicately refined than in the better-known full face in the collection of Prince Lichtenstein. It is evident that she sat for the bride in the "Fiancée Juive," where the Rose of Sharon is unmistakably Dutch. But it is clear that Saskia was no great beauty, and her lover was too conscientious to be extravagantly complimentary. Like the kine in Pharaoh's first vision, she was exceedingly fat and well-preserved —what we should call in Scotland a "sonsy lass," who, had she lived, must have expanded into a portly matron. Yet her face had a fair share of the *beauté de diable*, and M. Michel expatiates on the malicious sparkle of her half-closed eyes. The marriage, when it came off, was undoubtedly a happy one, and if the establishment subsequently got into debt and difficulties, it was not that the head of it neglected his business. The bright young wife was continually on duty in the studio, where caresses may have cheered the *ennuis* of tedious sittings for the figures in many of the sacred and classical pieces. Now we see her draped in the flowing oriental garments, and again in the classical minimum of clothing which scarcely conceals her luxuriant charms. Never is she exhibited to more advantage than in the celebrated Saskia of Dresden, where she is seated in a gala dress on her husband's knee. Here again Rembrandt almost reproduces a similar scene by Rubens. The execution is as admirable as the effect is coquettish; as a bit of portraiture, it is hardly possible to pick a fault in it; but we agree with M. Michel that, to those familiar with the painter's private life, there is a rather ludicrous impression of affectation and unreality. Rubens was a jovial Fleming, and notoriously a *bon vivant;* Rembrandt, on the contrary, among his hard-drinking countrymen, was a model of sobriety. Yet here we have him as a joyous roisterer, holding up a long glass of beer or wine, and treating the cherished deity of his domestic hearth as if he had been supping with a reckless courtesan in a cabaret. But it was his art and not the wine which had gone to his head, and, to do him jus-

tice, it is perhaps the only case where he has given himself away to such *abandon*. Franz Hals has often depicted similar scenes, with almost equal power and perhaps superior spirit. But Hals, with his remarkable gifts, was in the habit of seeking for inspiration in the taverns he haunted, like so many of the most brilliant Dutch amateurs of the grotesque.

As the portrait-painter of the day and the marvel of the metropolis, Rembrandt was brought into contact with the leading citizens, and doubtless was a welcome guest in the best society of Amsterdam. But in his versatility, his ambition, and his devotion to the eccentric and picturesque, he could never confine himself to the most paying branch of his profession. Fortunately for us, he still loved to frequent the *quais*, the fairs, and the markets: to delineate the busy life which illustrated common character in action. It is noteworthy that for many years he had taken up his residence in the crowded Jewish quarter. The studies he made there have entered largely into the composition of such contemporary pieces as the "Sacrifice of Abraham" and the "Adoration of the Shepherds." Nor was any period of his life—not even his time of education at Leyden—more fertile in spirited etchings. And each successive stage of the etching indicates a change and a distinct advance. Already the influence of the Italian schools was beginning to extend to Holland, and again, to the diminution of his great reputation, he reverts to the less congenial classical themes. The refined poetry of the old Greek myths is hopelessly vulgarised in a coarse and even offensive metempsychosis. It would appear, from the multiplicity of the preliminary sketches, that he had bestowed exceptional pains on the gross and repulsive flying Ganymede of Dresden, and it is unpleasant to see the significant sign of the fright of the boy, when he is ravished away in the clutches of the bird of Jove. As for the Danaë, she is disenchanting and almost disgusting, though, as a practical young woman, it seems likely enough that she had let herself be seduced by a shower of silver gulden. The "Marriage of Samson"—though it is a Dutch wedding—and the "Tobias" are of a far higher order; though, to our mind, neither approaches for simple effect the sportsman proudly holding up his capercailzie. Be that as it may, there is little question that in those days he "placed" all his pictures. He is said to have been overwhelmed with commissions, and his income must have been very large. Moreover, he took apprentices at high fees, as was the practice of the time; and, like illustrious moderns in the arts and letters, is said to have been largely assisted by "shadows" and "ghosts." In fact, he had more than one pupil of extraordinary talent, whose work, with very slight retouching, might easily have passed for his own. Among these were Bol, Flinck, and Van Eeckhout. That fact, of course, throws a certain shade of doubt on the genuineness of some of the works attributed to the master. But, after all, what does it signify to us? Each separate work of art must be judged apart and on its merits; and those who sentimentally hold to a name may be satisfied by knowing that Rembrandt's *surveillance* in his studio was incessant. Even under the pressure of debts and duns, he was never wanting in regard for his reputation. We may be sure that nothing left the *atelier* which had not either actually passed

under his hands or at least been stamped with the hall-mark of his approval. As to that, his free-handed fashions when attending sales were extremely significant. When he had decided to buy a painting or a sketch, he always made the first offer so high that no one was likely to outbid him. To frugal friends who objected to his recklessness, he would answer that it was his desire to do honour to his profession.

It is noteworthy that, as he not very unfrequently sank to bathos when striving after the sublime, so he sometimes rises to sublimity when he meant to be most homely and simple. For example, no one of his smaller works pleases us more than his little domestic group in the quiet cottage interior, which is christened "The Household of the Joiner," and is hung in the Louvre. The peasant woman with the baby on her knee is more spiritual than any of the Virgin mothers he has painted; and as a *sujet de genre*, with the lights, the faces, the attitudes, and the details, it scarcely ranks below the finest works of Velasquez.

Then he painted the masterpiece miscalled "The Night-watch." It had been commanded by the rich Company of the musketeers or crossbowmen, and paradoxically it marked at once the zenith of his fame and the beginning of his temporary eclipse. It is really a call to arms of the civic guard. Like good men of business as they were, the captain and lieutenant may have stipulated that their well-known figures were to stand out conspicuously. Be that as it may, the popular painter stood boldly for his independence, and broke away from the conventionalities. He executed a noble historical piece. Seldom has he brought out in stronger relief his daring contrasts of light and shadow. The grouping is as excellent as the appropriate framework of the background, and all is brilliantly illuminated by the fitful glare of the torches. Yet we cannot help thinking that one of the principals had some reason to be dissatisfied. For whereas the figure of the stalwart captain is calmly dignified, we are always inclined to see a touch of realistic irony in his self-satisfied little subordinate in white, who is strutting complacently at his elbow. That glistening white uniform is now thrown out in its pristine brilliancy. We have not seen the old painting since it was cleaned in 1889, but M. Michel remarks on it as a wonderful example of successful restoration. For long "The Night-watch" has ranked among the great paintings of Europe. But at the time it brought the artist more criticism than credit. His wealthy patrons for the first time gave the cold shoulder to a painter who had ceased to be orthodox, and as troubles or sorrows come in battalions, Fortune began to turn her back. Saskia, the beloved *hausfrau*, sickened and died, and he sadly missed the presence which had made the happiness of his home. He had as much reason to miss the manager who had looked after his affairs and kept the household accounts. Under the darkening shadows of an abiding grief, he felt that his magical genius was failing him; and in those days of despondency he was no longer buoyed up by the tangible pecuniary evidences of his undisputed supremacy. He shunned the society that had ceased to court him, and withdrew to indulge his grief in the quiet seclusion of the country.

Future generations of admirers

have lost nothing by his retreat. It was quite impossible for Rembrandt to be idle, and his impulse was to educate himself by incessant work. To that period, when effort was its own reward, we are indebted for many of his most remarkable paintings, and innumerable etchings of character and landscape. Again we are back among the windmills and the venerable water-mills; again we have the sand-dunes and the dreary flats; again we have the boors in their work-aday or festive suits, and the beggars, with their bones staring through their tatters. But the painter and etcher has made marvellously long strides since the days of his Leyden novitiate. There are Troyen-like pastoral scenes, and Corot-like studies of storm-buffeted alder-clumps standing out against lowering sunsets and clouds portentous of storm. Yet his versatility and the catholicism of his *genre* have not been in any degree lessened. Away from his models, and having abandoned his properties to creditors, he can still launch forth in such subjects as the "Saviour preaching," though we can hardly say he is altogether himself when swimming without his bladders; but neither eye nor hand have lost anything of their cunning, and firm assurance is shown in the portraits that were etched from the life. We know not that he ever threw off anything more forcible than the "Jan Cornelis Sylvius" of 1646. The pen-and-ink sketch for it is now in the British Museum, and the venerable face in the finished work reflects in each eloquent line the motto over the head—*Spes mea Christus*. Yet the "Geometrician" and the "Old Haaring" of ten years later are no whit inferior. We may add that the last of his own self-representations, where the prematurely worn man of fifty-four does not spare himself a single wrinkle or crowsfoot, is the worthy culmination of his unparalleled gallery of self-delineation. It was to the industry of the following year that we are indebted for the well-known "Syndics," for the tide of public favour seems to have been beginning to flow again. Yet, so far as earthly hope or happiness was concerned, his light was destined to go out in darkness. His later life was melancholy romance, and the closing scenes are tragic. We might devote a long article to the seamy side of that strangely checkered existence, where, doubtless owing to his imprudence, extravagance, and want of the national business qualities, he was subjected to daily worry and to every variety of mortification. He was crippled by debts and worried by mortgagees and settlement trustees. The houses he had bought or built were sold for what they would fetch, and his cherished collections had been sent to the hammer and scattered among unappreciative purchasers. What can have been more humiliating to a decent Dutchman than being formally declared an insolvent defaulter in that mercantile society of Amsterdam, which believed before all things in credit and gulden? The humbly born artist had the bitterness of knowing that he had made his way among the commercial aristocracy by sheer force of genius; that he had married so as to give society every satisfaction; that he had held his honoured head high among the best; and that, with the ball of fortune at his foot, he had wantonly kicked it away. M. Michel suggests that the touching picture of the Redeemer's passion, painted the very year before his death,

was the pathetic expression of his own sufferings, of his baffled aspirations and his blighted hopes. At all events, it almost synchronised with the death of his son, a year before that of his father; and Rembrandt, who passed away himself in the autumn of 1669, was followed to the grave in a very few days by his widowed stepdaughter. He would have died the richest man in Holland, could he in his lifetime have realised but a modest percentage on the pecuniary reversion of his posthumous glory.

His art was originating because intensely and essentially original. He marks the epoch in Dutch development from which all the branches of the schools took their subsequent departures. His pupils perpetuated the traditions of the departed master, and even his rivals had submitted to the influence they could not fail to appreciate. For the truth was that the grandeur and the range of his genius were only limited by the conditions under which it asserted itself. He had few advantages; he had never any regular teacher; and the predecessors on whom he might have modelled himself would only have led him astray, had it not been for the sturdy independence which was the expression and safeguard of his genius. His amazing instinct for the technique of his art, which was what his more capable contemporaries were most fitted to admire, reconciled them in a measure to the novelty of his conceptions. Realistic as the most realistic of them—and we know that we have always been ringing the changes on his realism—he brought poetry into the prose of their studios,—and he rises easily from an actuality or a pastoral to an epic. Nor has any one of his successors been able to tread tolerably closely in all his footsteps, from the drawing a bucket of water by a village maiden in *sabots* to a Resurrection of Lazarus or an Elevation of the Cross. In his grand historical pictures he stands absolutely apart. He alone can generalise as well as individualise, combining breadth with the most minute observation. It is there we see his superiority to such finished masters in their respective styles as Van der Helst and Franz Hals, who can suggest a man's character in the back sinews of his hand, but who will fritter away force on the embroideries and accessories. The brilliant audacity of Rembrandt explains alike his shortcomings and his failures. He was always breaking fresh and unfamiliar ground, and he had neither the time nor the temperament to meditate and hesitate. He took *excelsior* for his motto, even in the most commonplace work, and so it is that he has left no direct heir-general, but a host of legatees to divide his gifts and share the succession.

We must say a word or two by way of postscript on the direct or indirect influence of the great teacher on some of his more or less illustrious followers. To not a few of them he communicated his rare feeling for the picturesque: to all he taught intense conscientiousness and the importance of careful technical execution. Gerard Dou stands easily at the head of one of the sub-schools. He had entered the studio of Rembrandt as a boy of fifteen, and he passed three years there. He elaborated elaboration, and executed all his subjects, Scriptural or otherwise, in transcendental miniature. In spite of the extreme delicacy of his finish, he is believed to have

painted upwards of two hundred pictures. His favourite pupil Van Mieris closely resembles him, and as Dou was born at Leyden, Van Mieris died there. Schalken, in the harshness of his lights and shadows, was a coarser Dou and a cruder Rembrandt. Yet some of his studies, like the girl shading the candle-flame with her plump hand, are wonderfully lifelike and vigorous. As for Van der Eeckhout, Bol, and Flinck, they all loved to reproduce their master's favourite subjects, and perhaps it is the first who most closely approaches his excellence. Van der Meer and the more humorous Maas laid themselves out to imitate the *genre* pictures. Nor was De Hooch, who subsequently betook himself to a similar style, far behind either. As for Drost, he so heartily admired Rembrandt that he became a pictorial commentator by caricaturing his foibles and failings. Terburg, though he generally lavished his genius on the glorification of millinery, showed that, had he chosen, he might have risen to far nobler conceptions, as in the famous historical piece of his "Congress of Munster," generously presented to the National Gallery by Sir Richard Wallace. Metsu, although inferior in exquisiteness of finish, paints with finer feeling and sentiment. A Leyden man by birth, he is said to have gone to spend two years in Amsterdam, in order to form himself on his illustrious fellow-citizen. So Netcher had formed himself on Terburg and Metsu, to whom he runs a rather indifferent third.

Jan Steen likewise came from Leyden. He fortunately failed as a brewer, and fell back upon the fine arts. His work is the more wonderful, that he had been set up by his friends in a tavern, where he had no more thirsty customer than himself. Yet it is evident that all his best work was done before the liquor had died down in him. His versatility, as the Apelles of the tavern company, is inexhaustible as his humour, and the clever compositions suggested by ludicrous actualities are always overflowing with genuine fun. Adrien Brouwer was the dissipated pupil of the dissipated Hals. He depicts to admiration the drunken card-playing boors, with their earthen beer-flagons and their broken pipes. The touch and the fancies are of Steen and Brouwer; the lights from the forge-fire or the candles on the table are clearly those of Rembrandt. Adrian van Ostade had likewise studied under Hals, but he had so obviously gone back a stage in seeking for his inspirations, that he has been styled the Rembrandt of *genre*. Again, the influence of Rembrandt is to be traced, though less directly, in the horse-pieces of Wouvermans and the cattle-pieces of Paul Potter; nor do we fail to find it in the landscapes of Ruysdael, Hobbema, and Van Goyen, and even in the works of the great marine painters. In sunshine or in storm, at sunrise or by moonlight, it is always to be distinguished; but above all, as we have insisted over and over again, it is conspicuous in the thoroughgoing methods of those brilliant but laborious Dutchmen.

LINE-FISHERS *v.* BEAM-TRAWLERS.

In a previous article in 'Maga'[1] some account was given of the *modus operandi* of trawl-fishing, and of the recent progress made by the industry on the East Coast of Scotland. A number of facts and opinions were also cited tending to disprove the serious allegations that have been made against this more modern method of reaping the harvest of the sea. Since that article was published, important occurrences in connection with our fisheries have thrown fresh light on a controversy which has, so far as Scotland is concerned, assumed the phase of a "burning question."

The line-fishing has shown many signs of decline, and the distress among the fisher-folk on some parts of our coasts has aroused the widespread sympathy of the general public. To such an extent does this feeling prevail, that the Board which is intrusted with the regulation of the Scottish fisheries appears to have been "captured" by the line-fishers' friends, and to have adopted, in their interest, a policy distinctly hostile to trawling. In October 1892 the Scottish Fishery Board took the somewhat extreme step of closing to beam-trawlers the whole of the Moray Firth, within a line drawn from Duncansby Head in Caithness, to Rattray Point in Aberdeenshire, and the Board's by-law to this effect was confirmed by the Secretary for Scotland. The arm of the sea from which British trawlers were thus excluded comprises an area of something like 2000 square miles, and within it the East Coast trawlers had previously found their happiest—*i.e.*, most prolific—hunting-ground. At a meeting held at Aberdeen in October to protest against the action of the Board, it was stated that 25 per cent of the total catch of the trawlers of that port was taken within the Moray Firth. Notwithstanding this apparently serious blow to the trawling industry, it still grows apace. New steam-trawlers are launched from the Aberdeen shipbuilding-yards at the rate of about one a-month, and there are now over one hundred of these vessels landing fish with more or less regularity at the Aberdeen Fish-Market Wharf. Ten years ago there were only forty-three steam-trawlers in all Scotland. In 1892 there were 140 Scottish boats and about sixty English engaged in beam-trawling in Scottish waters, most of which were steamers. During the past year another great increase took place in the quantity of trawled fish landed. The following figures for Aberdeen are taken from the official returns:—

Trawl-fish landed at Aberdeen.

	Cwt.	Value.
In 1891, . .	198,988	£156,262
In 1892, . .	245,602	173,770

Considering that this trade, so far as Aberdeen is concerned, had no existence less than a dozen years back, and that it now gives employment there, directly or indirectly, to between 2000 and 3000 "hands," the rapid strides beam-trawling has made will be at once apparent. Trawling, in fact, appears to thrive by the very

[1] "Beam-Trawling," May 1892.

measures that are intended to restrict, if not entirely arrest, its development. Even since the closing of the Moray Firth there has been an increase in the quantity of trawled fish landed. The following figures show the amount of trawl-fish that passed over the Aberdeen Fish Wharf during the three months following the closing of the Firth, compared with the figures for the corresponding period of the previous year :—

	Cwt.	Value.
Before closing—		
Dec. 1891, Jan. and Feb. 1892	52,282	£44,109
After closing—		
Dec. 1892, Jan. and Feb. 1893	75,739	49,964

The figures for the nine months ending September of the present year and the corresponding period of last year, previous to the closing of the Firth, show a similar comparison :—

	Cwt.	Value.
Jan. to Sept. 1892	168,973	£119,063
do. do. 1893	215,370	139,798

This increase, however, is chiefly in round fish; the supply of the choicer flat fish which the banks of the Firth yielded in large quantities has somewhat diminished. But the trawlers have gone farther afield, and some newly fished banks, at a distance of eighty or one hundred miles to sea, are proving very productive, while fifteen Aberdeen boats have been fishing in Iceland waters with profitable results.

The closing of the Moray Firth has not appeased the hostility of the line-fishers to the trawlers, whom they appear to regard as their natural enemies. It would seem, indeed, only to have added fuel to the fire of their anger. Demonstrations of fishermen have been held at Peterhead, Fraserburgh, Buckie, Lossiemouth, Burghhead, and other towns and villages on the east coast, at which trawling has been denounced in the most extravagant terms, and resolutions have been passed calling for its legislative suppression. The speakers at these meetings who have not gone quite so far as total prohibition in their demands, have called for the closing to trawlers of all waters within a radius of thirty miles of the coast-line. The trawlers are still accused of "ruining" or "paralysing" line-fishing, by "cleaning" the fishing-beds of fish, and destroying the fish-food by ploughing and harrowing the banks on which the vegetation grows that produces it. They are further charged with the destruction of "enormous quantities" of fish-spawn and many thousands of immature fish. Thus they are said to be doing their best to create a fish famine, and to the multiplication of trawlers the pitiable plight of the line-fishers in many of the ports of the east coast is attributed. It must be admitted that the line-fishers have in recent years suffered considerable reverses of fortune, and in not a few fishing towns many were reduced to extreme poverty during last winter. From one of the Moray Firth ports it was reported that the fishermen can now hardly make a living, and do not earn 5s. a-week on the average all through the winter months. From other ports come similar tales of distress. As an illustration of the bearing of the present state of things on the social condition of the fisher-folk, it is said that whereas the older men who have followed the line-fishing many years live in houses of their own, their children who have married find themselves unable to build cottages as their

fathers did before them, and in consequence several families have now to live together. A Burghead curer states that he has seen as many cod-fish brought into his yard in one day as he had during the whole of the last winter. It is related that a few years back, during the winter herring-fishery, which begins about the New Year, when a Buckie fisherman was asked how he was doing, his reply was, "Oh! not weel at a' this year. We're only making £6, 10s. a man in the week." That was the fisherman's idea of not doing well a few years ago, when £10 per week per man was not infrequently made by the crews of many boats. It ought to be explained, in passing, that herring are caught both by line and net, but as yet beam-trawlers have not invaded the herring-field to any extent. This fish, like the salmon, which is caught inshore, is therefore, as yet, somewhat outside the arena of the controversy. Complaint has, however, been made of damage done by seine-net trawling for herring off the Ayrshire coast. Two other facts, bearing on the impoverished condition of the line-fishermen, may be mentioned. At Peterhead it was stated at a recent meeting that the earnings of the fishermen there during the previous season would not average 2s. 6d. per week; while in connection with the haddock-fishery figures were given to show that the earnings of the men had gradually dwindled year by year, until in the previous half-year their outgoings for bait, depreciation of lines, and other expenses had exceeded their income. It will readily be understood that under these circumstances much privation must have been endured by the poor fishers and their families. Their case is undoubtedly one that calls for considerate treatment. They are, as a class, brave, hardy, industrious—

> "A race inured to toil severe,"—

and possessing many excellent traits of character. That their lot has now fallen on evil times is a matter which must arouse the interest and concern of the most indifferent, and give them a strong claim on the practical sympathy of their fellow-countrymen.

But to what are the troubles of the fisher-folk due? Is trawling the cause of them? This is what the fishermen and their friends urge. All their misfortunes are laid at the door of the beam-trawlers. Moreover, as the fishermen have votes, and form a large portion of the constituencies of the seaboard county divisions, parliamentary candidates of both political parties have somewhat heedlessly adopted their conclusions, and sought to outbid each other in promises of legislative measures for the suppression or further restriction of beam-trawling. That the rapid increase of trawling has something to do with the depressed condition of the line-fishing industry on various parts of the coast is quite possible. For one thing, the steam-trawlers have brought much larger supplies of fish into the market than formerly, and thus have affected prices, to the prejudice of the line-fishers. In several particulars, to be indicated further on, the practices of certain trawlers may also have injured the line-fishing locally in a more direct way than by bringing down prices. But that the woes of the fishermen are wholly, or in any very material degree to be ascribed to beam-trawling, it would be difficult to prove. As a matter of fact, the supply of line-caught fish has increased during

the past few years, though not to the same extent as that of trawl-fish. The quantity of line-fish landed at Aberdeen last year was 109,919 cwt., value £61,431, as against 101,536 cwt., value £55,063, in 1891. But along with this increase in the produce of the line-fishing, there has been a decrease in the number of men and boats employed. The number of small line-boats engaged in the white fishery in Scotland is steadily falling. As between 1890 and 1891 there was a decrease of 433 fishing-boats and 1626 fishermen, while in the same years the number of steam trawl-boats increased from 118, of the gross tonnage of 4703 tons, in 1890, to 132, of 6484 tons gross, in 1891; and the decrease of the one class of boat and increase of the other has since continued at a similar rate. The Fishery Board's Report for 1891 called attention to the fact that the East Coast fishermen had been compelled to do away with crofter and "half-dale" fishermen, and to get better boats, more efficiently manned. The number of men and boys employed in line-boats was only 45,524 in 1891, that being the smallest number recorded since 1875; while the boats numbered 13,801, which is the smallest number registered in any one year since 1868. The returns for 1892 show 45,629 men and boys employed in 13,865 Scottish boats,—a slight increase, which is probably confined to those engaged on the west coast.

Then, again, as regards the increase in the quantity of line-caught fish brought to market, it is noticeable that of haddock, which has hitherto been the staple article of the East Coast white fishery, the quantity landed at Aberdeen by line-fishers has fallen from 34,497 cwt. in 1891 to 29,003 cwt. in 1892; while, on the other hand, the local trawlers have increased their catch of this fish from 101,834 cwt. in 1891 to 141,341 in 1892. This is a fish that has in recent years risen in price considerably, but for some reason or other the line-fishers have not shared the full benefit of the increased value. Taking fish of all kinds, the recently issued returns show that whereas there has been an increased quantity caught, values have declined. It would thus appear that where there has been an advantage in fluctuating prices, it has gone to the trawlers. The line-fishermen have been most hardly hit by the falling markets, and the more so as they do not take with the line in any quantity the more valuable flat fish which have come into such demand in recent years, and of which the trawlers bring to our markets the bulk of the supply.

It should be borne in mind, however, that from the earliest times the line-fishing industry has been a precarious one, subject to great vicissitudes. What is more, from the earliest days in which we have any record of trawling—and it dates back to mediæval times—there has been a deadly feud between the line-fishers and the trawlers. As illustrating the fluctuating character of the line-industry, here are two extracts from the old 'Statistical Account of Scotland,' published a hundred years ago, which show that it was as precarious then as it is to-day:—

"*Gamrie*, 1792 (*Presbytery of Turriff*).—Some years ago the fishermen received for their salt fish about £250 annually. Of late years the fishing has been remarkably poor, scarcely sufficient to supply the markets at home. The reason may have been the immense quantities of sea-dogs,

a kind of shark, with which the coast has been infested. Long after the present minister [the writer] was settled in the parish he could have bought haddocks at 1d. or 1½d. per dozen, now they cost 1s. or 1s. 6d."

"*Kilrenny, St Andrews,* 1791.—At one time vast quantities of fishing-boats were employed here, sometimes as many as 500. Ten or twelve large boats would come into the harbour, swimming to the brim with large cod, besides thirty, forty, or fifty strung upon a rope fastened to the stern, which they took in tow. The fishery now (1791) is almost decayed."

Coming down to later times, it may be mentioned as another illustration of the extraordinary variations between abundance and scarcity that occur at times with fish of various species, that some forty or fifty years ago soles were so scarce that a Scottish fisherman who brought a couple to market remarked, with a mournful shake of the head, as he showed his precious commodities to the by-standers, "These are the last pair of soles in the North Sea." Of course it is not only line-fishers who suffer from fluctuations of this sort. Trawlers are equally subject to them. In a memorandum recently prepared by the Aberdeen Fish Trade Association, embodying their views on fishery questions, which was laid before the Scottish Secretary, it is stated that—

"Somewhere in the Forties an enterprising fish-curing firm fitted out, at considerable cost, a sailing smack as a trawler, manning it with the most efficient crew available, who, however, failed to make even wages at the work, which was stopped after a few months' trial. By a coincidence the banks were then, or shortly thereafter, almost entirely deserted by both haddock and herring, which desertion continued, in the case of the latter, till very recently, and was wholly attributed by the line-fishermen to the operations of this single unsuccessful trawler, which could not, however, be charged with causing equally marked, but widely separated, periods of similar scarcity, affecting not only the Moray Firth but the entire east coast of Scotland."

In the same memorandum the remark is made:—

"It is worthy of note that it is only in those classes of food-fishes caught by line-men that any marked scarcity presently exists. There has always been abundance of flat fish, which, however, liners seldom catch."

That the feud between "liners" and trawlers has existed almost from time immemorial, is clear from a record dated so far back as 1376-77, when a petition was presented to Parliament by line-fishermen against the use of a new instrument called a "wondyr-choun," which was a kind of trawl or drag net. It was alleged against this, just as it is charged to the beam-trawl to-day, that its "hard and long irons destroy the spawn and brood of the fish beneath the said water, and also destroy the spat of oysters, mussels, and other fish, by which large fish are accustomed to feed and be supported." Further, it was urged that by means of this "wondyr-choun" the fishermen "take so great abundance of small fish aforesaid that they know not what to do with them, and feed and fatten their pigs with them, to the great damage of the whole commons of the kingdom and the destruction of the fisheries." To-day it is alleged that the trawler does not trouble himself to land the thousands of immature flat fish which he brings up. They are "shovelled overboard," dead or dying, "along with the tangle, mud, star-fish, and other 'trash.'" In 1630 Charles I. ordered an inquiry by Viscount Dorchester,

a Secretary of State, into the numerous complaints made by fishermen from all parts of the coast respecting injuries done by the nets of trawlers. At various times thereafter, during that and several succeeding reigns, as well as during the Commonwealth, regulations were made for the restriction and control of the rude forms of trawling then in vogue.

In the previous article on this subject, to which reference has already been made, it was shown that certain of the charges brought by the line-fishers against trawlers were altogether unfounded, while others were exaggerated. There is, however, sufficient evidence to show that the practice of trawling, when pursued recklessly, diminishes the fish-supply within limited areas. Other Governments besides our own have recognised the injurious consequences of excessive and ill-regulated trawling; and this mode of fishing has been wholly or partially prohibited, except under certain strictly defined conditions and within limited areas, by Italy, Spain, France, Denmark, and Norway—the prohibitive measures having usually been passed after a scientific investigation into the subject. In 1883 a Royal Commission was appointed by our own Government, which was specially charged with the task of inquiring into the allegations made against beam-trawling. This Commission reported in 1885, and its findings were thus summarised:—

"After carefully considering the whole evidence on the question of the decrease of fish, we are of opinion that, as regards territorial waters, (1) on many fishing-grounds, from the Moray Firth to Grimsby, there has been a falling off in the takes of flat fish as regards quantity and quality; (2) there has also been a decrease in the takes of haddock in certain places, chiefly in bays and estuaries; and, as regards off-shore waters, (3) no decrease except in the case of soles."

As regards trawling, the Commission found that—

"(3) The beam-trawl is not destructive to cod and haddock spawn. There is no proof of injury to the spawn of herrings or other edible fish; (4) there is no wasteful or unnecessary destruction of immature food-fishes by the beam-trawl; (5) the number of fish on particular grounds, especially in narrow waters, may be sensibly diminished by the use of the beam-trawl; (6) the injury done by the beam-trawl to the food of fish is insignificant; (7) it has not been proved that the use of the beam-trawl is the sole cause of the diminution of fish in territorial waters; (8) in the absence of a proper system of fishery statistics and scientific observations, it is impossible to discover the causes or measure the fluctuations of the fisheries; (9) much avoidable damage has been done to drift-nets and haddock-lines, especially by steam-trawlers; and (10) peculiar difficulties attend the recovery by fishermen of compensation under the Sea Fisheries Act or by civil damages."

This was generally regarded as a verdict of "Not proven" on the more serious counts of the indictment against the trawlers; but by both trawlers and line-fishers the findings of the Commissioners were held to be inconclusive. Certain legislation followed the presentation of this report, designed to protect the line-fishermen and regulate trawling. The Act of 1885, among other provisions, gave large powers to the Scottish Fishery Board in respect of the closing of parts of the sea within territorial limits against any particular mode of fishing, either to enable the Board to carry on experiments and investigations, or when such method of fishing

was deemed injurious. It also enabled the Board to enact by-laws regulating and restricting trawling, and fixed a scale of compensation to fishermen for damage done to their nets and lines. The Act of 1889 absolutely prohibited trawling within the three-miles limit, but gave powers to the Board to relax the prohibition if deemed advisable. It further empowered the Board to close to British trawlers the whole of the Moray Firth, which embraces a large area of water beyond territorial limits. Under the first-mentioned Act the Firth of Forth and St Andrews Bay were closed; and under the second, trawling is now prohibited within the more extensive area of the Moray Firth. Doubts have been expressed as to whether this prohibition can be given effect to as regards foreign trawlers, which sometimes fish in British waters and land their takes at Scottish ports. This point has opened a delicate question in international law, upon which legal authorities are divided. Should any foreign trawlers take advantage of the uncertainty on the point and be allowed the benefit of the doubt, British trawlers will certainly be furnished with a very substantial grievance.

It cannot be said that, so far, any benefit has resulted to the line-men from the prohibitory measures enforced against their rivals. The restrictions have certainly not allayed the anti-trawling agitation, which seems to have gained force and depth since they were put into force. Nor, on the other hand, do the new restrictions seem to have been any disadvantage to the trawlers. The facts already cited show that trawling has continued to flourish. But the closing of large arms of the sea has not had the effect of making fish more plentiful. The Firth of Forth and St Andrews Bay have been closed for more than six years now to all trawling but that carried on experimentally by the Fishery Board's own steamer. Yet we read in the Board's annual report for 1891 that "a considerable decrease occurred in the abundance of the food-fishes within the closed waters of the Firth of Forth and St Andrews Bay. This diminution was chiefly in round fish, but very considerably also in flat fish in St Andrews Bay. There was a slight increase in flat fish in the Firth of Forth." Last year the falling off was more marked in flat fish than round. There was a slight increase in round fish captured in the open waters. "But," says the report for 1892, "an analysis of the records brings out the fact very clearly that the abundance of the food-fishes has on the whole diminished since the waters were closed to beam-trawling." Dr Wemyss Fulton, the Board's scientific investigator, makes, in the 1891 report, the following observations on the effects of closing of arms of the sea:—

"From the more local habits of flat fishes, it might be naturally expected that the prohibition of beam-trawling—the mode of fishing by which they are chiefly captured—for a term of years in a large area like the Firth of Forth and St Andrews Bay would be followed by a gradual and considerable increase in their number. The trawling experiments of the Garland and certain statistics do not show that such an increase has occurred. These experiments were begun in 1886 in the Firth of Forth and St Andrews Bay; and it is clear from an analysis of the results, that the prohibition of beam-trawling within the Firth of Forth and St Andrews Bay has not been followed by the increase in the abundance of flat fishes within these waters which was anticipated within the closed area, flat fish having on the

whole diminished rather than increased: but, in considering this fact, it is necessary to bear in mind, on the one hand, the results of certain concurrent investigations carried out on board the Garland; and, on the other hand, the greatly increased development of beam-trawling in recent years. It has been shown by the researches of the Garland that the great majority of the food-fishes—cod, haddock, whiting, plaice, lemon-soles, &c.—either do not spawn at all within the closed area referred to, or only to a slight extent in the case of some forms. The adult fish, when mature, leave the territorial waters and congregate at the spawning-time beyond the three-mile limit, when the eggs are cast forth in myriads, and are gradually floated towards the shallow water. It is among these off-shore spawning shoals that trawlers work on a large scale; and it is obvious that, if the adult fish are captured on the breeding-grounds in greatly increased numbers before they have spawned, the supply of young fishes for the inshore waters must be materially reduced."

These interesting observations would seem to point to the impolicy of closing inshore waters to trawlers, and driving them out to the breeding-grounds. The Board virtually admits this; but shows, nevertheless, its animus against trawlers in the following conclusions, which go right in the teeth of the findings of the Royal Commission of 1885:—

"The trawlers, driven outside the inshore waters, generally take to the breeding-grounds, for there the hauls are most abundant. The significance of this fact, in connection with the falling off in the inshore fisheries, is becoming too grave to be longer overlooked. The growth of population has been followed by an increase in the demand for fresh fish, the extension of the means of distribution has ministered to this demand, and if the floor of the ocean is to be swept without public regulation, the ordinary fishing-grounds will prove inadequate to maintain the supply. The destruction of spawning fish is proving a serious evil. Some of our fisheries are, in fact, in danger of being exhausted unless judicious regulations are rigidly enforced."

In this report (for 1891) the Fishery Board apparently indorses and adopts the charges of the line-fishers against the trawlers, while at the same time, elsewhere in the report, it acknowledges that its own experiments and investigations are not sufficiently advanced to justify a final conclusion. The plea of inadequate means of investigation is again made in the 1892 report, and it is pointed out that "the small size and unseaworthiness of the Board's steam-vessel, the Garland (36.4 tons register), have considerably curtailed the extent and usefulness of the investigations." It will be seen that the theory first adopted in closing territorial waters has been abandoned. It was expected this course would lead to an increase of flat fish within the closed areas. But, instead of increasing, these fish have decreased; and now, therefore, another theory is mooted—viz., that the decrease is owing to the circumstance that the trawlers, driven out from the inshore waters, have resorted to the spawning-grounds, which are assumed to lie outside the territorial limits. It follows that the action of the Board itself is chargeable with the present scarcity of the fish: it has compelled the trawlers to resort to fishing-grounds where, the Board's reports lead us to infer, trawling has a still more injurious effect on the fish-supply. Under the circumstances, the policy of closing arms of the sea and inshore waters to trawling can only be justified on the ground that it is necessary for purposes of experiment and investigation. Since the 1891 report of the Fishery Board was issued (September 1892), the

Moray Firth has been closed. That report was prepared by the officials of the last Board, and this body has been partially reconstituted since; but the present Board is as determined as its predecessor to pursue a policy of hostility to trawling. In reply to a memorial presented to it in February by the fishermen of the Berwickshire coast, the Board said:—

"Parliament has so far recognised the injurious effects of the beam-trawl by empowering the Board to close to its operations any portion of the territorial waters on the coast of Scotland, and latterly by practically prohibiting its use within the three-mile limit. The Board have likewise expressed their concurrence in this view by making large use of their statutory powers, and have recently marked their sympathy with the trend of public opinion by shutting up the whole of the Moray Firth; one of the main objects of this restrictive policy being to determine what effect the prohibition of trawling had on the waters from which it was excluded. The Board believe, however, that this can only be determined by a series of systematic experiments extending over a considerable area, and continued for a reasonable period."

The plea for facilities for further experimental research is a good one; but as the inconclusive character of investigations which have already extended over a large number of years, and over extensive areas of territorial waters, is admitted, it was hardly fair of the Board to prejudge the case against the trawlers by adopting on insufficient data the charges made against them.

In the 1892 report, part 3 of which has only been issued within the last few weeks, the Board, without laying the blame wholly on trawling, says that the researches of the Garland point to "general over-fishing in the extra-territorial waters, where the food-fishes mostly spawn; and thus the normal supply of floating fish-eggs and larval fishes does not reach the inshore grounds." It also claims that it has been proved that the operations of man can "disturb the balance of life in the sea, and diminish or exhaust the supply of valuable food-fishes." Yet, as regards the steady decline in the number of flat fish, it is worthy of note that the statistical report of Dr T. Wemyss Fulton shows that, "In regard to the relative quantities of round fish and flat fish landed by beam-trawlers and line-fishermen, while the latter caught a greater quantity of flat fish than in the previous year, the former caught less." The inference would seem to be that if there is over-fishing of these fish, now the trawlers are excluded from territorial waters, the line-fishers must share with them the blame of it.

It is somewhat amusing to note that the Fishery Board adopted, in its official report, the rhetorical expression about the trawl "sweeping the floor of the ocean." The beam, it was explained in a previous article, does not drag along the sea-bottom, as some have alleged. At the same time, on banks or ridges where sea-weeds or "sea-firs" grow, which afford a nursery for the minute animal and vegetable life on which fishes feed, the mere dragging of a rope-net over these feeding-grounds may do a certain amount of mischief. That at least is the opinion of Professor Cossar Ewart, who was the scientific member of the last Fishery Board, and has since been delivering a series of technical lectures, under the Board's auspices, to the fishermen of the east coast. But when Professor Cossar Ewart speaks of trawling "disturbing the balance of nature" by denuding

the sea-banks of their vegetation, as he has done in more than one of his lectures, he lays himself under suspicion of unscientific exaggeration. A whole fleet of trawlers would need to drag the same area over and over again for a lengthy period to denude it of vegetation, and there is not yet a sufficiently large fleet in existence for the purpose.

The question of the destruction of fish-spawn by trawlers is another disputed point. Science has not said its last word yet as to whether fish-spawn floats or sinks. The line-fishermen will have it that the spawn sinks to the bottom, and that trawlers drag it up attached to weed, "sea-flowers," &c. It was pointed out, in the former article, that "scientific men tell us the spawn of most white fish floats." But the experiment by which this is usually demonstrated — that of testing the spawn in a bucket of filtered sea-water—is rightly held to be inconclusive; and the fishers are quite prepared to back their experience against scientific theory. The gravity of sea-water is affected by the salts held in solution, by the sand or other matter in mechanical suspension, and by its own temperature. Hence the same spawn may float at certain times and sink at others. Professor Cossar Ewart's opinion seems to differ from that of other scientists; for he maintains that the specific gravity of the eggs of a number of food-fishes is greater than that of water, and consequently these sink to the bottom, while the eggs of many of the commoner fishes are lighter than water, and these float. It is probable that, as with the disputants over the colour of the chameleon, "all are right, and all are wrong," and that the floating or sinking of fish-spawn is largely determined by variable conditions affecting the gravity of the water. The subject is one of very little moment in this inquiry, for the quantity of fish-spawn trawlers destroy cannot be large.

Of more importance is the question of the destruction of immature fish. But here, again, both line-fishermen and trawlers are sinners; for quantities of undersized fish are caught by both classes. The large size of the trawl-mesh can hardly be urged in disproof of the offence by trawlers; for when dragged after the vessel, the meshes of the net close, and no fish can escape. But at least trawlers may plead, as a set-off, that, if they destroy some immature fish, they also destroy large quantities of those voracious enemies of the food-fishes, the monk or angler fish, the dog-fish, the cat-fish, the squid, and other sea-monsters which the trawl brings up. The ravages of these amongst haddock, whiting, and other food-fish, are far more destructive than anything that can be alleged against trawling. There is no question, however, that the wholesale destruction of immature fish seriously affects our food-supply. The gravity of the danger was fully recognised at the recent Fishery Conference held in London, and a parliamentary Select Committee of Inquiry into the subject was afterwards appointed by the Government. This Committee has recently reported. It considers that there is no necessity for any special legislation for the protection of round fish; but it holds the trawlers responsible for over-fishing the great fishery-grounds in the North Sea, and the consequent diminution of the more valuable kinds of flat fish. The Committee recommend the calling of an International Con-

ference, with a view to a Convention regulating the practice of the fishers of all nations, and more particularly to arrange an agreement for the extension of the three-miles territorial limit, which is deemed insufficient for fishery protection purposes. The question of regulating the size of fish caught is one surrounded with considerable difficulty, owing mainly to the fact that the maturity or immaturity of fish cannot be determined by size alone, and therefore regulations as to the mesh of nets would not suffice. Dr Wemyss Fulton points out that "a small fish may be a mature fish, and an immature fish may be a large fish. To kill a turbot, at 18 inches, or a plaice, at 11 inches, which have not spawned, is more detrimental than to kill probably a dozen at 6 inches." So far as trawling is concerned, Dr Wemyss Fulton thinks that the fault lies in the time the net is sometimes kept down. "A large proportion of the smaller fish appear to be dead when it is hauled. If it were possible to enforce the hauling up of the net before the immature individuals were smothered, and that they should be returned in case of the valuable kinds to the sea alive, a great deal would be done." Here surely is a matter in regard to which trawling might be relieved of some part of its reproach. The time which the trawl-net is kept down, and the time which trawlers frequently stay out at sea, are matters in which comparisons unfavourable to them are often drawn with the line-fishers. While the trawl-net places at our disposal some of the choicest fish the waters yield, a good quantity of its catch is of an inferior quality when brought to market, and does not command so high a price as line-caught fish. The reason is, that much of the fish in the trawl-net is "drowned" or "smothered." In trawled haddock and cod the blood is often found to be clotted along the backbone. This taints the flesh and causes decomposition to set in sooner. In line-fish and meshed herring the blood is found in the head and gills, and the flesh in consequence is said to be firmer and whiter. Professor Cossar Ewart gives it as his opinion that putrefaction may begin in trawled haddocks thirty hours sooner than in haddock caught by line, owing to the *rigor mortis*, or stiffening of the muscles that follows death, coming on and passing off so much earlier. These are points in favour of the line-fishermen, and give their produce a decided advantage in the market. But even here a good deal depends upon the length of the trawl voyages. Some of the West Coast trawlers stay out a fortnight: those trading from Aberdeen were, until the closing of the Moray Firth, seldom out longer than three or four days at a time, and their catches in consequence were in so much better and fresher condition when landed. Some of their fish may even now be seen alive as it lies for auction on the Fish-Market Wharf. But, of course, the farther to sea they are driven, the longer their voyages take. In regard to size of fish, the Select Committee on Sea Fisheries suggests a limit of eight inches in extreme length for soles and plaice, and ten inches for turbot and brill; but this suggestion does not meet the difficulty Dr Fulton pointed out.

An impartial review of the facts must lead to the conclusion that although the line-fishers are passing through a period of hardship and depression just now, their

troubles can only in very slight degree be laid on the backs of the trawlers. Their industry suffers from those migrations and fluctuations of the finny tribes, which science has never been able satisfactorily to explain, which were experienced, just as now, before ever beam-trawlers disturbed the seas, and which are noticed now in seas where beam-trawlers are not. The line-fishers are also subject to similar economic vicissitudes and displacements to those which agriculture has undergone, and which have superseded hand-loom weaving and other cottage industries by the factory system. Enterprises requiring the employment of larger capital for their successful prosecution have come into vogue, and those who adhere to the older methods suffer during the transition period. Even among the line-fishers the small cobles and yawls are giving place to the "great line-boats" and steamers, with larger crews. These are doing an excellent trade; and as they run direct to large ports like Aberdeen, where there is a ready market for the disposal of their takes, they have a decided advantage over the fishers who live in the small fishing villages along the coast. The line-fishermen who are suffering bad trade want better harbours and better facilities for bringing their fish to market. In these particulars more may yet be done for them.

It is idle to suppose that Parliament will consent entirely to suppress beam-trawling, by which it has been computed some 10,000 out of the 96,000 fisher-folk of Scotland, afloat and ashore, now get their living. Nor do the results that have followed the closing of inshore waters to trawlers warrant compliance with the demands that they shall be pushed twenty or thirty miles further out to sea, and all trawling be prohibited within that limit. What should be aimed at is something in the nature of a *modus vivendi*, by which both classes of fishermen may be able to pursue and develop their own methods, without interfering the one with the other. Trawlers complain that the present regulations and restrictions are very irksome to them, and unduly harass a new and important industry. And there is something to be said for this view of the case. On all grounds the present arrangements and by-laws are unsatisfactory, and please neither the one class nor the other, for even the line-fishers are disappointed with the results of closing the Firths.

Among improvements which may be looked for is a better form of trawl-net. The present implement is undoubtedly a somewhat primitive and clumsy one. It is surely not beyond the possibilities of mechanical skill to look for the invention of a net which will be free from many of the objections that are urged against the operation of the present beam-trawl. As regards other proposals, in the memorandum of the Aberdeen Fish Trade Association, already referred to, a number of suggestions are made for the better regulation of both trawl and line fishing, the object aimed at being to permit both to be carried on with a minimum of friction. One suggestion is for the establishment of a stricter close-time, lasting from May to August inclusive. This, it is urged, would effectually prevent almost all the wholesale destruction of spawn and immature fish, of which such bitter complaint is now made. Another suggestion is, that the position of both trawl and line boats should be indicated

by a flag in the daytime and a light at night; that each shall be required to keep within a certain area of operation, and beyond a certain distance of the other; the boat first engaged on a particular fishing-ground to have the right to continue unmolested within the prescribed radius of its mark.

There is at present a Scottish Fishery Bill before Parliament, which has both good and bad points. It has been passed by the Commons, but awaits discussion in the House of Lords in the autumn session. It proposes to reconstitute the Scottish Fishery Board on a quasi-popular representative basis. Also to establish eight District Fishery Committees, as joint-committees of the town and county councils of their respective districts. These are to have extensive powers for the regulation of the local fisheries, including the making and levying of a special rate, not exceeding 1d. in the pound, for fishery purposes. The figure was placed at 3d. in the pound as the bill was first framed, but the amount was reduced in Committee. The bill further gives the Fishery Board power to acquire mussel-beds or "scalps," and to regulate mussel-fisheries. The line-fishermen largely use this bivalve as bait, and the scarcity of bait is another of their grievances. Various public bodies have petitioned against the rating powers of the bill, and also against its method of giving representation of fishing interests on the Fishery Board, which, it is urged, will be representation of the line-fishers only. The Fishery Board is already sufficiently *pro*-line and *anti*-trawl in its proclivities. In other particulars the bill has been regarded as fairly satisfactory.

Whatever regulations may be made, line-fishers can hardly claim immunity from influences that are inseparable from the inevitable tendencies of the times. They cannot claim that their gains shall be protected by the suppression of a new industry that has an equal right to live. The fisher-folk are a class that all must respect for their excellent qualities, and there is none but will deplore the misfortunes that have overtaken so brave and hardy and noble a set of men. But they will need to show their independence and hardihood still further by exercising self-reliance under adversity, and endeavouring manfully to adapt themselves to the new conditions. They are sufferers in common with many thousands of other victims of economic changes; and it remains true of others than fishermen, and in a sense beyond the literal meaning of the words, that

"Men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbour-bar lies moaning."

JESSE QUAIL.

DIARY OF AN IDLE DOCTOR.—IV.

I.—ITALY IN PARIS.

THE picture was considered one of the very best in the whole Salon, and the young painter's name was upon every one's lips. There stood continually a group of admirers in front of the figure, fascinated by its beauty. She lay there upon a purple couch, and a shimmer of life's May-sun streamed over her.

Refined art-critics had decided that her age was at the most sixteen; there was still something of the charm of childhood in her figure, and it seemed as if a veil of innocence clothed her. Who was she, the fair sleeper, the framing of whose countenance was so noble, the harmony of whose limbs was so perfect? Was it true what rumour whispered, that the original of this dazzling picture bore one of France's greatest names; that a high-born beauty of the Faubourg St Germain had, unknown to the world, allowed the painter to look upon the ideal he had sought but never found? Who was she?

The doctor had stood there long and listened to the murmur of applause which bore witness to the young painter's triumph, and, slowly making his way through the crowd, he approached the exit. He paused there for a moment watching one carriage after another roll on its way down the Champs Élysées, and then he wandered away across the Place de la Concorde and entered the Boulevard St Germain. The clock struck seven as he passed St Germain-des-Près, and he hastened his steps, for he had a long way still to go. He turned into one of the small streets in the quarter of the Jardin des Plantes, and it seemed soon as if he had left Paris far behind. The streets began to grow dusk and to contract themselves into lanes, the great shops shrank into small booths, and the *cafés* became pot-houses. Fine coats were ever rarer and blouses more numerous. The hour was nearly eight; it was theatre-time down in the brilliant boulevards, and up here groups of workers wandered home after the day's work. They looked tired and heavy-hearted; the work had been hard; at six in the morning had the bell rung in the manufactories and workshops, and many lived at the distance of an hour's walk. Here and there stood a tattered figure with outstretched hand; he carried no inscription on his breast telling how he became blind, he did not speak aloud one word of his story of misery. He did not need that here, for those who gave him a farthing were poor themselves, and the greater part of them had known what it means to be hungry.

The alleys became still dirtier, and heaps of sweepings and refuse were left in the gutters. It did not matter very much here, where only poor people lived. He went into an old tumble-down house and groped his way up the slippery dark stairs as high as he could go. An old woman met him at the door—he was expected. "*Zitto! zitto!*" (hush! hush!), said the old crone, with her finger on her lips; "she sleeps." And in whispered tone *la nonna* (the grandmother) told how the grandchild had been since yesterday. Rafaella had not been delirious in the night; she had lain still and calm the whole

day, only she now and then had asked to see the child: an hour ago she had fallen asleep with the little one in her arms. Would *il Signor Dottore* wake her? No, that he would not do. He sat himself down in silence beside the old woman on the bench. They were very good friends these two, and he knew well the sorrowful story of the family. They were from San Germano, the village up amongst the mountains half-way between Rome and Naples, whence most of the Italian models come. They had arrived in Paris barely two years ago with a number of men and women from their own neighbourhood. Rafaella's mother had caught *la febbre* and died at the Hotel-Dieu Hospital a couple of months after their arrival, and the old woman and her grandchild had had to manage for themselves alone in the foreign city. And Rafaella had become a model like the others. And a young artist painted her picture. He painted her beautiful girlish head, he painted her young bosom. And then fell her poor clothes, and he painted her in the innocent peace of her sleeping senses. She was the butterfly-winged Psyche, whose lips Eros had not yet kissed; she was Diana's nymph, who, tired after hunting, and unseen by mortal eyes, bathes her maiden limbs in the hidden forest-lake; she was the beautiful dryad of the grove who has fallen asleep on a bed of flowers.

His last picture was ready. Fame entered the young artist's studio, and a ruined child went out from it. They separated like good friends; he wrote her address in black chalk on the wall, and she went to pose to another painter. So she went from studio to studio. And her innocence protected her no longer.

One day the old grandmother stood sobbing at the door of the grand studio and told the painter that Rafaella was about to become a mother. Ah, yes! he remembered her well, the beautiful girl; and he put some gold-pieces in the old woman's hand and promised to do something for her, and he kept his word. The same evening he proposed to his comrades to make a collection for Rafaella's child, and he assumed that there was no one who had the right to refuse. And there was no one who had the right to refuse. They all gave what they could, some more and some less, and more than one emptied his purse into the hat which went round for Rafaella's child. And they all thought it was such a pity for her, the beautiful girl, to have had such bad luck. They wondered what would become of her: certainly she might continue to be a model, but never would she be the same as before. The sculptors all agreed that the beautiful lines of her figure could never stand the trial, and the painters knew well that the delicacy of her colour was lost for ever. The child would of course be put to nurse in the country, and the money was enough to pay for the whole of its first year. It would not be a bad idea either to beg that foreign doctor who was so fond of Italians to give an eye to Rafaella; he might perhaps be of use in the contingency of the future.

And the doctor who was so fond of Italians had often been there of late. Rafaella had been so ill, so ill; she had been delirious for days and nights, and this was the first peaceful sleep she had had for a long time.

No! the doctor would certainly not wake her. He sat there silent beside the old grandmother; and deep in thought, he began to ponder over in his mind Rafaella's story.

It was not new to him, that story; the Italian poor-quarter had more than once told it to him, and he had often read it in books. And he thought that what he saw in real life was far simpler and far more sorrowful than what he read in books. Nor was there in Rafaella's story anything very unusual or sensational — any great outbreak of feeling, either of sorrow or despair — any accusations, any desire for vengeance, any attempt at suicide. All had gone so simply and in such everyday fashion. It was not with head held high and with flaming eyes that the old grandmother had stood before him who nevertheless bore the guilt of the child's fall, but in humble resignation had she stopped at the door and sobbed out their misfortune. And when she left she had prayed the Madonna to reward him for his charity. The poor old woman had her reasons for this: she could not carry her head high, for life had long since bent her neck under the yoke of daily toil; her eyes could not flame with menace, for they had too often had to beg for bread. She knew not how to accuse, for she herself had been condemned unheard to nothing but misery; she knew not how to demand justice, for life had never taught her to expect it. Her path had lain amidst darkness and sorrow; she had seen so little of life's sunlight, and her thoughts had grown so dim under her furrowed brow. She was dull, dull, like an old worn-out beast of burden. And the betrayer of her charge: after all, he was not much worse than many others. He had done what he could to atone for a fault which, from his point of view, was hardly to be considered so very great. He had made a whole year's provision for a child which he said was none of his— what could he do more? He had asked the doctor whether he knew of any virtuous models, and the doctor had answered him "No," for neither did he know of any such.

And Rafaella, she had borne her misfortune as she had borne her poverty, without despair and without bitterness; she wept sometimes, but she accused no one— neither herself nor him who had injured her. She was resigned. Authors believe that it is so easy to jump into the Seine or drink a phial of opium, but it is very difficult. Rafaella was a daughter of the poor; no culture had found its way into her thought-world, either with its light or with its shadow. She was far too uncultivated even to think of such a thing.

He, who was cultured, had brought forward the proposal about the settlement of the child in the country or its inscription at the "Enfants trouvés" (Foundling Hospital); and she, who was uncultured, had known of no other answer than to wind her arms still closer round the child's neck. And *la nonna*, the old grandmother, who scrubbed steps and carried coal all day, and, after she had lulled the child to rest in the evening, dead-tired, went to sleep with half-shut eyes and a string round her wrist, so as now and then to be able to rock the little one's cradle, neither could she understand that it would be any relief if *la piccerella* were to be sent away.

The light fell on the pillow of the squalid bed, and the doctor looked at his patient. Yes! it was very like her; he certainly was a clever painter, the celebrated young artist! Her face was only a little paler now, that painful shadow over the forehead was probably not to be seen in

the light studio where the picture was painted, those dark rings round her eyes would very likely not have suited the Salon. But there was the same perfection of form in every feature, the same noble shape of the head, the same soft childish rounding of the cheeks, the same beautiful brow —yes! rumour spoke truth: she bore the mark of nobility on her forehead, not that of the Faubourg St Germain but that of Hellas; she bore the features of the Aphrodite of Melos.

It was quite still up there in the dim little garret. The doctor looked at the young mother who slept so calmly with her child in her arms, he looked at the old woman who sat by his side and fingered her rosary. With sad forebodings he sought to penetrate the future which awaited these three, and sorrowfully his thoughts wandered over the road which lay before his poor friends.

Ah, yes! Rafaella soon got well, for she was healthy with nature's youth. Model she never again became, for she could not leave her child. She did not marry, for her people do not forgive one who has had a child by a *signore*. With the child at her breast she roamed about seeking a place, any sort of place she could find. Her pretensions were so small, but her prospects were still smaller: she found none. The old woman still held out for a time; at last she was broken down and past work, and Rafaella had to provide food for three mouths. And so the last savings were gone, and the Sunday clothes were at the pawn-shop. Public charity did not help her, for she was a foreigner, and private charity never came near Rafaella. She had to choose between want or shame. Her child lived, and she chose want. The world did not reward her for her choice, for virtue hungers and freezes in the poor-quarters of Paris. And she ended like so many others by *fare la scopa*.[1] Pale and feeble the child sat up in the garret on *la nonna's* knee, and with bent back Rafaella swept the streets coursed by pleasure and luxury. Poverty had effaced her beauty, she bore the features of want and sorrow. Hardship had furrowed her brow, but the mark of nobility was there still. Hats off for virtue in rags! it is nobler than the virtue of the Faubourg St Germain!

. . . . . .

Perhaps a clever writer could make an effective sketch out of Rafaella's story. It is, however, as I said before, neither a very original nor a very exciting one: it is quite commonplace. But I can give you another subject for a sketch: it is that doctor who is so fond of Italians who has hit upon it. He has been thinking over it for many years, but he never gets further than thinking. Write a story about women models, and dedicate it to artists! Write it without exaggeration, for it needs none; without severity, for we all have need of forbearance. Tell them—the artists—how much we all love them, the careless good-hearted comrades; tell them how proud we are of them, the happy interpreters of our longing for beauty. But ask them why they so despise their models? Ask them if they know what becomes of the originals of their female figures? They know it well. If they answer you that

[1] The harbour of refuge for most of the shipwrecked ones in the poor-quarters who still can, and will, work. The street-scavengers of the city of Paris are to a great extent Italians.

they are young, that their temptations are greater than those of any others, then think if you yourself have the right to say any more to them. But if they answer that the fault is with the models, then tell them to their faces that they lie. Tell them then what road the greater part of women-models take; the statistics are there, and they cannot be contradicted. We know well that some of these models have themselves to blame for their misfortunes, but by far the greater part of them may justly charge their fall to the misleading of an artist.

And look here! Is he then quite wrong, that doctor who thinks that the artist stands towards his woman-model in the same position as the physician towards his woman-patient? Men demand, and are right in demanding, a passionless look from a physician, and between the physician's respect for his science and the temptation of the man, honour has no choice. The present day ranks art higher than science; why then is not the painter's respect for his profession great enough to protect a woman-model? Why are there so few virtuous models to be found? Is not the model the unknown assistant in the artist's creation? Is she not, even she, although unconsciously, a humble servant in the temple of art, in that temple where the ancients placed the statue of the chaste Pallas Athene?

Yes, he who can write novels knows well what more he might say. He may use the doctor's meditations if he thinks there is any value in them; they have at least the merit of being founded upon long experience, experience of the art-world of Paris as well as that of Rome. But he must not forget that it is the favourite sons of our day whom he is daring to blame. Should his article be to the point, he is sure to be much blamed for it: let him take it as praise, for *il n'y a que la vérité qui blesse.* And besides, let him remember that people's blame signifies about as little as their praise.

II.—ZOOLOGY.

They say that love for humanity is the highest of all virtues. I admire this love for humanity, and am convinced that it is possessed by only the noblest minds. Mine is too small—my thoughts fly too near the earth ever to reach so far.

And I am constrained to acknowledge that the longer I live, the farther I depart from this high ideal. I should not be speaking the truth if I said that I love humanity. But I love animals—oppressed, despised animals—and it does not disturb me in the least to be laughed at when I say that I feel much happier with them than with the majority of people I come across.

When one has spoken with a human being for half an hour, one has, as a rule, had quite enough of him—isn't that true? I, at least, then usually feel a desire to slip away, and am always astonished that he with whom I am speaking has not tried to escape long before. But I am never weary in the society of a friendly dog, even if I do not know him, or he me. Often when I meet a dog walking along musing on his way, I stop and ask him where he is going, and have a little chat with him; and even if no further conversation takes place, it does me good to look at him and try and enter into the thoughts which are working in his

mind. Dogs have the immense advantage over men that they cannot dissimulate; and Talleyrand's paradox, that speech has been given us in order to conceal our thoughts, cannot at all be applied to dogs.

I can sit half the day in a field watching the grazing cattle; and to observe the physiognomy of a little donkey is one of the keenest pleasures ever enjoyed by a psychologist. It is especially when donkeys are free that they are most interesting, and a tied-up donkey is not nearly so communicative and natural as when she is loose and at liberty — and that, after all, is not much to be wondered at.

At Ischia I lived for a long time almost exclusively with a donkey. It was Fate which brought us together. I lived in a little boat-house quite down on the shore, and the donkey lived alongside me. I had quite lost the habit of sleep up there in the stifling rooms of the hotel, and had gladly accepted my friend Antonio's invitation to sleep down at the Marina in his cool boat-house while he was away for a fishing trip in the Bay of Terracina. I fared exceedingly well in there among the pots and fishing-nets, and, astride on the keel of an old upturned boat, I wrote long love-letters to the sea. When evening came and it began to grow dusk in the boat-house, I went to bed in my hammock, with a sail for a covering and the memory of a happy day for a pillow, falling asleep with the waves and waking with the day. Each morning came my neighbour the old donkey, and stuck in her solemn head through the open door, looking steadfastly at me. I always wondered why she stood there so still and only stared at me, and I could not hit upon any other explanation than that she thought I was beautiful to look upon. I lay there half awake staring at her. I thought she too was beautiful: she looked like an old family portrait as she stood there with her grey head framed by the doorway, against the blue background of a summer's morning. Out there it grew lighter and lighter, and the sea's clear surface began to glitter. Then came a ray of sunlight right into my eyes, and I jumped up and greeted the gulf. For me there was nothing whatever to do all day, but the poor donkey had to work the whole forenoon up in Casamicciola. There grew up, however, such a sympathy between us that I found a substitute for her, and then we wandered carelessly about all day long, like true vagabonds, wherever the road led us. Sometimes it was I who went first, with the donkey trotting tranquilly at my heels; sometimes it was she who had got a fixed idea of her own, and then I naturally followed her. I studied the whole time with great attention the interesting individuality I had so unexpectedly come across, it being a long time since I had felt so cheerful in any one's company. I could say much more about all this; but as these psychological researches may be far too serious for most of my readers, I believe I had better stop here.

And the birds—who can ever tire in their company? Hour after hour I can sit on a mossy tuft and listen to what a dear little bird has to say—I, who can never keep my thoughts together when some one is making a speech. But have you observed how beautiful a little bird is to watch when he sings his song; how now and again he bends his graceful little head to listen for some one to answer far away in the forest? In the late summer, when the

bird-mamma has to teach her children to talk, have you watched these lessons, when the mamma from her swinging-chair lectures about something or other, and the summer-old little ones stammer after her with their clear child-voices? . . .

And when the birds are silent, I only need to look down among the grass and moss to light on other acquaintances to keep me company. Over waving grass and corn flies a dragon-fly on wings of sun-glitter and fairy web, and deep down in the path which winds between the mighty grass-stems a little ant struggles with a dry fir-needle on her back. Rough is the way; now it goes up, and now it goes down; now she pushes the heavy load like a sledge, now she carries it upon her slender shoulders. She climbs with it up the hillocks, so that it strains her tiny legs; she slides down the steep rocks with her burden in her arms; but she never gives up. Onward it goes, for the ant is in a hurry to be at home. Soon the dew will fall, and then it is unsafe to be out in the trackless forest, and best to be at home in peace after the day's work is ended. Now the road begins to be sloping and hilly, and soon a mighty mountain rises up in front of her. What the mountain is called the ant knows well enough. I know nothing, and to me it seems to look like an ordinary good-sized pebble. The ant stops short and thinks a moment, and then gives with her antennæ a signal which I am too stupid to understand, but which others at once attend to; and from behind a dry leaf two other ants approach as a reinforcement. I see how they stand quite still and listen; an ant-patrol marches by a little way off, and immediately a couple of ants start off to their assistance. Then they all take hold at once, and like sailors they haul up the log with a slow pull. I understand it is to repair the havoc of an earthquake that the piece of timber is to be used. How many struggling lives have perhaps been crushed under the ruins of the fallen houses, and what evil power can have destroyed what so much patient labour built up? I dare not ask, for who knows if it were not a passing man who amused himself by knocking down the ant-hill with his stick?

And all the other tiny creeping creatures whose names I do not know, but into whose small world I look with joy, they also are fellow-citizens in creation's great society, and perhaps fulfil their citizen duties far better than I fulfil mine!

When thus lying down and staring into the grass, one becomes, for the matter of that, so very small one's self.

And at last it seems as if I were nothing but an ant myself, struggling on with my heavy load through the trackless forest. Now it goes up hill, and now it goes down; but the question is, not to give up. And if there happens to be some one to give a little help now and then, all goes well enough.

All of a sudden comes Fate, and knocks down all that has been built up with so hard a labour.

The ant struggles on with her heavy load deep in the trackless forest. The way is long, and there is still some time before the day's work is finished and the dew falls.

But high overhead flies the dream on wings of sun-glitter and fairy web.

Axel Munthe.

IN 'MAGA'S' LIBRARY.

Now that Home Rule has been for a season relegated to limbo, people will obtain a brief respite to read something else than the eternal debates in Parliament, and publishers have acquired some small degree of confidence in providing for their entertainment. This may account for the flood of books which during the last few weeks has overflowed 'Maga's' saloon table, bearing all before it from the editorial staff down to the printer's devils. And there is as yet no sign of the waters falling. The cry is, still they come. The announcements of books come and coming are at present the most important feature in our dailies and weeklies, and the reviewer is reaping his harvest, while the political writer is refreshing himself with holidays, in order that he may regain his strength to encounter the next manœuvre that Mr Gladstone's ingenious mind may put forth unexpectedly upon the nation. We have been swamped with books—books that are good books, tolerable books, bad books, and books that are not books at all. But we rejoice to say that this season has brought, and is still to bring us, many good works that gladden the eyes of the reviewer and general reader, and that deserve to take their place among the valued treasures in 'Maga's' Library. A glance around us makes us wonder if any single intellectual taste can complain this season of going ungratified. The student of history, the lover of memoirs, the select band who can appreciate correspondence and read the writer in his or her letters, the light-minded reader who delights in sporting literature, the fairer portion of humanity that prefers a work in three volumes, will have no difficulty this year in making up a list for Mudie. Even these pests of the age, the specialist and the faddist, are more than amply provided for. But, alas! how many of these tastefully bound volumes simply appear but to disappear: they live a fly's life, the life of a day, or at most the life of a short season, and then pass away into oblivion. A rich field is before the magazine writer who takes for a subject the "Forgotten Books," or the "Forgotten Authors" of the latter part of the Victorian Era; and how few among us can say with confidence that he may not become a subject for the literary resurrectionist. But every now and then, as we turn over the piles of volumes before us, we light upon a book that is worth not merely reading, but re-reading, and out of these it is difficult as well as invidious to make selection; but there is one little volume to which we instinctively turn, as sure to provide a fund of interest, and this we shall first take up from the table and ask our readers to share our enjoyment of its contents.

It is seldom indeed we complain that a book is too short, but in this case we very sincerely regret that not a few of the letters should have gone astray. Lady Burghersh left a precious and most exceptional contribution to the memorable campaign of 1813.[1]

[1] The Letters of Lady Burghersh from Germany and France during the Campaign of 1813, 1814. London: John Murray.

We should like to quote a full half of the little volume, for it is difficult to condense, and impossible to improve on the bright and suggestive narrative. Lord Burghersh, who had been aide-de-camp to Wellington in the Peninsula, had been appointed as military *attaché* to the Austrian Armies. He had been married two years before, but his wife, in 1813, was barely twenty. When it became a question between accompanying him or resigning herself to an indefinite separation, she never hesitated, although her family naturally did their utmost to dissuade her. Nor had she reason to regret her resolution. She endured a great deal in the way of hardship and anxiety; but she followed the allied armies under the most favourable circumstances. The niece of the Duke of Wellington and of the Marquis Wellesley would have been sure of a welcome in any case; and Lord Aberdeen, Lord Castlereagh, and Sir Charles Stewart were connections or friends of her family. She was the only lady who accompanied the headquarters; and, with the advantage of good looks, her manners and conversation must have been singularly fascinating. She became the fashion or the rage among the emperors, kings, marshals, and diplomats. Her evening receptions in her humble temporary billets became centres of general *réunion;* and, as she writes from Basle in January 1814, "all the great and little people meet every evening, and all the most interesting discussions pass at my tea-table, and all the different reports from different quarters which are brought to the different generals make it always agreeable." Moreover, she was rarely qualified to make use of her rare opportunities. We have already praised the easy brilliancy of her style, and she seems to have brought herself into almost magnetic touch with her immediate surroundings, as she shows keen and quick perception of character. Her daughter says she regretted that youth and inexperience had led her into rash and hasty judgments. If those hasty impressions relate to feelings and events, the letters are the more valuable. For they faithfully reflect the fluctuations at headquarters, between over-sanguine expectation and unreasonable depression. Yet she is by no means blinded to the real state of affairs by the attentions which overwhelm her. The niece of Wellington repeatedly laments that the allies have no master-mind to direct them. Each of the monarchs has some selfish object to forward, and their marshals are always losing touch, and more or less at cross purposes. The letters abound in dramatic description and in the narration of picturesque incidents. She paints the lamentable condition of the drained and devastated countries; the self-sacrificing enthusiasm of the impoverished Germans, who had shaken off the oppressor's yoke; the horrors which met her on the roads, when she passed near the freshly fought battle-fields; nor are her own personal experiences the least exciting of the episodes. She passes in review, with a woman's eye, the troops which had been recruited between the Rhine and the Urals, and notably she gives a lively account of the proceedings of those omnipresent and uncontrollable Cossacks. She admires their devil-may-care recklessness and dash, and declares her belief that a couple of thousand of them might cross France and establish com-

munications with Wellington. But they were born thieves, and *would* pillage indiscriminately; and a troop would turn up at head-quarters in the most barefaced way with a string of pack-horses laden with their plunder. As she reviewed the forces with a woman's eye, so the letters in other ways are amusingly feminine. We do not refer to the natural outpourings of affection for the mother and sisters from whom she had been separated. But after remarking, for example, that the greatest crisis which perhaps the world has ever seen is imminent, she goes on to talk of a purchase of *gants de Suède;* and while impatiently awaiting tidings of an important engagement, she unbosoms her griefs as to her close-fitting cottage bonnet, which is in ludicrous contrast with the top-heavy French *chapeaux*.

Her troubles began with the outward voyage, for it was no easy matter getting to Prussia at that time. The Dutch ports were closed like the French harbours, and in the North Sea there was more serious risk from hostile cruisers. The Burghershes awaited a convoy from Gothenburg, thence they crossed Sweden to Ystadt, where they were to re-embark for Stralsund. They made out that weary winter journey with nothing worse than irritating delays; but a real sensation awaited them as they entered Stralsund harbour. When they passed the narrow entrance they saw a ship on fire. Their own skipper was dead drunk, but Lord Burghersh urged the crew to give the flaming vessel as wide a berth as possible. She was an English brig, laden with powder and ball-cartridges. When they were within a couple of hundred yards she blew up; the sky was enveloped in impenetrable blackness, the tranquil water began to boil, "and the minute after the explosion, the balls and splinters came rattling down like a shower of hail, and numbers struck our ship in every part. It is hardly credible that not a soul on board was touched." The same letter sends the first uncertain rumours of a great battle which had nearly annihilated Buonaparte. It was the *Dreikaiserschlacht*—the bloody battle of Leipsic—so Lady Burghersh appropriately set foot in Germany as the curtain was rising for the last act of the drama. A week later, reflecting the popular sentiment, she expresses her opinion that "the game will soon be up, and we may amuse ourselves as we please throughout the winter." But that fond illusion did not last long. She found Berlin a city of the wounded. The royal Princesses arranged regular *soirées*, where the ladies prepared lint for the hospitals,—a tradition perpetuated among the *élite* of the German cities during the last Franco-German war. "The ladies of the highest rank attend the hospitals. . . . The women hardly dress at all smartly, as all *luxe* was laid aside during the horrors of the war." Lady Burghersh's first move on the trail of the war was to Frankfort, where she hoped to rejoin her husband, who had gone forward to Schwarzenberg's headquarters:—

"You will see we have not gone through Leipzig. It is in such a state from the numbers of unburied bodies remaining from the battle, that we were advised not to approach it, and, God knows, we have seen horrors enough without seeking more. We have come all along the line of the French retreat, and as it is not a month since they passed, the roads are covered with dead horses and remains of dead men. . . . Every bridge blown up, every village burnt or pulled

down, fields completely devastated, orchards all turned up, and we traced their bivouaques all along by every horror you can conceive. None of the country people will bury them or their horses, so there they remain lying all over the fields and roads, with millions of crows feasting—we passed quantities, bones of all kinds, hats, shoes, epaulettes, a surprising quantity of rags and linen — every kind of horror."

The lady's arrival in Frankfort was more welcome than tidings of a victory, and she was *fêted*, flattered, and courted on all sides. Never was there a more genuinely cosmopolitan success.

"All the Ambassadors have given dinners for me. The first was at C. Stewart's, where I was presented to twenty-five men, all the big-wigs here who manage the destinies of the world! Schwarzenberg, the Commander-in-Chief of the Allies, Metternich, Hardenberg, &c., &c. Lord Cathcart gave one the next day, and Lord Aberdeen the day after. Conceive how odd for me to be the only woman at table with from fifteen to thirty men! I found it dreadful at first, but now I am quite used to it, and of course I am such a *rara avis* that I have all the fuss possible made with me."

Here are her sketches of the assembled Royalties, for that detestable word was already in use:—

"The Royalties I did not see till to-day, as the Emperor Alexander only returned yesterday from a visit to Carlsruhe, and the King has also been absent. I was as much examined as *I* examined, and I am told I gave satisfaction, and that I am threatened with a great dinner at Schwarzenberg's to create better acquaintance. I never was so disappointed as in the Emperor Alexander. He is the image of ——, only fair instead of red, and also very like W., the dentist. He has certainly fine shoulders, but beyond that he is horribly ill-made. He holds himself bent quite forward, for which reason all his Court imitate him and bend too, and gird in their waists like women! His countenance is not bad, and that is all I can say of him. The Emperor of Austria is a little wizened old man, not to be known from the D—— of G——; but as for the King of Prussia, I never saw a more interesting-looking person. Without being handsome, there is a fine solderlike look about his whole figure, and a quiet, melancholy expression of countenance which interests one directly. I don't know any one like him. He has two sons with him—very nice boys. Then I must not forget the Grand Duke Constantine. He is like the Emperor of Russia, but without exception the greatest monster I ever saw in a human form. Then come the Grand Duke of Weimar, Prince Paul of Würtemberg, the Elector of Hesse, &c., &c. Old Platow, the finest old weatherbeaten face I ever saw, and very like the little prints I had of him in London. Barclay de Tolly, an ugly old fellow; Miloradowitch, Czernicheff, and old Blücher, who never was beat, and to whom the allies certainly owe much of their success; Uvaroff, Alexander's favourite, and the same who murdered Paul. He looks like a savage, and I could hardly bear to speak to him at dinner."

The armies had moved south to the frontier of Switzerland, which soon solved the doubts as to her disposition by throwing herself into the arms of the allies and sagely avoiding hostile occupation. At Basle she had opportunities of inspecting and contrasting the troops:—

"It is impossible to see a finer sight or a more interesting one, than to see these men and recollect what they have done since last year, and now in such perfect order, the horses in such excellent condition, and the men (especially the Russians) so clean. Soldiers will tell you it is ridiculous, but there is a *recherche* and *coquetterie* in most of the Russian regiments which make them a sight too magnificent to be described! The extreme care and cleanliness of their dress is

quite beautiful. The Cossacks of the guard and the Emperor's footguard are all picked men, the handsomest of the empire. The latter are all gigantic; they are composed of the tallest men to be found in Russia; their coats are all padded to stuff out their chests and widen their shoulders, and therefore they really look like statues for fine make. Don't think I exaggerate, for everyone raves of them. The Prussians are fine troops, and probably much the better, as troops; but one cannot look at them after the Russians."

Afterwards and elsewhere she generally praises their conduct, always excepting the plundering Cossacks. Though some of the Hungarians preserved the old traditions of the Croats and Pandours of Tilly and Wallenstein; and she remarks that both Bavarians and Wurtembergers had been demoralised by associations with the French, who had been taught to economise the finances of *La Patrie* by making the war support itself. Indeed her opinion of the French was far from favourable. She bluntly sums up in one of the last of the letters by saying: "All I have seen of the French people, and particularly the Parisians, makes me think them the most despicable set of animals." So probably she may have been mistaken in her first impressions, when the armies had begun their advance on Paris, and she may have taken time-serving civilities for genuine feeling. At all events she writes enthusiastically from Langres on January 26:—

"So here we are, far advanced in France, and I can only say that after all the places I have been in, I never met with hospitality and cordiality till here; at every place every individual has received us with the most genuine delight, and though the country is really almost exhausted from the passage of so large an army without any magazines, the people give us everything they have, and show an eagerness to do their utmost which is delightful. They all talk of Buonaparte exactly in the same manner, as a monster whom they detest, and then, with the levity and gaiety of the French, in the midst of their complaints at all they suffer under him, the loss of their children by the conscription, the ruin of commerce, &c., they mix it up with jokes and quizzes of him and *les gentillesses du Roi de Rome*."

All the time she was frequently separated from her husband, and unfortunately in those days there were no field telegraphs. She was never in worse embarrassment than at Chaumont, where she woke up one morning to find that she had been left alone and unprotected in the rear of the forces. It is interesting to hear how the girl-matron rose to the occasion, and by dint of threats, tips, smiles, and diplomacy made her way again to the headquarters, where she rejoined her protectors. Prince Schwarzenberg was her professed admirer and staunch friend; but the others were not uninfluential:—

"How can you ask who is Prince Metternich? I thought everybody knew the fame of so great a person, who is, and has been for years, the mainspring of all that passes on the Continent. He is the Emperor of Austria's prime minister, and reckoned the best and deepest diplomatist going. He is wonderfully clever, and manages all the emperors, kings, and ministers, turning them round his little finger, and they are all afraid of him. . . . He is uncommonly agreeable and good-looking. . . . The two other prime ministers are Nesselrode (the Emperor of Russia's) a little, sharp, cunning, ugly fellow; and the King of Prussia's minister, Hardenberg, who is like Sir W. Farquhar, and gives one the idea of just such a good, worthy old man. He has *de quoi* to be very agreeable, but he is so terribly deaf that one must roar to him, which prevents all conversation."

But of all the diplomatists, the man who impressed her most favourably was Caulaincourt: she saw much of him afterwards at Chatillon, whither he had been sent as plenipotentiary to manage a treaty of peace.

"I can only say, of all the foreigners I have seen, he has by far the best manners, is the most perfect gentleman, and the most prepossessing address—how vulgar! but I can't find other words. In person he is like Lord Petersham, with a touch of the Duke of Richmond, that is, his sort of very amiable smile, only he looks much younger; besides which he has an air of the Emperor Alexander, which he takes care to improve by imitating the cut of his hair, &c. I sat by him at dinner, and could not but admire the tact he showed in his very difficult position amongst us all, when a thousand subjects were to be avoided, and when a man of less tact would appear either too proud or too dejected. Then he has all the civility and *prévenance* of a Frenchman, without any of their insolence and forwardness. I never saw a countenance so expressive of kindness, sweetness, and openness."

The admiration was evidently mutual, for—

"I happened to say at dinner that I was fond of perfumes, and after dinner he told me, in the most obliging way, he would despatch a courier to Paris with orders to bring back the best perfumes for me, and begged if there was anything I wished for from Paris, I would tell him and I should receive it in two days. This I refused, as I do not choose voluntarily to put myself under any obligations to the Duc de Vicenza."

Blucher seems, in her opinion, to have been the only man who might have played the part of a Wellington or a Von Moltke; but Blucher had no authority beyond the Prussian camps. Though she liked Schwarzenberg and had good reason to be grateful to him, she had no high opinion of his military capacity, and implies that Blucher was left unfairly to do all the hard fighting. In fact, when Prussians and Austrians were waiting on the will of their respective emperors, Marshal *Vorwärts* knew his own mind, took the bit in his teeth, and would go resolutely ahead. But already, in the middle of March, a depressing cold fit had succeeded the excess of feverish hopefulness. For long the allies had flattered themselves that Buonaparte "had given up the game," and that his troops were too demoralised to make any stand before Paris. So they were at once surprised and disheartened by that marvellous flying defensive campaign of his. And Lady Burghersh writes: "We stand very differently now (God knows why) from what we did two months ago, but I am not sure a peace now would not save us from a disgraceful end." Indeed, even then the fate of Europe was still trembling in the balance. Had Napoleon been stronger, or had Wellington been baffled in the south, the allies might have withdrawn their armies, and the Bourbons might never have been restored. Alexander was still eager for a triumphal entry into Paris; but the Austrian Emperor, perhaps in consideration for his daughter, would have gladly come to easy terms with Napoleon. We fancy a passage in a letter from Chatillon, dated the 20th March, has reference to a memorably momentous decision, at which Lord Burghersh assisted, and the circumstances of which, as we believe, have never been published. The passage is this:—

"Schwarzenberg, after taking a grand determination, and advancing as far as Arcis, one should imagine

with the intention of seeing the enemy, upon hearing of him at some distance, orders a retreat, which, on the persuasion of Alexander, incited by Pozzo, was recalled, and returns this day to Bar-sur-Aube."

Here are the facts, as we have reason to know. The idea of discontinuing the advance had been wellnigh adopted by the Russians; and Schwarzenberg had not only ordered a retreat, but was actually retiring, when the Emperor Alexander, loath to abandon his fixed idea, called a council around a camp-fire in the forest of Sonnpuits. Pozzo, Barclay de Tolly, Platoff, and all his leading generals, were present. The autocrat brought his personal authority to bear, and a courier was despatched to invite the presence of Schwarzenberg. The Austrian prince came, and was persuaded to countermand the orders for the retreat.

But it is really time we brought to an end a notice which is out of all proportion to the bulk of the little book. Or we might let Lady Burghersh tell of the night when she sat unprotected, but treated with the utmost respect, at a bivouac-fire among the soldiers; of her delight at receiving a package of tea from England, "for I had been drinking the horrid stuff they sell in France at a louis a pound"; of her husband's account of the grand entry into Paris, when Talleyrand—whom, as we know, it was in contemplation afterwards to make a Cardinal and Archbishop of Lyons, which would have been the strangest of all his strange transformations—was the first man to mount the white cockade; of her anxiety to rejoin the army, that she might witness the "cockyness" of the Russians, who are "excellent fun when they have performed any feat"; and of the grand demonstration in Dijon theatre in honour of the Restoration, when "Cœur de Lion" was played, the audience cheering all suggestive allusions, and whither she was "chaperoned by Lord Castlereagh and all the English." In the great outburst of real or simulated enthusiasm, no one seems to have had a vision or a foreboding of the Hundred Days.

After the storm and stress of the most eventful period of European history, with its bloody battles and intriguing statecraft, we turn with a sense of relaxation to Mr Selous' adventures in the African jungles, pleased to find that English pluck and endurance have in no way been diminished among our countrymen since they overthrew the power of Buonaparte.[1] If Mr Selous could not write an instructive and entertaining book, it is difficult to say who could. A man whose education has commenced at Rugby and has been completed by residence on the Continent; whose tastes for natural history and exploration have led him to brave the dangers of the wilderness for more than twenty years; who has been gifted with nerves and constitution which are to those of other men as brass to clay; who has been the first white man to show himself in hidden regions of a great continent; who has fought desperate battles with the most formidable of beasts when the odds have not always been on his side; who has provided object-lessons for the students of natural history in the greatest museums of the world; and who has put a climax to his

[1] Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa. By Frederick Courtney Selous, C.M.Z.S. London: Rowland Ward & Co., Limited—1893.

achievements by being one of the main instruments of adding a vast province to the English empire,—might well be expected to produce a book as distinguishable from those occupants of shelves which no gentleman's library should be without, and which Charles Lamb held in horror.

About ten years ago Mr Selous published an account of his life in the wilds up to that date, which was delightful to sportsman, natural history student, and geographer; but, full of thrilling adventure and information as it was, it was not to be compared to the one now before us in style, in interest, and in weight. 'A Hunter's Wanderings' certainly, in our opinion, took rank in many ways before the works of Gordon Cumming, Harris, and other African sportsmen and pioneers; but it did not treat of such weighty themes as 'Travel and Adventure,' and, by itself, would not have made its author's reputation as anything but an adventurous and hardy Englishman. In his new book Mr Selous tells us of exploration carefully conducted with a view to the increase of geographical knowledge, and of hunting wild animals to procure specimens for the instruction of naturalists; he gives us carefully thought-out theories about the origin of hitherto little-known human races, and the construction of archæological remains which have caused no little wild speculation. He clears up the real relations of England and Portugal with various native tribes and the districts which they sparsely occupy, in a manner for which English politicians should be grateful. And he describes one of the greatest, and perhaps the most systematic, of the colonial movements which have taken place in our country's history—all with a simplicity and directness of style which remind us more of Defoe than of any other English writer. In the wild adventures that he describes for our entertainment, in the facts that he notes for the information of geographer, politician, or intending colonist, we have the further satisfaction of knowing that every statement is absolutely correct to the smallest tittle. Mr Selous' name is a guarantee of veracity in South Africa, where he is most intimately known. There it is sufficient to say, in support of any story, however extraordinary, "It must be true. Selous said it."

The first half of Mr Selous' present book is devoted to an account of his journeys in South Central Africa subsequent to 1881, in continuation of his former chronicles. He had contemplated assuming charge of an ostrich-farm in Cape Colony and leading a settled life; but circumstances were too strong for him, and drove him again into the far interior to follow his true vocation. His previous success in the pursuit of wild animals, and his reputation as a practical naturalist, had marked him as a man to be enlisted in the interests of science, and he received commissions then and at later periods to supply specimens of African *feræ naturæ* for preservation in public collections; and the British Museum, the Natural History Museum at Kensington, the South African Museum at Cape Town, and other institutions, have been enriched by his labours. As a professional hunter he shot animals, such as elephants and ostriches, the value of whose ivory or feathers made them fair objects of chase—and animals dangerous to man or beast were not spared; but his hands were never soiled by useless

slaughter, and, when scientific requirements had been fulfilled, and the paramount necessity of food-supply had been met, every animal was allowed to pass scatheless. Time after time he records how, "as I had meat enough, I did not attempt to molest them." It was somewhat ungenerously urged against Mr Selous by another African explorer at a public meeting in London, that he had needlessly destroyed animal life. This is far from having been the case. He has told us in 'Travel and Adventure' why every victim of his rifle fell. His game-book has been seen, and we regret that he has not now printed its record. We know that we are well within the mark in saying that, during the long years continuously spent in the interior, the total killed was less than 2000 head, including every species, killed for every purpose—surely an example of a true sportsman's moderation in the midst of unrivalled opportunities. It is much to be regretted that every one is not actuated by the same feelings. Wild animals must inevitably disappear before the advance of population, but 'tis pity that species should be hurried to extinction. Mr Selous particularly regrets that the white rhinoceros (*R. simus*), which was twenty years ago a common animal over an enormous extent of country in Central South Africa, has now practically altogether disappeared; and he believes that, in all the museums of Europe and America, there is nothing to show the student of natural history what the largest of modern mammals after the elephant was like but some half-dozen skulls and a goodly number of anterior horns.

Mr Selous' adventures and hair-breadth escapes while hunting are episodes of the most enthralling description, but want of space forbids us to notice specially more than two. On one occasion, while still weak and ill after an attack of fever, he came across a herd of nearly two hundred elephants, and would have had a day unexampled in elephant hunting, but that his best horse was incapacitated by an accident, and he had to ride a stallion which was subject to fits of the sulks. He had fired his first shot, when

"a tuskless cow that was some distance beyond the bull I had just fired at wheeled round with a loud scream, whirling her trunk at the same time high in the air, and then, dropping it before her chest, came rushing towards me, accompanying the charge with shrill and oft-repeated screams. At first, I suppose, she only heard the shot, and perhaps saw the smoke of the powder; but, it being perfectly open, she must very soon have caught sight of me, as she came on in the most determined manner. I was obliged to gallop away, and so take my eyes off the bull; but I thought that I would be able to shake my pursuer off by galloping hard for a hundred yards or so, and could then circle round and get up to him again before he gained the shelter of the forest on the further side of the valley.

"I now plied my stallion hard with the spurs, but soon found that it was one of his sulky days, as I could not get him to gallop—in fact he was going considerably slower than the enraged elephant behind him, who kept up a constant succession of shrill screams, and who, seeing that she was gaining on the horse, pertinaciously kept up the chase, which she would long ago have abandoned had she been losing ground. Nearer and nearer she came, till at last I saw that it was getting serious, and that, if I did not manage to get into the bush and dodge her there, she would infallibly catch me. . . . I now made for a patch of rather thick machabel bush that projected into the valley, and, as I entered it, I do not think she was thirty yards behind me; and, when she first charged, she was at

least one hundred and fifty yards away, probably considerably more."

What a predicament to be in, to be on a horse that refused to exert its speed, with an enraged elephant in chase! The situation was worse than the worst nightmare that ever tortured a sleeper.

Again: the hunter is waiting for the return to the carcass of a lion or lions by whom one of his oxen has been killed, concealed with a friend in a

"small hut, made by first leaning three forked sticks together in the shape of a tripod, the prongs naturally supporting one another, and then filling in the interstices with stout saplings, all meeting at the common apex. As none of the poles were planted in the ground, the structure was by no means a strong one." Two lions had been shot, "when we both heard an animal breathing alongside of our shelter, within a few feet of us, and the next instant a gentle shake given to the hut, and a noise as of one of the loose branches with which it was covered being torn off, let us know there was another lion in our neighbourhood even more enterprising than the two that had been shot. It was soon evident to me that the animal was looking for an entrance to our shelter, for, after tearing off a few more boughs, it got to the place where we had crept in, but which was now blocked up with poles. Here it halted, and, from the way it kept touching the poles, seemed to be trying to get its paw through. This was a little more than I had bargained for, and, at the risk of incurring the charge of inhospitality, I resolved to try to keep our visitor outside in the cold. Of course, whilst the lion was acting in the manner I have described, I, on my side, was not idle. As soon as I had realised what our visitor was trying to do, I turned round, and, lying on the ground, tried to look between the interstices of the poles forming the entrance to our hut. It was, however, so absolutely dark, that I could see nothing. Instant action was, nevertheless, necessary, for as the poles forming our hut were not fixed to the ground, the lion might have got its paw between two of them and pulled them out at any moment, and then, by pushing its head and shoulders through, would have infallibly overturned the whole structure. To prevent such a consummation, I now pushed the muzzle of my rifle between the poles, just where my ears told me my would-be interviewer was moving them, and, pointing it upwards, holding the stock on the ground, pulled the trigger. Once more, and for the third time that night, the report of the rifle was answered by the most terrific grunting roars it is possible to conceive, uttered as they were within six feet of our ears. I am sorry I had not a phonograph with me to preserve these powerful expressions of the feelings of a wounded lion. Suddenly released in a London drawing-room, I feel sure that they could not fail to produce a very marked effect."

With reference to his hunting experiences, Mr Selous gives some valuable opinions on the comparative merits of the rifles to be used in the chase of big game. He gives his verdict very decidedly in favour of a rifle of .450 or .500 bore. He, like Sir Samuel Baker, however, condemns the so-called express bullets, which, as he says, "are useless for anything but very small animals, as being driven at an immense velocity by a heavy charge of powder, they break all to pieces on impact, and merely inflict surface wounds on such animals as the larger African antelopes." He has lately killed his elephants with "the long solid hardened bullet of 540 grains and a powder charge of only 75 grains."

Whatever weapons a man may have, the chase of dangerous game cannot apparently, in Mr Selous' opinion, be reduced to an exact science, and man must not expect to be inevitably the conqueror in all encounters. He says, "every

one who hunts big game ought to be prepared to take some chances; and, after all, if the element of danger were entirely eliminated, where would the fun come in?" He evidently agrees with Adam Lindsay Gordon, the Australian poet, who puts the same idea in verse—

"There never was any game worth a rap
For a sensible man to play,
Into which no accident, no mishap,
Could by any chance find its way."

In his intercourse with all the various savage tribes which he came across in his wanderings, Mr Selous seems almost always to have maintained friendly relations, and never to have exerted force either in defence, or to procure food, or to push his way. He paid for everything he required, and, indeed, generally appears to have come as a providence to the natives, in providing them with a supply of meat when they were starving, which their feeble means could not have procured, or in delivering them from destructive animals which had preyed upon men and domestic beasts. Few explorers have been able to produce such a clean record or have maintained so high a standard of conduct amidst exasperating and inferior races, some of whom, in the bitterness of his soul, is obliged to call "filthy, soulless, sordid, mean, and vermin-swarming savages." On one occasion only did his tact, confidence, and straightforward dealing fail in their effect. He had pushed north of the Zambesi to the country of the Mashukulumbwi. There his camp was treacherously attacked at night, his goods looted, his followers dispersed and killed (twelve men were killed and six wounded out of twenty-five), and he himself barely escaped, to find himself "a solitary Englishman, alone in Central Africa, in the midst of a hostile country, without blankets or anything else but what he stood in, and a rifle with four cartridges." The story of the manner in which he eventually made his escape is one of the most exciting in the book, and is a testimony to an amount of pluck, endurance, and self-reliance which is the heritage of very few men.

The one native who with his people appears rightly to merit Mr Selous' confidence and esteem, is Khama, the Bechuana chief of Bamangwato. His growing civilisation and his Christianity are, we believe, relics of the work of Moffat and Livingstone, and they bear practical fruit; for his constant courtesy and kindness to white men are proverbial, and the wild Bakalahari have, "under his kind and just rule, attained to a certain degree of civilisation, and now form an interesting illustration of a people in a transition stage from utter barbarism to a more advanced condition." Khama has supplied them with seed corn, and he and his headmen "have given them cattle, sheep, and goats to tend for them, from which they obtain a constant supply of milk. So that it may be said that Khama has successfully commenced the work of converting a tribe of miserable nomadic savages into a happy pastoral people." Khama also came to the aid of the Mashunaland expedition at a most critical time; and Mr Selous says:—

"I have never yet seen Khama's aid acknowledged or even referred to, and I therefore take this opportunity of stating that, in my opinion, he, by his hearty co-operation, in every way and whenever called upon, with the leaders of the expedition to Mashunaland, not only rendered inestimable services to the British

South Africa Company, but earned the gratitude of all Englishmen who are interested in British expansion in South Africa."

At the present time, when it has become necessary to protect in arms our settlements in Mashunaland from the threatening war-cloud of Matabili impis, Mr Selous' account of Lo Bengula and his people is of the utmost interest and value. The history of their old expeditions and raids shows them to be fierce, bloody, ruthless marauders, and they seem to be by no means lacking in the audacity and toughness which may make them formidable foes to an infant colony. It is perfectly evident, however, that whatever power or influence for harm they now may possess, it can only be temporary, and that, like their relations the Zulus, they must in the end be shattered as a military power before European civilisation, and most probably become a happier people in consequence.

The Dutch Boers in South Africa have been a much-abused people in late years, and Mr Selous strongly combats the prejudice which has so unfortunately been formed against them. He says:—

"Wherever their confidence has not been abused, however, I say it without fear of contradiction, no people in the world can be more genuinely kind and hospitable to strangers than the South African Dutch, whether in the Transvaal, in the Free State, or the Cape Colony; and besides hospitality, they possess, in such an eminent degree, so many of the qualities that Englishmen profess to admire, that, with a better knowledge of one another, the two races would, I feel sure, soon shake off their mutual prejudices and agree to work together for the common good and advancement of the best interests of South Africa. . . . I, who, during the twenty years which I have spent in South Africa, have been intimately acquainted with many Boer families, have a right to say something on the subject."

In contradistinction to his opinion of the Dutch Boers, Mr Selous can say nothing that is good of the Portuguese African colonists. Their method of administering the territories to which they lay claim is by giving them as praços to Capitao Mors, generally black men, or men with the smallest mixture of European blood. Each Capitao Mor pays an annual rental for his praço, and no questions are asked as to the amount of taxes he exacts from the natives. There is no advance in civilisation, and the system is followed by all the evils which might be expected. Of some Portuguese gentlemen he is able to speak in the highest terms, as men courteous and kindly, "imbued with the spirit of the old Portuguese navigators, . . . but a few such men cannot regenerate a decaying nation."

We have not space to discuss Mr Selous' descriptions of Mashunaland—its uplands, its rivers, and its probable mineral wealth, which mark out that vast region, now almost uninhabited, as an outlet for some of England's overflowing population; nor can we enter upon his theories concerning the ancient buildings there to be found, though we confess that, in logical probability, we find them more acceptable than those put forward by more pretentious students. The story of the acquisition of Mashunaland has never been better told than by Mr Selous, and, modest as he is, he cannot help showing how much the completion of that great national work owed to his advice and guidance. He rightly says, "It is due to Mr Cecil Rhodes

alone, I cannot too often repeat, that to-day our country's flag flies over Mashunaland." But next to Mr Rhodes, there can be nobody to whom England should be more grateful in the matter than to Mr Selous himself. There is one particular feature in the book before us which we must notice, and that is its singular fairness and justice of tone. The author finds excuses for, and says kindly things of, even those who have not treated him well; and, devoted to his country's interest as he is, he says: "I would not have Portugal jockeyed or bullied out of a single inch of territory to which she can prove any real claim."

Mr Selous is now in Mashunaland. When he heard of the possibility of trouble there, he at once gave up a lucrative engagement in America, saying, "I consider it my duty to lend a hand to my countrymen in Mashunaland at a time when every rifle may possibly be necessary to save the country from destruction." We take leave of him for the present as an Englishman "true in word and tried in deed," and very cordially recommend every one to read 'Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa.'

Like Mr Selous, Mr Moray Brown is thoroughly at home in the jungle, and has successfully tried conclusions with its most dangerous denizens during his sojourn in India. But his gun is often heard on the breezy British moorlands, while his rod has been plied with deadly skill on our best salmon-rivers. The two very interesting and well-written volumes published under the title of 'Stray Sport'[1] deserve special notice for two reasons. They include descriptions of sport both in India and Ceylon, as well as in England, Scotland, and Ireland; and, to confine ourselves for the present to the boar and the tiger, we have, first of all, to notice the remarkable freshness which the author has imparted to topics by this time tolerably familiar to all lovers of sporting literature. In the days of the Old Forest Ranger, Indian sport was almost virgin soil in the hands of the literary workman. His pictures of tiger-shooting and boar-spearing, and the jolly party of sportsmen in the jungle, came upon the public as a complete novelty; and less command of the pen than was possessed by this accomplished writer would have been sufficient to win lasting popularity for his pages. But since the great success which attended these graphic sketches the mine has been indefatigably worked, and volume after volume has issued from the press, teeming with more or less sensational accounts of the big game of Asia and Africa, till one would have thought that, as far as general interest is concerned, the subject was wellnigh exhausted. It has been reserved for Moray Brown, however, to show that it is not, and that the field has not been so thoroughly explored but what literary laurels were still to be gathered in it by one who had the root of the matter in him. We have read this officer's description of his first tiger as if we had never read a tiger-hunt before. Every little detail is worked in with consummate skill, and nothing overdone. We stand by his side in the ravine, share his breathless anxiety while waiting for the wild beast to appear, are equally excited as he is by the prelim-

[1] Stray Sport. By J. Moray Brown. W. Blackwood & Sons.

inary rustle of the peacock and the sudden burst of the chital flying from the advancing beaters, and are rooted to the spot in mingled awe, surprise, and admiration, as noiselessly and suddenly the tiger himself appears before us. This is the best part of the description; but the shooting that follows is admirable in its way too. This particular tiger, when killed, measured nine feet six inches, and his death is followed up by some details concerning the average length of tigers, and the travellers' tales which have been told concerning them; but these are rather for the naturalist than the sportsman.

Mr Moray Brown is of opinion that full justice has never been done to the boar, to his gameness, his courage, and the sport he is capable of affording. The author, who seems to be something of a scholar, should remember that Virgil ranks the boar with the lion. In the famous hunting party, which ended so unhappily for Dido, the young Ascanius, growing tired of pursuing only deer, longs for the appearance of some nobler game,—

"Optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem."

And both Homer and Virgil have given us vivid pictures of the boar at bay, in illustration of the prowess of heroes and the terror with which they inspire their assailants. The boar himself is admirably described in the Iliad—

"Θήγων λευκὸν ὀδόντα μετὰ γναμπτῆσι γένυσσιν."

His high qualities were fully recognised by the ancients, and it cannot be said that he wants a *vates sacer* among the moderns after the song in his honour which our author has given us. 'Tis the spear who speaks, referring to his master:—

"No longer, I ween,
Shall he balance my blade so sharp and so keen,
Or redden its point in the crimson gore,
That flows from the veins of an old grey boar."

The author has at all events an artist's eye, whatever his pretensions to the name of poet. And the description of the camp at evening, given at page 206 of the first volume, displays literary ability of a high order.

Our second reason for commending these volumes to the notice of the public is this—that when on the subject of partridge-shooting Mr Moray Brown considers the respective merits of the driving system and of shooting over dogs with strict impartiality. It is rare to take up a sporting book at the present day without finding the advocates of these two methods attacking each other with an acrimony totally out of proportion to the subject. The driving champion sneering at the pointer and setter man as a benighted fogey, a silly enthusiast who lets his imagination get the better of his reason, or perhaps a jealous and splenetic shooter who only rails at driving and big bags because the grapes are sour; the lover of dogs, on the other hand, denouncing his opponent as no real sportsman, a fellow that cares only for knocking the birds over, and nothing at all for the pursuit of them,—who is ignorant of their haunts and habits, and, in short, totally indifferent to the noble science of woodcraft, to say nothing of natural history and scenery. Between these rival schools, hating each other as keenly as Nominalists and Real-

ists, Moray Brown steers a middle course, and sums up the arguments in favour of each with great fairness. The chief justification of driving is that where great quantities of birds are kept, it is impossible to kill enough of them in any other way, and that it is only by the preservation of them in great numbers that the public market can be supplied. On the comparative pleasure afforded by the two plans it is idle to dogmatise. Every man to his taste. Our author has a very interesting account of a day's driving, in which he shows, what every one who has practised it knows to be the case, that it has its own particular attractions and special kind of excitement, which many real sportsmen may think nearly, if not quite, as delightful as the sensations experienced in walking up to a good point. This does not appear to be the writer's own view, for when we turn to the companion picture of a day with the dogs, and look on this and on that, it is not difficult to see where the author's heart is. Here, then, is a man familiar with sport in every shape, who knows as much of driving partridges as Sir Ralph Payne Galwey, and as much of pointers and setters as Colonel Hawker, who is no fogey or sentimentalist, but a vigorous modern sportsman, declaring deliberately that shooting over dogs can still be practised successfully in England, and that it affords "more real enjoyment" than the fashion of driving, though that too is not to be despised, "as it calls for not only much woodcraft in the arrangement of the drive, but also skill on the part of the shooters." Both these assertions are indisputable, though we doubt whether driven birds, for which you are fully prepared, are really harder to hit than birds which rise in a covey; and we fancy that those who find them so difficult are mostly men who have never learned the knack of it in their youth. By the by, is Mr Moray Brown correct in saying that Frenchmen ever afford "rocketing" shots? We have always thought that one great drawback to their undoubted usefulness for driving was the fact that, as a rule, they fly so much lower than the English partridge, and seldom if ever come over the tops of the trees.

"A Day on the Outsides," which means beating the hedgerows for pheasants before shooting the covers, betrays the same kind of sporting taste which makes Moray Brown love shooting over dogs. He likes to hunt for his game; and to see two good spaniels threading a really good hedge, is a treat indeed to such as share our author's views. A spaniel is so fond of the sport, he looks round to his master for sympathy and approval with such speaking glances, he brings up the bird or rabbit which he put out to him with such manifest pride and satisfaction, that in our opinion he beats all other dogs as a shooting companion. The Sussex spaniel, or a cross between the Sussex and the Irish, or the Sussex and the old English water-spaniel are our own favourites. Clumbers are more fashionable, and some people prefer the black-and-tan Norfolk spaniels. But we never found either of them such good company as the water-spaniel. We should, perhaps, make an exception in favour of the Irish; but then these are becoming very scarce; and many that are sold as such, with sometimes good pedigrees, turn out very inferior dogs.

There are several chapters on

mixed shooting, comprising some very well-deserved panegyrics on bags containing a little of everything, say a leash of pheasants, two brace of birds, five or six rabbits, a hare, a woodcock, two or three snipe, and a duck. That is his idea of real sport, and we must say we entirely agree with him.

> "Let grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
> The short and simple annals of the poor."

The question is, who enjoys himself most? Which eats his dinner with the keener relish and finds the richer flavour in his food, an alderman, surfeited with turtle and venison, or a tired curate dining on a mutton-chop? The sport that we work for, like the food that we work for, tastes the best, to say nothing of the fact that half the fun of real sport lies in the pursuit, as well as in the slaughter, of your game.

"A November Day in Buchan" is a good chapter if only for the account of the wounded roe, showing the danger of trusting entirely to an ordinary retriever. The author shot at a roe and hit her hard, but she went on at best pace, diving into the thickest part of the wood, and apparently lost for good. He put his retriever on her, who followed up her trail, and came back again in about five minutes, looking very much done up and somewhat ashamed of himself. "I told you so," said our author to his keeper, "we'll never see the beast again, and goodness knows where your dog is gone!" The keeper's dog was a spaniel named Bob.

> "'She's no' gone far, sir,' was the answer, 'and Bob will have got hold of her, I'm thinking. We'll just wa'k on and see.' Well, we did 'wa'k on,' and with the result that, some 300 yards on in the covert, we saw a white patch down by the burn. 'He's got her!' exclaimed Cameron excitedly, as he scrambled down the bank. Yes, it was quite true. There was the deer lying on its back with its head in the little burn, whilst Bob was making frantic efforts to pull her out, and the white patch we had seen was the fur on the deer's stomach."

This is a graphic little touch: and the whole story shows how much we ought to be on our guard against dogs who have learned to be deceivers. In this case Sam the retriever had found the deer too heavy for him to carry, and had left it where it was. We once had an old spaniel, an excellent dog otherwise, who, rather than follow a wounded bird into a place he did not like, would try to persuade us that it was somewhere else, and would pretend to hunt eagerly for it thirty or forty yards away from the spot where he knew it to be all the time. There are dogs, too, who are very reluctant to carry game when they think that you are near enough to pick it up for yourself. Sometimes, however, they are really too tired to do it; and we once saw a dog sit down upon a wounded hare which he had overtaken, but was too much exhausted to take between his jaws.

Exchanging the gun for the rod, our author still continues to hold fast our attention. The capture of the "demon trout" is a capital bit of description; but in these chapters Mr Moray Brown's power of word-painting is the most conspicuous, the following bit being equal, in our opinion, to anything in Mr Kingsley's "Chalk Stream Studies."

> "How lovely the country looks!—fresh and green, with every bank and meadow ablaze with the pale prim-

rose and yellow cowslip, purple orchis and wild hyacinth just bursting into bloom. How sweet the pure country air! how soothing the ripple of water! And if the fish are shy, is all enjoyment fled? Surely not. There is much to delight the eye, ear, and mind — much food for observation and reflection. What a wealth of bird-life is all around us! From yonder hazel and oak coppice comes the defiant crow of a cock pheasant as he flaps his wings in a bellicose challenge. A brace of partridges, disturbed in the next field by a shepherd and his dog, come skimming over the bank, and, unobservant of our presence, settle and then run for a few yards. A kingfisher, radiant in all the glories of his blue back and reddish-white breast, darts up the stream; then, catching sight of some finny prey, hovers hawk-like for a moment over a pool before dropping like a stone into its depth; and then, emerging foiled, takes up a post of future observation on a dead branch that overhangs the stream. Flitting up the gnarled blackthorn fence that borders the stream, I note the chaffinch, the bullfinch with his bright breast and black velvet cap — the caricature of a fox-hunter. On yon tall elm a thrush is pouring out his love-song to his mate, who is probably not far off attending to her domestic duties. There in yonder orchard, in the fork of an apple-tree, a couple of missel-thrushes, 'storm-cocks,' or 'holm-screeches,' as they are termed down west—those fuglemen of spring—have their nest, and are screeching and making such a fuss that probably denotes a prowling cat is not far off. Wrens and willow-warblers are hopping and twisting about the gnarled roots of hornbean, thorn, and hazel, where the *debris* washed down by the winter floods lies thick. On a brier bush, which later on will be starred all over with the pale, fragrant pink blossoms of the dog-rose, a robin sits confidingly, knowing he is perfectly safe, even from that bloodthirsty and destructive animal the schoolboy. Hunting their way up a hazel-covered bank, a whole army of titmice—the long-tailed tit, the blue tit, the greater tit, and the Cole tit—are combining business with pleasure, indulging in bird gymnastics and seeking food simultaneously. 'Yah-yah-yah,' comes a harsh cry, and over us, in his curious up-and-down flight, flies a green woodpecker. Soon he alights on a venerable tree, and the regular hammer-like 'tap-tap' that comes from the locality shows that he of the green garb and scarlet cap has hit upon treasure-trove in the shape of insect-life."

Some sportsmen we verily believe despise anything like enthusiasm for the beauties of nature, and either believe it to be affectation in others, or else hold that it is inconsistent with real business, like the man of old times who held that conversation was the bane of good company. Such persons are of course incurables, and we leave them to the enjoyment of their own fancied superiority. All we can say is that the man who can fill up the time between his shots by drinking in the beauty of the tinted woodlands seems to us to get two pleasures where the other man only gets one. The illustrations to this charming book are not to be passed over in silence. "He's got her!" or Bob with the roe-deer, is capital. The panther and the lady is also very good; and the frontispiece to the first volume, "The tiger's sign-manual," likewise deserves great praise. We should say the same of the duck-scene which forms the frontispiece to the second volume, did there not seem to be something wrong with the shooter's right shoulder. The general effect, however, is very lifelike.

On the whole, the book is one of the best of the kind we have met with for a long time; but as praise is always better relished when seasoned with a pinch of censure, we would venture to suggest that the author too often repeats himself, and that he has certain

stock-phrases which figure too frequently in his narrative. Likewise, we would take the liberty of saying that his pipe is too often in his mouth, in both senses of the word. That men smoke when out shooting goes without saying, and it is surely unnecessary to mention the fact every time he lights up. Let our friend put *that* in his pipe and smoke it. We trust the charge will not be found otherwise than mild. Mr Moray Brown would probably take refuge in the admission that he makes no pretension to style, and that his pages are only written for sportsmen, and not for the general public. But, in the first place, it is a libel on sportsmen to suppose that they cannot appreciate style; and a libel on sport to imply that it cannot be described truthfully in language of literary elegance. In the second place, this genial writer shows over and over again that he does possess the gift of writing in a marked degree, and we cannot therefore allow him to shelter himself under the aforesaid plea. The blemishes we have mentioned are very trifling, it must be owned; yet they would be better away, as they sometimes mar the effect of picturesque or stirring passages. For we must repeat once more that Mr Moray Brown does not belong to the school of hard and dry sporting writers, who just give facts and rules and nothing else. He belongs to that school which has made sporting literature, in the language of Mr Kingsley, "a tenth Muse,"—words which have been adopted as a motto by another writer of the same class, Mr T. E. Kebbel, and which are at least equally applicable to 'Stray Sport.'

Mr Kebbel is one of those writers of whom we wish there were more, neither bookworm nor bookmaker, but with a hearty appreciation and deep knowledge of the surroundings of old English cultivated life, while he is able to record his impressions in language of the most polished order, with admirable fidelity. He is thoroughly alive to the charm of roving in the fields of rural England for the benefit of health and observation, as well as for the pursuit of game. Whether he discourses of the first grouse,[1] happiest era in the sportsman's memory—pleasure by *ricochet*—or tells of his farmhouse lodgings, or dilates upon the peculiarities of the keeper and his subordinates, he is always observant, genial, and elegant. He takes us down the most perfumed glades and sunniest hedgerows, beguiling the way with clever sympathetic talk, free from prejudice or cant. He has a hearty, it may be an excessive, antipathy to vermin, furred, feathered, or decked in any kind of false pretences, yet he never loses his temper or forgets his natural kindliness.

He is hard, for instance, upon the owl, a bird which, from its association with Minerva, might have met with more lenient treatment; but he treats the pleas put forward by "Philornis," in favour of what he calls the "malefactors," with a gentle argumentative tolerance which disarms criticism—in fact, he is the apologist for a rule of severity, which one can see he would not be the first to practise. The gamekeeper could not have a better champion of his view of the double-sided shield than Mr Kebbel; and while not inclined to admit perhaps all that he says

[1] My First Grouse, and other Memories. By T. E. Kebbel. London: Swan, Sonnenschein, & Co. 1893.

against a very interesting class of creatures which live on the borderland of human tolerance, we should not be afraid to take our cue from a writer who "would rather have the naturalist appeal to the higher instincts of the sportsman, and to tastes in harmony with his own, than wrangle over the habits of hawks and crows, about which he can hardly be better informed than those who spend their lives among them."

The fathomless ignorance of the smatterer extends even to the realm of sport; books like Mr Kebbel's charming little volume are easily read; and we may hope that they may have some effect in diminishing the absolute nonsense too generally indulged in by those who only see one side of every question.

As we turn from Sport to Fiction, the name of Robert Louis Stevenson naturally attracts our attention. Mr Stevenson, although he has made his home in the islands of the Pacific, has still a kindly passion for Old Scotland. What is more to the purpose, as far as his readers and admirers are concerned, his recollections of scenes and places are vivid as ever. He still loves to make us listen to the old Scottish speech, with its expressive epithets and its quaint turns of phraseology. 'Catriona'[1] is the long-promised continuation of 'Kidnapped,' and the sequel loses nothing by comparison with its predecessor. The story is more compact, if somewhat less thrilling; there is more of strictly veracious historical incident, more play of character; and David Balfour himself is developed with great skill,—though possibly there is some abuse of the exaggeration of romance in his display of marvellous resource, in the precocious worldly wisdom which comes unfailingly to the aid of his straightforward honesty, and in the self-reliance he displays in physical or intellectual difficulties. We meet David again, very much as we left him. He is an innocent castaway in the streets of Edinburgh, though he has come into his patrimonial inheritance and has comfortable credit with the merchants of the British Linen Company. His only guide is a bank porter, burdened with a bag of cash; and besides the inevitable cares of riches, he has other and more urgent anxieties which shape the course of the plot. The youth who was kidnapped, and is to be kidnapped again, is the victim of circumstances beyond his control. He is involuntarily mixed up in the results of intrigues of which he is innocent, and of conspiracies with which he had no sort of concern. He has got to clear himself, by frank explanation to the great legal authorities. But his examination is sure to become embarrassing, for he must clear himself of complicity in the Appin murder, and if possible secure the safety of his Jacobite comrade, Alan Breck. What weighs on him and embarrasses him most, is a case of conscience. James of the Glens lies in prison, and the Government have determined to hang him, partly *pour encourager les autres*, but chiefly out of complacency to the all-powerful Campbells. David resolves to save James if he can, and risks himself heroically with that laudable object. The story turns in great measure upon those attempts and their ultimate fail-

[1] Catriona. A Sequel to 'Kidnapped.' Being Memoirs of the further Adventures of David Balfour at Home and Abroad. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Cassell & Co. 1893.

ure; for in those times State policy took precedence of justice, and men in high place and of fair reputation never scrupled to stretch a point for the advantage of the Government they supported.

So we have a series of vivid pictures of Scotland after the rising of the '45, and of its society as it had been demoralised in an atmosphere of suspicion, and under a somewhat arbitrary reign of terror. David seeks an interview with a respectable writer, secretly inclined to the interests of the proscribed Jacobites. Quoth the writer, who called himself by the royal name of Stewart, "The clan and the name that goes before all. It's just what you said yourself. My father learned it to me, and a bonny trade I have of it. Treason and traitors, and the smuggling of them out and in." He carefully closes the door before whispering in consultation, and his confidential clerk is trusted to go between, for arranging with the smuggling skippers for the exportation of "traitors and rebels." No wonder the worthy man was cautious, for the good town swarmed with spies and suborners in the Government pay. When David obtains access to the King's Advocate, he is surprised and confounded by the cordiality of his reception. But his natural astuteness attributes it to the real cause,—that the Advocate, who, nevertheless, has really taken a fancy to him, hopes to make use of him as a tool or decoy-bird. Already, in the close where the Advocate resides, he has scraped acquaintance with the romantically named Catriona. She is attended by a half-dozen of wild gillies from the Lennox, and there is not a sixpence in the party. David chivalrously comes to the rescue by advancing that coin, which is to be expended on snuff for James More, the son of Rob Roy and father of Catriona. If David falls desperately in love, the connection otherwise does not commend itself. The girl, who is the soul of purity and truth, tries hard to believe in her disreputable parent. James is a type of the men who have been demoralised by the unsettled times. His courage is unimpeachable, and had he had a free foot on his native heath, he might have lived feared and respected by cateran and blackmailer. But he is outlawed and beggared. Yet he clings to the life which has been forfeited and made almost worthless. With a braggart assumption of dignity and self-respect, he is ready to stoop to any meanness to save his neck or replenish his purse. Still more odious is the conduct of Simon of Lovat, the heir and the namesake of a more notorious father. With all the suppleness, as well as the guile of the serpent, he is suing out a pardon and the reversal of his attainder, by aiding the law-officers of the Crown against the party he has deserted. Such are the men with whom David Balfour has to deal, and it need not be said he must have his wits about him. He is a remarkable but not unnatural mixture of courage, shrewdness, generosity, and thrift. He has profited wonderfully by his lessons in the school of misfortune and adventure, and inspires regard or respect that is slightly tinctured by ridicule. However formidable the occasion, he always rises to it.

The beautiful Catriona becomes his guiding star; but even for Catriona he will not deviate from the path of honour, nor, to do her justice, does she try to persuade him. Nevertheless he has natural searchings of heart when he is staking his own life in his efforts to save the life of the innocent. Conscience always has the best of it in the end, although the risks

are real enough. Kidnapped again, for a time he loses his liberty, and is consigned to the company of wild Highlanders in the dismal solitude of the Bass. David makes the best of that dreary situation, and so does Mr Stevenson. There are picturesque descriptions of the ruins of the old castle which had echoed the sighs and prayers of the martyrs for the Covenant; and recollections are revived of memorable apparitions of the Great Enemy, who came in the guise of humanity to vex the souls of the saints. "Black Andie's Tale of Tod Lapraik" is a dramatic story of witchery and sorcery, and we can fancy how greatly it gained in the telling, to the accompaniments of the moaning of the surf and the wild screams of the sea-fowl.

The parting from Alan Breck was a touching one, when David, looking wistfully at the skiff which was bearing his friend to the brig in the offing, walks resolutely back into the ambush which, as he well knows, is awaiting him. The friends were destined to meet again in the venerable collegiate city of Leyden, where David, with a virtue worthy of Joseph, triumphantly surmounts more severe temptation. Mr Stevenson treats the matter with much discretion; but seldom has a French novelist devised a more delicate situation. Catriona has embarked for Holland in the same ship as her lover. Her thoughtless and selfish parent has left her to land almost penniless, and even the thrifty David is somewhat scandalised when his angel haggles with the boatman over the fare. When she explains that she has only a solitary shilling in her purse, disapproval is changed for remorse and compassion. The girl, helpless and speechless in a foreign land, throws herself confidingly on her companion's protection and charity. She passes as his sister, and as a sister he treats her, in the rooms that open into each other in their Leyden lodging. Her simple Highland innocence can neither appreciate nor admire his heroic efforts at keeping a cautious distance. She is jealous of the dull books in which he pretends to busy himself, and at last, in a burst of Highland impetuosity, she speaks out. Almost too late she dimly realises the danger of the mine over which she has been living, and David for a moment has her honour at his mercy. He has strength to thrust the temptation from him, and double-lock an intervening door; but we know not what might have happened on the morrow, had not James More, who for once should have been the *bien venu*, put in an unexpected appearance. That shabby scoundrel plays the watchful and dignified father, although he trades unblushingly on David's love, and lives unscrupulously at his expense. With serious misunderstandings and further exciting incidents, the story is brought up to a dramatic conclusion, and, thanks to the opportune interference of Alan Breck, the course of true love runs smooth in the end. David gets rid of his very undesirable father-in-law, who meets a better fate than he deserves, and dies peaceably in his bed. Undoubtedly it is to the Celtic shrewdness of Alan that the lovers are directly indebted for their happiness. Here is a turn or two of the kindly Scottish speech. Alan says to the desponding lover, "'It sticks in my mind that ye'll have made some kind of bauchle; and if I was you, I would have a try at her again.'

"'Would ye so, man, Alan?'

"'I would e'en't,' says he."

And the Highland gentleman, when first presented, pays his fair countrywoman a graceful and characteristic compliment. "Well, well! and so this is the young lady at the last of it! David, ye're an awful poor hand at a description."

Some of the secondary Scottish characters are excellent. There is pawky Mr Balfour of Pilrig, who shows all due hospitality to his distant kinsman, giving besides a guarded letter of introduction to the King's Advocate, which cannot possibly get himself into trouble. There is Mrs Ogilvy or "Lady Allardice," who uses great freedom of speech, and does not stick at what the Americans call a swear-word in conversation, but who nevertheless is clearly a lady, every inch of her. There is the beautiful and witty daughter of the King's Advocate, who may possibly grow into an outspoken Lady Allardice in old age; and there is Black Andie, the puritanical smuggler, who contrives to keep the peace between his conscience and his interests, and who philosophically remarks, when conspiring to hang an innocent Highlandman, "Ay, it's a peety about that; but ye see in this world, the way God made it, we cannae just get a'thing that we want."

Whatever may be said of Mr Grant Allen's novels of society, they certainly do not belong to the realistic school. We suspect the select circles of Mentone would resent the 'Scallywag'[1] as caricature. Nevertheless it has the undeniable recommendations of being exciting, lively, and readable. The author has turned to good account those sojourns at Cap St Martin, with which his laudatory letters to the journals have made us familiar. There are delightful sketches of the scenery of the Riviera; of vistas in valleys clothed with lemon-groves, with clumps of the gnarled olives shrouded in their grey foliage; of the picturesque gorges and bold mountain-peaks; of villages clinging to the perpendicular cliffs; and of the glorious views over the azure sea. These are all sketched to the life, after much familiar communing with that picturesque nature; but for the figures introduced in the foreground, it strikes us he has been drawing on imagination. His Americans and the American talk are always excellent, and Miss Isobel Boyton is with one exception the best of the characters in the book. We admire the business-like manner in which she goes to work to secure the young baronet she means to marry. We sympathise in her disappointment when she finds that, as the baronet is bespoke, that is one of the few caprices which unbounded wealth will not permit her to indulge, and also in her mortification on discovering that no possible marriage can give her the coveted style of "Lady" Isobel. Yet even in Miss Isobel and her off-handed doings there is the prevailing tendency to exaggeration. We suspect few daughters, however dearly they may be cherished, could wire to the States, with the assurance of a satisfactory answer by return of cablegram, for a credit of £3000 to be opened at a Paris banking-house. Madame Ceriola, who is accepted as one of the queens of fashion, and who prides herself on illustrious Tyrolese descent, is shockingly vulgar; though that, indeed, is only natural when we learn that she had been born and bred in the slums of Drury Lane.

[1] The Scallywag. By Grant Allen. Chatto & Windus, 1893.

But Mr Armytage, who is a well-known man about town, with the best connection, is even more objectionable, with the gross impertinence of his pushing cross-examination into the affairs of other people with which he has no concern. The odd thing is that this inquisitor-general, who is presented as a gentleman, should not have ferreted out the secret, and recognised the real quality of this disreputable Madame Ceriola. It is remarkable, also, that *all* the people speak American, though less purely and fluently than Miss Boyton of Philadelphia. "Just" and "anyway," in their Transatlantic applications, are in common use, even among the citizens of London and in English villages.

The idea of the plot is clever, if somewhat far-fetched. The Scallywag—we hardly know now what a scallywag is, for the hero of the novel was only unpretentiously shabby in his dress, making neither parade nor concealment of his obvious poverty—has sold himself body and soul in his boyhood to a benevolent Jewish demon. His father boasts a long and aristocratic descent, with better reason than the parent of 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles,' for he is a genuine baronet of ancient creation. But the head of the Gascoynes has fallen from the high estate, and the broad family domains have passed to a younger branch; and the present Sir Emary is a fly-driver in the town of Hillborough in Surrey. A local land-agent and money-lender has seen his way to a bold and far-sighted speculation. Mr Solomons, in taking up the youthful Paul, in sending him to school and subsequently to Oxford, and in stingily doling him out very stinted pocket-money, shows less than the usual caution of the Jewish people. He stipulates that Paul shall improve his advantages to make a wealthy marriage; but, like the convict patron of Pip in 'Great Expectations,' he is chiefly actuated by the pride of possessing, not only a gentleman, but a baronet of his own. Indeed all through the novel that barren title is magnified exceedingly, and invariably it proves a magic charm to unlock not merely hearts, but doors and purses. Young Paul had set his hand to the bond in all innocence; it is only when he makes his *début* in decent society that he begins to feel the weight of his chains. The burden gradually becomes almost intolerable, when he falls in love with a penniless charmer, and when the fabulously wealthy American heiress is throwing herself at his head. His difficulties in a succession of embarrassing dilemmas, with the struggles between love, duty, and conscience, are worked out with great skill and effect—the more so that the American girl is really pretty, and would be winning were she a trifle less frank and bold.

Much evidently depends on old Solomons, in whom the interest comes to centre. He is capitally conceived and carefully thought out, with his flagrant and yet not unintelligible inconsistencies. Paul, after comparative failure at Oxford, has betaken himself to literature as a profession. He has had the good fortune to get a fair start from one of the queerest and most original of editors, who stands far beyond any experiences of ours. It would take long to pay off a debt of £3000, with ever-accumulating interest, by articles turned out at a guinea per column; but Paul's creditor and taskmaster keeps him most relentlessly to the grindstone. Yet all the time he is urging the overwrought youth to multiply expenses and risks by wedding the poor daugh-

ter of a country parson. The old usurer is bereaved of his only kinsman under exceptionally trying circumstances, and the grateful Paul grasps the welcome opportunity of laying his benefactor under great obligations in turn. The old man seems to recognise that, and yet he is hardened to all appearance by his grief. He plies whip and spur more remorselessly than before, yet he is always urging his *protégé* to matrimony. But he sees that Paul's high sense of honour prevents his inviting the woman he adores to take such a risky plunge. Then the baffled Hebrew rises to a supreme resolution, and behaves with a generous munificence worthy of his royal namesake. He has his reward in being transformed, morally and superficially, into something like the semblance of an English gentleman, when he gives *carte blanche* to a firm of West End tailors to dress him suitably for an aristocratic wedding-feast. There is a capital interlude, by the way, where he drives a bargain with a brother of his blood and creed for the three-hundred-guinea diamond necklace he means to present to the bride.

The old Jew's death is particularly dramatic when he sacrifices himself to save the lives of the couple of his adoption. And when the will is opened in which he bequeaths them his property, it makes free confession of the struggle between affection and avarice, which had cost Paul and his betrothed much needless anxiety. The circumstances of Mr Solomons' end are extraordinary if not incredible. A tunnel on the Central Southern Railway chances to give way under his weight. He saves himself for the time by a feat of agility surprising in a man of his years and sedentary habits. The collapse in the stock of the line, which is to distract him between cupidity and humanity, is even more complete and startling than that of the tunnel. And the explanation is anything but creditable to the directors and engineers of the Central, for we are assured that six months must elapse before the line will again be in working order. But the story to be enjoyed should be read uncritically, for when it is to be helped forward, Mr Allen never sticks at a trifle in the way of subsidiary extravagances. Paul's beautiful sister Faith is introduced to us as talking of "hotting up" the soup for father's supper. By making acquaintance with an accomplished woman and wedding a wealthy man, she suddenly becomes a refined and self-possessed young matron. Her father-in-law, a master-cutler and great Sheffield capitalist, far from showing the purse-pride of the *nouveau riche*, grovels obsequiously before the rank and title of the flyman-baronet, and urges his son and heir to marry the daughter of the pauper. That may be due, as we hinted before, to the magic spell of a British baronetcy. But the most astounding incongruity, and it is one of the points of the plot, is when Lionel, the long-headed nephew of Mr Solomons, robs his uncle's safe, adding at the same time gratuitous insult to the injury by altering the open sesame from "Lionel" to "idiot," though knowing well that detection is certain, and that he is the sole heir of an uncle who has been doomed by the doctors.

Who doesn't know Kingussie? or rather, of those who love the Highlands, who is there that should not know it? for without meaning any disparagement to Braemar, Pitlochry, Dunkeld,

Aberfeldy, Taymouth, Killin, or any other familiar haunt of holiday ramblers seeking to escape for a month or two from the dusty and dinsome confinement of our overgrown cities, and to look out freely on the grand picture-gallery of nature, Kingussie certainly boasts some peculiarly Highland traits, which not even beautiful Perthshire can rival; not even Taymouth, with its green lawn and long stretches of stately limes —or Pitlochry, with its rich embosomment of wood and roll of pleasant waters—or Braemar, with its well-besung Lochnagar, and the roar of the Dee when escaping from its mountain-cradle and hastening down to its larger and more free sweep by the residence of our beloved Queen. What is this? Simply the situation of the capital of Badenoch, at once more central and more lofty, and with a more free outlook than any the most favoured resort of Highland tourists. It is difficult, for instance, to imagine any more picturesque Ben and Glen, and loch and river scenery, than that which charms the eye of the tourist at Loch Awe, half-way between Tyndrum and Oban: but charming as this situation is, combining the beauty of the richly watered meadow with the sublime of the three-peaked Ben Cruachan, it must yield in one essential element of Highland grandeur to Kingussie—it wants the free outlook; the eye of the spectator here sits fenced in with a vastness which, like the high wall of a garden, he cannot overleap. It is otherwise with Kingussie. He who stands here on the terrace in the upper part of the town, or even on a lower platform at the railway-station, commands a range far and free of the topmost tops of the Highland hills, from Lochaber and the neighbourhood of Ben Nevis on the west, to Ben Macdhui, Cairngorm, Ben An, and Ben a Bùird in the opposite direction. And if water is doubtless an essential element in the complete idea of a Highland haunt, the capital of Badenoch has no cause to shun comparison with the Tay-washed Breadalbane on the one hand, or the learned city that lies between the Dee and the Don on the other. The Spey, in length and volume of water second only to the Tay, pours its rapid roll of waters for a distance of more than a hundred miles, from beneath Corryarrick near Fort Augustus, through Badenoch and directly under Kingussie, on through Aviemore, Grantown, Aberlour, and Fochabers to the Moray Firth. Neither is Kingussie deficient in those striking points of the picturesque on which the eye of the tourist amid the environing sublime of the Highlands specially loves to rest. The dark Craig Dubh to the west stands in the same relation to the scenery of Kingussie that Arthur's Seat does to Edinburgh; while within a few miles to the south the pleasant windings of Glen Feshie—in the autumn of 1860 honoured with the presence and praise of Queen Victoria—and the secluded solitude of Gaick never fail to leave an indelible impression on the mind of the visitor.

So much for situation; but this, after all, is only the stage on which the living human drama of the situation is acted; and here Badenoch has claims of a historical character, second only to Edinburgh, Perth, Stirling, and St Andrews; and in some respects superior even to these; for Badenoch not only holds a place in the ecclesiastical and political tissue of Scottish affairs, but it

boasts names in its literary record, which, though distinctly marked with a Gaelic character, have proved catholic enough to maintain a firm hold of the intelligent sympathies of the British people. We allude here of course to Mrs Grant of Laggan, and Macpherson of Ossian fame: to the lady we owe our most pleasant and trustworthy knowledge of the social state of the Highlands in the latter half of the last century; and the gentleman's works, if we could believe them to be altogether genuine, brought into the stream of European thought the relics of the oldest British poetry, which bear the same relation to the aftergrowth of our British Muse that the old Greek ballads did, out of which the genius of Homer constructed the Iliad and the Odyssey. Ecclesiastically, the old churchyard of Kingussie bears speaking testimony to the presence of the great founder of our Scottish churches, Columba, when he crossed the rushing waters of the Gynach on his mission to Bruidh the king of the Picts at Inverness; while politically, Badenoch holds a prominent place in British history, not only from its being the stronghold of the Gordons from 1452 downwards, but specially from its connection with the romantic tragedy of Prince Charles in 1745. The dashing young adventurer came down, shortly after his landing at Ardrishaig in the far west, from Corryarrick, near the head of the Spey, to Dalwhinnie, on the high ground betwixt Kingussie and Blair Athol, on his way to the capital of the kingdom which his ancestors had held for two centuries by their valour, and lost in one by their folly. Here Cope, with a commission from the English Government, had intended to meet the princely Pretender, and crush his rebellion in the bud; but he had miscalculated the strength of the movement, and wisely sought safety by turning northward to Inverness, and shaping out in his own mind a more hopeful field of operations in the south, at Prestonpans or Carlisle, which, however, was only a lying dream.

But if Badenoch and Kingussie have good reason to rejoice in the wide sympathies which their story is so calculated to evoke, they have even more to congratulate themselves on their historian. It would be difficult to find in the whole range of local historians and topographers a gentleman who has done his local work, as a necessary part of a great national whole, in a more satisfactory and more agreeable fashion than the gentleman whose name appears on the title-page of the interesting volume which has given occasion to these remarks.[1] Not that Mr Macpherson is either a historian or a topographer professionally; it is his character and his position, and the use he makes of his materials, that give his volume a human value and a social significance that to no specialistic knowledge, however curious, could belong. As a Macpherson, the author of 'Church and Social Life in the Highlands' is justly proud of his clan, as both morally and intellectually distinguished among the most notable Macs of the Macs'

[1] Glimpses of Church and Social Life in the Highlands in Olden Times; and other Papers. By Alexander Macpherson, F.S.A. Scot. W. Blackwood & Sons. The title is general, but the writer confines himself to the parishes of Kingussie, Alvie, and Laggan, all three belonging to the mountainous district of Badenoch.

country, and as such he displays the wise motto of the Macphersons —NA BEAN DON CHAT GUN LAMHAINN, *Touch not the cat without a glove*—in large characters on the face of his quarto. As true to his clan, also, he loves his mother tongue; and while he has sense and culture enough not to get mad on the subject, as Galicians are prone to do, knows and acts on the knowledge that the man who would know the people among whom he lives thoroughly must speak from the heart to the heart, and this can never be done so well as through the familiar accents of the mother tongue. Again, as becomes a Highland gentleman, carrying down from the time of William the Lion the significant designation of the "parson's son," which is the literal meaning of the name Macpherson, our author is an elder of the church in the town where he resides; and though belonging to the Established Church, knows to shake friendly hands with the Free, as Christian brother with brother under a common Father. Yet again, our Badenoch chronicler is by profession a banker, a position which enables him without offence to look into the pockets of his neighbours as freely as his eldership authorises him to look into their souls. Add to all this that our Badenoch banker is a family man, breathing the atmosphere of genial human sympathy which it is the blessed fruit of family life to beget—not a lonely literate bachelor putting together a number of curious old scraps, mainly to keep yawning and vacuity at bay.

Our author gives to his book the title of 'CHURCH and Social Life in the Highlands,' and rightly so: for certainly as the Church is the soul of social life in all Christian countries, so specially in the Highlands, remote as they stand from the great stream of popular culture, we should expect to find the stamp of the National Church peculiarly prominent in the social aspect of the people. And that this influence has been in the main eminently beneficial no just judge of such matters can doubt. At the same time it must be confessed that this remoteness from the touch of the age, acting along with certain bitter memories inherited from the past, have produced in a certain class of our godly Highlanders a peculiar narrow-mindedness, and a bigotry of the most glaring expression, equally remote from pure Christian sentiment and from sober-minded practical intelligence. We need scarcely say here that we refer to the fifty years' struggle from 1638 down to the date of the glorious Revolution of 1688, during which period the infatuated kingship of the three last Stuarts employed itself systematically in thrusting Episcopacy down the throat of a decidedly Presbyterian people with the English liturgy in the one hand and the soldier's dagger in the other. This was certainly not the way to convert to Episcopal supremacy a stout-hearted people, who had been taught by Martin Luther to appeal to the Bible as the religion of Protestants, and who, with the help of Greek and Scotch *gumption*, could not, or fairly thought they could not, find either ἐπίσκοπος in the sacerdotal sense or ἱερεύς there. Action and reaction, as physical science teaches, are equal, and in the moral world no less than in the physical; and so, if the imperious zeal of the Episcopising Stuarts bred in the Scottish mind a hatred of all religious forms other than their own Presbytery, it was only the rebound of a ball which should never

have been thrown. The following extract from the "dying testimony" of an Argyleshire man, Alexander Campbell, who died so late as the year 1829, will reveal in its most intense form the features of the sacred wrath and godly denunciation in which certain Dingwall doctors and an itinerant gospeller from Dunfermline, even in this last decade of the nineteenth century, are not ashamed to indulge :—

"I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against those who tolerate all heretical sects. I also bear testimony against the Church of England for using their prayer-book, their worship being idolatrous. I bear testimony against the Popish Erastian patronising ministers of the Church of Scotland. This is a day of gloominess and of thick darkness. They are blindfolded by toleration of Popery, sectarianism, idolatry, will-worship, &c. I, as a dying man, leave my testimony from first to last against the reformed Presbytery ; they are false hypocrites, in principles of adherence to the modern party, who accept of indulgences, inasmuch as that they are allowed to apply to unjust judges. It is evident they are not reformed, when they will not run any hazard to a constitution according to Christ. I leave my dying testimony against my brother Duncan Campbell, by the flesh, and his wife Mary Omey, on account of a quarrel between their daughter and my housekeeper, having summoned her before a justice of the peace, who having heard the case, did not take any steps against her ; I therefore testify against them for not dropping the matter. There is no agreement between the children of the flesh and spirit, as Paul said. I leave my testimony as a dying man against Duncan Clark, in saying that my brother's cow was not pushing mine : he was not present, and therefore could not maintain it before judges. And my brother took his son, who was not come to the years, and got him to declare along with him. They would not allow my housekeeper to have the same authority in neighbourhood with them, as she was not married, and that is contrary to the Word, Better to be as I am, as Paul said. I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against the letter-learned men, that are not taught in the college of Sina and Zion, but in the college of Babylon, 2 Cor. iii. 6, Rom. vii. 6. They wanted to interrupt me by their letter-learning, and would have me from the holy covenant, Luke i. 72, and from the everlasting covenant, Isa. xxiv. 5. I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against King George the third, for tolerating all denominations in the three kingdoms of Scotland, England, and Ireland, to uncleanness of Popery, and as he himself reigned as a pope in all these three kingdoms. I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against paying unlawful tributes and stipend, either in civil or ecclesiastical courts, not according to the Word of God, Confession of Faith, second Reformation covenants, &c., if otherwise they shall receive the mark of the beast, Rev. xiii. 17, in buying and selling. I leave my testimony against covetous heritors, who oppress the poor tenants by augmenting the rents, as John M'Andrew that was in Ardmuddy, that he fell over a rock, and judgment came upon him and he died, and Robertson and M'Lachlan, surveyors, that caused Lord Bredalbin to augment the land, and oppress the poor, and grind the face of the poor tenants. I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against them that lift the dead, Isa. lvii. 2, and not to lay to resurrection. I leave, as a dying man, my testimony against play-actors and pictures, Numb. xxxiii. 52, Deut. xviii. 10-14, Gal. iv. 10. I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against men and women being conformed to the world, and women having habits and vails, headsails, as umbrellas. I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against dancing-schools, as it is the works of the flesh. I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against the low country, as they are not kind to strangers. Some unawares have entertained angels (Heb. xii. 12). I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against women that wear Babylonish

garments, that are rigged out with stretched-out necks, tinkling as they go (Isa. iii. 16-24, &c.) I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against gentlemen; they altogether break the bonds of the relation of the Word of God (Jer. v. 5). I leave, as a dying man, my testimony against covetous heritors that oppress the poor, augment the rents, and grind the face of the poor. That is the very way of poor tenants now, by proprietors and factors, and laws of the fat lawyers, as the Jews said, we have a law (John xix. 7). . . .

"I, as a dying man, leave my testimony against Quakers, Tabernacle-folk, Haldians, Independents, Anabaptists, Antiburghers, Burghers, Chappels of Ease, Relief, Roman Catholics, Socenians, Prelacy, Armenians, Deists, Atheists, Universalists, New Jerusalemites, Unitarians, Methodists, Bareans, Glassites, and all sectarians."

Let us turn from this picture of a deathbed, where the horrible caricatures itself into the ludicrous, and delight our eyes with the genuine type of the old Highland landlord in the person of old Cluny Macpherson, who died only eight years ago, at the ripe age of eighty-one. Of him our author says:—

"His removal is indeed that of an ancient landmark. In days when so much is said and done tending to set class against class, and leading certain sections of the public to regard the interests of landlord and tenant as hostile, a state of society in which their interests were recognised as identical deserves to be studied. In their best form the mutual relations existing between a chief and his clansmen produced this unity in a manner to which, in the present day, we shall vainly seek a parallel. 'I would rather,' said MacLeod of MacLeod of the time to Johnson, on the occasion of the great lexicographer's tour in the Hebrides in 1781,—'I would rather drink punch in the houses of my people, than be enabled by their hardships to have claret in my own.' A more striking example of this patriarchal feeling could not be found than in the affection which bound Cluny Macpherson to his clan and his clan to him. In their relations with their people, the old race of Highland chiefs, of whom Cluny Macpherson was such a noteworthy representative, really held in effect the words of the well-known and patriotic Highlander, Sheriff Nicolson, as part, so to speak, of their creed:—

'See that thou kindly use them, O man!
To whom God giveth
Stewardship over them, in thy short span,
Not for thy pleasure.
Woe be to them who choose for a clan
Four-footed people.'

"As indicating the interest taken by Cluny in everything affecting the prosperity of the wide district over which his influence extended, and the recognition of his character and position, it may be sufficient to mention that he was president or was otherwise closely associated with almost every public and local association or institution in the Central Highlands. In his delightful book, 'Altavona,' Professor Blackie makes his *Alter Ego* say of Cluny, 'He is the genuine type of the old Scottish chief, the chief who loves his people, and speaks the language of the people, and lives on his property, and delights in old traditions, in old servants, in old services, and old kindly usages of all kinds.' It has been justly said that into all his duties Cluny carried with him a flavour of the olden times, a mingled homeliness, courtesy, and simple dignity that conveyed a remarkable impression impossible to describe, but characteristic and memorable. In the Highland dress, surmounted by the bonnet and eagle's feather of the chief, with his firm, erect, athletic figure, no more graceful specimen of Highland physique could be anywhere seen.

"While a conspicuous figure at all public gatherings in the Highlands, nowhere was Cluny seen to more advantage than at his own castle, surrounded by his genial and happy family, dispensing, with a genuine kindness and courtesy that never failed, true Highland hospitality to the many friends and clansmen who flocked to it from all parts of the

kingdom. Substitute the one castle for the other, and the touching words of Dean Stanley apply almost as appropriately to Cluny Castle as to the Castle of Fingask: 'Who that had ever seen the delightful Castle of *Cluny*, explored its inexhaustible collection of Jacobite relics, known its Jacobite inmates, and heard its Jacobite songs, did not feel himself transported to an older world with the fond remembrance of a past age, of a lost love, of a dear though vanquished cause? What Scotsman — Presbyterian though he be—is not moved by the outburst of Jacobite-Episcopalian enthusiasm which enkindled the last flicker of expiring genius when Walter Scott murmured the lay of Prince Charlie by the Lake Avernus, and stood wrapt in silent devotion before the tomb of the Stuarts in St Peter's?'"

Next to the good landlords of those days were the good cottars, who repaid their fatherly care with filial love. On this head the following words from Mrs Grant of Laggan, whose husband was a minister in the parish of the same name, will command assent from all who have lived among the Highland people under equally favourable conditions. The letter was written from Stirling in October 1803, to Mrs Smith of Jordanhill, in which the writer contrasts, "the gentle and courteous cottagers of her ever dear Laggan" with the peasantry with whom she had come in contact south of the Grampians:—

"You will think it a romantic source of inquietude that, though my own fireside exhibits a scene of harmony and innocence, of 'power to chase all sadness but despair,' I languish for the scenes of humble happiness that have been so long congenial as well as familiar to me. Gentle and courteous cottagers of my ever dear Laggan, where is your simplicity of life? Where are your native undebased sentiments? Where your mutual kindness, your social affection, your reverence for virtue, your grateful respect to superiors, and your self-denial, fortitude, and unequal filial duty? Here am I grieved with the altered manners of a gross and sordid peasantry, who retain only the form they have inherited from their pious ancestors while the spirit is entirely evaporated; who, while they have advanced in the knowledge and practice of a species of coarse and tasteless luxury, are retrograde in everything valuable and estimable; who regard their superiors with envious ill-will, and their equals with selfish coldness; who neither look back to their ancestors nor forward to their successors, but live and labour merely for the individual. They, sure enough, are degenerated; but I have lived in a luxury of a superior kind, which has made me fastidious."

On the subject of Ossian's poems, with biographical traits of James Macpherson, who was born at Ruthven, where the grand old castle stands, in the year 1736, did duty as schoolmaster there for some time, and then, after filling Europe with the echoes of old Ossianic song and building a classical home for his family on a prominent site in the neighbourhood of Kingussie, died in 1796, the same year with Robert Burns, we cannot afford to enlarge; only, for persons who will not be content with a clever discharge of wholesale scepticism on this most interesting theme, we may refer to a special chapter of our book, in which a long array of testimonies in favour of the authenticity of these famous relics of the old British Muse is spread forth in instructive detail.

A more interesting character than the translator of Ossian, though in no wise competing with him on the platform of literary celebrity, is Jane, the celebrated Duchess of Gordon, visited by Burns in his Highland tour, and familiar to all tourists between

Kingussie and Forres, by her tasteful dwelling at Kinrara, and the pillar of military fame which looks down from a height close beside. Of the youthful days of this notable lady, our Kingussie chronicler gives the following amusing description:—

"In her girlhood days Duchess Jane was an incorrigible, but withal a most bewitching, lovable romp, and apparently she retained her exuberant spirits down almost to the close of her life. Here is a very amusing picture of her early life in the High Street of Edinburgh, then the most fashionable quarter in the Scottish metropolis. 'In Hyndford's Close, near the bottom of the High Street—first entry in the close, and second door upstairs—dwelt about the beginning of the reign of George III., Lady Maxwell of Monreith, and there brought up her beautiful daughters, one of whom became Duchess of Gordon. The house had a dark passage, and the kitchen-door was passed in going to the dining-room, according to an agreeable old practice in Scotch houses, which lets the guests know on entering what they have to expect. The fineries of Lady Maxwell's daughters were usually hung up, after washing, on a screen in this passage to dry; while the coarser articles of dress, such as shifts and petticoats, were slung decently out of sight at the window upon a projecting contrivance similar to a dyer's pole, of which numerous specimens still exist at windows in the Old Town for the convenience of the poorer inhabitants. So easy and familiar were the manners of the great in those times, fabled to be so stiff and decorous, that Miss Eglintoune, afterwards Lady Wallace, used to be sent with the tea-kettle across the street to the Fountain Well for water to make tea. Lady Maxwell's daughters were the wildest romps imaginable. An old gentleman, who was their relation, told me that the first time he saw these beautiful girls was in the High Street, where Miss Jane, afterwards Duchess of Gordon, was riding upon a sow, which Miss Eglintoune thumped lustily behind with a stick. It must be understood that, sixty years since, vagrant swine went as commonly about the streets of Edinburgh as dogs do in our own day, and were more generally fondled as pets by the children of the last generation. It may, however, be remarked that the sows upon which the Duchess of Gordon and her witty sister rode, when children, were not the common vagrants of the High Street, but belonged to Peter Ramsay of the Inn in St Mary's Wynd, and were among the last that were permitted to roam abroad. The two romps used to watch the animals as they were let loose in the forenoon from the stable-yard (where they lived among the horse-litter), and get upon their backs the moment they issued from the close.'"

Of her quiet life and kindly hospitality at Kinrara, Mrs Grant of Laggan thus writes:—

"'The Duchess of Gordon is a very busy farmeress at Kinrara, her beautiful retreat on the Spey some miles below this. She rises at five in the morning, bustles incessantly, employs from twenty to thirty workmen every day, and entertains noble travellers from England in a house very little better than our own, but she is setting up a wooden pavilion to see company in.' In a subsequent letter Mrs Grant says that, 'unlike most people of the world,' the Duchess 'presented her least favourable phases to the public; but in this her Highland home, all her best qualities were in action, and there it was that her warm benevolence and steady friendship were known and felt.'"

But the manner in which she could, by a wise balance of contraries in her nature, alternate the sylvan quietude of her life at Kinrara with the splendid show and the brilliant bustle of Court life in London, is truly wonderful. To this Horace Walpole, in a letter to Miss Berry in 1791, alludes in the following striking sentences:—

"One of the empresses of fashion,

the Duchess of Gordon, uses fifteen or sixteen hours of her four-and-twenty. I heard her Journal of last Monday. She went first to Handel's music in the Abbey; she then clambered over the benches and went to Hastings' trial in the Hall; after dinner to the play, then to Lord Lucan's assembly; after that to Ranelagh, and returned to Mrs Holbart's faro-table; gave a ball herself in the evening of that morning into which she must have got a good way; and set out for Scotland next day. Hercules could not have achieved a quarter of her labours in the same space of time."

But this energetic female genius was not content with playing a prominent part in London receptions as in hospitable Highland hearths; she stands forth also as a patriotic politician and a military organiser. To this the following extract bears striking testimony:—

"Near the close of last century rumours of a French invasion alarmed the country and roused military ardour to such an extent as to lead to fresh regiments being raised. In one of a series of very interesting sketches by the Honourable Mrs Armytage of 'British Mansions and their Mistresses past and present,' recently published in 'Tinsley's Magazine,' the raising by the famous Duchess of the battalion of Gordon Highlanders, which has since held such a distinguished place in our military annals, is thus described: 'The Duchess is said to have had a wager with the Prince Regent as to which of them would first raise a battalion, and that the fair lady reserved to herself the power of offering a reward even more attractive than the king's shilling. At all events the Duchess and Lord Huntly started off on their errand, and between them soon raised the required number of men. The mother and son frequented every fair in the country-side, begging the fine young Highlanders to come forward in support of king and country, and to enlist in her regiment; and when all other arguments had failed, rumour stated that a kiss from the beautiful Duchess won the doubtful recruit. She soon announced to headquarters the formation of a regiment, and entered into all the negotiations with the military authorities in a most business-like manner, reporting that the whole regiment were Highlanders save thirty-five. Lord Huntly was given the first command of this corps, then and ever since known as the 92d or Gordon Highlanders, and wearing the tartan of the clan.'"

But we must stop. *Ex pede Herculem*, as the Romans said. To have seen the foot of Hercules will enable you to take the measure of the whole man. Judge the quarry by the stones. And we can only say in conclusion, that whosoever consults the Kingussie banker's comprehensive volume, whether for such local details as local residents are entitled to expect, or for such views of Church and society in Badenoch as are interesting to the general tourist and temporary sojourner, will certainly not be disappointed.

THE FUR-SEAL AND THE AWARD.

Our latest experiment in international arbitration has attracted the interest not only of specialists, but also, from the peculiarity of the subject, of the world at large. Most people, probably, have been content to gather an outline of the case from the newspapers; others have gone further and endeavoured to master its numberless legal difficulties in the pages of more serious publications. A few—a very few—have struggled through the vast mass of official literature—Case, Counter-case, and Argument—wherein the "simple truth miscalled simplicity" may be supposed somewhere to exist, and have hoped the matter at an end. From both sides of the Atlantic a chorus of mixed condemnation and approval has arisen, which from its energy would seem to indicate finality. It is doubtless believed by many that the whole question is now practically decided. But as a matter of fact, this is very far from being the case. Affairs are hardly more definitely settled now than they were after the passing of the Bering Sea Act of 1891. A step has indeed been made, but it is no more than a step, and how much longer this already protracted question is likely to endure lies beyond the power of the ablest seer to forecast.

Hitherto, at all events in England, the legal points of this *cause célèbre* have been those chiefly considered. From an early period the affair resolved itself into a wrangle as to the legality of a 100-miles limit, or the justifiableness of a closed sea, whether the fur-seal was *fera naturæ*, and how far he was private property. All this, though eminently right and proper in the eyes of the lawyers, was but vexation of spirit to the zoologist. For him the question was merely whether an animal of the greatest use to mankind should be permitted to perish, and, if not, what means should be adopted to ensure its preservation. That the British Government at one time clearly shared the same view is evident from the charge laid upon her commissioners. "The main object of your inquiry," it runs, "will be to ascertain what international arrangements, if any, are necessary between Great Britain, the United States, and Russia, or any other Power, for the purpose of preserving the fur-seal race in Bering Sea from extermination." Yet the question on people's lips after the publishing of the award was not whether the regulations were sufficient to ensure the survival of the seal, but whether England had, or had not, "won her case."

To a very great extent, no doubt, America was herself the cause of this main object being lost sight of. Foiled, from various reasons, in her endeavour to obtain an agreement for a close season, she fell back upon the now historic ukase of 1821, in which Alexander I. claimed the closure of Bering Sea. This attitude was apparently not long retained, for we find Mr Blaine explicitly denying it in a despatch dated December 17, 1890. "The Government has never claimed it, and never desired it," it runs. Again a rapid *volte-face* followed, and she resumed her former position. Upon this ground, as every one knows, the case was tried. If anything could tempt to moralising, it would surely be the sight of America, the champion of

liberty, making friends with the mammon of medievalism, and sheltering herself behind the impossible decree of an autocrat. But it may well be that, in taking up this manifestly untenable position, she was but sacrificing a pawn upon the diplomatic chess-board. Arbitrators, it may be assumed, are hardly likely to give a verdict either for plaintiff or defendant upon all counts. It is, therefore, not impossible that the Government of the United States were quite willing to forego their *mare clausum* provided that they obtained satisfactory "concurrent regulations"; and in this respect it cannot be denied that they have been on the whole remarkably successful.

All this, however, belongs less to the practical and zoological side of the question than to the legal, upon which it is not within the province of this paper to dwell. Competent writers have fully discussed the case from this point of view in numerous newspapers and magazines. In 'Maga' of last month an article upon "The United States in International Law" showed conclusively how weak was her position in her contention for the sovereignty of Bering Sea. But, with the exception of a leading article in the 'Field' newspaper, no consideration of the zoological features of the case, so far as the writer is aware, has hitherto appeared. The "award," rather than the appended "regulations," has been regarded as the main point of interest; and what effect these latter may have in counteracting the threatened extinction of the fur-seal has been left almost entirely unconsidered. It is worth while, therefore, to pass them in review, and see not only how far they are likely to be of service in this respect, but how they will affect the trade and the existence of the "pelagic" sealer.

We may pause for a moment to glance at the immediate circumstances of which the award was the outcome, and the source of the evidence upon which the arbitrators were asked to deliver their judgment. When, in 1891, with a geometrically progressive "pelagic" seal slaughter on the one hand, and free seizures of schooners on the other, matters had reached a point perilously near actual rupture, the "Seal Fishery (Bering Sea) Act" came as an interim injunction to relieve the strained relations. Nearly simultaneously commissioners of both nations were appointed to collect evidence upon every possible phase and condition of seal-life, not only in the North Pacific, but also—though here the information was not at first hand—in the few remaining parts of the southern hemisphere where different yet closely allied species of the fur-seal are still to be found. In mid-August of last year the task was completed, and the report of the British commissioners laid before the authorities. That of the United States representatives had preceded it by nearly four months. Both were practically the distinct and separate opinions of interested parties, and it was in this, as most naturalists will probably agree in thinking, that one of the greatest mistakes in the whole case was made. It would have been far better for the ensuring of a satisfactory and unbiassed settlement of the many difficult points presenting themselves, no less than for the sake of amity, that naturalists should have been chosen as commissioners who were in no way connected with either nation, and were ready to approach the subject as a mere

problem in zoology. As it was, each side held a brief for its own country, and from the very outset difficulties arose. Lord Salisbury's instructions were to the effect that the British commissioners should "investigate, *conjointly with the commissioners of the other Government*, all the facts relating to seal-life in the Bering Sea." But no conjoint investigation properly so called appears ever to have been made, and the only joint report ever submitted was of almost laughable brevity. Divested of its preamble, it consisted of three lines. "We find," it states, "that since the Alaska purchase a marked diminution in the number of seals on, and habitually resorting to, the Prybilov Islands has taken place; that it has been cumulative in effect; and that it is the result of excessive killing by man." The conclusion expresses, in the language of politeness and diplomacy, the bald fact that agreement on any other point was impossible. Each side was, naturally enough, anxious to make out as strong a case as possible. The one held "pelagic" sealers as enemies of mankind; the other, scorning half measures, suggested the interdiction of all killing upon the islands. The result was the submitting of a vast mass of contradictory data to the tribunal, from which it must have been more than difficult to disentangle the skein of plain fact. Much more satisfactory would it have been could the arbitrators, instead of the two interested parties, have nominated the commissioners. They would then have had as a basis for adjudication a well-ascertained and unimpeachable series of facts.

Upon the award, strictly so called, we need not here dwell. The five points upon which the arbitrators had to decide resolved themselves, practically, into two, —the first, whether Bering Sea could be held to be *mare clausum* —the second, whether the fur-seal when at large is *res nullius*. On each of these points the American contentions were disallowed. With regard to the first, the lawyers have spoken with no uncertain voice, and it would probably be conceded by almost every one that our adversaries' position was untenable. The second is a more debatable question, and there may still be some who remain unconvinced by the decision of the tribunal. It is rendered extremely difficult by the fact that in habit and mode of life the fur-seal is absolutely unique in the animal world. Moreover, the term *fera naturæ* has never been satisfactorily defined; and the question of the right of property that man may have in animals of this description is still more complicated. Blackstone, treating of the qualified property which may subsist in animals *feræ naturæ*, states:—

"These are no longer the property of a man than while they continue in his keeping or actual possession; but if at any time they regain their natural liberty, his property instantly ceases, *unless they have* animum revertendi, *which is only to be known by their usual custom of returning*. . . . The law, therefore, extends this possession further than the mere manual occupation; for my tame hawk that is pursuing his quarry in my presence, though he is at liberty to go where he pleases, is nevertheless my property, for he hath *animum revertendi*. So are my pigeons that are flying at a distance from their home, . . . all which remain still in my possession, and I still preserve my qualified property in them. But if they stray without my knowledge, and do not return in the usual manner, it is then lawful for any stranger to take them."

It would appear then, from this,

that the *animus revertendi* is to be regarded as a sufficient qualification in wild animals in which man can claim property, and this characteristic the fur-seal undoubtedly possesses to a most remarkable degree, so that its case might with justice be considered as closely analogous to that of pigeons in a large dovecote, whose every flight into the country in search of food the owner could not be supposed to accompany or even be cognisant of, and of whose number and identity he would be ignorant. It was contended on the British side that the voluntary return of the seals to the islands does not make them the subject of property, for their intention must be not only to return to the islands, but to return to the control and care of their owner. But there is no ground for such contention, and it might, on the other hand, be argued that the pigeons, once established, would always return to their dovecote whether they had an owner or not. These arguments, it is evident, might be extended to fill volumes without being anywhere nearer finality, and the subject has only been introduced here with the object of showing how futile it would be to attempt to arrive at any satisfactory solution of the question on these lines. Even were it definitely decided that the fur-seal should be held to be private property of the United States Government, its safety could hardly be considered more assured than in times past. Such vast preserves as the North Pacific it would be quite beyond the power of that nation effectually to guard, and she could scarcely look to the other Powers to act as her gamekeepers. The profits of the sealing schooners are so large that almost any risk would be braved by them. If "pelagic" sealing is to be suppressed at all, it can only be by the concurrence and aid of the nations interested in the survival of the animal; but such aid could only be afforded on the understanding that the seal is *res nullius*.

The award itself, however, does not concern the zoologist so much as the regulations thereto appended for the future management of what is conveniently, if inaccurately, termed the "seal-fishery." As to the capability of the arbitrators to adjudicate upon difficult points of international law almost all are agreed. How far they were qualified to draw up a series of regulations on such a difficult and technical subject as the management of a seal-fishery is quite another question. None of these gentlemen, it may be hazarded, have been at any period of their career either professed seal-hunters or naturalists. It is even possible that, in some instances, their knowledge of the animal upon whose fate they had to decide may have been limited to the admiring contemplation of ladies' jackets composed of their skins. Without a somewhat larger stock-in-trade of experience it is difficult to see how any conspicuous success could be anticipated. Moreover, the task was rendered still less easy by the fact that the regulations affected two nations only, while the rest of the world were at liberty to act as they pleased. But, considering that their powers were thus limited, it may be said that the arbitrators have not been unsuccessful, and that their regulations ought to be attended with marked benefit to seal-life if properly enforced. Exception might no doubt be taken to many of them, and they are by no means conspicuous for lucidity of expression; but if universally

adopted by all nations, it is possible that they may even suffice for a permanent settlement of the Bering Sea difficulty. It is worthy of remark that no regulations limiting, or in any way interfering with the island "take" of skins occur. Almost all are directed to the partial restriction of "pelagic" sealing, and thus the verdict of this part of the award may be regarded as a more or less complete victory for the United States—at all events upon paper.

The regulations are embodied in nine articles. They run as follows, and will be commented upon separately in their order:—

"*Article I.* The Governments of the United States and Great Britain shall forbid their citizens and subjects respectively to kill, capture, or pursue at any time, and in any manner whatever, the animals commonly called fur-seals, within a zone of sixty geographical miles around the Prybilov Islands, inclusive of the territorial waters."

Passing over the fact that "a zone of sixty miles" is by no means the same thing as a circle with a radius of sixty miles, which appears to be what is meant, it will be noted that, since the agreement is only between the two Powers, vessels under the flag of all other nations, by whom the universal three-miles limit is the only one recognised, will be at liberty to take seals as they please within this area. Unless, therefore, the other Powers be willing to accept the regulations, it is manifest that immediate advantage will be taken of this loophole. Canadian and American capital will doubtless cross the Pacific to assist the Japanese schooners, and beyond the fact that the red ensign and the stars and stripes will be conspicuously absent from the protected area, there will probably be no change in "pelagic" sealing, except it be in the shape of increase. The frequent impossibility of judging with any accuracy of the boundary in a sea so persistently beset with dense fog is likely to entail innumerable difficulties, and disputed seizures will probably become even more frequent than heretofore. The protected area is too large to be efficiently guarded without difficulty, and both for this reason and on account of the establishment of an inadvisable precedent might well have been substituted by a further extension of the close season.

"*Article II.* The two Governments shall forbid their citizens and subjects respectively to kill, capture, or pursue, in any manner whatever, during the season extending each year from the 1st May to the 31st July, both inclusive, the fur-seals on the high sea, in that part of the Pacific Ocean, inclusive of the Bering Sea, which is situated to the north of the 35th degree of N. latitude, and eastward of the 180th degree of longitude from Greenwich, till it strikes the water boundary described in Article I. of the Treaty of 1867 between the United States and Russia, and following that line up to Bering Straits."

This article, in plainer words, decrees a close season throughout the whole extent of American waters occupied by the fur-seal. In principle and practice a close season is much to be preferred to a protected area. It is in accordance with what is known to be beneficial in similar cases, and is more easy of enforcement than the latter. We still have to do, of course, with the same inability to compel foreigners to comply with the regulation as in Article I.; but if this disturbing element be disregarded, this article will affect "pelagic" sealing not a little, if it can be strictly carried out. For,

since the schooners commence operations tolerably early in the year, and are usually laid up about the beginning of October, the close season comes not only in their best months but also in the middle of their commission. At the time of its commencement the seals are beginning to enter Bering Sea, and the vessels are consequently an enormous distance from their ports, to which they have no alternative but to return. A second commission on its termination would be impossible, and hence the pelagic catch would end with April. This should have a good effect as regards the protection of pregnant females, which do not land on the Prybilovs until about the first week in June. The close season might with advantage have commenced earlier within the limits of Bering Sea, but in that case "pelagic" sealing would practically have been put an end to, and this it was evidently not the intention of the tribunal to permit. The "take" of the schooners will now be more or less limited to the "grey pups" or young seals found off the American coasts in the earlier part of the year, which are for the most part males, or, if females, do not carry young.

"*Article III.* During the period of time and in the waters in which the fur-seal fishing is allowed, only sailing-vessels shall be permitted to carry on or take part in fur-seal fishing operations. They will, however, be at liberty to avail themselves of the use of such canoes or undecked boats, propelled by paddles, oars, or sails, as are in common use as fishing-boats."

This clause was imperatively necessary, unless it was desired to stultify all others, for the general adoption of steamers by the pelagic sealers would at once do away with all hope of enforcing the laws relating to boundaries. The fogs of Bering Sea and the size of the protected area will already render this a matter of difficulty; but if the guard-vessels had also to contend with steam-power, even if inferior to their own, their task would become impossible. The phrase "take part in" seems of doubtful interpretation. If it should be held to include the receiving steamers that perform the same office for the sealing-schooners as do similar vessels for the North Sea fishing-fleet—namely, taking their catch and affording them supplies—the sealers will be put to considerable and unnecessary inconvenience; but it is more probable that the prohibition will be restricted to the vessels actually engaged in fishing.

Article IV provides that

"each sailing-vessel authorised to fish for fur-seals must be provided with a special licence issued for that purpose by its Government, and shall be required to carry a distinguishing flag to be prescribed by its Government,"

and calls for no comment.

"*Article V.* The masters of the vessels engaged in fur-seal fishing shall enter accurately in their official log-book the date and place of each fur-seal fishing operation, and also the number and sex of the seals captured upon each day. These entries shall be communicated by each of the two Governments to the other at the end of each fishing season."

Could such a regulation be accurately carried out, it would in time definitely settle the many disputed questions as to the distribution, migration, and sex-proportion of the fur-seal during its ocean existence, and would thus be of the greatest assistance to naturalists, for whom otherwise the complete life-history of the animal must always remain an in-

soluble problem. The acquisition of this definite information would, moreover, materially lessen the difficulties of future legislation. But unfortunately, from the nature of things, the data thus obtained could never be accepted as trustworthy. The "pelagic" sealer has as enemies both his own kind and the revenue cruisers of the United States Government, and the pelagic sealer is not immaculate. Should the excitement of the chase lead him across the boundary, and bring him to a happy hunting-ground, he could scarcely be expected to record the details of the operation with strict geographic accuracy. Were a raid upon the islands to be successfully carried out — and he would be a bold man who would affirm that no raided skin has as yet found its way into a sealing-schooner's hold—it is hardly likely that the event would be entered in the ship's log. Nor is it probable that a captain, having once discovered a good locality, would be desirous of publishing its whereabouts to the world at large. Even granted the *bona fides* of the recorder, the fogs of Bering Sea are such as to render his records at best conjectural. As regards place, sex, and date, therefore, the returns are not likely to be unimpeachable.

"*Article VI.* The use of nets, firearms, and explosives shall be forbidden in the fur-seal fishing. This restriction shall not apply to shotguns when such fishing takes place outside of Bering Sea during the season when it may be lawfully carried on."

This may be described as one of the most important of the nine regulations. In former days the seals were almost always taken by the spear, or in rare cases, like the sea-otters, with the bow and arrow. Until quite lately Aleutian and other natives were always employed on the sealing-vessels, but since the general adoption of firearms this has not been the case. The weapon most frequently used is not the rifle, but the gun, and few sportsmen will be found to deny that by its use a very considerable percentage of the animals fired at must get away more or less severely wounded. With the spear and throwing-stick hardly a single seal escapes if struck. If missed it is clean missed, and gets off unharmed. The regulation then is both wise and sportsmanlike, but it is very far from being acceptable to the sealer. For to admit of the use of the harpoon the animal must be closely approached, necessitating a noiselessness and caution that are the special property of the native hunter, and the number thus approachable is of course far below that of those offering possible shots. Only the "sleepers," as they are termed, will thus for the most part be obtained; the "travellers," or swimming seals, will more rarely be brought to bag. Outside Bering Sea the use of the shot-gun is to be permitted. Why the rifle should not equally, or preferably, be allowed it is not easy to understand, for it can claim in many ways the same freedom from objection as the spear.

"*Article VII.* The two Governments shall take measures to control the fitness of the men authorised to engage in fur-seal fishing. These men shall have been proved fit to handle with sufficient skill the weapons by means of which this fishing may be carried on."

This clause has no doubt afforded considerable amusement to every

one with any knowledge of the subject, with the exception, presumably, of the arbitrators. It has met with unsparing ridicule on both sides of the Atlantic, and it is suggested, with some show of probability, by a writer in the 'Field,' that it "has been inserted at the instigation of some well-meaning person who has his mind filled with stories of the cruelties inflicted by the Aleuts intrusted with the slaughter of the animals in the Alaska Company's islands," stories which have been conclusively shown to be incorrect. It is unnecessary here to point out the vagueness, inutility, and general ineptitude of the clause. We need have no fear that the sealing captains will endeavour to select the worst men, those least "fit to handle with sufficient skill the weapons by means of which this fishing may be carried on."

"*Article VIII.* The regulations contained in the preceding articles shall not apply to Indians dwelling on the coasts of the territory of the United States, or of Great Britain, and carrying on fur-seal fishing in canoes or undecked boats not transported by or used in connection with other vessels, and propelled wholly by paddles, oars, or sails, and manned by not more than five persons each, in the way hitherto practised by the Indians, provided such Indians are not in the employment of other persons, and provided that, when so hunting in canoes or undecked boats, they shall not hunt fur-seals outside of territorial waters under contract for the delivery of the skins to any person. This exemption shall not be construed to affect the municipal law of either country, nor shall it extend to the waters of Bering Sea, or the waters of the Aleutian Passes. Nothing herein contained is intended to interfere with the employment of Indians as hunters or otherwise in connection with fur-sealing vessels as heretofore."

The meaning of this would seem to be that permission to kill seals for their own use at any period of the year, and by any weapon, is extended to all Indians, except such as are unfortunate enough to inhabit the Aleutian Islands: a regulation which seems to bear hardly on the latter, although it must be admitted that the temptation to make the most of the advantages that their position affords, and to embark upon sealing as a trade would be probably too strong to be resisted. In past days the toll taken of the herd by the natives during the yearly migrations was comparatively insignificant. Since the value of the skins has become known to them, it is no longer so, and it is perhaps only fair that it should be checked.

This article is the last dealing with the question of the protection of the fur-seal; Article IX. merely providing that the regulations

"shall remain in force until they have been, in whole or in part, abolished or modified by common agreement between the Governments of the United States and of Great Britain. The said concurrent regulations shall be submitted every five years to a new examination, so as to enable both interested Governments to consider whether, in the light of past experience, there is occasion for any modification thereof."

Before submitting their case to arbitration it was agreed that the two interested parties "should consider the result of the proceedings of the tribunal of arbitration as a full, perfect, and final settlement of all the questions referred to the arbitrators," and the same assent may be held to be implied with regard to the concurrent regulations. But this assent should be dependent upon Lord Salisbury's previous contention that they should be universally adopted by

all nations. Upon this point their success or failure may be said to hang. Until the adoption is a *fait accompli* the award is so much waste paper, for it is hardly probable that the United States and Canada would tamely submit to sit still while the sealing fleets of other nations were engaged in appropriating the spoil. This, then, is the *sine quâ non* of settlement. Assuming acceptation by the other Powers, the question arises whether the rules drawn up by the arbitrators are fair and equitable, and whether they will suffice for the purpose for which they were intended. It was admitted on all hands that the extermination of the fur-seal is to be avoided, and it was equally admitted, if both the "pelagic" and island killing were allowed to remain unchecked, that practical, if not actual, extermination would ensue. Which side, then, was to yield? The question resolved itself into a choice of one of three methods: (1) Of partial restrictions on both sides; (2) partial or complete restriction of the island "take"; or (3) partial or complete restriction of "pelagic" sealing. For the elucidation of the problem, evidence and argument sufficient to need seven Blue-books for their embodiment were adduced by the contesting parties. Much of this, as has before been stated, was of the most contradictory and puzzling nature; but that many points came out most clearly and unequivocally is conclusively shown by the regulations, which may be regarded as a verdict given upon the evidence, and the outcome of a careful and lengthy investigation. The most important of these points are those connected with the killing of seals at sea. The Americans contended, among other things, that the greater number of those so killed were females, of which most were carrying young; that of those fired at in the usual manner with buckshot or "loopers" many got away wounded, to perish uselessly and painfully; that of those killed many sank before they could be picked up by the boats; and that the system of "pelagic" sealing thus caused considerable and unnecessary waste of life. All these points may be said to have been sufficiently proved. The evidence with regard to the first is overwhelming. The leading London furriers, those of America, the Canadian Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Rear-Admiral Hotham, the Canadian Fisheries Report of 1886, and a host of trustworthy witnesses,—all testify to its truth. It is not even denied by those who support sea sealing, who are reduced to the plea that the killing of females is necessary for the preservation of the normal proportion of the sexes! This was in reality the crucial point. Passing to the question of the waste of life alleged to be inseparably connected with sealing on the high seas, it may boldly be asserted that such waste of life, to a greater or less extent, is self-evident. It is unnecessary to take into serious consideration the vague statements of sealers, which were brought forward to support the contention that no seals get away to die of their wounds. One witness, for example, declares that "not more than one in fifty wounded seals will die afterwards;" and another states that as he "always gets badly wounded seals, those that escape are not likely to die." Numerous other affidavits of a like character were advanced in evidence, but need not be repeated here. Their only possible use would be to amuse sportsmen.

It cannot be meant seriously to suggest that the seal differs from every other animal shot by man in this respect. So, too, with regard to the sinking of seals when shot. Plenty of them, no doubt, do not sink; and it is quite possible that the number of those that do has been exaggerated. That none do so, no one who has seen a 12-foot sealing-gaff believes.

It was presumably, then, a consideration of these and similar points which led the arbitrators to adopt the last of the alternatives above mentioned, and to decide on a partial restriction of "pelagic" sealing. That it was a wise and at the same time a fair decision, almost every zoologist or sportsman who has given any consideration to the subject will allow. If it be granted, as it is, that both sea and island killing cannot coexist without certain extinction, then one or other must go to the wall; and it is evident that the worst method should suffer. A system whereby a large preponderance of females are killed and an unnecessary waste of life takes place is manifestly inferior to one which carries on its operations on the best principles of stock-farming, and has a direct pecuniary interest in keeping up the number of the breeding animals. The arbitrators deserve the thanks of all those interested in the question for having realised, and given expression to, this fact.

F. H. H. Guillemard.

Printed by William Blackwood and Sons.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCCXXXVIII. DEC. 1893. Vol. CLIV.

ARMED EUROPE:

HOW COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.

No one can look carefully into the present state of Europe without feeling firmly convinced that it cannot continue long in its present condition. Every country is maintaining an armed force out of all proportion to its resources and population, and the consequent strain upon its monetary system and its industrial population is ever increasing, and must sooner or later become unbearable.

The nations of Europe are, in fact, all living in a state of constant preparation for instant war. Some day the strain will become unendurable, and this, if from no other cause, will lead to war as the only way of putting an end to it, and so enabling a general disarmament to take place.

It thus becomes both interesting and important to consider when the limit will be reached by some of the Great Powers in the two Alliances into which Europe is now divided, at which they can go on competing with one another in the race for military superiority.

This will be most readily ascertained in the case of France and Germany. France is already close on this limit, for the number of men she has in all respects fit for military service in each year is now annually incorporated in the ranks. Germany has not yet reached it. With her larger population she is able to have a surplus of about 90,000 men, after taking in all the recruits she wants in each year. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that France has been drawing more heavily on her military population than Germany. The general result is, that while France has been increasing her army more rapidly than Germany,

she has now about come to the end of her tether, whilst Germany, who has been going on more slowly, is able to continue her present rate of progress for a good many years to come.

This, however, shows that the Great Powers in each Alliance are slowly but steadily and surely approaching the period when they can no longer keep abreast in the military race, and when the power of the sword must be thrown in to right the balance.

That is the period when the peace of Europe will be in danger indeed.[1]

The present localisation of the hostile forces clearly indicates the points where, and the intention with which, they will be thrown sooner or later into the fight.

This war of giants will have Russia and France on the one side; Germany, Austria, and Italy on the other.

To make this evident, we have only to look at the actual position of the troops during peace in each of these countries.

As an indication of where the danger lies, and the direction which the contest will ultimately take, the disposition of the Russian army is by far the most important factor.

Russia, owing to the immense extent of her empire and the comparatively small number of her railways in proportion to those of any other European State, is quite unable to concentrate powerful armies for offensive purposes on any point of her dominions with any approach to the rapidity with which this can be done in France, Germany, Italy, or even Austria. She is consequently obliged to mass upon her frontier during peace those forces which she intends at once to throw into action during war. The sure sign, therefore, of where she intends to strike her blow when the inevitable contest ensues, is to be looked for in the present actual distribution of her army.

This is by no means to the *same extent* the case with the other great Powers. France and Germany, especially, have a perfect system of railways laid out with a distinct strategic purpose. Every preparation for a speedy concentration of their whole forces, by these means, on any point of their frontiers ever likely to be threatened, either for offensive or defensive reasons, has been so thoroughly made that their troops can be left during peace in a far more dispersed state, and much farther back, than is possible with Russia.

If we wish, then, to look forward to what looms upon us in the future, it is to Russia we must turn for the surest indication of the great contest to come, and there it is found standing out in letters of fire—like the handwriting on the wall to the gaze of the Assyrian king.

About five years ago a great movement began in the Russian army—both in increase of numbers and the massing of troops westwards. This has gone on with constantly increasing activity up to the present time. It was marked during 1892 by the creation of a new Army Corps, the pushing forward from the Moscow districts westward, along the main railway lines leading to the German frontier, of two Army Corps, and the formation of a cavalry screen on the frontier itself. To such an extent has this westward movement now been carried, that it has been well said

[1] This subject is well brought out by Colonel Adye in an article entitled "The Blood-Tax" in the November number of the 'United Service Magazine.'

that "east of a line roughly drawn from Archangel to Toganrog there are now literally no troops in European Russia of the active regular army."

The Russian army, on the peace footing, consists of about 977,500 men, divided into twenty-one Army Corps, with four independent cavalry divisions and thirteen brigades of Rifles. The Army Corps itself usually consists of two infantry and one cavalry division, with corresponding artillery—and numbers about 23,000 men in peace and 40,000 on the war establishment.

Of this immense force the distribution, in peace, by arms, is nearly as follows :—

	Officers and Men.	Guns.	Horses.
Infantry	623,873	...	...
Cavalry	123,111	...	148,261
Field-artillery	95,607	2,174	
Fortress	28,934	...	...
All others	105,975	...	...
Total	977,500	2,174	148,261

That by localities, which is by far the most important, is, roughly speaking, nearly as under :—

1. In the Warsaw, Wilna, and Kiew districts,[1] opposed to Germany	500,000
2. In the Moscow and St Petersburg districts, in reserve to the above	284,500
Total opposed to Germany	784,500
3. In the Odessa district, holding the Crimea and watching Turkey	80,000
4. In the Caucasus district, opposed to Turkey in Asia	50,000
5. In the whole of Transcaspia, opposed to Afghanistan and China	51,000
6. In the fortress of Vladivostok, on the sea of Japan and on the adjacent Chinese frontier	12,000
Total,	977,500

Thus, out of a total force of nearly a million, about 784,000 are massed on the German frontier and in reserve behind it; whilst Odessa and the Crimea are held, and Constantinople watched, by only 80,000; the Caucasus occupied, and the Turkish frontier in Asia Minor observed, by 50,000; in the whole of Transcaspia, along the huge expanse of the Afghan and Chinese frontier, only 51,000; and in the fortress of Vladivostok, on the sea of Japan and the coterminous portion of the Chinese frontier, some 12,000.

Whilst such is the disposition and amount of the Russian forces on a peace footing, their numbers, when mobilised for war and all the reserves called out, reach about the following amount :—

[1] The troops in the Warsaw district are pushed forward as a wedge between Austria and Germany. Those in the Wilna district form a right rear, and those in the Kiew district a left rear support to those in the Warsaw district.

	Officers and Men.	Horses.	Guns.
Field troops . .	1,454,044	457,000	4210
Field Reserve troops .	755,853	181,000	988
Fortress " .	160,656	1,400	...
Local " .	33,685	2,600	...
Depot " .	318,157	38,000	222
Total . .	2,722,395	680,000	5420

From a consideration of the above, three points of vital importance are clear.[1]

The *first* of these is, that Russia is straining every nerve to mass every disposable man of her huge army on her Polish frontier, so as to be able, in conjunction with France, to crush Germany, even though aided by flanking Austria and distant Italy.

The *second* is, that to do this she has determined, until this contest is over, to give up the idea of seizing Constantinople.

The *third*, that she has no present intention of making any move upon Afghanistan or India.

In regard to the second point, we fully believe that Constantinople is, and always will be, her ultimate aim, but the time and the mode by which this is to be carried out have both been altered. She now sees that her time to effect this great object is when (and not until) the Triple Alliance has been either defeated by the united power of France and herself, or has, from internal jealousies, broken up. Then, and not till then, the great blow will be struck.

And this will not be, as before, by an invasion through Bulgaria and over the Balkans, but by throwing, from Sebastopol and Odessa, a powerful army across the Black Sea—now become her inland lake—on the Bosphorus, where the fortifications are quite unfit, and too unprepared, to offer any effective resistance. Curiously enough, Turkey has taken great pains with the fortifications of the Dardanelles—opposed to an enemy coming up from the Mediterranean—but has done nothing to keep in repair even her much weaker works on the Bosphorus.[2]

It was a grave mistake, when the Treaty of 1856 was torn up at the London Conference of 1871, that the European Powers did not insist upon opening both the Straits to the ships of war of all nations during peace, instead of carefully closing them, and thus shutting up the lion and the lamb together in the dark waters of the Black Sea.[3]

In regard to the third point, the

[1] It is a significant fact, as showing how Russia is prepared for every contingency, that—taking advantage of the large balance of trade in her favour and consequent receipt of specie—she has accumulated a gold reserve of over £4,000,000, so as to be always ready for the necessary payments in gold required by an army operating beyond its own frontiers where its own paper currency is no longer available.

[2] This singular fact was attributed by a good Turkish authority, who frankly admitted the danger, and said it was perfectly well known, to the fear that any attempt to put the defences of the Bosphorus in a really powerful state of defence would lead to complications of a serious nature with Russia. A very competent officer, who lately visited both Sebastopol and Constantinople, said: "The impression I formed of the Bosphorus was that, unless the entire channel was closed by torpedoes, the Russians can walk into Constantinople with the greatest ease."

[3] In the Black Sea, Russia now has six sea-going ironclads and two more in

numbers and disposition of her troops in Transcaspia prove that so long as the present concentration on the German frontier continues, Russia has neither the intention nor the power of making any move on India or even Afghanistan. With only 51,000 in the whole of her Transcaspian dominions (except far distant Vladivostok), such a thing could not for a moment be thought of in the face (putting Afghanistan altogether aside) of our 73,400 British and 218,000 native troops in India.

But, moreover, to any one who has carefully considered her objects and mode of action, it may be looked upon as certain that she never really intended to undertake such a distant and difficult enterprise as to move a force sufficient to seize our Indian empire to such a distance from her base, and through so inhospitable and hostile a country as Afghanistan.

What she probably will do before making her great move on Constantinople is to endeavour to induce us to believe that she is really about to invade India, by pushing forward troops on Herat and towards the Pamirs, so as to chain our large European force there to that country. She is well aware that all our best and most seasoned troops are there; and there she, above all things, wishes to keep them, so that they may not be in her way nearer home.

But Russia will not move without the aid of France; and of her assistance she is evidently quite assured when the proper season comes. If any one doubts this, let him think well over the wildly enthusiastic way in which the officers of the Russian Mediterranean squadron have lately been received in that country, and the cause to which that is to be attributed. That was no mere passing ebullition—it represented a deep-seated and lasting sentiment, founded on a real community of interests.

France has never forgiven the loss of Alsace and Lorraine and her fortresses on the Rhineland. Strasbourg and Metz in German hands are as gall and wormwood to her. These she can never recover without the defeat of Germany, and that cannot be effected without the aid of Russia. The Russian Alliance is therefore a matter of absolute necessity to her.

No nation has probably ever made such strenuous preparations for war — both defensive and offensive—as France.

The system of fortifications she has constructed to protect her capital, and to cover every approach to it, is unequalled. Paris itself is surrounded by a new series of powerful detached forts, so far thrown out in advance of the old ones which covered it in 1870-71, that, until they are broken through, even modern rifled ordnance cannot touch the town. Moreover, every line of rail converging on the capital from the eastern frontier is blocked by powerful fortresses and new works, or *forts d'arrêt*, so as to be useless to the enemy until these have been successively reduced. It is thus impossible—even after other great defeats, like those in front of Metz, or at Sedan—to rush the capital before the whole military power of the empire has had time to be massed for its defence.

Her system of railways and her arrangements for rapid mobilis-

course of construction, two circular ironclads, useful for defensive purposes, and seven cruisers. In the Baltic she has nine ironclad battleships, nine cruisers (with two more in course of construction), and two rams—all ironclads.

ation are now nearly as perfect as anything can be, and are fully equal to those of Germany.

For offensive war she is just as well prepared. Taking deeply to heart the lessons so fearfully learned in the terrible war of 1870-71, she has strained every nerve to be at all times ready, either for an offensive or defensive struggle. Her army now on the peace footing is as follows:—

	Men.	Field-guns.	Horses.
Infantry	338,188	...	...
Cavalry	77,856	...	121,924
Artillery	71,733	2,808	
All others	35,978	...	...
Total	523,755	2,808	121,924

In war, with all reserves called in, it becomes:—

	Officers and Men.	Field-guns.	Horses.
Infantry	1,783,391	...	...
Cavalry	317,245	...	800,000
Artillery	429,584	4,500	
All others	185,356	...	...
Total	2,715,576	4,500	800,000

The total force of the Franco-Russian Alliance may thus be taken somewhat as follows:—

Peace.

	Officers and Men.	Field-guns.	Horses.
Russia	977,500	2,174	148,261
France	523,755	2,808	121,924
Total	1,501,255	4,982	270,185

War.

Russia	2,722,395	5,420	680,000
France	2,715,576	4,500	800,000
Total	5,437,971	9,920	1,480,000

Let us now turn to the Triple Alliance, with which it must necessarily some day come in contact.

To begin with *Germany*. She stands in the very forefront of the battle, for, from her situation lying between Russia and France, the instant the contest breaks out she will have Russia invading her from the east and France from the west, while the succour of Italy must be distant; and Austria will have a difficult task to mass a large force in Galicia ready to move quickly against the flank and communications of the invading force—though, as the contest goes on, she can collect easily a large army in Bohemia wherewith to reinforce Germany.

To meet these, Germany has on her present peace footing a force amounting to about—

	Officers and Men.	Field-guns.	Horses.
Infantry	401,250	...	...
Cavalry	75,100	...	119,944
Artillery	76,100	2,622	
All others	40,419	...	...
Total	592,869	2,622	119,944

The above expand in war, with the reserves called out, to about—

	Officers and Men.	Field-guns.	Horses.
Infantry	1,797,832	...	...
Cavalry	142,802	...	522,126
Artillery	294,047	4,428	
All others	206,755	...	...
Total	2,441,436	4,428	522,126

This is a large force, especially when the high training of the men — both in the active army and the reserve—is borne in mind. But great as it is, it is not now considered sufficient; and she has been driven this year, evidently with reluctance, and only under the pressure of absolute necessity, to reduce the service with the colours in her infantry from three years to two—a step which will probably cause a certain diminution in that training which has hitherto been unequalled in Europe.

But the increase which it will ultimately give to her force is very great. When the system has attained its full development, the augmentation to her peace establishment will be 70,110 non-commissioned officers and men; and it will raise her available trained force for war to the enormous number of 4,300,000.

The next member in importance in the Triple Alliance, both from the strength of her army and her strategical position, is *Austria*.

Lying south of Germany along the large zone of country stretching from the western extremity of the Bohemian Mountains to where Poland unites with Russia proper, she flanks the whole line of a Russian advance on the Elbe, and can come to the aid of Germany either directly, by reinforcing her main army on the Polish frontier from Bohemia, or indirectly, by descending on the left flank and rear of the invading host from Galicia or through Silesia.

Her railway system, especially in Hungary and Galicia, is, however, not nearly so perfect as that of Germany, and consequently she cannot be expected to mobilise and concentrate on the most important strategical points — such as in Galicia and Moravia — with anything like the rapidity which Germany or France could do on similar points in their own country. But in Bohemia her railway system is better; and from it and her territory of Austria proper she could reinforce Bavaria and Northern Germany quickly.

The forces which she can dispose of in peace and war are about as follows:—

Peace.

	Officers and Men.	Field-guns.	Horses.
Infantry	199,871	...	...
Cavalry	45,450	...	53,356
Artillery	35,816	996	
All others	18,009	...	...
Total	299,146	996	53,356

War.

	Officers and Men.	Field-guns.	Horses.
Infantry	1,294,605	...	...
Cavalry	97,306	...	291,870
Artillery	104,849	2,136	
All others	94,059	...	...
Total	1,590,819	2,136	291,870

We now come to consider, in the last place, what the position and power of *Italy* in the Triple Alliance is.

She is essentially its great reserve, and it would take a considerable time before her forces could be brought up to reinforce the first line of the Alliance in the field.

Probably the first duty which would be expected from her would be to throw a considerable force into Southern France along the shores of the Mediterranean, threatening Marseilles, or turning inwards on Lyons, so as to retain a considerable portion of the French troops from taking an active share in the strife of giants going on to the north of the Alps.

Her next duty would naturally be to reinforce the German and Austrian field armies by sending the bulk of her active troops through the Tyrol to their aid; but this would at best be a slow process, owing to the scarcity of railway communication through the only portion of the Alps available to her. She would be practically confined to the direct railway line from Verona through Innspruck on Munich, and the circuitous one from the same place by Klugenfurth to Vienna. The line through the St Gothard could of course not be used, as passing through the neutral territory of Switzerland.

Her part, therefore, must be that of a distant reserve, which can only be slowly brought up into the fighting line.

Her forces available in peace and war are about as under:[1]—

Peace.

	Officers and Men.	Field-guns.	Horses.
Infantry	169,229	...	...
Cavalry	28,692	...	51,894
Artillery	32,292	858	
All others	17,015	...	...
Total	247,228	858	51,894

War.

Infantry	1,487,899	...	...
Cavalry	85,685	...	...
Artillery	216,760	1,620	...
All others	118,677	...	...
Total	1,909,021	1,620	...

[1] The writer has been unable to procure any reliable account of the number of horses employed by Italy in war.

We are now in a position to see what the total military force of the Triple Alliance, both in peace and war, is, and to compare it with that of the Dual Alliance:—

PEACE.

Triple Alliance.

	Officers and Men.	Field-guns.	Horses.
Germany	592,869	2,622	119,944
Austria	299,146	996	53,356
Italy	247,228	858	51,894
Total	1,139,243	4,476	225,194

Dual Alliance.

Russia	977,500	2,174	148,261
France	523,755	2,808	121,924
Total	1,501,255	4,982	270,185

WAR.

Triple Alliance.

	Officers and Men.	Field-guns.	Horses.
Germany	2,441,436	4,428	522,126
Austria	1,590,819	2,136	291,870
Italy	1,909,021	1,620	...
Total	5,941,276	8,184	813,996

Dual Alliance.

Russia	2,722,395	5,420	680,000
France	2,715,576	4,500	800,000
Total	5,437,971	9,920	1,480,000

Thus the Dual Alliance has in peace 362,000 men under arms more than the Triple Alliance, but the Triple Alliance has in war the superiority by 503,000. On the whole, however, they are very evenly matched, though the central position of the Triple Alliance, the members of which are all in touch with one another, ought to give it a certain advantage over the Dual Alliance, who are separated from each other by the whole breadth of Germany, and are nowhere in touch.

We have made no allusion to the naval results which this great contest will involve, but we cannot conclude without a word on the subject.

It may be assumed that England will remain neutral so long as her interests are not directly threatened. The presence of a Russian squadron in the Mediterranean, and the placing of the French naval ports at its disposition, as stations and for repairs, clearly point to this as being not merely a new, but a permanent arrangement. Now—England remaining neutral—the Franco-Russian squadron in that sea could be opposed only by the combined fleets of Italy and Austria; and there can be little doubt that, in this event, the powerful Mediterranean fleet of France, reinforced by the Russian squadron, would have a decided preponderance over those of

Italy and Austria; while in the North Sea and the Baltic the naval power of France and Russia combined would dominate that of Germany. But we have neither space, nor detailed information sufficient, to enter fully on this very interesting subject, and merely indicate what we think would be the general result.

Such would seem to be a fair estimate of the relative forces and probable mode of action of the Great Powers forming the two Alliances, who, in all human probability, must eventually be matched against one another in the greatest strife the world has ever seen.

It is interesting to turn for a moment from the great warlike Powers of Europe — racing with each other in their preparations for the fight to come — to the small, neutral, well-to-do, and happy Powers of Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland, perilously near their warlike neighbours, and above all things anxious to live in peace and quiet.

These small neutral States are very pleasant to look upon. They are all eminently prosperous, well governed, and enjoying perfect freedom under free and stable institutions. Probably nowhere, out of our own country, is there so much political freedom and individual happiness as there is in them; and every well-wisher of the human race must hope that they may long continue in undisturbed possession of the blessings which they enjoy.

But can we venture to anticipate this with any certainty?

Will it not prove an almost irresistible temptation to France some day to console herself for losses on her eastern frontier by annexing the French-speaking, rich, and industrious Belgians, and securing the great fortresses of Antwerp, Maestrich, and Liege?

Will Germany not feel that her possession of the valley of the Rhine can never be complete, and her hopes of one day becoming a great naval Power realised, until she has put her iron hand on the wealthy, commercial, and naval State of Holland, which will bring her "ships, colonies, and commerce"?

Of the three there remains only Switzerland to consider, and she perhaps, of the whole, has the best chance of maintaining her independence. Her neutrality is, in one way or another, an advantage to all her neighbours. To Italy she is the bulwark which shields her from the great military Powers of the north. To Germany and to France—in the case of a war between themselves—it is a great advantage to be able mutually to invade each other along their southern frontiers, with one flank always resting on a neutral and friendly State. It has been remarked by a historian of Europe, that during the early wars flowing from the French Revolution, both parties in turn sighed over the violated neutrality of Switzerland.

The writer fears that these pages may have little interest to the great majority of readers; but if they induce a few thoughtful men to consider the subject seriously, his object will have been attained.

A. Alison.

THE STORY OF MARGRÉDEL:

BEING A FIRESIDE HISTORY OF A FIFESHIRE FAMILY.

My family and the Oliphants were sib. I do not believe, however, that the blood-ties would have been very binding, had not my father sailed one of Wull Oliphant's ships and had the misfortune to be drowned in the business. After that Mr Oliphant kept stepping in upon us on his way to and from the harbour. I do not think that he missed a week, or fourteen days at the most, except on those occasions when, as all the town knew, he disappeared for a fortnight at a time. This would happen once in a twelvemonth, I believe; and he never made any one the wiser as to where he had been. Twice a-year, too, Meg Orrick, the post-runner, delivered a letter from him at our house. Had my mother eagerly looked forward to its coming (which she did not), I daresay I should have known what was in it, for we had no secrets after my father's death. As it was, years passed before I knew that Wull Oliphant paid the rent and other things besides. I can truly say that my mother was happier on seeing him than on seeing his letter, and that says much for both of them, for she was only a poor widow woman, and he was the most well-to-do man along the coast. Besides, he was a big man to come up so many stairs. I think I hear him in the lobby now (for if by chance the door was not back to the wall he would lift the latch himself), drawing long breaths before he could cry—

"Are ye in, Mrs Anne?"

He always added to himself, "Man, I'm pechin';" yet he seldom sat down in the parlour, but asked, "Are ye a' weel? I just cried in to see;" and said his short say standing in the lobby with my mother. It did not matter who was with her, or what she was doing, she always ran out to Wull Oliphant when she heard his voice on the top of the stairs. I used to think that she looked very well as she stood beside him, with the little black cap on her head which the neighbours said she was setting at him. They need not have wasted their words. He told her more of his affairs than he told anybody living, and was very kind to her, as he was to everybody who deserved it, and to many who did not. She, in turn, was very grateful to him, without ever forgetting her dead husband. It could never have slipped my memory that it was on the 19th of October that my father was washed overboard, for the house was always very quiet on that day,—my mother, who was the life of it at other times, being silent, and much taken up, as it seemed to me, with looking out to sea.

Once a-year we took dinner with Mr Oliphant. It was always somewhere about Hansel Monday that we went, for I remember that dining at the Oliphants' crowned the joys of singing-cakes and other delights. I daresay, however, that we were asked just when Thrift Hetherwick, the housekeeper, wished us. It was well known that Wull was under Thrift's thumb. I tell you all this because it was when we

went home from one of these dinners that I asked my mother about the Oliphants, and that she told me about Wull and his brother Douglas, and the boy and the girl who were buried at Kemback. But she could not tell me anything about Margrédel — or said that she could not—and wondered that I should ask about her. Then I told her what had happened after the ladies had left the table that night.

It chanced that there was a little girl in the company, and she and I, being children, and, as it were, there on sufferance only, were not given a place with the others, but were set down at a little table by the fire, which we enjoyed greatly. Our glasses were filled with some wine and water, and every now and then, as the habit was, we looked towards our elders and said, "Your health, Bailie Malcolm," or, "Your health, Miss Pratt," and sipped our claret. Then I heard my mother say to Mr Oliphant—

"The laddie's fourteen thi' day."

Wull said to me—

"Here's your health, my boy, an' mony happy returns;" and all the company looked at me and drank my health, and turning to my mother said—

"He's a well-grown lad. He maun be a great comfort to you." And I felt very proud.

Because it was my birthday, I was allowed to sit with the gentlemen after the ladies had gone. So I sat on, never opening my lips, but listening to the gentlemen talking and laughing; and all went well until, because of the claret in my head most likely, I began to yawn.

"Run away to the drawing-room," said Wull. "You're wearying to get to that girlie."

Then what does young Landale, the lawyer, but say—

"Some folks have to go farther to see their lady friends."

Now Wull Oliphant was a mild man—none milder; but he was very quick as well, as big flat-shouldered men often are. So he says very sharp—

"What may you mean, Mr Landale?"

To this the young man replies very quietly, as if there had been a quarrel between them before,—

"I've heard o' folks going all the way to France to see them, and never say that they had been, for all that it takes a fortnight to go and come."

I think the gentlemen all opened their eyes on one another at this speech; but Wull did not reply to it, nor was any more said on the matter. But afterwards, when the company was rising, Wull came round the backs of the chairs till he stood, near where I was, at Mr Landale's elbow.

"You're a puppy, sir, a puppy," he said into his ear, though I could hear him, being young and sharp at sounds. Then he walked back and opened the door for his company.

That was the story that I told my mother; and although she could not throw light on it—or did not choose to do so—I never forgot it. It led me to make inquiries into the following affairs, concerning the truth of which my cousinliness with Wull Oliphant gave me, at his death, unusual means of learning. Not that I know much more than my fellow-townsmen, among whom the facts have been well sifted, so that few errors have not fallen to the ground. For them this story, one of many such, did not need to be written down; but there may be

some abroad who wish to hear the truth of a history which often whiles away a winter night in our town.

CHAPTER I.

In his young days,—that was in the young days of the century,—Douglas Oliphant had the reputation of being the handsomest youth in the streets of Kirkcaldy. "He has a leg," might have said the clever lady in the novel, and summed up in the saying his graces of person and position; only, did you know the town as I have known it, you would not look in its society to find a Mrs Mountstuart. It was a royal progress he made eastwards against the sun, from the porch of his father's house to the harbour where his father's ships lay. The faces of the damsels looked fascinating behind the small window-panes in the High Street, nor was he slow to give them recognition, as their eyes grew round at the sight of the graceful figure that swaggered below.

Even so had swaggered, in his heyday, his grandfather before him, on these same streets, beneath these very windows. For the Oliphants had aye been handsome, men and women of them (and that was their curse), from the barber founder of the house, whose face was his fortune, down to this young Douglas; and the list was long of maids who had to rue their knowledge of this burgher family of merchant shipowners.

In Kirkcaldy (whether you take it now or a century ago—time has not changed it much) is but one street, creeping along the foot of the hill which slopes down almost to where the waters of the Firth break, and leaves little flat footing for a town. The houses have crept close together, as if to escape, as far as possible, the east wind, which for many months of the year blows on them from the North Sea. At times it sweeps through the mouth of the Firth, a perfect hurricane: up the narrow wynds, and cutting the corner gables with its bitter tooth, clears the street of passengers and bangs the close-doors rudely. In earlier days it even brought with it the sea, forcing it up every wynd and lane till it met on the street and splashed with spray the wheels of the mail-coach on its way to the National. There were sensible reasons for imagining that these visitations were specially designed by Providence for cleansing. At any rate, the back-going tide left the town and its inhabitants looking all the fresher for their battle with the wind and the spray.

All good people who reach a mature age—that is, who have ceased to feed on hope in this world, and live in the lessons of their past—have one spot or scene or figure, often it is only the memory of one, round which their affections gather. So it is with good old towns. Sometimes it is a cathedral, sometimes a market-cross, or a well, or a bridge, or even a tap-room. It matters not what it is, or how it has become the rallying-point of the town's forces. It is identified with the town itself. Here is to be found the concentrated essence of its life. Here all its interests are focussed, even as all the events of the good man's life, all the tides of his feelings, ebb and flow around his hallowed spot. The very exile

pictures it when his heart goes back to his native town. Synecdoche is the heart's figure of speech.

The centre of Kirkcaldy's life in the days of Douglas Oliphant was the harbour. A fleet of vessels lay outside in the bay. Ships were ever crossing the bar, making their way among the timber-lighters, from which the yo ho! yo ho! of the bargemen resounded all day long among the pierhead houses. Merchants, sailors, custom-house officers thronged the quay. A strip of uncausewayed footpath, opposite the custom-house, through whose open windows telescopes stood ready pointed, was known as the Sailors' Walk, and here ship-captains paced out hours together, talking yarns and looking seawards through the masts when their eyes were not cocked on the weather, after the fashion of old salts. From Adam Bendalow's tavern on the west side of the old East Port there was not a house that did not contain Dutch cabinets, Chinese ornaments, trophies from every land, and all that marks the seafaring life.

At every second door almost of this bit of street was a tavern. The well-sanded floors were two or three steps below the level of the causeway. Their windows being small, they were dark by day, and they reeked of sperm-oil all night. Beyond the front room, in which the drink was sold, there was a second with a window in the back wall, on the sea, which led naturally to the one topic of conversation that held with the customers. The atmosphere, moral as well as physical, of the East End, smelled of whisky and tar.

There was a West End, of course. In a sense this had to be, for this single old-fashioned street, with its crow-stepped gables and outside stairs, lay east and west, so far as a direction could be given to anything so tortuous and winding. Thus it happens that to this day men speak of going east and west, not up and down, the street; and citizens who, in the less virtuous age of toddy suppers, took a wrong direction in issuing from up-stairs doors and fell over the low parapet to the causeway, have been known to exercise their philosophy by declaring, as they picked themselves up, that they were "goin' wast hooever." In a social sense, also, there was a West End, rearing itself on the decline of the shipping trade, and sheltering a new community of shopkeepers, manufacturers, and bankers. But for long after our story even the National Hotel, standing in its midst with a welcome door, held second place only in its heart. Irresistibly it was drawn eastwards by the harbour; and there were days, such as that on which the whaling fleet sailed away, when the new town was silent as Herculaneum.

Just at the junction of the east and west stood the Flemish-looking house of the Oliphants. A pillared porch led off the street into a flag-paved lobby which ran, with the help of a few steps, to a similar porch on the garden side. For the garden lay up the rising ground to the back, a strangely fresh, quiet spot, to be so near the bustle of the grey street. From this lowest floor a fine oak staircase mounted up three storeys to the dome at the top. On each storey was a landing which gave entrance to the different rooms.

It was a century old, this house, and tenanted by none but Oliphants, for it was built by the barber afore-mentioned, with the money brought him by his wife,

Janet Hope, the dowered daughter of a long line of landed lawyers. It was a strange old story, how, high-born as she was, the handsome youth aroused her passion, and he married her, old and ill-favoured and all, with the curse of the young girl, young mother, whom he had deceived, ringing in his ears. Children came of the marriage,—handsome sons, beautiful daughters; but the daughters died, and the curse descended, and the old house was the home, through generations, of ill-living men who mourned wives and mothers and sisters, while the iron of the curse ate into their souls.

There came a morning when Douglas Oliphant made his last journey from the old house to the harbour for many days to come. Few were to be seen at mid-day on the quay who could afford their "meridian." Douglas and that young spark, Captain Banbury of the Ayrshire Fencibles, who spent his short forenoons with him on the pier, followed, only too readily, the customs of the day. Lucky Mitchelston's tavern was crowded when they reached it. The Royal mail-coach stood empty at the door, blocking the narrow way; within, postboys and passengers shouted for drinks, and the two bloods stood back in the booth and discussed wine and women. What exactly they talked of so loudly I never knew,—of some midnight debauch undoubtedly.

"And what about the old cock?" said Banbury.

"My father? What of him?" Douglas replied. "He'll be playing 'penny brag' in here or at Bendalow's till he sits in the sawdust. If he get home to bed, the hin'most trump wouldn't wake him!"

"You see what you are coming to," the other said. "The old cock crows."

"And the young ane learns. Oh! we're game stock."

There was commotion in the room beyond, the door of which stood always wide. A tall, straight old man, the picture of Douglas, as I recollect him, rushed out. Banbury's pull at his friend's sleeve and his whispered warning were too late. Old Oliphant had been within earshot, and now he seized the jehu's whip.

"I'll learn you to crow, my cockerel! There, and there, and there," he said, raining down blows on his son's shoulders.

A ship sailed that night for the Baltic. In the afternoon Douglas stepped on board and bade the captain count him a passenger. The master knew the reason. It had flown over the town in a twinkling that old Oliphant had beat young Douglas out of Lucky Mitchelston's. He knew well that counsel was of no avail; but at least, he said, he might make arrangements—wine, clean linen—for the passenger's comfort. Douglas had no objections. The messenger despatched for these carried a letter from the captain to Douglas's father, asking for instructions. The tide was flowing, and the ship must be clear of the harbour in an hour. The old man was dining, and Marjory took him the master's letter. He tore it in pieces, and flung them in her face.

"It'll tame the whalp," he cried, and went on drinking.

When the mate returned he had to make his way through a crowd which his news, breathlessly imparted on his road westwards, had brought to the pier. He delivered his message verbatim, and Douglas, standing within earshot, but keeping a cheek, with a great wale on it, towards the sea, laughed back to the captain.

"The whalp's going to his couch,"

he cried, as he went below; and soon the *Arctic* was tacking down by the Bass.

Of the events of the next years—the capture of the ship, Douglas's exile in the enemy's prisons, and all his adventures on French soil—my story cannot tell here, although of the sad fruits of some of them it will have to make a record. But at last, one early dawn, he crossed the Firth at Pettycur, and the coach delivered him at the National. He walked the short distance to his father's house, and mounted the stair.

His father was coming down, and they met. The old man started and flushed. Then he held out his hand.

"Dug! How are ye? It's an ill aff-come ye've had," he said.

"By Gad! sir, and this reception's the illest part of it," was the reply.

"Laddie, laddie," the old man said, laying his hand on his son's shoulder. "Dinna ye think I'm glad to ha'e ye back?" Then he went on: "Wull's at his breakfast. See if Marjory has none for you."

His father turned down-stairs as Douglas sprang up to the first landing, and opened the dining-room door. When he entered a fair-haired boy ran to meet him. He had heard the step and risen, as he thought he recognised it, his love and hope racing in his veins so that he trembled, and his usually pale face was crimson. He threw himself into his brother's arms.

"O Dug! Dug! and you're back again. Where have you been a' this time?"

"First let's have breakfast, Wull," Douglas said. "I've been half the night on the Firth since I tasted. Ye'll hear the rest by-and-by."

He sat down to breakfast and ate heartily, while his brother waited on him, and ever and again looked excitedly from the bull's-eye windows and told who passed on the street beneath.

"Now, lad," said Douglas, when he had finished, "let's to the harbour."

"And see father," said Willy.

"I've seen him already," said Douglas, gloomily. "I met him on the stair."

"And what said he, Dug? He's been dying with the thought o' your being drowned. Did ye notice him older?"

"It was a cool greeting he gave me, anyway."

"O Dug!" was all Willy's reply.

Willy took his brother's arm as they went out, looking proudly up at the bronzed face.

"Man, Wull," Douglas said, halting a minute and gazing round, "this place smells of home."

When they reached the bottom of the stair, in the dark recess where it turned on the lobby, their way was blocked.

"Father! father!"

Willy's cry sounded up the staircase to the very dome where the morning rays struggled with the cobwebs. Old Oliphant had turned to descend when Douglas and he parted, but the shock had been too much for him. He had fallen to the foot, and lay there a lifeless heap while his boys breakfasted above.

Already Willy was on his knees beside his father, and his brother bent over him.

"Stay. We'll carry him to his room," commanded Douglas.

Willy sprang to his feet, his golden hair hanging over his neck, and his eyes flashing.

"You've killed him, Dug! you've killed him!"

"Hush, lad," said the other, attempting to lift the heavy load in his arms. But Willy took the head when they carried the dead man up-stairs.

So Douglas came home to be master. For although by the old man's will the house went to the younger son, the heir, if he turned up, was to have the use of it, as well as his share in the business.

"I swear, Willy, I said nothing to him. I came up the stair, and he met me and put out his hand. Otherwise it was as if I had left yesterday. 'How are ye, Dug?' he said. 'It's an ill aff-come ye've had.' And I said his cool reception was the worst of it. 'By Gad! sir, this reception's the worst of it.' These were my words, Willy. And he said, 'I'm glad to see ye, Dug, laddie; Marjory 'll give you your breakfast;' and I came up to you."

And Willy believed him. Still, the next months were full of disillusionment. Deep down in his affectionate breast he had treasured the memory of the big brother of his boyhood. He had looked for his home-coming, and hope deferred only made his heart glow with a stronger affection, that burst into a perfect passion of love during that short time between Douglas's entrance to the dining-room and the finding of his father's dead body.

But the heart creates its own object of love, and the real brother looked poor beside Willy's creation. He believed him. He loved him still. Yet all was changed. His honest eyes read the selfishness of his brother's nature, day by day, and Douglas went about ill at ease under the wistful looks which Willy bent on him. Others shrank from him with an uneasy feeling; and Douglas noticed this, and that Willy was the favourite, and that on the quay it was his word that was law. His heart was embittered at these things. He was filled, too, with a repining restlessness. A look of gloom settled down upon his face, yet it seemed only to lend a new grace to it. His dark eye burned all the brighter upon his swarthy, weather-stained cheek. Men turned to look upon him in the street, and the women in the dark window-recesses watched his coming and going, and owned him handsomer than ever.

Then there came a day when he stood looking, from his windows on the lower floor, upon the street below, as Jean Maitland drove past with her ponies. There was laughter on her face like the play of a sunbeam. Farther west, in wide moleskins surmounted by a red waistcoat that matched his honest merry face, stood the Cupar carrier, Rab Hetherwick, to-wit, whose beams were reflected in Jean's face.

"All Eden Braes is here together, Rab," she had said, pulling up by the carrier's cart — "even the cuddies."

"May I no' drive a pair as weel's yersel', m' leddy?" had followed Rab's salute.

"But it's kirk and market with you, Rab. Do you go anywhere without them?"

"Lor' forbid the kirk, mem!" said Rab, in pretended consternation. "They micht mak' them elders."

And as Jean shook a finger at him, with an "I'll tell Marget," and whipped up her ponies, the broad grin spread over his face and reflected itself on her clear-cut delicate features, which were turned up now, half-expectantly, to Willy's room. Her eyes took in Douglas in their sweep. She looked again, and Douglas met

the look, and her cheek burned as she drove on.

But the eyes are the keys of human hearts, and by the year's end Douglas and she were married.

CHAPTER II.

By the banks of the Eden, where it flows eastwards from Cupar town through green meadows and under wide-boled willows, stood the house of Jean Maitland and the new home of Douglas Oliphant. Not a year before her appearance below his windows had gone like an arrow-shot to Douglas's heart, Jean had been left this house of Eden Braes by the death of the uncle who had brought her up. She was a bright vivacious girl. Her wealth of spirits sustained her in the somewhat lonely and sparing life she led with her uncle. His death gave her more freedom and a fortune as well as the little estate. The lands on it were farmed by a grieve. She had few friends. Her household cares were light. So she had her heart's content of walking and riding, and her ponies carried her everywhere in the country-side—and one afternoon, as we have seen, to her fate at the feet of the man with the handsome but somewhat sinister face.

That she should have found it where she did surprised many who, poor students of woman's nature, had not learned how useless it is to study it. But it was no surprise to Willy. As far back as he could well remember, the handsome looks of his brother had been remarked. Thus the saying of many an old skipper in those years when Douglas was given up as lost, "He was a braw lad, your brother was," had been backed up too authoritatively by the traditions of the household to trouble him, even had he been given to jealousy. Now that Douglas was back, he had evidence before his eyes, although, it is true, he had in plenty, also, evidence of his brother's unhandsome doings. But love laughs at evidence. Each revelation of the dark side of Douglas's nature pained him, but he remained loyal to his old ideal. And while others wondered, he thought it only natural that Jean should make a hero of him too.

As for that other matter of which the gossips said so much at the time, that Willy himself had fallen in love with Jean, the truth about it takes longer to tell.

His father and her uncle were friends, and after her adoption visits between the two households became frequent. By this time Douglas had sailed away, and she knew nothing of him except through the stories which reached her country home, and the prattle of his brother Willy, who talked of Douglas, as of all things, with an enthusiasm which made good grounds with her brightness for a common friendship. He was then a mere boy in years; and although she was his elder by a few months only, these counted for more in a girl, and he was put under her charge. He looked up to her with all the pure affection of the early teens for the vision of beauty which first casts its spell upon them. There was one incident which illustrated their relationship—very trivial in itself; but had it not clung to Willy's memory long after more serious affairs had vanished from it, I should never have known of it. On one of the early occasions on which she visit-

ed the Oliphants in Kirkcaldy, the two old gentlemen being engaged over their bottle, at which time their conversation was not very elegant, they sent her off to romp with Willy. She found him at the top of the house busy at his school-lessons, and, elder-sisterly-wise, as I have explained, she would assist him. Would she hear him his history, then? The period he was reading was that of Monmouth's early successes in the western counties, when men flocked to his banner and the maidens made processions to his camp, to be rewarded by his fine speeches. The elements of romance were in the story of the young conqueror of hearts and kingdoms, and they turned this boy's head as he sat in that dim garret at the feet of the dearest lady the poets ever sang of, and suffered her rebukes. For when she asked him how the village girls were received by the Duke, he had half-anticipated the question, and "With a kiss!" he answered vehemently, so that she knew what he meant.

"I don't like boys who talk so," she said without a blush, and went on with the story. And with Monmouth's failure Willy's heart sank too, and lay as prostrate for Jean's forgiveness as the Duke did for his sovereign's mercy. The fairness of women and the despair of the manly heart are earlier than passion. It did not occur to Willy until long afterwards that Jean was not angry, but only thought she ought to be.

When the susceptible years were reached, this relationship was well established. But in these years it is the something new which attracts. If boy and girl outlive them without the bewitching novelty appearing, then nothing is more natural than that the early affection should ripen into love. But, as often as not, this novelty does appear. It did to Jean, we know. Whether it did to Willy remains to be told. In the meantime, more unusual influences were moulding his life.

When Douglas did not return, Willy went into his father's business. Too early the elder son had made his own friends and gone his own way, leaving the old man to go his. Now it was different. Partly under Willy's influence, partly under that wonderful one of old age, which is so natural that its absence seems monstrous, and yet so beautiful that it is a token of hope for the race, old Oliphant grew more mellow, and Marjory, looking from the kitchen windows upon the garden in the summer evenings, marvelled to see father and son walk under the trees in such affectionate converse. It was at these times, or over the fire on winter nights, that Willy heard the stories of his family. The relation of memories of the dead is often our first step in convalescence. By it we test our recovery; often it helps towards it. But it sometimes happens that the memory of the dead lies locked up in the heart long after the time when we could not have brought it forth without a tremor. And then there comes a day when a young hand is given the key, and is allowed to draw it out and spread it before the old dry eyes; and the old dry heart feels the better for the airs of a new time sweeping through it, as the old town was the fresher for the winds and the waters rushing through its musty streets. So it was with this old man. He was never happier nor better in his life than he was in these last days when he had Willy as a companion. I have heard it said that some of his boyhood's joys came back to

him—his love of the woods, his care of the birds' nests in the garden, his interest in "the carricks," which led him often on Willy's arm to the sands to see the "doe" hailed, and many another not so lovable. It is a kind law that makes an object grow beautiful by the attrition of things not at all lovely in themselves. The withered sapless undergrowth looks warm and bright if the winter sun only shine upon it.

At this time Willy got the first inkling of a curse that lay like a blight on the family's fortunes. The story was so well known about the harbour that he easily learned more of it, and a sad story it was for his young heart.

One evening the two were walking on their favourite strip below the trees. The sun was low down in the west behind the Norman tower of the church which stood above them on the slope, so near at hand that it might be said that they walked in its shadow. Willy led his father's thoughts easily into the old channels.

"My grandmother died when she was quite young. My mother, Wull,—that's her portrait in the up-stairs front room—I wasn't a year old when she died."

"And my mother?" said Willy, stopping in his walk.

"Died at your birth, Wull, and 's lying up there wi' yoor sisters. All dead. There's never been a woman o' us lived, Wull, and Dug's gone, and only you and me remain."

They walked a little farther; then Willy stopped again.

"Father?"

"Wull."

"Is there no end to it?"

"Pray God, yes, Wull—if Dug's deid."

Strange as it may seem, in Dug's death lay the old man's hope. For a time his heart had yearned for Wull, as he thought of the blight that was in store for his life. And then like a good spirit had come the thought that the line of the curse was through the eldest son, and that his eldest son was dead. He was sure (and he ransacked the family papers till he confirmed it) that there had been no break in the succession of eldest sons.

But when he met Douglas on the stairs that morning he came back, hope, the feeble hope, died with the sight of him. A mighty sense of justice, even to this ill-fated first-born, strung him up to the calmness of his greeting, which drew forth his son's anger. When Douglas turned up-stairs the reaction was too great, and he died with his dying hope.

Something of all this Willy guessed, bit by bit, as in the months succeeding his father's death, full with the pity of it, he pondered on that history. As for Douglas, he was as indifferent to his own danger as he was to his brother's concern, and returned to his old courses, eating his life out the while, with a regret that ought to have been remorse for the adventures that were past. He sowed his wild oats in view of the town, and the name of Dug Oliphant became a by-word even as far away as Cupar, where the troop of yeomanry he rode a horse in lay for a week each year.

It was while riding with it to one of these annual trainings that he looked a second time into the eyes which not many days earlier had smitten him. They were riding at ease by Struthers Wood, under the shade of the dykes of Lady Mary's deer-park, with the mad young Earl, their colonel, at their head.

"A song!" the Earl cried, turn-

ing in his saddle,—"a song! Come out, Bob Dowie, and give us a stave. You're no great sodger, but you sing like a lintie."

So adjured, Bob Dowie, the barber of Kirkcaldy High Street, tall and lean, like the Reeve of the Canterbury Pilgrimage, rode out astride as mangy a piebald as ever disgraced a parade-ground, and cleared a lusty throat for "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch." The strength of forty pairs of lungs was put into the chorus, and twice as many hoofs rang time upon the highroad. The deer within the walls scampered off in a fright, and Jean Maitland in the hollow of the road's elbow bit her upper lip and tightened her ponies' reins, as they reared and plunged till the Earl and Douglas had a head each.

"I thank you, my lord," she said to the colonel; and as she spoke the blood rushed into her lip, so that had Frank Hill seen it (who figures later in our history) he would have said—

"Compared with that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly."

She turned to smile upon her other gallant. Once more their eyes met, and once more she drove off with hot cheeks.

"A dark beauty," said the Earl. "Smiles like the sun in a storm."

The troop had passed, and Barber Dowie's voice could be heard through the lazy air in the tune of "Moscow Burning."

"Who is she, my lord?" Douglas asked, riding forward with his companion.

"Old Jock Maitland's niece, in Eden Braes."

"And so that's Jean," thought Douglas.

"A hard old sinner," the other continued—"for which he's roasting just now, more nor likely. And she reaps the reward. The sins of the fathers upon the children—eh? We could all do with fathers whose sin was guineas. She looks devilish fit, though. Did you notice her set her back when that off pony plunged?"

"And her tooth on her lip, and her eyes," said Douglas, eagerly.

"Hard hit, is it, Oliphant? Faith, and it was a sweet stab she ga'e you, and you drew blood to her cheek in return. But you've done the same by bonnier women in your travels. There be French lasses."

"Shall we ride forward, my lord?" Dug said, giving his horse his heel. The Earl looked at the angry youth, and smiled as he galloped after him to the troop, where Moscow was still burning.

And when by-and-by Douglas told his brother that he and Jean were engaged, Willy was silent. What could he say? The tradition of his family represented a real danger to him—so real that in these recent months he had renounced all thought of wedding Jean, or any other woman, lest he, too, should prove an Orestes before the Furies. It was a boyish resolve, too easily made to be a self-sacrifice. None the less, it appeared to him a self-sacrifice, and one that Douglas also should make. And so no vulgar jealousy, but his own pure love magnified into a great devotion, and the danger he foresaw for the object of it, and pity and sorrow for his brother, tied his tongue, and the marriage was not touched on by the two. Douglas was too proud to speak of it again if Willy would not; but he hated him for his silence.

And then, by a chance word, the common gossip came to his

ears of Willy's love for Jean. He remembered how, on the day he first saw her, her eyes had gone frankly to Willy's windows, and jealousy ran riot in him. He gave the rein to all his old grudges, and from this time until the marriage Willy had to suffer his anger silently. And after the event Douglas withdrew to his wife's house, and took his money out of the business, in the cruel hope of crippling his brother's fortune. Thus for many years the two households were estranged.

This quarrel with his brother was to Jean the first revelation of her husband's nature. Douglas did not tell her the real reason for it. Willy dared not, even had opportunity been given him. Naturally, she believed her husband to be in the right. But his vindictive hate, that led him to do material hurt to Willy, her old friend, for whom she had still a warm corner in her heart—that was a revelation. What is the woman to do who, on the eve of her marriage, finds out the evil in her husband? Acquiesce in it? God have mercy on the woman's soul who does that. Fight it? Jean did neither. She ignored it, and acted and spoke as if it were not.

CHAPTER III.

You might have searched in vain through all Fife for a couple to match the laird and lady of Eden Braes during the three years after their marriage.

When they rode into Cupar town the shopkeepers darkened their doorways, their wives the windows above. There was great straining of necks as they went down the aisle of Kemback kirk, and when the service was over the congregation lingered in the kirkyard, to see them pass through the gate and down the hill-path to Eden Braes.

Douglas was used to this kind of flattery—it had been his birthright. But Jean said, hanging low upon his arm, a *petite* figure, turning up such a white throat, such a sweet round cheek, to her lord—

"They didn't pay me these compliments before you came, Dug."

This, or something like it, she said often. At times, if they were among the woods round Eden Braes, he stooped in his gait to answer her with a kiss. At others, being wearied with his church-going, and longing for his dinner or the morrow's hunt, his answer was—

"Let the poor devils stare. I dinna mind them."

"You, sir," she rallied him then. "You, sir. Ye might walk through *my* people"—she loved, with her audacious spirit, to twit him thus with living in her home instead of remaining among his ships, with Willy,—"ye might walk through *my* people, from Ceres Market to St James's Fair, and none hat ye save as my squire."

Which was true enough, for he was no favourite in the countryside.

"And why?" she went on, when his face grew black at this. "Because they're jealous o' you and your handsome face. For it is handsome, and ye know it, Dug, though ye make it ugly with these frowns, and I'm jealous o' you myself when I see the lasses glintin' at ye i' the kirk."

"I'm such a jealous wee wife, I can't bear them to look i' your way," she would go on, with mischief in her eyes, and probing his sore. "I'm not like you, who say ye dinna mind the men staring at me."

Then he fumed and fretted inwardly, for he did care, and he knew that she laughed at him.

Whichsoever may have been the right way to keep her husband's heart to herself, this was not it. What he needed was a love that would have grovelled at his feet till he despised it; but Jean's burned in a heart whose bulwarks a good man might have spent noble years in storming, and only reached heaven with the last of them overcome.

The best society in the countryside found its way to Douglas's table, drawn thither by Jean's wit. There was scarcely a family in Stratheden without a son walking the Parliament House, and often, as they coached it home from Pettycur, at the end of sessions, these young lawyers arranged to meet at Eden Braes for a bout of repartee with the bonny Mistress Oliphant. The name they gave her for beauty and for wit made her quite a reputation; and others sought her out to whom her beauty was apparent enough, if her wit they were content to accept on hearsay. Her brilliant following flattered her not a little, and turned her head just so far that she forgot her husband's temper. Douglas at his end of the table sat biting his lips at jests whose relish (their flavour, indeed, was often flat enough) his palate was dull to, and uneasily watched the young wigs troop to the drawing-room in Jean's train, leaving him with his friends to drink too deeply of wine soured with jealousy. From his boyhood he had loved a soldier, and it usually happened that officers lying at Cupar mixed at his table with Jean's admirers and the squires and lairds who attended there to his liking. These last found Douglas's wine and conversation agreeable. Even the best of them knew that amidst the finesse and artificiality in the drawing-room they would be like fish that were waterless, and were content to remain in the company of the bottle and the not too refined story, where it was possible for them to shine.

"Now the ladies are gone," Douglas had a habit of saying when Jean led off her suite; and the remark kept waverers from following. Then the host entertained them with a fund of adventurous anecdote, which he retailed best when the wine passed freely. The result was that when Douglas rose, his head and the heads of his guests were not of the clearest, and they were less able than ever to match the young lawyers, who could wag bitter tongues, especially as Jean seemed to enjoy the sharpest sallies. Angry words and unseemly conversations followed more than once, which Douglas blamed her friends for, while she, with a great deal of spirit, retorted on his. And this quarrel about their friends they had often.

What happened was what always follows—the breaking down of self-respect and reserve. The better people drew off, or paid their visits at times when Jean could receive them herself. Douglas's friends remained to sneer at the people they had used to meet there, whose presence had put a restraint upon them and upon Douglas which was removed now. Every day, for his part, Douglas was getting more wearied with his quiet country life, longing

restlessly for his old adventurous existence, and paying frequent visits to Cupar, which did not tend to make him more sober. His pride winced under the drawing off of the better society; but it could not keep his feet out of the old fast road he had begun to step once more.

The first child of the marriage was a girl, and when the question arose as to what she should be called—

"Your mother's name was Margaret: call her Margaret," Jean said to her husband.

Unlike Willy, Douglas remained unaffected by the traditions of the family, which he had heard more than once, and each time, in dare-devil fashion, laughed to scorn. He had defied the curse; he had done so to Willy. And yet, when his wife said, "Call her Margaret—it is a family name," an inexpressible fear held him.

"Call her Jean," he said, "after yourself." And Jean Oliphant she was called.

Two years later a boy was born. Since their marriage they had not seen Willy. He had sent a christening mug to little Jean, and that was the only time they had heard from him. Still, although the farce was becoming very pitiable, Mrs Jean continued to ignore her husband's anger, and in a gay manner, with an affected unconsciousness, talked of Willy as her friend.

At the boy's birth the question of names came up again. It was the first day that Jean had been able to rise from her bed, and she stood by her husband's side at the window, watching the river flowing under the trees. The monotonous quiet of the landscape soothed her delicate nerves. To Douglas it seemed to echo the dull level of his present life.

"Douglas, do you know what Thrift Hetherwick was telling me?" she said, in the coaxing manner that worries irritable men.

"I don't gossip with the maids," he answered roughly.

She did not study her husband's mood. Still, it is a wife's business.

"Will it please you to gossip with me, then? They say Wull Oliphant is going to marry some pretty London girl who is staying in the town at present."

Douglas drummed on the window-panes. I do not know if Jean had come to suspect the cause of the brothers' quarrel; but, at any rate, she said—

"Couldn't we call the boy after him? Call him Willy, Dug."

The man could not curb his angry jealous temper, and he lifted his hand as if to strike her. In her weak state she half-fainted and fell. The servants were called. Her maid, Thrift Hetherwick, came first, and found Douglas on his knees beside her in a passion of fear and tenderness.

"I got up too soon. I fainted and fell," she told them all, when they carried her to her bed, a cripple for life.

But even there her spirit refused to yield.

"Call the boy Willy, Dug," she said to her husband again and again.

And Willy he was called.

CHAPTER IV.

Bright as Jean had been in the short, happy, if somewhat giddy days when the drawing-room at Eden Braes had been a *salon* where

she entertained wise and witty men, her spirit did not shine out as it shone when she saw her house more and more the resort of drunken wags, and her husband losing caste. She received these cronies of his with charming grace, as if they had been the retinue of a prince instead of drunken civic dignitaries from Cupar, or disreputable farmers and bonnet lairds. Nor did she shrink from receiving them after her accident, but was wheeled to the table and conversed gaily, steeling herself against their coarse jests and tales, nerving herself against her abhorrence and pain, in a mad hope of redeeming her table from the shame of it, and of her husband, who got drunk before his guests, so skilfully did she engage them. And then, when she had at last to go, she was wheeled back to her room, broken down, aged with each night's engagement, her hair greying as she listened to the carousal across the hall.

Meanwhile her children were growing up together. One of little Willy's earliest recollections was of being ushered into boyhood and a boy's suit. Previously to this the cribs of the two had stood side by side in the night nursery. Now Willy was to have a room of his own, and these two symbols of departed childhood almost turned his head.

It seemed strange to have to kiss each other good night on the head of the staircase, instead of calling it out sleepily from underneath the blankets in the nursery. So they made it up to keep their doors open, which would make the distance between them less, they thought.

Little Jean was just falling off to sleep when a noise across the lobby aroused her. Rising softly, she crept to her brother's room and peeped in. Evidently the putting on of a new suit could not be delayed until the morning, for there he stood arrayed in his velvet trousers, and fighting with the buttons of his blouse.

"How nasty of 'oo, Jean," he pouted, as his sister interrupted him. "I was coming to give 'oo a surprise."

But Jean fastened his blouse, crying "Shoo! shoo!" making believe the time, as she had seen her mother do, that she was driving the black dog from his shoulders.

Willy paraded up and down in his own room, and then the pair stole across the lobby to the nursery in order that he might see himself in the long mirror there.

It chanced that Douglas Oliphant had left the company he was entertaining, and he heard the little laugh of his daughter Jean as her brother made some grotesque attempt to magnify the attractiveness of his new dress.

At the sound of his footsteps on the stair the two little heads peeped out to see who was coming. They were fond and not at all afraid of their father, and laughed as his tall frame filled the nursery doorway.

His seven years at Eden Braes had made a change upon him. His handsome figure, trained by hard fortune, was bent a little now under a load of flesh, and his carriage was no longer easy. The beauty of his features, which for a time a fast life had helped to intensify, was now paying the penalty of debauch. There was still the dark glance on his face, and the wily wine sparkled in his eye.

And yet the painter could not have wished a lovelier picture than that was to be seen in the nursery this night. The dark scowl on

Douglas's face changed to a pleased smile as Jean in her night-dress, her white feet curled against the cold floor, and her hair lying along her shoulders, turned her brother round and round to show off the beauties of his velvet blouse.

What a blessing is man's inconsistency, as we call it! Would his friends below have credited Douglas Oliphant with filling up the blanks in the carouse with caresses from his children? Who knows? Who knows how many of them, too, were treading the downward steps with their eyes on the stars?

"Off to bed, little ane. Why, you're quite cold," Douglas said to Jean, and gave her a kiss.

"You'll come with me," he said to Willy. Taking the laughing boy in his arms, he carried him down-stairs, and, entering the dining-room, set him on the table in the midst of his guests.

"My son and heir, gentlemen," he cried, laughingly.

Willy's sister heard the clink of the glasses and the sound of voices as she lay and listened. What strange thoughts come into little heads on sleepless pillow! We grow away from integrity with our clothes. The child thinks and feels and acts, all in one; when he grows older, all the parts of him fall to pieces and go their own way; and only the grace of God, we are told, can make them one, as He made them in the beginning.

That laughter and clink of glasses which she heard nightly down there meant an unknown world to the girl. And now Willy had joined it. That was what she felt, dimly, just as she felt that Willy looked up to her to be influenced. She was only a child, excited and weary. Perhaps being left alone with the gathering shadows of the nursery for the first time strung her imagination unduly. So she did not fall asleep, but lay and listened and wondered.

By-and-by Willy came up-stairs, and felt his way to her bedside.

"Jean, are 'oo sleeping?"

"No, Willy."

There was a long pause, during which he had crept closer to her.

"Jean, what makes mamma cry so?"

"Mamma cry?"

"Daddy took me into her room to show my new dress, Jean, and" —his voice grew awed here—"she had to lay down her work for crying. Did you ever hear of another Willy, Jean?"

"Another Willy?" said Jean, meditatively. "No,—just you, Willy."

There was another long pause, and Willy said again—

"Yes; but there must have been another, Jean, and mamma said he was like me, and kissed me and began to cry, and dad sent me to bed."

A muffled shout of laughter sounded up the staircase and reached the ears of the two children, who were awed at their mother's tears. Willy pressed closer to Jean, and she put her little arms round him, and, crying at the incongruity of that laughter and that sorrow, the two fell asleep together.

When Willy, arrayed for the first time in his new suit, his yellow hair hanging around his boyish face, entered his mother's room on Douglas's hand, the image of his uncle Wull flashed across her mind. And with that image came the recollection of her fresh young days, when she had known him, though not so young, still the picture of her own boy here; and with that recollection looking into the face of her unhappy lot, chained to her chair, and her sad, sad life, what wonder the tears

flooded her eyes, and she had to lay down the work which she could no longer see for them?

But Douglas, with too much wine in his head, was furious at this reception.

"He's the very picture o' Wull, Dug;" and when Willy in elation began to speak of what the gentlemen in the dining-room said to him, she took him from his father's hand, and clung to him and kissed him. And Douglas, rudely taking him from her, carried him to the door and sent him up-stairs.

"O Dug! Dug!" Jean cried; and when he came back at her call, she had her face in her hands. She had never broken down so before him.

"Spare the laddie," she cried; "he's too young for such company."

"He's only a bairn," he said. "My company's good enough for him," he added, with an oath. "Where have you any better?" and he would have flouted at those who were used to come but did not now.

But she caught him by the sleeve, the poor crippled woman trying with all the power of pleading in her eyes, in her voice, to make up for the winning ways and caresses with which she had conquered him when in the old days she hung low upon his arm.

Even then a gust of laughter, the same laughter that was sending two little hearts up-stairs asleep with the mystery of sorrow, sounded across the lobby.

"D'ye hear it, Dug?" she cried, holding him tight, with an agony in her voice. "D'ye hear that, Dug? It's death to the boy to be there. It's been death to our happiness, Dug. *I* maun listen to it, though it's a knife in my heart, as I sit here night after night, and my bonnie love in there among't, and me all my lane."

"*I* maun listen to it and their jests and foul tongues," she went on, "and you sitting by, Dug. They've no respect for a woman, none for your wife. No respect for her grey hairs." She laughed hysterically, and held up a lock. "They're grey, Dug: look! I would bear all that, and more, if you'd spare the laddie. Spare me the thought of him in there."

When Douglas returned to his company it was wild, hilarious, full of wine. One madder than the others, seeing his sobered face within the door, in the midst of his own tipsy revel, staggered to his feet.

"Hullo, Oliphant! Back from the bosom of your family, eh?"

And then, recalling a toast he may have heard at that same table, in better days, on lips better than his own, he hiccupped out—

"Here's to the bonny mistress of Eden Braes!" and drank his drunken bumper.

Douglas with a stride faced him, and dashing the glass from his lips, laid him low beside it.

And this got noised abroad, painting Douglas's reputation blacker than ever; for it is the penalty of sin that its very remedies must sometimes violate the law and the Gospel. But on this account his table became less the resort of braggarts, and of men content to buy their wine with a subservient wit.

Jean would scarcely allow the children out of her sight when she was well enough to have them beside her. But often, after any excitement, after her pleading with Douglas, for example, she was ill and prostrate, and sat in her chair with care and anxiety for her boy and girl eating the strength out of her.

And so Jean and Willy grew up together in Eden Braes.

CHAPTER V.

It is time now to tell of their uncle's doings during those years of estrangement.

It would have been a miracle had he come quite unspoiled out of his sorrowful youth. Perhaps you think that Wull Oliphant (for so I had better call him, as every one did, lest he be mixed up with his nephew Willy) embraced his experience of it too fondly. Well, we may safely allow the early years their enthusiasm and sensitiveness, when Time is so ready to take the edge off them. Had Wull been thrown back upon himself by the calamities of his boyhood, he might rapidly have become selfish and hard-hearted, as those are apt to be whose hopes are very bright before the cold douche is brought to play upon them. What saved him from his danger was a healthy trading instinct. Through it he had become, to an extent unusual in one so young, a man of affairs in his native town, and an adviser of many men in their ventures. He sat among the bigwigs at the upper end of the Council Board, where the lamp burned. For in these days the humbler representatives of the citizens were huddled together at the bottom, where they were expected, like the little boys, to be seen and not heard. They were not even very well seen, for when one of them made a remark, those at the top would peer down into the darkness, and say, "Wha's that speakin' doon there?" As for criticising, they never dreamed of it. The name of Sanders Thomson was a memory in the town simply because he had ventured to do so, and had been told from the chair, "If it werena for the place you're in, my man, I wud jail ye."

Nor, in spite of his enterprises being crippled when Douglas withdrew with his portion, did Wull fail to build up his own fortunes. The doors of all Kirkcaldy houses which he chose to enter were open for him from his birth. But, he not being jovially inclined, his other amiable qualities could not have opened the hearts of his fellow-merchants had there not been joined to them an aptitude for striking a bargain. Wonderful good fortune attended the sailing of his ships, and (in the language of the place) he was a "well-to-do man."

Besides, no one unless he were a hermit could have failed to be touched with something of the colour of the manner of living then in vogue. Uncouth in its manners, vernacular and boisterous in its ways, it was a kindly generation Wull was born into.[1] In these days, when the villa was not dreamed of, men knew their position, and could live and joke and cultivate a familiar wit in the knowledge. Honest burghers, half-witted naturals, even some who claimed a touch of gentleness, dwelt on the same stair-head, and rubbed shoulders on the causeway in a friendly way without averted eyes. The ladies were homely, but

[1] Two little facts suggest more of its genius than volumes could do. One is that Bailie Malcolm, with the consent of the Crocodile Club, translated *dramatis personæ* as "a dram for each person." The other is that Trickie Morton, who cried a worthy baker's pies of a Saturday night, did so thus: "Pies hot! pies hot! *Penny anes and twopenny wans.*" The elegance of *wans* (*Anglicé*, ones), as compared to *anes*, was to the mind of the town only a due recognition of the might of wealth.

as proud as they were homely, and beauty in ruffles and three inches of heels was something of a divinity, as was right when every youth was something of a beau.

Wull Oliphant did not take full advantage of the wide gamut of pleasure thus afforded. He was one of the few in his generation in whom was to be found the serious mind which in the next was to work many righteous cures, but at a great expense of lightness of heart.

"He's a very solemncholy youth, Will'um Oliphant," Bailie Malcolm said often to his brethren of the Crocodile Club. Still, he invited the solemncholy youth to his house, and made him very welcome, as did all who had daughters, it being an unnatural thing that he should live always alone in that big solitary house. His pleasures, taken thus mildly, and his being much made of, did not dispel the loneliness of his home, nor make him forget all the causes of it. But with his business, and the friendliness of his fellow-men, and the unspoken sympathy of old Marjory's attentions, they helped to do so. And when to them was added romance, his troubles were almost forgotten.

When Beatrix Morley came north from London to visit Bailie Malcolm and his family, she found Wull, who happened to be journeying home from Edinburgh, a very practical help in the trials of her passage at Pettycur Ferry. Wearied and sick as she was, she drew funny mental pictures of herself and her rustic cavalier (for so she thought of him); and in course of time the friends she had left received a very lively account of her journey, and of a certain "tall, fair, handsome young man of these parts," who bespoke special comforts to her.

"Do not picture my champion dressed in a kilt," she wrote, "but in wonderfully well-fitting breeches, which show him a tolerable figure when he stands straight upon his legs, for in bowing he has much to learn. He is a man of no little importance in this district as well as in his own eyes (which are clear blue, by the way), as I might have guessed from the respect paid his rather authoritative manner. But I was too sick to notice anything. I only learned it when our coach stopped before a plain-looking inn near the centre of this town, where cousin Malcolm and Mary and Kate awaited me. My knight of the Ferry was introduced to me as a Mr William Oliphant; but the girls call him 'Wull,' and cousin Malcolm says they are 'weel acquaint'; so I may expect to see more of him. What a sight we must have presented on board that boat! Fancy the big retriever of the barrack-yard—do you remember it? a consequential animal — fancy it, returning from dining and fussing about your kitten—only, I didn't feel kittenish. But I'm sure I felt grateful."

She had told him so very prettily at parting, giving him a white ungloved hand.

"Safe at last! I shall ever be grateful to you," she said.

"I am aye at your service, madam, and glad to find we have friends in common," was his reply; and it was then that she noticed his bow, which he made in his best manner, with fifty pairs of eyes at High Street windows looking down with pride.

The Bailie patted Wull on the shoulder, getting almost on his tip-toes to do so, and said loftily—

"Will'um will join us in a hand at whist on an early nicht."

"Just as one of ourselves," he

added, as he gave his arm to the smiling but still pale Beatrix, and left Wull to walk home on air.

In that letter she wrote home Beatrix scarcely did justice to her satirical powers. But she showed her observance in that touch about his "rather authoritative manner." It was the manner of one accustomed to play "first fiddle," as we say, and scarcely became so young a man. But it was exaggerated by a new excitement. The touch of austerity in him could not prevent a century's legacy of gallantry now and then cropping to the surface. He had never brought the roses to the cheeks of his captains' daughters, as Douglas did, and would have done to Beatrix's, if anybody could have made them show through the powder there. Douglas always had the rakish air. But the fires leapt up unaccountably in Wull when the pale, beautiful face, with its expressive eyes, looked up to him in thanks for the offer of an exchange of seats in that uncomfortable pitching pinnace.

So it came about that this chance meeting brought to Beatrix Morley's feet, when she first flashed upon Kirkcaldy society, the most eligible of the young sparks who were expected to toast her in their cups. It was a very provincial society, and a small star made a wonderful lustre in it. Mary and Kate Malcolm, for example, the Bailie's daughters, who were as far removed from beauty as from plainness, did a good deal of twinkling; but, indeed, Beatrix would have outshone bright stars anywhere, and knew it, and condescended much, in consequence, upon her cousin the Bailie and his associates.

She honoured Wull with a delightful *tête-à-tête* when he accepted the Malcolms' invitation two evenings later. Kate and her father were playing their after-dinner game of draughts when he went in, and Beatrix allowed him a seat close by where she sat, looking more charming than ever in the Bailie's big chair by the fire. The occasion of their first meeting stood them in good stead when other subjects failed them, and she was ever ready with a fresh comical description of her evil plight. When two young people are pleased to recur to one topic of conversation, it is a sign they are on good terms with each other. These two even pledged themselves friends in an indirect way.

"Oh, dear me," Beatrix said, at the end of a hearty laugh at some recollection—trivial enough, unless told in such circumstances. "It's dreadful to think of the trouble I gave you."

"Ye ga'e me none," he said. "Ten times as much would have been a pleasure."

She laughed in her corner.

"Ten times naught are naught," she said, in schoolboy tones. "I always heard that you Scotch were exact and logical and cool-headed. But your argument rushes on like Paul's epistles."

I rather think that Beatrix illustrating from Paul's epistles must have been delightful.

"Sunday's sermon," thought Kate.

"Tell Beatrix what Rab Hetherwick, the Cupar carrier, said," the Bailie interposed. (They all knew that he meant to tell her himself.) "Rab was arguing a point with his minister, and the minister thought to grip him by saying, 'But Paul says so-and-so.' 'Ah! but,' says Rab, 'that's where Paul and me differs.'"

"Mind your game," Kate said to her father, who was laughing as if his comments were the most

relevant in the world. "We all ken your stories."

Beatrix said quietly to William—

"His — eh — anecdote is fresh proof of what I said."

"I can come back to what I meant to begin with, though," Wull replied, also in lowered tones. "It was no trouble if it gave me your friendship."

The *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* she had twitted this young man upon was coming out in new instances, and she opened her eyes a little at it. But she answered him—

"You may be certain of *that*. We speak like old friends already."

"They twa's very cosh," said the Bailie, looking up from his board. And Kate thought so also. Beatrix gave Wull a smile, and made him happy with a look which said, "Once more, what he says confirms what I was telling you."

The weeks that followed were lover's weeks for Wull. The youngsters in the coffee-room made eyes to one another at his restless coming and going. The old men looked over their newspapers and smiled to themselves, like sly old dogs licking their toothless chumps over a puppy's inevitable distemper. The doings of Mister Will'um and the English leddy were chronicled in every close from the harbour to the West Port. As we know, they even reached his kinsfolks' ears at Eden Braes by way of Rab Hetherwick and his daughter Thrift. At certain tea-drinkings among the fashion, at which the Malcolms and their cousin were not present, or when they had left, much was said by the matrons about what was due to one's own sea-maws. And one lively girl once whispered to her neighbour that, to her mind, more was due to the daughters than to the maws, and the remark was passed round among the young ladies for the reason I mention it, as a specimen of wit, and caused considerable laughter till the graver and more satisfying opinion took its place, that "it would be a disappointment to Kate Malcolm, at any rate."

A pretty woman lays her account with the depreciation of her own sex; but it was hard that Beatrix should have suffered at the hands of the Crocodile Club. Its members—honest men who, week in week out, drank themselves nightly at Adam Bendalow's out of one another's recognition, and rang the bell for one another's removal—felt it a grievance that on her account the Bailie deserted them on one or two nights. They had found out somehow that her father, the Major Morley whose prowess was always on the truant's lips, was, after all, only a captain in a line regiment lying at Hythe, and they swore, over their tumblers, that they cared neither for her nor for any major, nor colonel even, that ever stepped, but could drink with the best of them. They were not professing beyond their reputation, for to "work the crocodile" was a potent phrase in the town.[1] "We've a' got women folks of our ain," they said to one another,

[1] The toddy-ladle which gave name to this club has survived all its patrons, and even its usefulness. It is of oak, with a handle carved in the figure of a crocodile. Although the brewer of the toddy might fall beneath the board in the course of his labours, it was not necessary for the club to disperse, so long as another was found able—no one's willingness being doubted—to "work the crocodile."

showing that they regarded their neighbour's backsliding as a source of danger to themselves. It was perhaps to fortify them against it at this time that a wag of their number drew the famous caricature of the Bailie being led out of temptation, in which was shown forth in Trickie Morton, the town's officer, the virtuous conviviality of these jolly dogs, while a more fashionable than modest representation of Beatrix Morley stood for the wiles of the hearth which beset them.

Wull Oliphant's thoughts were far above such tittle-tattle of back-shops and front drawing-rooms, and he had eyes for none but Beatrix. If he was away from the Bailie's for an evening (and that did not happen often), he could not rest in his own house, but wandered into the garden, and, leaning on the west wall, gazed at the chimney-pots and sighed for his divinity, who somewhere under them was dreaming of him, he loved to think. To his credit be it said, I never heard that he lapsed into poetry in these nocturnal reveries. Could he have seen a little farther under the roofs, and Beatrix's smiles, he would have learned that, as she sat toasting her shapely feet, she thought of him, with a kind of negative pleasure, as the only redeeming feature in this world of *ennui* into which she had landed.

His *amour propre*, which everything and everybody conspired to flatter, would have been sorely wounded had he come to know this, and that she was becoming infinitely bored with her one beau's earnest manner. She had never got rid of the retriever idea, and she was sick of his seriousness, and the gossip and the vulgarity of her acquaintances. She saw well enough that these matrons, with their hints and nods, expected her to become one of themselves, with this very sober-sided ship-owner for a husband. She being given rather to "high-sniffingness," the idea was not very flattering to this daughter of the Hythe captain; and she relieved her mind in some satirical letters, with here and there allusions to Wull, meant especially for the eyes of a certain City magnate, of not more than middle age, said to be anxious to negotiate a bond of matrimony with a daughter of a captain of the line.

Yet her cousins thought to please her by throwing her and Wull together. They accepted an invitation, for example, to go east and see over his ships, and dine afterwards at his house, where their father would join them.

Beatrix was in a most irritable frame of mind when they were putting on their bonnets to go to the harbour.

"This perfect paragon — this Apollo!" she cried. "You make far too much of him. Is it his good looks or his sweet disposition turns all your heads? I've heard that his brother is a handsomer man."

"Handsome is as handsome does," said Kate. "Dug Oliphant wasn't a good man."

"No? He's married, you see," Beatrice replied, mockingly. "Oh! Mr Wull's good" (there was something about this title of "Mr Wull" that satisfied her ideas of his awkwardness and self-importance), "dreadfully good and *gauche* — gawky, you say: don't you? But young men, you know, when they're bad are very, very bad, and when they're good, just horrid."

"And that leaves us little choice," Mary said, with the calm smile of one who knew a young man of the town who was just a

nice medium, and was to make her an excellent husband, by the way.

"Now, Kate," Beatrix went on, still before the mirror, "isn't William just the least little bit of a prig?"

"No—you don't think so. What is a prig?"

"Sweet innocent! Why, Kate, a prig's a person better than yourself—that is, not really better, but who thinks he is, or—or makes you think you are worse. I declare it's as difficult to define as to tie these lappets."

"Perhaps, then," said Mary, "we are all prigs—to one another."

"There! that will do nicely. Thank you, Kate," Beatrix said, with her chin in the air, and patting the bow Kate had tied beneath it. "Thank you, Kate. You're not one. Even if you could be," she added, laughingly; "prigs are all men, my dear."

"But all men are not prigs?"

"Bother it!" Beatrix said under her breath. She had said plainly enough what she thought of Wull, and why could they not be content with that?

"No, Kate. I should say not," she said, affecting a wiseacre air. "The man one is going to marry, for example, is not one. And, to please you, I will admit that our friend is only almost one."

"To please me!" said Kate, reddening. "Almost?"

"Almost."

"But I thought—we all thought ——"

"I know what you all thought," she said, drawing the girl to her; "and you are all little gooseys."

"But you can see . . . Wull thinks."

"I give you up," said Beatrix. "Fighting on the men's side against the sex! It's treason. Wull is only one side of the question. The lady has her right."

"To laugh at a man behind his back and make love to his face," said Kate, with flashing eyes.

"Now you are a goose, cousin mine. Who would think of laughing to Wull's solemn frills? One might as well kiss her hand to the Pope. And to make love behind his back—where would the fun be, dear?"

"You're a naughty girl, Beatrix," Kate said.

"I can't help being agreeable," Beatrix replied, lightly.

"You can be agreeable, like ——"

"You,"—Beatrix finished the sentence for her.

"No! I didn't mean me. I meant us," Kate cried, leaving the room in a heat.

"Really," Beatrix said to Mary, "your sister has a most exaggerated opinion of that young man."

The young man had certainly an exaggerated opinion of Beatrix, and it was to receive something of a shock that day. Mary and Kate led the way up the pier, Wull as usual having taken his place at Beatrix's side. There was a change in her manner which he could not understand. "The 'us' can make themselves agreeable," she was saying to herself, trying to feel ill-used.

The knots of sailors fell back respectfully as they passed; but a poor woman in rags, and an old Tuscan straw bedecked with ribbons, held her ground.

"Look at the bonny couple!" she cried, pointing a half-witted finger at them, and laughing back to the sailors.

Wull put a copper into her hand, and Beatrix in her ill-temper asked him the price of the compliment.

"I'm not at liberty to pay for

the couple yet," he said, mistaking her mood, in his determination that she should not misunderstand him.

Beatrix quickened her pace in chagrin.

"No," she said in answer; "we'll take it you paid for your own share of it."

Wull made but a dull host that evening. The idea of entertaining Beatrix in his own house had added a kind of comfortable assurance to the hopes which her previous kindness had inspired. On that account, her coldness in the afternoon had depressed him the more, and it took the Bailie all his time, born entertainer as he was, to keep the conversation from flagging.

In the course of it some allusion was made to the poor woman at the harbour.

"Oh, that was the woman that hailed——" Kate stopped short, remembering what she had hailed them with. It flashed through Beatrix's mind that Kate's ears had been very open to what was going on.

"Was it Caledony—full sail?" the Bailie asked.

"Cale—what?" said Beatrix.

"Caledony. The nateral's sweetheart was a sailor," the Bailie began to explain.

Mary interrupted him.

"It's rather a sad story, Beatrix," she said. "Her sweetheart sailed in the ship *Caledonia*, and was lost. She went out of her mind with grief, and now she wanders round the harbour singing about the return of her lover and his ship."

"And she's called Caledony—full sail," the Bailie said over his toddy, though Mary had told her story very pathetically. "But that's not the best of it."

"Never mind, father," again interrupted Mary, knowing that the best of it was not likely to be very reputable.

Kate's eyes met Beatrix's.

"And all the gentlemen give her coppers," she said, savagely. "It's time we were getting on our things."

Wull had been silent during this conversation. When the ladies left the room, the Bailie, whose tongue was now loosened by toddy to express what his eyes had noticed, clapped his hand on Wull's shoulder.

"Quite right, Wull, my man. That's the way to bring the jade to her senses. Mind what Rab Fergusson says—

> 'When your jo puts on her gloom,
> Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb,'"

he said, with an oracular wink.

The words may have comforted the love-sick youth when his guests took their departure.

Andrew Anderson, with his flambeau, was lighting the street lamps when the Bailie, with Beatrix on his arm, the two girls following, emerged from the porch.

> "Gin ye meet a bonnie lassie,
> Gi'e her a kiss and let her gae."

A tipsy sailor was filling the air with his song. Then, with the conservatism of the East End, he ceased his drunken ditty, and followed in the wake of the official, deriding his new-fangled employment, and shouting "Leary-licht-the-lamps!" after him.

The night air had not had time yet to take effect upon the seasoned Crocodile, and he steadied himself with wonderful dignity on Beatrix's arm.

"Go 'way home, Thomas Rod-

ger," he said to the reveller. Beatrix could have cried with vexation had the pompous magistrate been less comical.

"He's as drunk 's mysel'," muttered Mr Rodger, with a passing reflection, perhaps, on man's inhumanity to man, and then betook himself eastwards, waking the echoes afresh with

"Gin ye meet a bonnie lassie."

A few steps brought the Bailie to his house, and as he stood fumbling for his latch-key the figure of a gaunt grey woman flitted past.

"What's Preaching Mary doin' out the nicht?" he said.

The woman heard him, and turned back.

"This is a bad business, Bailie," she said, twisting her grey locks under her snood.

"What's this now, Mary?"

"James's wife. She's deid."

"Dead! Ay! Dear me. When was this? What did she die o'?"

"No' an hour syne. Drank herself to death!"

"Deplorable!" said the Bailie, shaking his head.

"She's in hell now," the woman went on.

"Tut, tut, my woman. Neither you nor me kens——"

"But it's in the Bible. I believe the Word."

"Hush! Mary, Mary."

"She's in hell. And serve her richt, too;" and the woman went on her way.

Beatrix shuddered.

"Deshent woman, Mary, for an Anibaptisht," muttered the Bailie, busy with his latch-key again. "Ver' strange noshions! The puir body no' an hour dead, and she wud ha'e 'er in hell already."

"Quick, father, and let us in," said the impatient Kate. "It's cold standing here."

"Patiensch, dear. Patiensch. Stead-y! I'm waitin' till key-hole comsh round."

And this, thought Beatrix, was what the matrons had in store for her, and less than ever she envied the ladies of the town their lives and their lords.

BEN JONSON IN EDINBURGH.

When King James VI. of Scotland became King James I. of England, and transferred himself from the banks of the Forth to the banks of the Thames, it was with a farewell assurance to his Scottish subjects that they need not be inconsolable over his departure, for Scotland would always be dear to him, and he would make it a rule to be back among them at least once every three years. That was in 1603; but for fourteen years there was no fulfilment of the promise, and not till 1617 did his Majesty recross the Border. His return to his native kingdom in that year—and it was the only time he ever saw Scotland again—was to be of no small consequence to the Scottish body-politic generally, and to the Church of Scotland in particular. It was in this visit that he set agoing among the Scots the ecclesiastical agitation which resulted in the famous Five Articles of Perth of the following year, ordaining and making compulsory certain changes in the Scottish Church ritual that were necessary, in his Majesty's eyes, for the perfection of the Episcopal Church system already successfully established by him in Scotland. What we are immediately concerned with now, however, is the vast contemporary sensation occasioned by the visit throughout the British Islands. In Scotland the preparations for it had been enormous and elaborate, and the commotion on the king's actual arrival, and so long as he remained, was extraordinary. It was on the 13th of May that he and his magnificent retinue of horse, foot, and carriages entered Scotland by Berwick-upon-Tweed; and from that day onward, through his carefully prearranged circuit among the towns, royal palaces, and mansions of the nobility in the southern shires,—Edinburgh and Holyrood having, of course, most of his presence, but the circuit extending to Dundee, Perth, and St Andrews,—his motion was through one series of banquetings, huzzaings, speechifyings, and presentations of poems of welcome to him, interrupted only by days of hunting and hawking in neighbourhoods where there was plenty of game, and not ended till the 4th of August, when, after some stay in Glasgow, he and his retinue vanished back into England by Dumfries and Annan. But while the excitement was naturally greatest in Scotland, England shared in it. The great retinue the king had brought with him was composed largely of Englishmen, and included about a score of the men of the very highest rank and distinction in the English realm. Young George Villiers, then Earl of Buckingham, afterwards Marquis and Duke of Buckingham, was with him; and, though we may think little of that now, all England thought much of it then, for Buckingham was the king's all-powerful favourite, and wherever *he* might go, all English eyes kept him in sight. The stately Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, and premier earl of England, was in his Majesty's train, as were also two other English earls, of whose advent into Scotland on this occasion one hears with particular interest because of their celebrity in English literary history. One of them was Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, the early patron of Shakespeare, to whom,

in his youth, Shakespeare had dedicated his "Venus and Adonis" and his "Lucrece"; and the other was William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, whom some take to have been the "Mr W. H." of Shakespeare's Sonnets, and who is known independently, by the subsequent dedication to him and his brother of the first folio edition of Shakespeare's works, to have been a special admirer of Shakespeare, and on terms of intimacy with him while he lived. Besides these four great English earls, there were with the king a number of English barons and knights,—one of the barons a certain then well-known Lord Zouche of Haryngworth, and one of the knights a Sir Thomas Lake, then English Secretary of State. Moreover, the king had taken three English bishops with him—one of them Bishop Lancelot Andrewes—and not a few minor English ecclesiastics, among whom was Dr William Laud, not yet a bishop, but a busy man already in the English Church as a propagandist of those peculiar ecclesiastical views of which, when he did become bishop and archbishop, both England and Scotland were to have ample experience. Nor do we exhaust the matter when we simply imagine these eminent Englishmen as coming into Scotland with the king in May 1617 and going back with him into England in the following August with reports of what they had seen and done in the north. Six of them returned mere Englishmen no longer, but converted into what may be called honorary Scots. The Earls of Buckingham, Arundel, and Pembroke, with Lord Zouche, Sir Thomas Lake, and Bishop Andrewes, were by his Majesty's orders made members of his Scottish Privy Council, and, appearing personally in the chamber in the High Street of Edinburgh where the Council held its meetings, were sworn into the office with all the accustomed forms. It was an honour not likely to be forgotten by themselves, or to be omitted by the English heralds thenceforth in the enumeration of their titles.

From this sketch it will have been seen that one effect of King James's visit to Scotland in 1617 must have been a sudden increase of interest among the English in Scotland and her concerns. There had always, of course, been a good deal of intercourse between the two countries; and since the accession of James to the English throne the amount of coming and going between them had corresponded to the new intimacy of their mutual relations. But the movement hitherto had been far more of Scots into England than of Englishmen into Scotland. Since James had become King of England, the shoaling of lean and hungry Scots southwards after him, in quest of richer pastures and better incomes, had been proverbial with the English, a subject of incessant satire with them, and indeed a sore social grievance,—the grievance all the greater because the ascertained counter-attractions of Scotland had not as yet been sufficient to establish a return current of English pilgrims northwards. Nowadays the counter-attractions have been amply ascertained; and every autumn hundreds of titled or wealthy Englishmen come into Scotland for the pleasures of grouse-shooting, salmon-fishing, and deer-stalking, and thousands of less privileged English tourists come also for the more modest pleasures of admiring romantic scenery, climbing Scottish mountains, and wearing kilts. At the time with which we are dealing, all this was in the far future; and English adventurers

into Scotland were rare. King James's visit of 1617 had the effect, it appears, of beginning a change in that respect. There was roused among the English, if not a kindlier feeling towards Scotland and the Scots, at least a more inquisitive curiosity respecting both the land and the people. Among Londoners who could afford a longish holiday it began to be a question whether it was necessary to go to France or Italy for the purpose, or whether there might not be a more economic, and perhaps as enjoyable, holiday in North Britain. This, at all events, is what occurred to Ben Jonson.

There were motives in Ben Jonson's case that must have aided the conclusion to which he came. He had Scottish blood in his veins. His father, an English Puritan minister, had died before Ben was born; but that father's father,—Ben's grandfather,—was a Johnston of Annandale, who had migrated into England in the reign of Henry VIII. Might not one, before one died, have a look at Annandale? Moreover, might not one see novelties in Scotland, and turn them, when one came back, to dramatic or other literary account? These motives co-operating, Ben Jonson did resolve on a journey to Scotland, resolving at the same time that he would make the journey thither and back wholly on foot.

When Ben Jonson came to this resolution he was in the forty-sixth year of his age, and, though not yet formally Poet-Laureate, virtually such already by the king's favour and the receipt of a provisional Court pension till the laureateship should be ready for him, and indubitably, on that account, and also in independent public regard, the most conspicuous figure in the London world of letters. This position he had attained by the merits of that long series of dramas for the regular theatres, masques for performance at Court or to private order, and satires, epigrams, epistles, and other poetical miscellanies, which he had begun while Elizabeth was on the throne, and he and Shakespeare were Londoners together, but had continued with ever-increasing industry after James had succeeded Elizabeth, and Shakespeare had gone into retirement in his native Stratford-on-Avon. He had won the position, however, after a hard contest, caused partly by the natural resistance of the popular taste to that poetry of rough and learned strength, that drama of incessant moral and social invective, which he sought to substitute for the more ideal poetry and the more romantic kind of drama that had been exemplified in Shakespeare and others of the Elizabethans, but in large measure also by the aggressiveness of his temper, the pugnacious opinionativeness with which he expounded and defended on all occasions his peculiar principles of literary and dramatic art, and his readiness to take offence and quarrel savagely with his contemporaries. But not only had the disadvantages of these personal characteristics been overcome by the real merits of his dramas and other writings, the weight and force of intellect they exhibited, backed as these were by the support eventually of the learned and University critics to whom he had always kept appealing on behalf of his principles when he failed with the theatregoers; it so happened that by the exertion of these very characteristics in another form he had doubled his influence and notoriety. Afflicted, like his great namesake Dr Samuel afterwards, with a constitutional hypochondria,

from the horrors of which he sought refuge in daily club-life,—and club-life in London then meant convivial life in taverns,—he had acquired, by his powers of conversation, and his aggressive and domineering habits, very much that kind of social dictatorship in London literary circles which Dr Samuel afterwards wielded. There, in one tavern or another, night after night, he sat in the chair, laying down the law among the junior scholars and wits who surrounded him, all dreading him, and all delighting to be in his company. So for the ten years or so during which the one supreme man who alone could vanquish him in a wit-combat—the gentle and placid Shakespeare—was away in his Warwickshire retirement; and so in 1618, when Shakespeare had been dead for two years.

It may be imagined what a stir there was in London and all places round about when it was rumoured, some time in 1618, that Ben was to be absent from his London haunts for a while on a pedestrian expedition to Scotland. As he had been a widower for a good many years, and had no children living, there was no obvious impediment of a domestic kind. One impediment of another kind there was, however. When, some five-and-twenty years before, Ben had shaken himself clear from the detested trade of bricklaying, to which he had been brought up by his step-father, and also from a rough temporary experiment of soldiering and camp-life in the Netherlands, and had first taken to literature as his proper calling, he was, as we gather from his own description, a tall and pale-faced youth of lean frame; but so many intervening years of sedentary life and of ill-regulated habits had produced their physical effects, until now, in his forty-sixth year, as he himself tells us, he had swollen into a man of huge corpulence, at whose mountainous girth and rocky and surly visage passers-by that knew nothing of his other titles to distinction would turn to look as he walked in Cheapside. How was he to succeed in his proposed tramp on foot all the way to Scotland?

He had meditated the tramp, it appears, in the previous year, while his Majesty himself was among the Scots. This we learn from a preserved London news-letter of the date 4th June 1617, the writer of which, after a scrap of the most recent news that had reached him about the king's doings in Scotland, adds, "Ben Jonson is going on foot to Edinburgh and back for his profit." Had the intention been then carried out, we should have heard of Ben as actually one of the king's retinue in part of the royal progress, and it would have been interesting to fancy him as going about in that retinue in the company more particularly of his friend and generous patron the Earl of Pembroke. But the journey had been postponed, and Ben was still in London when the king, Pembroke, and the rest were back there from their northern tour. He was still in London in the early months of 1618, superintending the performance of two new masques of his, one of them a masque at Court for Twelfth Night. There is a snarling reference to this masque in a news-letter of the 10th of January 1618. It had been so dull, the writer reports, that people were saying the poet should return to his old trade of bricklaying.

As nearly as can be calculated, it was late in June 1618 when Ben made his final preparations for setting out. Among those of whom he then took leave one was the great Lord Chancellor Bacon,

whose jocular words to him at parting were that "he loved not to see Poesy go on other feet than poetical dactylus and spondæus." Ben's movements were likely to be spondæic; but he did set out. He appears to have chosen the eastern or great northern route, — the same York and Newcastle route by which his Majesty had gone to Scotland the year before. At all events, he is heard of as being in Darlington in Durham, probably about the middle of July, and as buying a new pair of shoes there, from which he suffered for a day or two on resuming his tramp.

It was about the time when Ben had got thus far on his journey that another and much humbler member of the London literary fraternity, who had been roused by his example, left London to perform the same feat of walking all the way to Scotland, but with the further boast that he would do it without taking a penny in his pocket. This was John Taylor, the Water-Poet or Sculler-Poet, — so called because, after a life of sailoring in various parts, he had settled in London as a boatman on the Thames, earning his living by that craft, and at the same time gratifying his passion for scribbling by the composition of pieces of doggerel verse and rigmarole prose, which he had printed in separate sheets or fly-leaves for sale to subscribers or to chance boating customers. He was a public character about Westminster and a general favourite. The belief at the time was that he had been urged to his new adventure by some of the wags about Court, from a mere mischievous purpose of annoying Ben and turning Ben's pedestrian journey into ridicule; and, though the Water-Poet denied this subsequently with vehement protestations, Ben remained of that opinion. Be that as it may, behold the Water-Poet, on the 14th of July, leaving London behind him, and striding on in the wake of Ben! Not exactly in his wake, though; for it might not have been safe if he had overtaken the big and irascible man! Judiciously, the Water-Poet had chosen the western route, or route by Preston and Carlisle. His first stopping-place in Scotland was Moffat; and on the 13th of August he arrived in Edinburgh.

Although Ben may have been somewhere in Scotland by that time, he cannot have been then in Edinburgh. For the moment, therefore, we may attend to the movements of the Water-Poet. He remained but a short time in Edinburgh; for, being a shrewd fellow, and having learnt that it was the hunting season in Scotland, and that the Earl of Mar, and others of the Scottish nobility with whom he was on terms of familiarity from having had them in his boat or otherwise met them in their visits to London, had gone off to their Highland estates, he concluded that he would turn his stay in Scotland to most account, and have most fun, by following them and throwing himself on their hospitality. Accordingly, crossing the Firth to Fifeshire, and passing from Burntisland to Dunfermline, and thence to Culross and Alloa, not without accommodation and help on the way from this or that kind gentleman to whom he introduced himself,—for his boast that he would neither beg nor borrow was all nonsense, as perhaps also was his boast of not having taken a penny of his own with him,—he pushed on to Stirling and Perth, still inquiring after the Earl of Mar, and so, by Brechin, to Braemar itself at last. There he did find the

Earl, and the Earl of Moray with him, and other Scottish earls and lords in any number. And oh! how glad they were to see the Water-Poet, and how welcome they made him, and what cheer he had with the multitude of Gaelic-speaking gillies they had about them, and what great deer-drivings he saw and shared with them in the glens and mountains! Then from Braemar to Badenoch, and the lands of the Laird of Grant, and the Marquis of Huntly's domains of Strathbogie, with still a Highland welcome wherever he went, and with more huntings and deer-drivings to his heart's content! He had thus actually spent thirty-five days of hunting and travel in the North Highlands before he faced southwards again. When it was time to do so, he took the road again to Brechin, and thence, by Forfar and Dundee, and through Fifeshire once more, back to Edinburgh. This time he remained eight days in Edinburgh, to see the sights and cultivate the acquaintance of three or four very hospitable citizens he had fallen in with; and it was on the last of those days but one that he had the encounter with Ben Jonson which he thus records:—

"The day before I came from Edinburgh I went to Leith, where I found my long approved and assured good friend Master Benjamin Johnson, at one Master John Stuart's house; and I thank him for his great kindness towards me; for at my taking leave of him he gave me a piece of gold of two-and-twenty shillings to drink his health in England, and withal willed me to remember his kind commendations to all his friends. So with a friendly farewell I left him, as well as I hope never to see him in a worse estate; for he is amongst noblemen and gentlemen that know his true worth and their own honours, where with much respective love he is worthily entertained."

The day of this interview was some day towards the end of September 1618; and the next day the Water-Poet, as he tells us, left Edinburgh for his homeward journey. He was at Berwick-upon-Tweed on the 30th of September, and, with the aid of lifts by the way, was in his own house in London on the 15th of October, having been absent in all exactly three months.

As Ben must have been in Scotland nearly two months before the Water-Poet's call upon him in Leith, the question is where he had been, and what he had been doing, in the interim. It is possible that, after crossing the Border, and before making for Edinburgh, he may have made a detour westward into his ancestral Annandale, or for visits to some of those Scottish lords of his acquaintance whose usual residence was in London, but who came north every autumn, and were then to be found rusticating here and there in the Scottish Border shires. Or it is possible that, having come to Edinburgh some time in August, just after the Water-Poet had gone off on his ramble into the North Highlands, and having found, as the Water-Poet had done, that it was the vacation season in the Scottish capital and that the town was comparatively empty, he also had filled up his leisure with country excursions. There is, indeed, just a trace or suggestion of his having been in Fifeshire and at St Andrews; and certain it is that he was for some time in the Lennox district of the West Highlands, and amid the fascinations of Loch Lomond and its shores. That these excursions, or any others of the sort, must have been made before the end of September 1618, when the Water-Poet found Ben definitely lodged in Leith, is the more likely be-

cause, though Ben was to be in Scotland for four months more, all the evidence is that through these four months he remained fixed where the Water-Poet had left him, or did not move far from Leith, Edinburgh, and their vicinity.

Who was the Master John Stuart in whose house the Water-Poet found and left Ben? He was, I have been able to ascertain, a very well-known person indeed to the Leith and Edinburgh people of that day, holding as he did the office of Water-Bailie of Leith, and owning a ship called The Post of Leith, of which one hears as employed sometimes in the Government service. He must have been a substantial Leith householder, and Ben, as a lodger in his house, must have been in very comfortable quarters.

What had directed Ben to Master John Stuart's house for a lodging, or why he had chosen to lodge in Leith rather than in Edinburgh, we do not know. It mattered little—Leith being, then as now, the seaport of Edinburgh, with but that mile of connecting road between them which is now known as Leith Walk. When, however, the Water-Poet described Ben as being "amongst noblemen and gentlemen that knew his true worth," and that were vying with each other in their attentions to him, it was distinctly implied that it was mainly in Edinburgh that he was thus lionised. The society of Edinburgh in 1618, though of much smaller dimensions than Edinburgh society now, was composed very much of the same elements; but with the important difference that, Scotland being then a separate kingdom, Edinburgh was then the seat of the national government, in the shape of a resident Privy Council and Ministry, and contained, consequently, a larger number of noblemen and great State officials than Edinburgh now counts in her population, or has counted for many a day. The Scottish Privy Council, meeting in the High Street of Edinburgh twice a-week through the greater part of the year, consisted nominally of about forty persons, regarded by their rank, or in virtue of their office, as the very chief men in all Scotland; and, though many of them lived away on their estates, and attended but occasionally, there was generally a nucleus of some twelve or fifteen of their number for Government business in the metropolis. In September 1618, I find, there were but two meetings of the Council—that being one of the customary vacation months; but in the chair at both these was Lord Chancellor the Earl of Dunfermline himself, the highest dignitary of the realm, while among the councillors present at both meetings, or at one or other of them, were the Earls of Winton, Linlithgow, and Lothian, the Bishop of Ross, and Secretary Lord Binning, afterwards known as Earl of Haddington (about the ablest man in the Scottish politics of his time, but remembered best by his nickname of "Tam o' the Cowgate"). Among the others present were Lord Fleming, Treasurer-Depute Sir Gideon Murray, and Lord Advocate Sir William Oliphant, with six or seven more of those topmost men of the Scottish bar and bench who, as holding ministerial appointments, had seats also at the Council Board. The mention of these last reminds us of the importance in Edinburgh society, then as now, of the resident body of the lawyers. We call it "the Parliament House connection" now; but there was no Parliament House then in Edinburgh, and the Law Courts were a dingy cluster of buildings about the

Old Tolbooth. Besides such chiefs of this body as have just been mentioned as belonging to the Privy Council and Ministry, there were, in the wigged and gowned crowd frequenting those old Law Courts, not a few men of ability and scholarly distinction. It was but a little distance from the Law Courts to the old University of Edinburgh, known as "the Town's College" till the king's recent visit, when his Majesty had insisted on rechristening it as his own college, the College of King James. The Principal of the University then was Mr Henry Charteris; and, if he and the four or five professors who formed under him the teaching staff of the University may be remembered as then among the notabilities of Edinburgh, there ought to be remembered along with them certain ex-professors or University graduates, then parish ministers of Edinburgh, or in adjoining charges, and forming the local clergy. Not to be forgotten in our reckoning, at all events, are the Magistrates and Town Council, and those principal merchants and burgesses who then figured as the heads of the general community. The Lord Provost of Edinburgh in 1618 was Sir William Nisbet, a wealthy merchant, and proprietor of the fine adjacent estate of Dean, who had received his knighthood on the occasion of the king's late visit; one of the bailies was a James Ainslie; the Dean of Guild was a very active and much respected David Aikenhead; the Town Treasurer, I think, was a William Rig; and among the councillors of the year was a James Nisbet, probably a relative of the Provost, and afterwards a bailie. Without more names, these may enable us to imagine that civic core of Old Edinburgh which, meeting in its separate sanctum in the High Street beside the Privy Council House and the Law Courts, and issuing thence its municipal orders and regulations, divided public regard locally with the Privy Council itself. But, to complete our inventory of the ingredients of Edinburgh society at the time under notice, we must let our eyes sweep round the environs of the town, so as to include the mansions and farms of those neighbouring country lairds who, though not connected with Edinburgh officially, or by special business, could be in Edinburgh as often as they liked, and whose faces were therefore as familiar in the Edinburgh streets as those of the residents. One of these was Mr William Drummond, laird of Hawthornden, seven miles away in the beautiful valley of the Esk.

There needs be no doubt that amongst the Edinburgh "noblemen and gentlemen" referred to by the Water-Poet as entertaining Ben Jonson so hospitably in September 1618 were some of the persons of highest rank in the foregoing conspectus. Even if Ben had brought no introductions with him, the arrival of a man of so much celebrity in London, and in such favour with his Majesty and at Court, must have caused some flutter of attention; and, if Chancellor Dunfermline himself, or Secretary Binning, or the Earl of Lothian, or some of the other Privy Councillors in town, did not contrive to see Ben and have something of his company, separately or together, the neglect would be surprising. Record is not generally kept of such matters. Fortunately, however, record *has* been kept of a very public mark of honour conferred on Ben, under the eyes of Chancellor Dunfermline and his colleagues of the Council, and doubtless with their approval, by the Edinburgh civic authorities. It is more than thirty years since

the present respected City Chamberlain of Edinburgh, Mr Robert Adam, turning over a portion of the old city accounts, came upon documentary proofs that Ben Jonson, during his stay in Leith, was made an honorary burgess of Edinburgh, and entertained at a banquet given on the occasion by the Magistrates and Town Council. The discovery having been communicated to Mr David Laing, the result was a succinct account of the whole affair in a paper read by that eminent and venerable man, on the 16th of February 1859, before the Scottish Society of Antiquaries. To this day the discovery has received far less publicity than it deserves; and, having had access to the original documents, I will put the facts again together.

In the Register of the Edinburgh Town Council there may be read, under date 25th September 1618 — *i.e.*, about the very day when the Water-Poet made his farewell call on Ben Jonson in Leith—a minute stating that on that day, the Provost, Bailies, Dean of Guild, Treasurer, and Council "being conveynitt," and having transacted some other pieces of business, this order was passed: "Ordanis the Deyne of Gild to mak Benjamyn Jonsoun, Inglisman, burges and gild-brother *in communi formâ*." The common form of admission in the case of ordinary burgesses was that the applicant, armed in some regulated manner with a corselet, a hagbut, or the like, appeared before the Dean of Guild and his colleagues of the Guild Council, took the customary oath, and paid a larger or smaller sum for his freedom, according to the kind and degree of the trading privileges to which it entitled him. As there is no trace of Ben's admission in this fashion, the inference is that the fashion of admission was variable in the case of honorary burgesses. Personal appearance and the taking of the oath seem, indeed, to have been essential; but the thing might be done, it appears, at any casual meeting of the Town Council at which it was convenient for the burgess-designate to attend for the purpose of being sworn in, and either receiving his burgess-ticket then and there, or being informed that the ticket would be sent to him in due course. This may have been the actual form of Ben's admission; but, if so, it is certain that the Magistrates and Town Council had arranged that this should not be all. At the very time of their order to Dean of Guild Aikenhead to make Ben a burgess and guild-brother, they had resolved that it would be but right and fitting that the admission of so distinguished an Englishman to the freedom of Edinburgh should not be a mere affair of appearance and hand-shaking at a Council meeting, but should be marked by some more solid and memorable accompaniment. The proof is furnished by this minute of a subsequent meeting of the Magistrates and Council, of date 16th October 1618, or three weeks after their former order: "Ordanis the Thesaurer to pay to James Ainslie, laite baillie, twa hundreth twenty-ane pound, sex schillingis, four pennyis, debursit be him upone the denner maid to Benjamin Jonstoun, conforme to the Act maid thairanent and compt given in of the same." The transaction reappears at a later date in this entry in the Treasurer's accounts, taking credit for the sum he had paid: "*Item*, thair aucht to be allowed to the Compter, payit be him to James Ainslie, bailie, for expenses debursit upone ane banquett maid to Benjamin Johnstoune, conforme to ane Act of

Counsell of the dait the [blank] day of September 1618—IIcXXI lib VIs VIIId"—fourpence more, it will be observed, than in the former reckoning. The reckoning, one has to remember, was in Scots money; but £221, 6s. 8d. of Scots money must in those days have provided a very sufficient banquet. The banquet must have been on some day between the 25th of September and the 16th of October. Oh that we could have had a report of it! As there were no newspapers in Edinburgh then, we have to imagine it for ourselves. It must have been in some noted tavern in the High Street or in one of the off-going closes; and Lord Provost Sir William Nisbet must, of course, have been in the chair; and invited guests must have been present in addition to the bailies and the councillors; and Sir William must have proposed Ben's health; and Ben must have responded amid acclamations; and there must have been excellent Scottish dishes on the tables; and the consumption of wine must have been immense. It is a vanished vision of two hundred and seventy-five years ago; but the fact remains that in October 1618 Ben Jonson stood enrolled in that long list of the honorary burgesses of Edinburgh, the latest addition to which, while we pen these lines, has been that of the Duke of York in the October of this present year. In 1618 the custom had not yet been formed of presenting to newly admitted freemen of special distinction their honorary burgess-tickets enclosed in gold or ornamented caskets; but that Ben Jonson's burgess-ticket was about as handsome as could then be devised is proved by this entry in Dean of Guild Aikenhead's accounts when they were made up at the end of the year: "*Item*, the twentie day of Januar Im VIc and nyntene yeiris, geivin at directione of the Counsell to Alexr. Patersone for wrytting and gilting of Benjamine Johnestounes burges ticket, being thryis writtin, XIII lib VIs VIIId." They had not been satisfied with the first specimen of the scribe's caligraphy, and had made him write the ticket twice over again.

Through the rest of October 1618, the whole of November, and part of December, our information about Ben is hazy. That Leith was still his headquarters, and it was still in Edinburgh, or within a moderate circle round Edinburgh, that he found occupation and enjoyment, is all but certain; and it may be assumed also that hospitalities to him within that circle were increasing rather than diminishing. Before November, the Earl of Mar, Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, whom we left hunting in Braemar Forest, had returned, I find, to resume his place of dignity in the Privy Council next to Chancellor Dunfermline; and other Councillors now to be seen at the Council Board after the autumn vacation were Viscount Lauderdale, Lords Carnegie, Buccleuch, and Cranstoun, with Archbishop Spotswood of St Andrews and Archbishop Law of Glasgow. These had their opportunities now, if they cared to use them. By this time also Ben had found out those houses in Edinburgh—houses of lawyers and others living with their families in flats in the High Street or its closes—where he was most welcome of a forenoon or evening, and could spend his time most dogmatically and agreeably. Then, must there not have been visits now to places of picturesque or historical note in or near Edinburgh which he had not previously seen—Craigmillar and Pinkie, for example? But a truce to all such mere guesses, in view of one abso-

lute certainty which is worth them all put together. It was on the night or early morning of the 18th of November 1618 that there was discerned in the south-east quarter of the Edinburgh sky the first streak of a comet, which, increasing in size and brilliance night after night, turned out to be the most prodigious comet within memory,—not one of those trumpery comets which only astronomers care about, but a great blazing messenger from the outer obscurities of the universe, visible throughout the British Islands and beyond, and amazing and appalling many populations. The phenomenon lasted exactly one month, attaining its greatest splendour about or just after the end of November, then dwindling, and finally melting away in the north on the 18th of December. As sure as any fact in human record, Ben Jonson was one of the thousands and tens of thousands who, night after night through that month, gazed up, in different parts of Scotland, to the strange celestial visitant, and all his life afterwards he must have remembered that it was in Scotland, and amid the other incidents and experiences of his stay in Scotland, that he had seen the great comet of the year 1618. According to our knowledge of his whereabouts through that month, it must have been from the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, or from the slope thence of the High Street to the Netherbow, or from the road thence leading to Leith, that he watched the meteor most frequently by himself. There must, however, have been talk about it in his presence wherever he found himself at table, with other guests to meet him, in any of the Edinburgh households. What did it portend? The great thirty years' war on the Continent between European Catholicism and European Protestantism, then just in its beginnings, thought some prophetically; the Synod of Dort, then in its first sittings, which was to decide the controversy between Dutch Calvinism and Dutch Arminianism, surmised others; and I am not sure but some must have brushed these suppositions aside, and found an explanation of the comet nearer home in the commotion then rising in Scotland itself, and especially in Edinburgh, over King James's Five Articles of Perth.

The great comet had gone, but the ferment among the Edinburgh people over the Five Articles of Perth was becoming more and more formidable, when there occurred that incident of Ben Jonson's visit to Scotland which has been hitherto recollected as the most noteworthy by far, and which has a certain crowning interest for us still, because it connects him and his visit with Scottish literary history.

Interest in the contemporary literature of Scotland can hardly have been one of Ben's motives to undertaking his journey, for the literature of Scotland was then almost at its lowest ebb. In Drummond of Hawthornden, it is true, then in the thirty-third year of his age, Scotland did possess one poetic star of such pure and soft radiance that there had begun to be some cognisance of him already among the London men of letters. This was partly because, though resident in Scotland, he practised studiously the same southern or classical English, in the use of which he had been preceded, with some reputation for success, by Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, Sir Robert Aytoun, and one or two other Scots that had accompanied or followed King James into England, and had been habitually

resident about the English Court ever since. The notion, however, that Ben Jonson had come to Scotland expressly to see Drummond is a sheer hallucination. Whatever Ben may have known of Drummond by previous reading or hearsay, the intimacy between them came about in the natural course of things after Ben was in Edinburgh. Drummond must have been one of the first to call upon Ben in Leith; he may have suggested the demonstration in Ben's honour by the Edinburgh city authorities; he was probably present at the banquet they gave to Ben; and, amid his various occupations through the subsequent October, November, and December, he must have found time for meetings with Ben again and again in one or other of the Edinburgh houses amid which Ben was going his rounds. What more natural after all this than that Drummond should invite Ben to be his guest for a week or two at Hawthornden, where, save that a friend or two from Edinburgh might be asked once or twice to be in their company, they should be wholly by themselves, and enjoy each other thoroughly? And so, some time about the Christmas of 1618 and the New Year's day of 1619, as the evidence allows us to compute, the great event took place. The story of it is pretty familiar already, and there is no need to tell it here over again. Enough to fancy the two men,—the gentle and cultured Drummond, and the big and blustrous Ben, — rambling side by side through the Hawthornden grounds, then wearing their wintry aspect, and in the afternoons and evenings seated opposite to each other within doors, and Ben eternally talking, and Drummond mainly looking at him and listening. Fortunately, Drummond took notes of the conversations; which notes, since their recovery and publication in complete form by Mr David Laing, have been known to all literary antiquaries as the richest repertory of English literary gossip and tradition that has come down to us concerning the reigns of Elizabeth and James, and also the most valuable of all extant contributions to the biography of Ben Jonson. To the notes Drummond appended a few sentences summing up his impressions of Ben after the closer acquaintance with him that had so been formed; and from these we learn that, though Drummond thought Ben all in all the most tremendous fellow he had ever had under his roof, he had found him more tremendous than likeable, and so may have been glad rather than sorry when the visit came to an end, and the daily fetch-up of wine from the Hawthornden cellars could resume its normal rate.

Drummond kept those impressions to himself, and through the short time more that Ben remained about Edinburgh and Leith there was the most friendly interchange of courtesies between them. Thus, on the 17th January 1619, Drummond sent to Ben a note enclosing a copy of an epigram which Ben had desired, and offering his services in any other matter before Ben's departure south; and on the 19th of the same month Ben returned the compliment by sending Drummond, by way of farewell gift, copies of two pieces of verse he had just written, one of them a madrigal with this florid superscription: "*To the honouring respect borne to the friendship contracted with the Right Virtuous and Learned Mr William Drummond, and the perpetuating the same by all offices of love hereafter, I, Benjamin Jonson,*

whom he hath honoured with the leave to be called his, have with mine own hand, to satisfy his request, written this imperfect Song." Six days afterwards—*i.e.*, on the 25th of January 1619—Ben left Leith, and began his walk homewards, taking with him the actual pair of shoes that had brought him from Darlington, and resolved that he should walk in these to Darlington again. His journey through England must have been interrupted by visits to English friends on the way, for he was not in London till late in April or early in May. He had been absent about ten months in all, about six of which had been spent in Scotland, and the last four of these in or near Edinburgh. An incident of public note during his return journey had been the death of Queen Ann, leaving James a widower; and Ben, on his arrival, found London busy with the ceremonials of the long-delayed royal funeral. He had an immediate and gracious reception from the king nevertheless, and found his Majesty much interested in the reports he had brought from Scotland.

The link between Ben and Drummond was not snapped by Ben's return to England. During the Hawthornden colloquies Ben had confided to Drummond two literary projects by which he hoped to immortalise his visit to Scotland and utilise the knowledge he had acquired of the country and its people. One was of a pastoral play, the scene of which should be laid in the Loch Lomond district; and the other was of a complete account of his adventures and experiences in Scotland, with interspersed descriptions of Scottish institutions, and of some of the more remarkable scenes and events of Scottish history. He had obtained Drummond's promise to send after him such information as he might require for these undertakings, and had told Drummond that, if he should die on his homeward journey, he would take care that his papers of preparation for both subjects should come into Drummond's keeping. Hence a correspondence between Ben and Drummond to as late as July 1619. A letter of Drummond's, despatched before he knew for certain that Ben was back in London, contained some of the pieces of information which Ben wanted; but, as this letter had not reached its destination by the 10th of May 1619, Ben, in a letter sent off from London on that day, reminded Drummond of all the particulars of his promise, adding another request. Would Mr Drummond be so good as to send him, besides the promised copies of certain inscriptions at Pinkie, with the promised sketches of Loch Lomond, and the promised information about the municipal government of Edinburgh he was to obtain from Mr James Scot, a distinct account also of the teaching system in the University of St Andrews, and its difference, if any, from the system in the University of Edinburgh? That Drummond had at once and most punctually attended to all these requirements appears from a letter of his, dated 1st July 1619, which is the last of the extant correspondence, and in which, after enumerating the documents and other aids that ought by that time to have reached Ben in answer to his queries (one of them a map of the chief of the Loch Lomond islands), he sends Ben, for the embellishment of his intended book about Scotland, an exact list and description of a series of emblematic designs on a bed of State, "wrought and embroidered

all with gold and silk by the late Queen Mary, mother to our sacred sovereign." The correspondence amply proves, it will be seen, that Ben was looking back upon his tour in Scotland as an event of no small consequence in his life, of which he was bound to leave some adequate memorials. Whether he ever accomplished his Loch Lomond pastoral remains unknown; but that he did accomplish, in the form of a personal narrative, something of his intended general book about Scotland and the Scots appears from his "Execration upon Vulcan," written about 1629, in which, lamenting the loss of a number of precious manuscripts of his by a recent fire in his London lodgings, he mentions among them

> "My 'Journey into Scotland,' sung
> With all the adventures."

But the correspondence is interesting also for certain minute additions which it makes to our information respecting Ben's Edinburgh acquaintanceships. Not only in one of Drummond's letters are there phrases implying in a general way that the friends left by Ben in Edinburgh, and still inquiring after him, were very numerous indeed; but in Ben's own letter to Drummond from London there is mention by name of those Edinburgh friends, more particularly of the Drummond connection, to whom, in addition to Drummond himself, acknowledgments were due. "Salute," he there says to Drummond, "the beloved Fentons, the Nisbets, the Scots, the Livingstons, and all the honest and honoured names with you, especially Mr James Writh, his wife, your sister, &c." Even at this distance of time, I think I can identify the persons and families so mentioned. The "Fentons" were the family of Mr John Fenton, who had been head of the office of the Scottish Comptrollery since as far back as 1582, and was consequently about or over sixty years of age at the time of Ben Jonson's visit, but still with a high reputation for activity and business ability. In June 1619 he was selected for the important duty of going to the Orkney and Shetland Islands in a war-vessel as his Majesty's commissioner for the assertion, against the Government of the United Dutch Provinces, of his Majesty's right to fishing dues from the fleets of Hollanders periodically ranging those northern coasts. The same Mr John Fenton is mentioned by the Water-Poet as having shown *him* some kindness in his passage through Fifeshire; and it is a testimony to the regard in which he was held by Ben that Ben, after leaving Scotland, had written to him independently a letter which Drummond had seen. The affectionate message now sent him through Drummond must have been delivered to him when he was in the bustle of preparation for his expedition to the Orkneys. About "the Nisbets" there is no difficulty. Lord Provost Sir William Nisbet of the Dean is included, of course, together with that James Nisbet—probably his relative—who was of the Edinburgh Town Council under him; but there was also a Mr Patrick Nisbet among the Edinburgh advocates, seemingly of the same family of Nisbets, and the father of a young boy of about six years of age, who was to be afterwards of celebrity as Sir John Nisbet of Dirleton, the Scottish judge and jurist. Of "the Scots" mentioned, one must have been Drummond's brother-in-law, Sir John Scot of Scotstarvit, advocate,

and director of the Scottish Chancery, afterwards a judge of Session, and of fame yet in Scottish literary tradition as the author of 'The Staggering State of Scots Statesmen;' while another was the Mr James Scot from whom Drummond obtained the information which Ben wanted about the municipal government of Edinburgh. Who "the Livingstons" were I am not so sure; but, besides Sir William Livingston of Kilsyth, who was then one of the senators of the College of Justice and also a member of the Scottish Privy Council, one hears of a Sir Harry Livingston, then of some distinction in Edinburgh, of a Mr Alexander Livingston, an Edinburgh advocate in considerable practice, and of a George Livingston, an Edinburgh merchant. Finally, the "Mr James Writh" of the list was, I have no doubt, — that slight variation of the spelling of the name notwithstanding,—a Mr James Raith, advocate, who was a *protégé* of Chancellor Dunfermline and in the Chancellor's confidential employment, and was of such prominence, moreover, in the general business world of Edinburgh, that he had been the appointed bidder, on the 1st of October 1617, on the part of a body of merchants, for a new lease of the Customs of the Scottish kingdom, and had then, by bidding 1000 merks over the highest sum which the old customers would give for the renewal of the lease, secured the lease for his clients. He was, I find, the husband of an Eliza Fowler; and, as Fowler was the maiden name of Drummond's mother, this Mrs Raith was presumably a cousin of Drummond's. The ambiguity of the phrase "his wife, your sister" would be thus explained away; and the sister of Drummond's coupled with the Raiths in Ben's recollection may have been an unmarried sister then living with her brother in Hawthornden, and keeping house for him. At all events, Drummond was still a bachelor at the time when Ben Jonson was his guest, and did not marry till thirteen years afterwards.

Ben had nearly eighteen years more of life still before him; and they were to be the years of his formal and chronologically registered Laureateship for King James and King Charles, and of his continued and even increasing Court-notoriety and domination in the world of English letters. But all through those eighteen years, as will have been seen, he must have remembered, and occasionally thought of, a good many still living persons in and round Edinburgh, whose acquaintance he had made in the autumn and winter of 1618; and they, in their turn, must have retained a vivid recollection of the physiognomy, figure, and voice of the great Englishman as he had then moved among them, and must, with the help of such rumours as reached them, have followed him in all his subsequent career with some fondness, until in 1637 there came the final news that, amid a mourning concourse of Londoners of all ranks, his sorely shattered body had been interred in Westminster Abbey, and, by way of temporary substitute for the splendid monument that was to be raised there to his memory, but that never *was* raised, one loyal admirer of his from Oxfordshire had caused to be chiselled on the particular flagstone in the Abbey floor that covered his remains the ever-famous epitaph, "O RARE BEN JONSON."

DAVID MASSON.

EARLSCOURT: A NOVEL OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

CHAPTER XLI.—THE ELOPEMENT.

When the moment came for George Colpoys to carry out his plans, he felt a half-hearted inclination to abandon the enterprise, and to rush off to his elder brother and confess his meditated guilt. He had so long been dependent for everything upon his senior, and had from boyhood stood so much in awe of him, that there seemed to him to be something unnatural and impious in thus openly rebelling and throwing off the yoke which he had always borne, galling as he had found it to be. George frankly confessed to himself that he was a coward, or rather would be one, but for Mary Donne's sake. That was the thought which nerved him, which made him feel man enough to break through Lord Earlsfield's most cherished projects. It was this, too, that made his course a righteous one, for was he not delivering a hapless maiden from a fate of lifelong misery and peril? This was an end which must sanctify even such means as George was going to use, and he made the most of the encouragement that the idea afforded. But for all the consolation that he could administer to himself, he felt that he was nervous, and, what was worse, he feared that Mary knew he was so.

As for Mary Donne, her feelings were scarcely less uneasy. So far as she could see, it was her only escape from the terrible future that awaited her if she remained at Earlscourt. That in the end Lord Earlsfield would compel her to marry Harold, she had not the slightest doubt. Lord Earlsfield always succeeded in obtaining his own way, and she mistrusted her own powers of making a sufficient struggle against his determined will. And this alternative which she was going to wildly choose seemed to her, now that she stood fairly committed to it, to be only a degree less desperate. It is true she loved George Colpoys; how it had come about she could scarcely tell, but he seemed so much in every way preferable to Harold. They had been thrown very much together, and a close confidence had sprung up between them; but she was not at all insensible to the defects of his character. George Colpoys had always been the helot of the Earlscourt household, and his shortcomings had been sufficiently dwelt upon by his brother and sisters to impress themselves on Mary, however leniently she might be disposed to look upon them. She was sensible that George was not without his good qualities: he had a more kindly heart than any of the other Colpoyses, and this was Mary's forlorn-hope—the faint ray of light that seemed to guide her leap in the dark. That he was lazy, careless, and unconscientious she could not help admitting, but it must henceforth be her duty to counteract these failings. That he might have been vicious, so far as his circumscribed opportunities allowed, had even been darkly hinted; but it would now be her care to strictly repress all such tendencies. And George was so easy-minded, so good-tempered, that surely it would not be such a difficult task to steer him through temptations and to thoroughly domesticate him. So as to the future Mary was not without hope,—there was a chance

of love and happiness in it that she would sedulously cultivate; but it was the present, the terrible step that she must take to pass from the old life to the new, that appalled her.

And when the critical moment came, her nerve might have forsaken her, had action been necessary on her part; but the member had arranged everything in a very characteristic and quite Georgian fashion. And, luckily for them both, Lord Earlsfield was so engrossed by his son's illness that he had little time to give his thoughts to anything else, and suspicions which, under more leisurely circumstances, might have been aroused, never presented themselves to his mind. Harold still kept his own apartments, and though Peters's reports were reassuring, it was evident that the crisis was not past. Every morning at breakfast Lord Earlsfield formally delivered himself of his latest bulletin regarding his son's condition: his cold was improving, was a good deal better, was almost gone; but he must be careful how he ventured out again in case of a chill — statements which were received with a dead silence that was most irritating to his lordship. He divined that they suspected the truth, and his wrath against them rose accordingly, while their obvious fears secretly aggravated his own anxiety.

So when George announced his intention of starting for town, he received his dismissal and the means of the campaign curtly enough, but without any trouble. It was one person less in the house, in case Harold's condition should become worse, and concealment be no longer possible. And when, the same forenoon, Mary Donne received a telegram from her old aunt at York, intimating her serious illness, and begging her niece to come to her at once, Lord Earlsfield cheerfully recognised the hand of Providence overruling, as was meet, all things for his own aims. Nothing could have suited him better than Mary Donne's absence for a few days, until Harold was well and able to be about again; and he felt positively grateful to the old aunt whose illness had occurred at such an *à propos* time. So he anxiously pressed Mary's departure, with much formal sympathy for its cause. And when George congratulated himself on being her fellow-passenger as far as the junction at Beechborough, where he was to catch the London train, Lord Earlsfield laid his commands on him that he was to see her safely delivered to her aunt in York, and then take the night express to town. The danger of throwing the two together for a few hours did not bulk in Lord Earlsfield's innocent imagination in comparison with his desire to get them away from Earlscourt, and the fact that they would henceforth be separated until after Harold and Mary's marriage.

It was quite time for George Colpoys to be gone. His appointment to the Chairmanship of the Canal Board had been signed, and would appear in the 'Gazette' within twenty-four hours. His retiring address to the electors of Earlsport was written out, and in his pocket, and would be posted to the local papers from York that same evening. In that document the member referred with much complacency to the high trust which had been reposed in him by her Majesty's Government, and to the critical condition of Dock and Inland Navigation questions, which alone could have prevailed upon him to sacrifice the interests and attachment of the constituency which he had so long represented,

he might venture to say with results that had been to their mutual honour and advantage. Had he ever allowed his public life to be ruled by personal considerations, no inducements could have been put forward strong enough to make him resign one of the highest privileges to which any man could aspire—the honour of representing the free, independent, and intelligent electors of the borough of Earlsport; but there were times, George continued loftily, when the imperious calls of State necessity compelled a man to merge the individual in the patriot, and to subordinate his private feelings to the exigencies of Government. George did not hesitate to give the Earlsport electors clearly to understand that the existence of the Ministry was intimately connected with his acceptance of the Chairmanship of the Board of Docks and Canals. In selecting him, all conscious as he was of his demerits for filling so responsible a situation, the Government had not so much done honour to him as to his constituents; and it behoved the electors of Earlsport to strengthen the hands of the Ministry, and to rally round a candidate who would be a tower of strength to the Government amid the malignant attacks of a selfish and unscrupulous Opposition, who, in its lust for office, was "resolved to ruin or to rule the State."

"There!" said George, as he signed his name with a flourish to this precious document,—"that should do with them. Elliott can't say that I haven't recommended his man. Unless I had put in the fellow's name, I could not have done more. But, good Lord! think of Earlsfield when he reads it!"

Only when they were fairly bestowed in a York carriage could George and Mary Donne safely give vent to their feelings. He could now conceal his trepidation under an assumption of humorous swagger; she could now indulge her disposition to cry unchecked. In the minds of both there was a nervous dread lest something terrible should befall them; and they scanned the platform lest perchance Lord Earlsfield might have already become alarmed and overtake them, or at least some messenger follow them from the Court with a mandate of recall. But the train with their fortunes steamed slowly out of the station without any interruption, and George's spirits rose as they advanced. It was true that there was a quarter of an hour's delay at Beechborough Junction, where a telegram might be delivered to them; but when they had gone so far, even that might now be treated with defiance. They had a start of three hours before another train could leave Earlsport, and unless Lord Earlsfield followed them by a special, they were safe from interruption until the marriage was duly celebrated.

"You mustn't give way, my darling," consoled George, when he had allowed Mary to have her cry undisturbed. "We have managed everything beautifully. Not a breath of suspicion at the Court; and in another two hours we shall be man and wife, and then I would like to see who would dare to part us, my own!"

At this Mary, of course, sobbed more bitterly. "Oh, George, it seems all so terrible, so wrong, this deceiving every one and going off together in this fashion! What will people say? It will never be forgotten against us."

"Yes, it will, dearest. If you had been a borough member you would never mind what people say of you, you would be so well accus-

tomed to being abused. Why, you will be a heroine in town. They will want your photographs in the window, and be hanged to 'em."

This did not mend matters, and George proceeded, "We have got everything as smooth as turf before us. We just get into a cab at York Station and drive to church, and there the parson and clerk and couple of witnesses are waiting for us. Clibbetts and his wife, most respectable people, I assure you, keeps a livery stable near Goodram gate, and does a little bit of quiet training besides. It was he who sent off the telegram to you. We ran halves in a horse for the Lincoln Handicap, which won all but by a neck. Most respectable person, I assure you, and his wife too, I believe."

"O George!" cried Mary, a sense of the ludicrous lightening up her troubles, "could you find no one better than a stable-keeper to witness our marriage? What would Lord Earlsfield think?"

"Well, to be sure, I daresay he would flare up about it; but as he will be down on the whole affair, that item won't matter much. Besides, you have no idea what a clever fellow Clibbetts is. Just the very man to see you through a delicate business."

"And now," said George, taking her in his arms, "you are my own dear wife, or you will be in a very little, and you are going to be ever so happy, and never to fret any more, and we shall never trouble ourselves about the Earlscourt people, but just let them say and do what they please. I daresay Earlsfield will come down in time —you were always such a prime favourite with him—and will be glad to kill the fatted calf for us some day. And even if he doesn't, we can be happy by ourselves, cannot we? And, O Mary! if I ever allow myself to forget the sacrifice you have made for me, I shall be a tenfold worse fellow even than I believe I am."

"I am sure your sacrifice is the greater," sighed Mary. "You have cut yourself away from your family and given up Parliament for me, and all to save me from an unhappy marriage. O George! are you sure that you love me? That you will always love me? And never upbraid me with what you have to give up for my sake?"

"Love you, my darling!" cried George; "don't I, just! And if I could not go on loving you, life wouldn't be worth having. I make no sacrifice. It is you, Mary, who are sacrificing all for my sake, and pray God I may live to repay you;" and the member seized her hands and covered them with kisses.

And thus the way crept on, and each drew confidence from the other, and when at Beechborough there was no telegram or other information of the enemy, the spirits of both rose in proportion. George insisted upon the reluctant Mary drinking a glass of sherry, while he refreshed himself with a stronger stimulant; and thus fortified, he was able to take a very golden view of the future, and to cheer Mary with pleasant visions of their happiness when, the ordeal once over, they could settle down in London to the enjoyment of domestic bliss. And when York was reached, it was with alacrity he sprang from the railway carriage and assisted his bride to descend, while he bustled about and got porters to take care of their luggage, which was to be left at the station and transferred to the London train later on.

The thoughtful Mr Clibbetts had one of the private carriages which he let on hire duly waiting, and a coachman thoroughly instructed in

the duty expected of him. But just as Mary had been placed in the carriage, George happened to catch sight of Mr Mold emerging from the station, and a wicked idea struck him.

"I say, Mary, here is Mold the lawyer—Fossebraye & Mold, you know. By Jove! we'll have him with us. Family solicitor, you know—quite the proper thing"—and before Mary could interpose an objection, George rushed off, and had button-holed his victim.

"Hilloa, Mold! just the man I could have wished to get hold off. I have come here upon some business with Miss Donne, and you'll come with us and help us through with it."

"Most happy, I am sure, to be of any assistance to Miss Donne," replied Mr Mold, bowing and rolling his eyes at Mary, "if your business doesn't take long. I have an engagement in the city in about an hour—Earlsfield business, too. The old Coombe mine dispute with the Elsedale Valley Company."

"All right, jump in—we shall not detain you; we have only a few minutes' drive." And the member pushed Mr Mold into the carriage, jumping in after him, and the coachman, who had his orders, drove away without any directions.

It only took a few minutes, in the course of which Mr Mold's native politeness induced him to address Miss Donne upon such interesting subjects as the delightfully seasonable weather, the antiquarian resources of York, its charming mixture of county, military, and clerical society, and the length of stay she proposed to make, regretting that he himself was so tied to work that he had to get back to Earlsport by the last train that same evening. Was Mr Colpoys going back? No; Mr Colpoys's intention was to proceed to London by the night mail.

"Ah! going to attend the rest of the session. Well, you have been away a good spell. Have the Whips been grumbling, or your Earlsport committee letting out at you?"

"Neither, Mr Mold," returned George. "But I don't mind telling you as a friend, Mr Mold, that you will have a fresh election in Earlsport before a month is over, and that you will have the pleasure of reading my farewell address in to-morrow morning's newspapers. I trust you will like it."

"Great heavens!" cried Mr Mold, in consternation. "I really beg your pardon, Miss Donne; but this is startling news. And you have really thrown up?"

"Her gracious Majesty," said George, loftily, "has been pleased to employ my humble merit in an important administrative appointment which will prevent me devoting that time to my constituents which I would have to bestow upon them if I were to conscientiously keep my seat;" and George grinned at his own idea.

"What! you have got a place, then?" cried Mr Mold, with unfeigned joy. "I hope it is a good one,—work a sinecure and a heavy salary."

"Bread and cheese," returned the other, carelessly,—"mere bread and cheese. But here we are at last," and the carriage pulled up in front of an ancient and somewhat dilapidated-looking church, which required all the excuse that its foundations and walls built of Roman remains afforded, for its continued existence in an archiepiscopal city.

In the porch were the expectant Mr and Mrs Clibbetts, gorgeously arrayed in honour of the ceremony—he in shiny hat, tight-buttoned blue frock, and immense yellow gloves; she in all the glory of

crimson silk gown, beaded and bugled dolman, and a smart bonnet in which waxen grapes, mixed with ivy tendrils, nodded over her crisp forelock. There came a look of discomfiture over the good woman's face. A bride in quiet travelling costume of dark colour, a round hat, and coloured gloves—this was not like what a propitious wedding ought to be; and Mrs Clibbetts felt ill at ease. Her husband had told her they were making "a bolt of it"; but, considering the rank of the parties, she had expected something more seemly—some style more in keeping with the orthodox mode of celebrating marriage than this. So she kept timidly in the background, while her more self-possessed husband advanced to welcome the bridegroom. But before any one could speak, Mr Mold had taken in the situation. "Why? what?" he cried, clutching George Colpoys by the arm—"what in heaven's name is all this? You are not going to be married?"

"It looks very much like it, Mold, doesn't it?" said George, jeeringly. "You see you have fallen in for a good thing all by accident. And now that we have you here, you shall give away the bride."

"Her! her!" cried Mold, looking with horror towards Mary Donne. "Don't you know she has hardly a penny?"

"Hush! that has nothing to do with the matter; but come along inside, and don't let us stand here attracting notice. Let us go in, my love," and he took hold of Mary's arm and led her inside the church.

But Mold was not to be shaken off. "Does Lord Earlsfield know of this?" he asked in a hoarse whisper.

"Not a syllable," replied George, calmly; "but if you will kindly convey him the news, I daresay you will have the satisfaction of giving him a pleasant surprise. But he will see it all in the papers to-morrow morning."

"Then I forbid the banns!" cried Mold, wildly. They were now in the centre of the church, and the lawyer rolled his eyes towards the roof and stretched out his hands with the gesture of an inspired prophet. Mary shrank back in dismay, but the bridegroom was equal to the occasion.

"Tush, you fool!" he said, "there are no banns. It is a special licence. Get into that pew there, out of the way. Clibbetts will make as good a father as you would;" and he pushed Mr Mold into a seat and Mrs Clibbetts after him, so that the lawyer could not move out past her.

The priest, a hunting clergyman from a rural parish, who was wont to make stealthy visits to Newmarket, where George had formed an acquaintance with him, was ready by the altar, and the service began and proceeded with due reverence. The beautiful and impressive words of the exordium recalled George Colpoys to the solemnity of the moment, and Mary's tears flowed freely. The only feature that marred the effect was the officious kindness of Mr Clibbetts, who had never "given away" any one before, and conceived his position to involve the duties of a "backer" in a general way. His whispered "Don't take on now, there's a dear;" "Cheer up, you'll be all right in a jiffy;" and an encouraging "There now!" as George placed the ring upon her finger, was passed unheeded by Mary in her agitation, but drew down glances of reproachful scorn from the scandalised clerk. Mrs Clibbetts readily caught the contagion of tears, and wept softly in her seat. As for Mr Mold, he

sat rolling his eyes wildly upon vacancy, seeing nothing and almost hearing nothing. The only part of the service that struck his attention was George Colpoys's utterance of "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," when Mr Mold could not help groaning out, "My bills!"

When the parties returned from the vestry, Mr Mold made another endeavour to get at the member. "What do you mean to do about these bills of Davis of Dover Street, Mr Colpoys? I hope you are all square, but after this you have really—yes, you have really shaken my confidence."

"Ah, those bills," said George, with a mock sigh of sorrow, "to be sure. Well, Mold, I'll tell you what I am going to do. I am going to put my affairs into the hands of your partner, Fossebraye, and if Davis of Dover Street will present himself personally — personally, mind—we shall see what can be done about it. Will that satisfy you?"

But Mr Mold shook his head. An interview between George Fossebraye and Mr Davis of Dover Street was of all things that which he was anxious to avoid.

"Never mind, Mold," said the good-natured member; "if I have any luck you shall not lose by me; and I have no doubt I shall be able to make matters square for you in time. And now, go and congratulate my wife, and be off to Earlsport. You carry news with you that might send you through six editions."

Thus cheered, Mr Mold was able to offer his felicitations to the bride; and leave having been taken of the good-natured Clibbettses, who had sense enough to decline George's somewhat ill-advised invitation to come and have refreshment with them at the hotel, the newly-married pair drove off to pass the afternoon as best they might until time came for the express to start.

"There, my dear," said George, triumphantly, as, seated by his wife's side with an arm round her, he gave her a fond and lingering kiss,—"didn't I tell you that we should get through all right? There is no power on earth can part us now, my own one."

"No, George," sobbed Mary; "and I am very happy, but—but it is not——"

"Not according to Hoyle, you mean," finished her husband. "Well, perhaps it isn't; but we are fast enough married for all that: and, please God, Mary, you shall never regret it."

And thus, amid smiles and tears, was ended the strange nuptials of George Colpoys and Mary Donne.

CHAPTER XLII.—*RUIT CŒLUM.*

The morning after the departure of George and Mary found a quieter and even duller party than usual assembled round the Earlscourt breakfast-table. Lord Earlsfield was unhappy, in spite of the sense of relief which he felt in Mary Donne being absent during Harold's illness; the condition of his son remained much the same, and did not, in Peters's eyes, show any signs of immediate improvement. Mr Harold had something in his head which was worrying him, the shrewd servant opined, but what the vexation was he could not form the least idea. Neither could Lord Earlsfield; but he had a vague notion that his marriage plans had unsettled his son: and though he had no intention of altering his designs, he was miserable in con-

sequence. Mrs Firebrace was cross and Dorothy was bored—bored beyond measure, and longing to be able to carry off her husband to love and the Continent; but Brancepeth was becoming more and more difficult to manage, and more irate at the postponement of the disclosure which she could not summon up courage to make.

Lord Earlsfield, having curtly answered inquiries about Harold, speedily entrenched himself behind the 'Earlsport Mercury,' although, as a rule, he objected to either newspapers or correspondence at the breakfast-table. But on this occasion he wished to be left at peace, and to afford no opportunities for talk. His retirement into himself, however, did not last long. Mechanically he glanced along the columns of the newspaper, started, fixed his eyes on a particular paragraph, read eagerly, and then laid down the paper with a bewildered air. Again he snatched it up, read again with stormy brows and a rising agitation, and finally dashed the journal down upon the table with an inarticulate growl, which finally shaped itself into a terrible imprecation, making Mrs Firebrace stuff her fingers into her ears and Dorothy jump from her seat in consternation.

"In heaven's name, brother," gasped Mrs Firebrace, "what is the matter?"

"Matter, madam!" almost shrieked his lordship; "the matter is, your brother has gone to the devil and taken Mary Donne with him;" and without another word Lord Earlsfield rose from the table, crushing papers and letters together angrily in his hand, and retreated to his own room, quite oblivious of his all but untasted breakfast.

He read and re-read again all the terrible paragraphs before he could gather his mind together sufficiently to realise the full extent of the calamity. There was the paragraph announcing George's appointment to the chairmanship of the Board of Inland Navigation; there was his impudent valedictory address to his late constituents; and there was the editor's brief reference to the marriage that had taken place in York. There, too, was the notice of the marriage itself, in the usual column devoted to such offences, heading the list:—

"At St Elfled's Church, by the Rev. Richard Rawlings, B.A., vicar of Furzeland-cum-Barefield, George Colpoys, Esq., M.P. for Earlsport, to Mary, only child of the late Colonel Donne, C.B., R.A., formerly M.P. for Blackboy. No cards."

The good editor of the 'Mercury' had been sorely puzzled what to say about these complicated proceedings. George had taken due care that the intelligence should reach him just before going to press, and the worthy man had had no opportunity of consulting any one as to what these portents meant. So he contented himself with a bare announcement of the facts, reserving comments until he could ascertain in what direction the wind blew.

To a man like Lord Earlsfield, whose proud nature had surrounded himself with circumstances which he could legitimately control, and who had always kept aloof from conditions and complications which might involve his superiority to them being called in question, such a blow as that which he had received could not be estimated by the effects which it might have produced upon ordinary men in the midst of the world. Lord Earlsfield knew, and wanted to know, no power greater than himself. It was for this, and to increase the power which he already possessed, that he

had chosen a life so isolated as that which he led at Earlscourt. He avoided always, when he could, meeting any one of higher rank than himself, and when he was compelled to do so, he would generally find some valid excuse for taking his stand upon the higher rung of the ladder. When he had taken part in public life this exclusiveness had been his sole source of influence, and he had found it to be by no means an insignificant one. But the give-and-take, the rough-cum-tumble course of political life, had not been to Lord Earlsfield's taste, and he had soon forsaken it to form a sphere for himself where his will might be law and his word order, and from which all elements of revolt and disturbance were carefully excluded. All his relations were completely dependent upon him, and as long as they gave him due honour and worship he was pleased to act the part of a providence—stern, it might necessarily be, but always just. His decrees were good, and obedience to them necessarily implied happiness; disobedience was guilt of the deepest dye, and its worst punishment was, as in the case of Jim Colpoys and the borough of Earlsport, to be given over wholly to its consequences, to remain cut off from all communion with himself, until misery had wrought penitence and penitence contrition, when pardon and restoration would assuredly follow. But to create a little world and play at being its providence is always a perilous pastime, for that huge, ungainly, untowardly, outer *kosmos* is always sure to overshadow our pretty pleasure-ground, and blight ourselves beneath its cold adumbrations.

But this catastrophe owed all its bitterness to its interior origin. Lord Earlsfield could have armed himself against external hostility, but these his foes were of his own household. It was rebellion, mutiny,—the blackest, basest ingratitude. So he sat like a crushed Saturn, among broken levin-bolts and unexplosive thunder-clouds, while all the hosts of Olympus were holding a rebellious saturnalia, and deriding his power. It was impossible to shape his thoughts into taking a grasp of the situation. It was the wicked defiance of his will that took exclusive possession of his ideas, shutting out all considerations of what its practical consequences might involve to himself. Nothing in the annals of the house of Earlsfield had ever afforded a parallel to this, and it was little wonder though Lord Earlsfield's thoughts failed to take in its full immensity of wickedness. He had never so thoroughly realised his own powerlessness until he came to think what punishment could be meted out to these two offenders. Impunity! contempt! to be cut off for ever from Earlscourt and from the community of the Colpoys family—terrible punishment as it was—was ridiculously inadequate for such a crime as George Colpoys and Mary Donne had committed. Lord Earlsfield thought over the tortures of the middle ages, burning at the stake, the rack, and the gibbet,—there was a "dule-tree" in Earlscourt Park, where Earl Sweyn, as was averred, had hanged such caitiffs as had made themselves disagreeable to him in any way,—but all these penalties were insufficient expiation, even if they had been practicable for him, which they were not. And so he sat incapable of acting—of thinking almost—broken-down, humiliated, and baffled, encompassed on all sides by the ruins of his plans and hopes.

Meanwhile the two ladies left

behind in the breakfast-room had sat eyeing each other in consternation and terror, not knowing what dire calamity had happened, until Dorothy suggested that they might inquire whether the servants knew of anything wrong. The 'Mercury' had as usual passed under the butler's scrutiny before being laid by Lord Earlsfield's plate, and that grave domestic had no difficulty in explaining to the ladies the cause of Lord Earlsfield's discomfiture. Indeed, he was able to produce another copy of the 'Mercury,' for the news had caused such excitement in the lower regions of Earlscourt that a stable-boy had been made to run all the way to Earlsport for another copy of the newspaper. There were the whole details of the calamity, which the ladies read with many comments, conjectures, and questions; and when they had taken in all the facts, they discussed them with bated breath. Mrs Firebrace drew from the occurrence a fresh proof of the ubiquitous activity of Satan's operations, who had allured these two wretched souls, that had scoffed at her warnings and derided her counsels, to their mutual destruction. Mrs Firebrace speedily reasoned herself into a belief that she had foreseen everything that had happened, and that George and Mary's miserable fall was the direct result of their neglecting the counsels which she had not failed to bestow upon them. Dorothy was at heart rather elated at this bold defiance of her elder brother's dreaded authority. Amid the trouble thus excited in the domestic waters, her own skiff might escape safely to port. At all events, she was not the only rebel among the Colpoyses, and her sin was venial compared to George's heinous offences. So, unheeding the lamentations of Mrs Firebrace, who prophesied all sorts of misfortunes, both temporal and spiritual, to the guilty pair, Dorothy began to consider how this new crisis might affect her own affairs, and what possibilities there were of turning it towards inclining Lord Earlsfield to look with more indulgence upon her own slip. She must see Brancepeth at once and talk over matters with him, and consult whether the time had not come when they might take Lord Earlsfield and the world into their confidence. So engrossed was she in her own thoughts that she paid no attention to Mrs Firebrace's discourse, although it had several times been more directly addressed to herself.

"I am sure, Dora, you might select some more suitable occasion for letting your wits go woolgathering," at last broke in that lady, with a tartness and acerbity in her tones that effectually interrupted Dorothy's reverie. "Here have I been asking you this last quarter of an hour whether some of us should not go and see what Earlsfield is doing. He seems to have given way entirely under this shock—poor man! he does not know the right direction to turn to for consolation. He may get a fit, or he may do something desperate. I wish you would go to the library and see what he is doing."

"No, thank you," returned Dorothy, drily. "I have no wish to intrude upon him. Lord Earlsfield is old enough to take care of himself, and really I don't see what there is to make such a fuss about. It is quite absurd for Earlsfield to think that he can move us about and order and arrange us just as he pleases, as if we were a set of chessmen. We have been all of age some time now, and should be allowed to arrange our destinies for ourselves. I am sure I wish George and Mary Donne may be

happy—and I have no doubt they will be, if they can get anything to live upon."

"Dora!" exclaimed her sister, holding up her hands in horror. "How could they be happy! What can they expect after the deceit they have practised—their falseness and hypocrisy, their flying in the face of God and man—than misery in this world and eternal punishment hereafter?"

"Humph!" said Dorothy; "I daresay if they get anything to live upon, they will rub along well enough."

"Anything to live upon!" cried Mrs Firebrace. "What does it signify what they live upon—with what they nourish perishing bodies doomed to destruction?"

"That is all very well," yawned Dorothy, "but I do hope they will manage to get along somehow. George will have something for that appointment he has got. I wonder how much it will be."

"And I daresay you will back them up and give them money," snapped Mrs Firebrace; "you have plenty, and yet I never saw you part with a shilling for doing any good. But I suppose you will be ready enough to aid them, since they have disobeyed our brother and brought us all to shame."

"I wish I could," said Dorothy, with a sigh, "but I want my money for myself. Somehow or other, it takes me all my time to make ends meet."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Dorothy," said her sister, severely; "with your income, and with no one but yourself to spend it upon, you ought to do a power of good. You should remember that you are only a steward of the talent intrusted to you, although why Aunt Anna ever made that iniquitous will I never could comprehend. If she had divided it between us now——"

"Yes; I daresay you would soon have made your share fly in tracts," rejoined Dorothy, flippantly; "that is to say, if the Major had left any of it for you. You remember, Hetta, that Aunt Anna had considerable experience of the Major."

Indeed both the late Major and Mrs Firebrace in her unregenerate days had proved a financial thorn in the flesh of Sir Jasper Pye's widow, and had worn out her patience so much by their begging and borrowing, that she had struck out Henrietta's name from her will, and left all her money to Dorothy, safeguarding her future by the conditions with which we are all already acquainted.

Mrs Firebrace had risen in wrath at this reminder, and had just begun, "If you mean to say——" in a shrill strident voice,—when Lord Earlsfield suddenly made his appearance.

In the course of the brief interval that had elapsed since he had quitted the breakfast-room, he seemed to have aged by years. His face, always hard and stern, was sharply drawn together, and the furrows upon his forehead were more pronounced than they had seemed before. His eyes had retreated under his pent brows, and his mouth was firmly set; but, in spite of his evident effort to preserve a calm composure, there was a twitching of the facial muscles, and a general shakiness in his body, which told plainly of the severe shock he had received. The sisters looked at him in awed silence, and for some little time no word was spoken.

"I suppose," said Lord Earlsfield, with a glance at the newspaper—"I see you know all. You know how that blackguard,

whose worst offence is that he is a brother of mine, has behaved. Of his treatment of myself I say nothing—let him bear the just penalty of that; but he has betrayed his public trust. He has sold his constituency—my constituency rather—for a post. He has disgraced the name of Colpoys irretrievably. I wonder," concluded Lord Earlsfield, loftily, "that the statue of his great-grandfather, the Great Lord Earlsfield, does not fall from its pedestal to the dust in the Square at the dishonour which has been heaped upon his name." Mrs Firebrace nodded a prompt assent, while his lordship paused to take breath, and Dorothy ventured to murmur a hope about things not being so bad as that; but her apology was instantly repressed by a withering frown from her brother.

"I wash my hands from henceforth both of him and her. From this day let the memory of them be in this house as if it never had been—yes, as if it had never been. Neither of them shall set foot again under this roof, nor shall their names be ever mentioned beneath it."

Lord Earlsfield, though he strove to throw composure and due dignity into his words, was now trembling with passion.

"It is an awful blow, brother," at last Mrs Firebrace ventured to put in. "My heart bleeds for you in this terrible calamity. It is humiliating to think how deeply wickedness and deceit are engrained in our fallen human nature. Thank God, my conscience is clear. I have always striven according to my lights to impress upon Mary Donne a sense of her sinfulness, and to lead her to better things. Only yesterday morning, before she went away, I placed a precious tract, 'Have you an Eternal Fire Insurance Policy?' with my own hands on her dressing-table."

"Pish!" said Lord Earlsfield; and turning to Dorothy, "It was you specially I wanted to speak to. I have never interfered with your spending your money in your own way; but if ever you give as much as a halfpenny to either of these—these miscreants, no matter in how great distress they are,—and they will come to beggary if there is any justice in heaven,—you are no longer sister of mine: I disown you."

"I have no intention of doing so," said Dorothy, humbly.

"My prayers night and morning shall be that they may be punished for their sins," ejaculated Mrs Firebrace, turning up her eyes and clasping her hands. "Only by suffering the just penalty of their wickedness in this world can they hope to flee from the wrath to come."

"I wish they were both dead," fumed his lordship.

"Death might do much," commented his sister, who was determined to agree with her brother, and yet improve the occasion. "Even the death of one might be the salvation of the other. It was so in my case. If I had died when poor Firebrace died, I should have just gone to hell with the Major."

"I wish to heaven you had, ma'am!" snapped Lord Earlsfield, as, provoked beyond all endurance by her preaching, he banged out of the room.

CHAPTER XLIII.—THE RIVALS.

A few days passed by, and Peters was at length able to report a change for the better in his patient. Harold was now more

composed. He had lost the feeling of unrest, and was able to sleep without heavy opiates, and take his meals, and even to divert himself with some new scientific treatises that had arrived during the early part of his illness. But he was much exhausted, and still kept his room, and had as yet only been visible to his attendant.

Peters, however, was by no means at ease about his master's condition. "He's better, and he ain't," was his reply to Lord Earlsfield's anxious inquiry. "He is quiet enough, and he eats and sleeps well enough, and he is clear enough about everything. But he has got something in his 'ead, my lord, I don't like, whatever it is. He has got dogged about something I can't make out, and although he is making himself so well and keeping so quiet, it is the doggedness that is doing it all."

Lord Earlsfield was disquieted and puzzled. He felt sure that it could not be about Mary Donne that his son was vexing himself; for although Lord Earlsfield was quite prepared to exhibit Harold in the light of a betrayed lover, and add her cruel treatment of his son to the already long list of Mrs George Colpoys's crimes, he knew well that Harold had never entertained any special affection for Mary. So he contented himself with charging Peters to be careful and watchful, and to report to him whenever any new symptom of unrest appeared on the part of his son.

These were gloomy days at Earlscourt, and upon Dorothy especially the time hung with leaden weight. Mrs Firebrace's temper made her society risky at the best, and the disgraceful conduct of George and Mary, which furnished a theme for a never-ending homily, and supplied her with two specimen sinners, whose iniquities were inexhaustible, and whose future might be regarded as typical of that of the wicked generally, began to bore Dorothy; and she fled Mrs Firebrace's presence for the solitude of her own room, where she could at least amuse herself with novels or with the gossip of her own maid, when she grew tired of scheming and plotting over her own private affairs. How to make use of the new crisis in the house of Earlscourt was the problem which she was ever seeking to solve, and never able to determine to her satisfaction. Her position might be worse, or it might be better. The irritation which Lord Earlsfield had already received might make him more unappeasable when he became cognisant of her own act of rebellion. Or it might be that the magnitude of George's offence would make her own offence more venial in the eyes of her elder brother. Dorothy sedulously sought to assure herself that this latter view was the correct one; and she carefully summed up the extenuating circumstances in her own case, as compared with the aggravating enormities of that of George. On one point in her favour she could, and did, build much hope. It was Lord Earlsfield's determination to prevent her from entering the holy state of matrimony at all that was the cause of her concealing her marriage; and he would have to bear the brunt of public censure, if he enforced his powers. She knew Lord Earlsfield's dread of a scandal, and trusted to that neutralising his love of money. As for the money, she was quite prepared that it should revert to her family in case she had no children; and Brancepeth had expressed himself utterly indifferent upon

the subject. This was a bribe that could well be employed in case of need; and between it and the threat of fighting her battle in the law courts, Dorothy was very hopeful. If she could only divine the proper moment for breaking the ice, all would come right; but her husband's patience was exhausted, and at every interview they had he reiterated his threat of going to Lord Earlsfield himself, if she did not immediately declare their marriage.

About a week after the elopement the monotony of Dorothy's life was rudely broken in upon by the receipt of a second anonymous letter. It came by post, was written in a disguised hand, different from the first she had received, and contained only a few lines, but these were enough to throw Dorothy into a fever of jealousy and despair.

"An Unknown Friend," ran the communication, "aware of the interest which the Hon'ble Miss Colpoys takes in Mr Stephen Brancepeth, thinks it right to warn her of the guilty intercourse which exists between that gentleman and Miss Cloete Sparshott, the daughter of the curator of the Earlsport Museum. Under colour of helping her father's distresses, Mr Brancepeth has been making presents of money to Miss Sparshott, and the writer has reason to believe that they purpose an early elopement together. The Hon'ble Miss Colpoys is requested to immediately destroy this disinterested and friendly warning."

The first effect of this letter was to throw Dorothy into an unreasoning fury of revenge,—revenge against her husband—revenge upon the girl who had taken him away from her. But it is one thing to wish for exterminating vengeance upon all who have wronged us, and another to carry our wishes into effect. When Dorothy came to seek for a practicable vent for her wrath, she was sobered down at the discovery of her limited powers. She could quarrel with her husband — she could insist that the secret marriage should be as if it had never been, and that they should meet no more; but this was not what she wanted. She knew well enough that Brancepeth's love for her, never very ardent, had considerably cooled of late, and that in his altered circumstances he might accept the idea of a definite separation as freedom to which he was not indisposed. No, she would not quarrel with him: he was her property, hers by lawful purchase, she told herself, and she would do nothing that would have the effect of loosening such hold as she had. With the girl it was a different matter. Dorothy would not have been too scrupulous as to the means of getting rid of her, if she could have fallen upon any reasonable project. Heroic vengeance was out of the question. The poisoned bowl and the steel dagger, effective means as they are of getting rid of the rival, could only find a place in Dorothy's wishes: she was not going to involve herself in any compromising trouble to gratify her anger. She would not even excite public opinion against the guilty pair, and solace herself with the general sympathy which her case deserved. Here was another argument for claiming her property in the eyes of all the world, and going straightway to her brother and confessing that Brancepeth was her husband.

Unluckily for Dorothy, when she had formed a just and rational resolution, it was her nature to seek for some less direct method of compassing her end; and in

this case, after having satisfied herself that a revelation of her marriage would be the most effectual step she could take, she immediately began to think of some temporising compromise which would be attended with less difficulty and inconvenience. The first prompting of jealousy to a woman is to go directly and have it out with her rival. Whatever she did, Dorothy, with feminine weakness, felt that her satisfaction would be incomplete unless she personally triumphed over this girl who was seeking to destroy her peace — had very likely destroyed it, if this letter was to be believed. And thus in her mind a resolution was conceived that she would go straight to the Museum and expose this girl's wickedness to her face, and extract a promise that she would never see or speak to Brancepeth more.

With her mind full of this, Dorothy had no rest until she set out to Earlsport with this object in view; but as she walked off her excitement, her mind began to take a calmer view of the situation. After all, it was an anonymous letter, which, as Dorothy reasoned with herself, was always meant to cause mischief, and was oftener than not based upon a direct lie. Cloete Sparshott had always seemed to her a high-minded and virtuous girl; Dorothy had felt quite drawn towards her when she had sought to serve her own aims by making a match between her and her nephew. Dorothy could not believe that one so young could be so depraved as the "Unknown Friend" had asserted. On the whole, she had less confidence in Brancepeth himself—a sceptical tendency too prevalent among wives. She would go gently and cautiously to work, and thus, perhaps, save the girl and frustrate Brancepeth's evil enterprise, before trying harsh measures.

So she broke in upon Cloete with her usual air of free kindliness and geniality, and prefaced her real business with a dip into small-talk and gossip. She had wanted to look in and see Cloete for days, but they had been all in a fluster at the Court. George's marriage had come upon them more suddenly than expected—had, in fact, taken them a little by surprise at the last moment. And Harold's illness occurring at the same time, had naturally put them all a little about.

"Nothing at all serious, you know, my dear," went on Dorothy, easily. "Just a bad cold and out of sorts—that is all. But he has been dull and moping lately. Young men get that way. My brother Earlsfield, you know, was anxious that a match should be made between him and Mary Donne; but that was absurd. Mary's affections have long been engaged to poor George, and—well, I am sure I hope they will be happy, although they won't have much to live upon. But as for Harold, he never cared for her—not even as a sister, indeed," said Dorothy, with a meaning look. "I had begun to think that he must be very much in love with some one else."

Cloete coloured slightly, and looked as unconscious as she could.

"I have never been one of those who believe in made-up marriages," continued Dorothy, reassuringly. "I would have each one be allowed to choose for themselves. And I am quite sure that if Harold has set his heart on any girl, he will have her. Lord Earlsfield will never go against the wish of his only son. So

there are good hopes that he, at least, will be allowed to be made happy his own way."

And Dorothy looked at the girl with an encouraging smile, as if to invite her confidence; but Cloete was not to be caught. She busied herself in pouring out a cup of tea for her visitor, taking an unnecessary time to drop in lumps of sugar and pour out the cream.

"Do you know, my dear," said Dorothy, leading another charge, "that I have been thinking for some time back that Harold had fallen in love with yourself? Now don't start and protest. There is nothing wrong in it. I think myself he had very good excuse; for you ought to know, my dear, that you are very beautiful. And don't jump at the idea that the matter is hopeless; for, as I said, Lord Earlsfield will never dare to go against his son in anything he has seriously set his heart upon. And I shall be on your side too. I should so like to have you for a sweet niece;" and as Cloete handed her the teacup, Dorothy endeavoured affectionately to put her arm round her waist.

But Cloete drew herself away. "You are quite mistaken, Miss Colpoys, in thinking of such a thing. Mr Colpoys has been very kind to me, and good to my father; but I would never marry him. I shall never marry any one."

"You do not know yet, my dear," returned Dorothy, benignantly. "All young girls protest that they will never marry, and perhaps think so — especially if they have had a disappointment at first. And, dear Cloete, I trust you will allow me to be a friend and advise you. You have no mother, and I am very much older than you, and have seen very much more of the world than you. I would speak to you for your good."

"You are very kind," murmured Cloete doubtfully, sitting down at her small tea-table and beginning to play with the cups.

"Of course people talk—lying, prattling wretches as they are—and I have heard things about you that have concerned me very much, especially as I thought—and still hope—that you may some day be closer connected with me. I wish to warn you against Mr Stephen Brancepeth."

"You have no need, madam," cried Cloete, her face all aglow; she was now on her mettle, and prepared to give battle courageously.

"It is most unfitting that there should be any intimacy between you. Of course I know—that is, I have heard—that there were once love-passages between you; but let me warn you that Mr Brancepeth is a dangerous man for you to know."

"I can protect myself, Miss Colpoys," said Miss Sparshott, with all the lofty assurance of a dowager-duchess.

"You cannot," cried Dorothy, waxing angry in her turn. "Even if you were innocent, you cannot close people's eyes, you cannot keep them from talking."

"They may talk as they please; Mr Stephen Brancepeth is nothing to me."

"Nothing to you!" cried Dorothy, in her turn getting angry; "but you receive him, here he visits you, and people say he is your lover. You say Stephen Brancepeth is nothing to you; and I, who know, tell you that he can be nothing to you—nothing but a danger and a snare."

"And pray what is Mr Stephen Brancepeth to you, that you take so much concern with him?" re-

torted Cloete, almost with a sneer.

"My husband!" cried Dorothy, in a passion; "that is what he is to me. And I dare you at your peril to come between me and him."

The two sat, glaring at each other with frowning faces and angry feelings, Cloete stunned with the revelation she had heard, and Dorothy beginning to realise that she had blurted out more in her wrath than she had intended to say. But now it was said, she must defend the position she had taken up. Upon Cloete it gradually began to dawn that Brancepeth might be indeed married—and to Dorothy even. This would explain his mysterious conduct—the despairing way in which, in spite of his protestations of abiding love, he always spoke of the future. She had never thought of such a solution of the problem. Her jealousy had now and then prompted her to think that Brancepeth might be involved in some entanglement from which he could not extricate himself. But married! The idea had never occurred to her. And to Dorothy Colpoys, who was now sitting there opposite to her, and claiming this man for her husband! It sounded so incomprehensible that it must be true. Dorothy's imagination could not have invented such a statement. It was with an involuntary look of keen criticism and with a cold shiver that Cloete next broke silence.

"Is this true?" she asked.

"Quite true," replied Dorothy. "I pledge you my word; we have been married more than a year." And Dorothy cooled down again. She must soothe this girl for the present, and at any rate bind her to silence until the proper time came to make the marriage public.

"I did not know. Of course I am surprised," said Cloete, who was now regaining control over herself, and beginning to realise the part that devolved upon her. "But I can assure you, Miss Colpoys—I mean Mrs Brancepeth—that it alters nothing so far as I am concerned. Since we parted years ago, Mr Brancepeth has been nothing to me. He has called here; he has been very kind to my father, and very helpful in our affairs, — and that is all, I can assure you."

"And he has not sought to make love to you?" asked Dorothy, with querulous doubt.

"You would not insult me by such a supposition, Miss Colpoys —I beg your pardon again—Mrs Brancepeth," replied Cloete, with heightening colour and a consciousness that she was on the bounds of equivocation. "I assure you again that there has been nothing between us since Mr Brancepeth's return. On the contrary, he told me when I first met him that he was no longer free, although he did not tell me of his marriage. But for this understanding it would have been impossible for me to have met him at all."

"I am glad to hear that. Circumstances have compelled us to keep the marriage secret, but it will soon be made known now. And you will forgive me, my dear, for what I have said in my anxiety about you."

"Certainly," returned Cloete. "I am glad you have told me. Not that it would have made any difference, for there is nothing but open friendship between Mr Brancepeth and me."

"No, no, I hope not," said Dorothy, hurriedly; "but I meant to put you upon your guard, that you might avoid meeting him at any time, and stop his visits here. Not

that I mind a bit now I have told you, but to keep people from saying or suggesting anything after our marriage is known,—for your own sake, you see."

"You are very kind," said Cloete. "I shall certainly not speak to Mr Brancepeth again, or allow him to come here."

"That is good of you, my dear," approved Dorothy. "Not that I would mind a bit. Stephen is the best and truest and most loving husband that ever woman had. And yet men are men. And he has never even made love to you or sought to kiss you, for instance?"

"You again insult me," cried Cloete, almost bursting into tears of rage.

"No, no, I don't mean to do that," cried Dorothy, taking her by the hand. "I know that you are all goodness. And Stephen is good too. But he is a man, and that makes all the difference—yes, all the difference; and the best are not to be depended upon. But you are a dear good creature, and I can trust you thoroughly not to say a word about all this. Family reasons compel us both to be quiet in the meantime, and I shall come and see you again soon;" and she imprinted an affectionate kiss upon each of Cloete's glowing and not over-willing cheeks.

But the rain had begun to fall as Dorothy was about to leave. She had walked; there were no cabs to be had about Earlsfield Square after business hours, and Cloete, to show her magnanimity, insisted upon her rival taking her plaid macintosh as a protection against the rain, and with so much cordiality that Dorothy accepted, saying she would not send it back, but return it herself to-morrow or next day, as an excuse for having another talk with Cloete.

Left to herself, Cloete stood long with her arm on the chimney-piece, looking dreamily into the fire. Her mind seemed a whirling chaos, and she could only catch at fragments of thoughts as they tossed about in all sorts of contortions in her brain. She was not excited,—she was only powerless to feel and realise. And as the great central fact of the situation surmounted the tumult of ideas and brought her under its control, she went mechanically towards her bedroom and sat down before her looking-glass. She saw beside her own another face there which would not have been apparent to any one looking over her shoulder—a face which fell far back into the shade of her own with its brilliant complexion, curving lips, glistening eyes, and crown of wavy hair. And as she sat there and gazed, a sense of triumph took possession of her; and if the half-suppressed sigh with which she rose from her seat could have been rendered into words, they would have had much the same significance as the vulgar expression, "Serve him right!"

MAN'S PLACE IN THE COSMOS.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY ON NATURE AND MAN.

Professor Huxley's Romanes lecture on "Evolution and Ethics," published during the summer, deservedly attracted a large amount of attention, due not only to the importance of the subject handled and the reputation of the lecturer, but quite as much to the breadth and scope of the treatment, the nobility of tone, and the deep human feeling which characterise this important utterance. Popular interest was also excited by the nature of the conclusion reached, which, in the mouth of the pioneer and prophet of evolution, had the air of being something like a palinode. Criticisms of the lecture appeared at the time by Mr Leslie Stephen in the 'Contemporary Review' and by Mr Herbert Spencer in a letter to the 'Athenæum'; but it appears to me that the subject has been dismissed from public attention before its significance has been exhausted, or, indeed, properly grasped. Professor Huxley's argument and the criticisms it has called forth illuminate most instructively some deep-seated ambiguities of philosophical terminology, and at the same time bring into sharp relief the fundamental difference of standpoint which divides philosophical thinkers. The questions at issue, moreover, are not merely speculative; already they cast their shadow upon literature and life. The opportunity of elucidation is therefore in the best sense timely, and no apology seems needed for an attempt to recall attention to the points in dispute and to accentuate their significance. This is the more desirable, as no critic has dealt with the scope of Professor Huxley's argument as a whole.

The outstanding feature of that argument is the sharp contrast drawn between nature and ethical man, and the sweeping indictment of "the cosmic process" at the bar of morality. The problem of suffering and the almost complete absence of any relation between suffering and moral desert is the theme from which he starts, and to which he continually returns. "The dread problem of evil," "the moral indifference of nature," "the unfathomable injustice of the nature of things"—this is the aspect of the world which has burned itself deeply into the writer's soul, and which speaks in moving eloquence from his pages. The Buddhistic and the Stoic attempts to grapple with the problem are considered, and are found to end alike in absolute renunciation. "By the Tiber, as by the Ganges, ethical man admits that the cosmos is too strong for him; and, destroying every bond which ties him to it by ascetic discipline, he seeks salvation in absolute renunciation" (p. 29). Is the antagonism, then, final and hopeless, or can modern science and philosophy offer any better reconciliation of ethical man with the nature to which as an animal he belongs, and to whose vast unconscious forces he lies open on every side? As Professor Huxley puts the question in his opening pages—Is there or is there not "a sanction for morality in the ways of the cosmos?" Man has built up "an artificial world within the cosmos": has human society its roots and its

justification in the underlying nature of the cosmos, or is it in very truth an "artificial" world, which is at odds with that nature and must be in perpetual conflict with it? The Stoic rule which places virtue in "following nature" is easily shown to be a phrase of many meanings, and to demand qualification by reference, first, to the specific nature of man, and then to a higher nature or guiding faculty within the mind of man himself. But the modern ethics of evolution apparently claim to have bridged the gulf and to have made the ethical process continuous with the cosmic process of organic nature,—they claim, in short, to exhibit the ethical life as only a continuation, on another plane, of the struggle for existence. If this claim is well founded, and the two worlds are really continuous, then the maxim, "Follow nature," will have been proved to be, after all, the sum and substance of virtue.

It is against this naturalisation of ethics that Professor Huxley protests in the strongest terms. He readily allows that the ethical evolutionists may be right in their natural history of the moral sentiments. But "as the immoral sentiments have no less been evolved, there is, so far, as much natural sanction for the one as the other. . . . Cosmic evolution may teach us how the good and the evil tendencies of man may have come about; but, in itself, it is incompetent to furnish any better reason why what we call good is preferable to what we call evil, than we had before" (p. 31). That is to say, the origin of a belief and the validity of a belief, or the origin of a tendency and the ethical quality of that tendency, are logically two distinct questions. But the evolutionist is apt to make the answer to the first do duty as an answer to the second also, because he has in reality no standard of appreciation to apply to any phenomenon except that of mere existence. "Whatever is, is right," or at all events, "Whatever is predominant, is right," is the only motto of the consistent evolutionist. This is embodied in the phrase "survival of the fittest," which is used—illegitimately, as we shall see — to effect the transition from the merely natural to the ethical world. In opposition to such theories, Professor Huxley contends that the analogies of the struggle for existence throw no light on the ethical nature of man.

"Cosmic nature is no school of virtue but the headquarters of the enemy of ethical nature" (p. 27). "Self-assertion, the unscrupulous seizing upon all that can be grasped, the tenacious holding of all that can be kept, . . . constitute the essence of the struggle for existence. . . . For his successful progress, as far as the savage state, man has been largely indebted to those qualities which he shares with the ape and the tiger" (p. 6).

So far is this struggle from explaining morality that

"the practice of what is ethically best—what we call goodness or virtue —involves a course of conduct which, in all respects, is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. In place of ruthless self-assertion, it demands self-restraint; in place of thrusting aside, or treading down, all competitors, it requires that the individual shall not merely respect, but shall help, his fellows. . . . It repudiates the gladiatorial theory of existence. . . . Laws and moral precepts are directed to the end of curbing the cosmic process and reminding the individual of his duty to the community, to the protection and influence of which he owes, if not existence itself, at least the life of something better than a brutal savage."

In short, "social progress means

a checking of the cosmic process at every step, and the substitution for it of another which may be called the ethical process." This leads up to the characteristic call to arms with which the address concludes: "Let us understand, once for all, that the ethical progress of society depends, not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it" (pp. 33, 34).

Such is the logical framework of the lecture. It is obvious that the important points of the treatment are: (1) The emphasis laid upon the division between man and nature, which the reviewer in the 'Athenæum' called "an approximation to the Pauline dogma of nature and grace"; and (2) the mood of militant heroism, not untouched, however, by stoical resignation, which naturally results from contemplation of the unequal struggle between the microcosm and the macrocosm.

Before proceeding to consider the consistency of Professor Huxley's argument and the ultimate tenability of his position, I wish to say, in regard to the first point, how timely, it seems to me, is his insistence on the gulf between man and non-human nature; how sound is the stand he takes upon the ethical nature of man as that which is alone of significance and worth in the "transitory adjustment of contending forces," which otherwise constitutes the cosmos. Whether the breach is to be taken as absolute or not, it is at least apparent that if man with his virtues and vices be included *simpliciter* and without more ado in a merely natural order of facts, we inevitably tend to lose sight of that nature within nature which makes man what he is. The tendency so to include man has become a settled habit in much of our current literature. I need not speak of the documents of so-called Naturalism, with their never-ending analysis of *la bête humaine*—analysis from which one would be slow to gather that any such qualities as justice, purity, or disinterested affection had ever disturbed the brutish annals of force and lust. But in other quarters, even where the picture is not so dark, the fashion still is to treat man *as a natural product*,—not as the responsible shaper of his destiny, but, void of spiritual struggles and ideal hopes, as the unresisting channel of the impulses which sway him hither and thither, and issue now in one course of action, now in another. This literature is inartistic, even on its own terms, for, blinded by its materialistic fatalism, it does not even give us things as they are. The higher literature never forgets that man, as Pascal put it, is nobler than the universe; and freedom (in some sense of that ambiguous term) may be held to be a postulate of true art no less than of morality. But besides being bad art, literature of this sort has a subtly corrosive influence upon the ethical temper. For the power of will, as Lamennais said, is that in us which is most quickly used up: "Ce qui s'use le plus vite en nous, c'est la volonté." Hence the insidious force of the suggestion that we do not will at all, but are merely the instruments of our desires. For this is to justify, or at least to excuse, every passion on the ground of its "natural" origin. This temper of mind is found invading even more serious writers, and it is traceable ultimately to the same confusion between the laws of human conduct and the workings of nature in the irresponsible creatures of the field. M. Renan, it will be remembered, delicately excuses himself in his

'Souvenirs'—rallies himself, as we may say—on his continued practice of chastity:—

"I continued to live in Paris as I had lived in the seminary. Later, I saw very well the vanity of that virtue as of all the rest. I recognised in particular that nature cares not at all whether man is chaste or not." "I cannot rid myself," he says elsewhere in the same volume, "of the idea that after all it is perhaps the libertine who is right, and who practises the true philosophy of life."

Many will remember, too, how Matthew Arnold took up this parable when he discoursed in America on the cult of the great goddess Lubricity, to which, as he said, contemporary France seemed more and more to be devoting herself. After much delicate banter and much direct plain-speaking, Mr Arnold turns upon M. Renan and cuts to the root of the fallacy in a single sentence. "Instead of saying that nature cares nothing about chastity, let us say that human nature, *our* nature, cares about it a great deal." And when we meet the same fallacy invading our own literature, the same answer will suffice. I think it may be worth pointing out a notable instance in a novel widely read and highly praised within the last two years. Mr Hardy's 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' is unquestionably a powerful work, but it suffers, in my opinion, both artistically and ethically, from this tendency to assimilate the moral and the natural. To smack of the soil is in many senses a term of praise; but even rustic men and women are not altogether products of the soil, and Mr Hardy is in danger of so regarding them. What I wish, however, to point out here is the pernicious fallacy which underlies a statement like the following. Tess,-after she has fallen from her innocence, is wont to wander alone in the woods, a prey to her own reflections, "terrified without reason," says the author, by "a cloud of moral hobgoblins."

"It was they," he continues, "that were out of harmony with the actual world, not she. Walking among the sleeping birds in the hedges, watching the skipping rabbits on a moonlit warren, or standing under a pheasant-laden bough, she looked upon herself as a figure of guilt intruding into the haunts of innocence. But all the while she was making a distinction where there was no difference. Feeling herself in antagonism, she was quite in accord. She had been made to break an accepted social law, but no law known to the environment in which she fancied herself such an anomaly."

The implication of such a passage is that the "accepted social law" is a mere convention, and that the deeper truth, "the actual world," is to be found in the hedgerows and the warrens. To satisfy an animal prompting without scruple or hesitation, and without the qualms of a fantastical remorse, is only to fulfil the law of nature, and to put one's self in harmony with one's surroundings. The shallowness of such revolt against "accepted social laws" is too apparent to need further exposure. A convention truly, in one sense, the moral law in question is; but upon this convention the fabric of human society and all the sanctities of the family rest. He must be strangely blinded by a word who deems this sanction insufficient, or who would pit in such a case a "natural" impulse against a "social" law.

In view of pervasive misconceptions and fallacies like these, it is eminently salutary, I repeat, to have our attention so impressively recalled by Professor Huxley to the idea of human life as an *imperium in imperio*—a realm which, though it rises out of

nature, and remains exposed to the shock of natural forces, requires for its laws no foreign sanction, but bases them solely on the perfection of human nature itself. For, even though Professor Huxley's way of stating the opposition should prove ultimately untenable, the breach between ethical man and pre-human nature constitutes without exception the most important fact which the universe has to show; and for a true understanding of the world it is far more vital to grasp the significance of this breach than to be misled by a cheap desire for unity and system into minimising, or even denying, the fact.

It is time, however, to examine Professor Huxley's position and arguments more closely. His critics have not been slow to remark upon the ambiguity lurking in the phrase "cosmic process," which occurs so often throughout the lecture, in antithesis to the ethical process — to the moral and social life of man. And they point with one accord to Note 19 as containing, in effect, a retractation of his own doctrine by Professor Huxley himself. "Of course, strictly speaking," we read in the note, "social life and the ethical process, in virtue of which it advances towards perfection, are part and parcel of the general process of evolution." As Mr Spencer pointedly asks, "If the ethical man is not a product of the cosmic process, what is he a product of?" Or as Shakespeare expressed it in the often-quoted lines:—

> "Nature is made better by no means
> But nature makes that means: so, o'er that art,
> Which you say adds to nature, is an art
> That nature makes."

If the cosmic process be understood in the full latitude of the phrase, this is, indeed, so obvious, and the critic's victory so easy, that it is hard to believe Professor Huxley's position rests altogether on a foundation so weak. The term "nature," and still more an expression like "the cosmic process," may be taken in an all-inclusive sense as equivalent to the universe as a whole or the nature of things; and if so, it is obvious that human nature with its ethical characteristics is embraced within the larger whole. The unity of the cosmos—in some sense — is not so much a conclusion to be proved as an inevitable assumption. Professor Huxley apparently denies this unity in the text of his lecture, and is naturally obliged to reassert it in his note. This constitutes the weakness of his position. The part must be somehow included in the process of the whole; there is no extra-cosmic source from which a revolt against the principles of the cosmos could draw inspiration or support.

Now the strength of the evolutionary theory of ethics lies in its frank recognition of the unity of the cosmos; and in this it is, so far, at one with the philosophical doctrine of Idealism to which it is otherwise so much opposed—the doctrine which finds the ultimate reality of the universe in mind or spirit, and its end in the perfecting of spiritual life. But each of these theories exhibits the unity of the world in its own way. The way taken by the ethical evolutionists is to naturalise morality, to assimilate ethical experience to nature, in the lower or narrower sense in which it is used to denote all that happens in the known world *except* the responsible activities of human beings. And it is against this removing of landmarks that Professor Huxley, rightly, as it seems to me, protests. For though Mr Spencer and Mr Leslie

Stephen may be technically in the right, inasmuch as human nature is unquestionably part of the nature of things, it is the inherent tendency of their theories to substitute for this wider nature the laws and processes of that narrower, non-human world, to which the term nature is on the whole restricted by current usage.

This tendency is inherent in every system which takes as its sole principle of explanation the carrying back of facts or events to their antecedent conditions. And, as it happens, this is explicitly formulated by Mr Stephen, in his article in the 'Contemporary Review,' as the only permissible meaning of explanation: "To 'explain' a fact is to assign its causes—that is, give the preceding set of facts out of which it arose." But surely, I may be asked, you do not intend to challenge a principle which underlies all scientific procedure, and which may even claim to be self-evident. I certainly do not propose to deny the formal correctness of the principle, but I maintain most strongly that the current application of it covers a subtle and very serious fallacy, for *the true nature of the cause only becomes apparent in the effect.* Now if we explain a fact by giving "the preceding set of facts out of which it arose," we practically resolve the fact into these antecedents—that is to say, we identify it with them. When we are dealing with some limited sphere of phenomena, within which the facts are all of one order—say, the laws of moving bodies as treated in mechanics—there may be no practical disadvantage from this limited interpretation of causation. But when we pass from one order of facts to another—say, from the inorganic to the organic, or, still more, from animal life to the self-conscious life of man—the inadequacy of such explanation stares us in the face. For "the preceding set of facts," which we treat as the cause or sufficient explanation of the phenomenon in question, is *ex hypothesi* different from the phenomenon it is said to explain; and the difference is, that it consists of simpler elements. To explain, according to this view, is to reduce to simpler conditions. But if the elements are really simpler, there is the fact of their combination into a more complex product to be explained, and the fact of their combination in such a way as to produce precisely the result in question. And if we choose to take the antecedent conditions, as they appear in themselves, apart from the all-important circumstance of the production of this effect, we have, no doubt, a "preceding set of facts," but we certainly have not, in any true sense, the *cause* of the phenomenon. We have eliminated the very characteristic we set out to explain—namely, the difference of the new phenomenon from the antecedents out of which it appears to have been evolved. Hence it is that, in the sense indicated, all explanation of the higher by the lower is philosophically a hysteron proteron. The antecedents assigned are not the causes of the consequents; for by antecedents the naturalistic theories mean the *antecedents in abstraction from their consequents*—the antecedents taken as they appear in themselves, or as we might suppose them to be if no such consequents had ever issued from them. So conceived, however, the antecedents (matter and energy, for example) have no real existence—they are mere *entia rationis*, abstract aspects of the one concrete fact which we call the universe. The true nature of the antecedents is only learned by reference to the consequents which

follow; or, as I put it before, the true nature of the cause only becomes apparent in the effect. All ultimate or philosophical explanation must look to the end. Hence the futility of all attempts to explain human life in terms of the merely animal, to explain life in terms of the inorganic, and ultimately to find a sufficient formula for the cosmic process in terms of the redistribution of matter and motion. If we are in earnest with the doctrine that the universe is one, we have to read back the nature of the latest consequent into the remotest antecedent. Only then is the one, in any true sense, the cause of the other.

Applying this to the present question, we may say that, just as within the limits of the organic world there may be exhibited an intelligible evolution of living forms, so within the moral world we may certainly have an evolution of the moral sentiments and of the institutions which subserve ethical conduct. But as, in the one case, we must start with the fact of life—that is to say, with the characteristic ways of behaving which are found in living matter and which are not found in dead matter—so, in the other case, we must carry with us from the outset the characteristics or postulates of moral experience—namely, self-consciousness, with the sense of responsibility, and the capacity for sympathy which is based on the ability to represent to one's self the life and feelings of another. Such an evolution within the moral sphere does not justify us in presenting morality as an "evolution" from non-moral conditions—that is, in resolving morality into non-moral elements. And this Mr Leslie Stephen seems to admit in an important passage of the article already referred to. "Morality proper," he says, "begins when sympathy begins; when we really desire the happiness of others, or, as Kant says, when we treat other men as an end, and not simply as a means. Undoubtedly this involves a new principle no less than the essential principle of all true morality." I cannot but regard this as an important admission, but at the same time I am bound to say that, till I met this unexpected sentence of Mr Stephen's, I had supposed that the admission of "a new principle" was precisely what the evolutionists were, of all things, most anxious to avoid.

It seems to me, therefore, that though Professor Huxley may have put himself technically in the wrong by speaking of "the cosmical process," his contention is far from being so inept as a verbal criticism would make it appear. It is really directed against the submergence of ethical man in the processes of non-ethical and non-human nature; and if any justification is to be sought for the use of the phrase, we may find it in the tendency inherent in the evolutionary method of explanation—the tendency already explained to substantiate antecedents in abstraction from their consequents, and thus practically to identify the cosmos with its lowest aspects. If the evolutionists do not make this identification in their own minds, they are at least singularly successful in producing that impression upon their readers.

On another important point, connected with, and indeed involved in, the foregoing, Professor Huxley, by an unguarded statement, laid himself open to a pretty obvious and apparently conclusive rejoinder. "The cosmic process," he says in one place, "has no sort of relation to moral ends." But "the moral indifference of nature," even in the restricted sense of the

term, cannot be maintained so absolutely. Nature undoubtedly puts a premium upon certain virtues, and punishes certain modes of excess and defect by decrease of vitality and positive pain. As Mr Stephen says, "that chastity, temperance, truthfulness, and energy are on the whole advantages both to the individual and the race, does not, I fancy, require elaborate proof, nor need I argue at length that the races in which they are common will therefore have inevitable advantages in the struggle for existence." But if so, then it would seem that cosmic nature is not, as it was represented, "the headquarters of the enemy of ethical nature"; to a certain extent it may even be regarded as a "school of virtue." The sphere, however, in which this holds true is a comparatively limited one, being substantially restricted to temperance, in the Greek sense of the word—that is to say, moderation in the indulgence of the animal appetites, to which may, no doubt, be added, with Mr Stephen, energy. But nature, as distinct from that human nature which organises itself into societies and adds its own sanctions to the moral ideal which it is continually widening and deepening—non-human nature seems to have no sanctions even for such fundamental virtues as truthfulness, justice, and beneficence, still less for the finer shades and higher nobilities of character in which human nature flowers. And even in regard to the list of virtues cited, it might be argued that cosmic nature sanctions and furthers them only when we deliberately restrict our survey to the present stage of the evolutionary process—the stage during which man has grown to be what he is on this planet. Within this limited period nature, through the struggle for existence, may be said to have favoured the evolution of the morally best. But it is no intrinsic quality of the struggle to produce this result. Here, it appears to me, we strike upon the deeper truth which prompted Professor Huxley's somewhat unguarded statement, and we are under an important obligation to him for the exposure of what he appropriately calls "the fallacy of the fittest."

"Fittest," he writes, "has a connotation of 'best'; and about best there hangs a moral flavour. In cosmic nature, however, what is 'fittest' depends upon the conditions. Long since, I ventured to point out that if our hemisphere were to cool again, the survival of the fittest might bring about, in the vegetable kingdom, a population of more and more stunted and humbler and humbler organisms, until the 'fittest' that survived might be nothing but lichens, diatoms, and such microscopic organisms as those which give red snow its colour; while, if it became hotter, the pleasant valleys of the Thames and Isis might be uninhabitable by any animated beings save those that flourish in a tropical jungle. They, as the fittest, the best adapted to the changed conditions, would survive" (p. 32).

Mr Spencer has been forward to emphasise his agreement with this position, and has recalled attention to an essay of his own, twenty years old, in which he makes the same distinction:—

"The law is not the survival of the 'better' or the 'stronger,' if we give to these words anything like their ordinary meanings. It is the survival of those which are constitutionally fittest to thrive under the conditions in which they are placed; and very often that which, humanly speaking, is inferiority, causes the survival. Superiority, whether in size, strength, activity, or sagacity, is, other things equal, at the cost of diminished fertility; and where the life led by a species does not demand these higher attributes, the species

profits by decrease of them, and accompanying increase of fertility. This is the reason why there occur so many cases of retrograde metamorphosis.... When it is remembered that these cases outnumber all others, it will be seen that the expression 'survivorship of the better' is wholly inappropriate."[1]

Out of the mouth of two such witnesses this point may be taken as established. But if so, I entirely fail to see where, on naturalistic principles, we get our standard of higher and lower, of better and worse. If changed conditions of life were to lead to the dehumanising of the race, to the dropping one by one of the ethical qualities which we are accustomed to commend, whence the justification for pronouncing this process a "retrograde metamorphosis"? There can be no other sense of better or worse on the theory than more or less successful adaptation to the conditions of the environment, and what survives is best just because it survives. The latest stage of the process must necessarily, therefore, be better than all that went before, from the mere fact that it has maintained itself. Mere existence is the only test we have to apply, and at every stage it would seem that we are bound to say, Whatever is, is right. But this is tantamount to saying that when the theory of evolution is taken in its widest scope, it is not really legitimate to say that nature abets or sanctions morality; since the result of further evolution—or, to speak more properly, of further cosmical changes — might be to dethrone our present ethical conduct from its temporary position as the fittest, and to leave no scope for what we now regard as virtue. The type of conduct which would then succeed, and which would so far have the sanction of nature on its side, we should be constrained, it seems to me, to pronounce superior to the conduct which, from our present point of view, seems to us better, because the latter, if adopted, would in the altered circumstances set us at variance with our surroundings, and so fail. Failure or success in the struggle for existence must, on the theory, be the sole moral standard. Good is what survives; evil is what once was fittest, but is so no longer. Thus, our present good may become—nay, is inevitably becoming—evil, and that not, as might be contended, in the sense of merging in a higher good. We have no guarantee that the movement of change, miscalled evolution, must continue in the line of past progress: it may gradually, and as it were imperceptibly, assume another direction—a direction which our present moral ideas would condemn as retrograde. Yet, none the less, the mere fact of change would be sufficient to convert our present good into evil.

Such, I must insist, is the only logical position of a naturalistic ethics. But an important outcome of the recent discussion has been to show that the most prominent upholders of the theory do not hold it in its logical form. Mr Spencer, as we have seen, has strongly insisted that survival of the fittest does not mean survival of the better, or even of the stronger; and Mr Stephen tells us that the struggle for existence, instead of being the explanation of morality, "belongs to an underlying order of facts to which moral epithets cannot properly be applied. It denotes a condition of which the moralist has to take account, and to which morality has to be adapted, but which, just because it is a 'cosmic process,'

[1] Essays, vol. i. p. 379, "Mr Martineau on Evolution."

cannot be altered, however much we may alter the conduct which it dictates." Surely this comes very near to admitting Professor Huxley's contention, that our moral standard is not derived from the struggle for existence, but rather implies its reversal, substituting for selfishness sympathy for others, and, in Mr Stephen's own words, "the sense of duty which each man owes to society at large." Mr Spencer speaks of an "ethical check" upon the struggle for existence: it is our duty, he says, "to mitigate the evils" which it entails in the social state. "The use of morality," says Mr Stephen, "is to humanise the struggle, to minimise the sufferings of those who lose the game, and to offer the prizes to the qualities which are advantageous to all, rather than to those which serve to intensify the bitterness of the conflict." But this is neither more nor less than to say that, as soon as man becomes social and moral, he has to act counter to the leading characteristics of the struggle for existence. He becomes animated by other ideals, or, to speak more strictly, he then first becomes capable of an ideal, of a sense of duty, instead of obeying without question the routine of animal impulse.

But if this is so, I still ask the evolutionist who has no other basis than the struggle for existence, how he accounts for the intrusion of these moral ideas and standards, which presume to interfere with the cosmic process, and sit in judgment upon its results? This question cannot be answered so long as we regard morality merely as an incidental result, a by-product, as it were, of the cosmical system. It is impossible on such a hypothesis to understand the magisterial assertion by itself of the part against the whole, its demands upon the universe, its unwavering condemnation of the universe, if these demands are not met by the nature of things. All this would be an incongruous, and even a ludicrous, spectacle if we had here to do with a natural phenomenon like any other. The moral and spiritual life remains, in short, unintelligible, unless on the supposition that it is in reality the key to the world's meaning, the fact in the light of which all other phenomena must be read. We must be in earnest, I have already said, with the unity of the world, but we must not forget that, if regarded merely as a system of forces, the world possesses no such unity. It acquires it only when regarded in the light of an End of absolute worth or value which is realised or attained in it. Such an End-in-itself, as Kant called it, we find only in the self-conscious life of man, in the world of Truth, Beauty, and Goodness which he builds up for himself, and of which he constitutes himself a citizen. If it were possible to consider the system of physical nature apart from the intelligent activities and emotions of rational beings, those worlds on worlds,

> "Rolling ever
> From creation to decay,"

would possess in themselves no spark of the value, the intrinsic worth, which we unhesitatingly assert to belong, at least in possibility, to the meanest human life. The endless redistribution of matter and motion in stupendous cycles of evolution and dissolution would be a world without any justification to offer for its existence—a world which might just as well not have been. But if we are honest with ourselves, I do not think we can embrace the conclusion that the cosmos is a mere brute fact of this description. The demand for an

End-in-itself—that is, for a fact of such a nature that its existence justifies itself—is as much a rational necessity as the necessity which impels us to refund any phenomenon into its antecedent conditions. And further, unless we sophisticate ourselves, we cannot doubt that we possess within ourselves—in our moral experience most conspicuously—an instance and a standard of what we mean by such intrinsic value. As Carlyle has put it in one of his finest passages—

"What, then, is man! What, then, is man! He endures but for an hour, and is crushed before the moth. Yet in the being and in the working of a faithful man is there already (as all faith, from the beginning, gives assurance) a something that pertains not to this wild death-element of Time; that triumphs over Time, and *is*, and will be, when Time shall be no more."

This conviction of the infinite significance and value of the ethical life is the only view-point from which, in Professor Huxley's words, we can "make existence intelligible and bring the order of things into harmony with the moral sense of man." And it is impossible to do the one of these things without the other. To understand the world is not merely to unravel the sequence of an intricate set of facts. So long as we cannot "bring the order of things into harmony with the moral sense of man," we cannot truly be said to have made existence intelligible: the world still remains for us, in Hume's words, "a riddle, an enigma, an inexplicable mystery."

What, then, is Professor Huxley's final attitude? The lecture breathes throughout the loftiest temper of ethical idealism. It is the writer's keen sense of the superiority of ethical man to non-ethical nature that prompts him to pit Pascal's "thinking reed" in unequal struggle against the cosmic forces that envelop him; and the noble words at the close stir the spirit by their impressive insistence on the imperishable worth of human effort inspired by duty. Yet this unflinching conviction does not lead Professor Huxley to what seems the legitimate conclusion from it—namely, that here only, in the life of ethical endeavour, is the end and secret of the universe to be found. It serves but to accentuate the stern pathos of his view of human fate. His ultimate attitude is, theoretically, one of Agnosticism; personally and practically, one of Stoical heroism. Substantially the same attitude, it appears to me, is exemplified in the Religion of Humanity—the same despair, I mean, of harmonising human ideals with the course of the universe. The Religion of Humanity rightly finds in man alone any qualities which call for adoration or worship; but it inconsistently supposes man to develop these qualities in a fundamentally non-ethical cosmos, and so fails to furnish a solution that can be accounted either metaphysically satisfying or ethically supporting. But we must bear in mind, I repeat, the principle of the unity of the world. The attitude of the Agnostic and the Positivist is due to the separation which they unconsciously insist on keeping up between nature and man. The temptation to do so is intelligible, for we have found that nature, taken in philosophical language as a thing in itself—nature conceived as an independent system of causes—cannot explain the ethical life of man, and we rightly refuse to blur and distort the characteristic features of moral experience by submerging it in the merely natural. We easily, therefore, continue to think of the system of natural causes as a world going its own way, existing quite inde-

pendently of the ethical beings who draw their breath within it. Man with his ideal standards and his infinite aspirations appears consequently upon the scene as an alien without rights in a world that knows him not. His life is an unexplained intrusion in a world organised on other principles, and no way adapted as a habitation for so disturbing and pretentious a guest. And the consequence is that he dashes his spirit against the steep crags of necessity, finds his ideals thwarted, his aspirations mocked, his tenderest affections turned to instruments of agony, and is driven, if not into passionate revolt or nerveless despair, then at best into stoical resolve. Some such mood as this appears also in much of Matthew Arnold's poetry, and is to my mind the explanation of its insistent note of sadness.

> "No, we are strangers here, the world is from of old, . . .
> To tunes we did not call, our being must keep chime."

It is powerfully expressed in the famous monologue or chant in "Empedocles on Etna," with its deliberate renunciation of what the poet deems man's "boundless hopes" and "intemperate prayers." It inspires the fine lines to Fausta on "Resignation," and reappears more incidentally in all his verse. But calm, as he himself reminds us, is not life's crown, though calm is well; and the poet's "calm lucidity of soul" covers in this case the baffled retreat of the thinker. We have, in truth, no right to suppose an independent non-spiritual world on which human experience is incongruously superinduced. If we are really in earnest, at once with the unity of the world and with the necessity of an intrinsically worthy end by reference to which existence may be explained, we must take our courage in both hands and carry our convictions to their legitimate conclusion. We must conclude that the end which we recognise as alone worthy of attainment is also the end of existence as such—the open secret of the universe. No man writes more pessimistically than Kant of man's relation to the course of nature, so long as man is regarded merely as a sentient creature, susceptible to pleasure and pain. But man, as the subject of duty, and the heir of immortal hopes, is restored by Kant to that central position in the universe from which, as a merely physical being, Copernicus had degraded him.

To a certain extent this conclusion must remain a conviction rather than a demonstration, for we cannot emerge altogether from the obscurities of our middle state, and there is much that may rightly disquiet and perplex our minds. But if it is in the needs of the moral life that we find our deepest principle of explanation, then it may be argued with some reason that this belongs to the nature of the case, for a scientific demonstration would not serve the purposes of that life. The truly good man must choose goodness on its own account; he must be ready to serve God for naught, without being invaded by M. Renan's doubts. As it has been finely put, he must possess "that rude old Norse nobility of soul, which saw virtue and vice alike go unrewarded, and was yet not shaken in its faith." This old Norse nobility speaks to us again, in accents of the nineteenth century, in Professor Huxley's lecture. But because such is the temper of true virtue, it by no means follows that such virtue will not be rewarded with "the wages of going on, and not to die."

ANDREW SETH.

SUCCESSFUL FISH-CULTURE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

In fish-culture there have been, perhaps, more failures than successes, both in Scotland and England. In some few instances the failures have been almost incomprehensible; but as a general rule it may be said that where success has not been attained, conditions have been present or details have been neglected which an experienced fish-culturist would have been able to point out. In consequence of the experiments carried on by Sir James Maitland and the late Dr Day, at Howietoun, so strong a light has been thrown on the habits and life-history of trout that it is not now a very difficult thing to say by what method any particular water should be stocked with fish, or to estimate the chances of success. I propose in this short paper to explain some of the facts and principles which should be understood and considered before Highland fish-culture is attempted, and to illustrate my subject with an account of some highly successful fish-cultural experiments carried out by Mr Stewart at Kinlochmoidart.

First, let us consider the lochs which are best suited for operations of this kind. They, undoubtedly, are those which are absolutely devoid of fish, and at the same time contain a large quantity of fish-food — such as water-insects of various kinds, larvæ of water-flies, small freshwater shell-fish, &c. The size of trout depends principally on three things—food, pedigree, and area of water. It has been found at Howietoun that by a careful selection of breeders the size and growth-rate of trout may be immensely improved, and that fish varying from 2 lb. to 5 lb. will yield eggs from which the progeny will be in a short time larger than, and superior to, those hatched from eggs yielded by small trout. In other words, pedigree trout—large and quick-growing — have been produced. But, on the other hand, food plays so important a part in the growth of trout, that little fish, which in their native stream rarely exceed a quarter of a lb., have, when well fed in the fish-culturist's pond, attained 1 lb. or 2 lb. in weight.[1] Food, therefore, is all-important, and no loch is well suited for our purpose which does not contain large quantities of natural trout-food. If we can find a fairly shallow loch, for the most part, let us say, under 12 feet in depth, with a gravelly bottom alternating with mud, on which there is a vigorous growth of weeds, and with some of its bays filled with beds of reeds, and a loch, moreover, which contains no fish, there we are almost certain to find large quantities of fish-food, and there trout will almost as certainly thrive if once introduced.

Very deep lochs without shallows are not suitable for trout, unless, indeed, they contain some shoal-swimming fish, such as char or pollen, in which case the trout introduced will have a liberal fish diet, and are likely, if not overnumerous, to grow very large. I believe I am correct in saying that in the days when char were com-

[1] Mr Greig, a Devonshire fish-culturist, proved this by experiments extending over some years.

mon in Loch Leven, far larger trout inhabited that sheet of water than are found in it at the present day. With those lochs so common in the Highlands, which already contain immense quantities of small brown trout, varying in weight from one-sixth to a quarter of a lb., it is not easy to effect much, unless the food-supply can be vastly increased, or they can be drained, and the old inhabitants, which have been dwarfed by interbreeding and scarcity of food, exterminated.

It has been discovered from long experience that in no stew or pond do trout grow so fast as in one which is absolutely new. Mr Andrews, the very successful fish-culturist of Guildford, informed me that his best results were obtained in a newly-made pond into which he had introduced trout-fry after the water had been standing some three months only. In Catholic times when there were no railways to bring sea-fish for the Friday's fast from the coast to the interior, a series of fish-ponds were found on the estates of most country gentlemen, and it was the custom to have — to use an agricultural term—a rotation of crops. That is to say, the pond having been sown with carp eggs by the introduction of some spawning fish, the parents were withdrawn, and as soon as the resulting young fish —which were often artificially fed—had attained maturity, they were netted out, the pond drained, and a grain crop grown in the mud at the bottom; then followed another crop of fish, and so on. In the same way, there is little doubt that to obtain the best results from lochs which already contain large numbers of small fish, the water should, where it can possibly be done, be drained off and the bottom left exposed to the light and air for a considerable period. What may be the exact change which takes place in a pond, stew, or lake left devoid of water, we do not quite know. Without the least doubt the change is one highly favourable to the healthy growth of fish. In this matter, as in many others, we profit by the experiences of our unscientific ancestors.

It might be supposed that there could hardly be too many burns—breeding-grounds of trout — running into a loch; but, though usually peat-stained, so pure is the water in the Highlands, that a considerable proportion of trout-eggs hatch out, and the result of extensive spawning-grounds is that the loch, unless of large size, soon contains fish in excess of the number the natural food-supply will maintain in good condition. This was first pointed out to me by an intelligent gamekeeper in the Lews. "The best trout," said he, "are in those lochs into which runs no burn. In the others the fish are plenty, but very small." This I found was the case.[1] It seems to follow that if, after a loch is stocked, the fish appear to increase too rapidly, with the resulting decrease in the average size, it would be very desirable to limit the extent of the spawning-grounds by arranging some kind of impedi-

[1] Though there was nothing worthy the name of burn running into these lochs which contained the best fish, there was invariably some exit for the water when it rose in winter, in consequence of the rain-water which drained into them off the moors. Near such outfalls there would be a slight current, and there, doubtless, a few eggs hatched out. Otherwise such lochs would in a few years be devoid of trout.

ment to the ascent of the fish, such as a small fall at the mouth of one or more of the burns. If, on the other hand, the burns flowing into the loch are polluted, and their waters are unfavourable for the propagation of trout, the more extensive the spawning-grounds the better.

Another question to be considered is the age of the fish to be introduced. The least costly plan is to purchase what are termed eyed ova from the nearest fish-culturist —that is to say, eggs of trout which have been kept in a hatchery until the eyes of the forthcoming fish are visible through the shell. At this stage the eggs travel well, and may be safely handled. The eyed ova have simply to be placed on gravel in a shallow stream connected with the loch — a small artificial channel cut parallel with the burn being safer than the burn itself. They should be protected from enemies by wire-netting, and left to themselves. In the course of a day or two they hatch, and the little fish hide themselves under the stones. As they grow larger and begin to feed, they leave their hiding-places and gradually work their way into the loch. There, if they find food and are not destroyed by their many enemies, among whom herons and waterfowl are not the least, they will thrive, and in the course of two or three years afford very good sport.

A more rapid and somewhat more certain system is to buy yearling trout,—little fish, which vary from about two to five inches in length. These may be turned directly into the place to be stocked; but if the water already contains other trout, it is wise to plant them in a burn at some distance from the loch. The cost of transport frequently decides the question when the choice lies between the purchase of eyed ova and yearling fish. If the lochs lie high among the mountains and far from a road, it is no small matter to carry large tanks up to them; but where they can be approached with a cart, or expense is no object, yearlings are much to be preferred to eyed ova. Where there are already trout in the loch, and it is merely desired to introduce fresh blood, it is perhaps, on the whole, more economical to introduce two-year-old fish; for these are far better able to hold their own than anything younger, and are less likely to be eaten by the original inhabitants of the water. It must not be forgotten that a trout of half a pound or even less weight, if he have cannibalistic tendencies, will eat a great many yearling fish. It is obvious that two-year-old fish afford sport sooner than yearlings or fry. I doubt if it is ever advisable to place eyed ova or trout fry in a large river.

The ideal loch for trout-culture is one that contains those food shallows—if I may use the term—the importance of which cannot be overestimated, and can at the same time be emptied by means of a sluice. Any one who possesses two such lochs of considerable size may with advantage stock them alternately, at intervals of five or six years, and by this means will always have a race of large, well-fed, goodly-conditioned trout. While one loch is at its best as a trout-producing piece of water, the other should be run dry and obtain the benefits attending exposure to light and air for twelve months or so. Even if this cannot be done, very good results may be obtained during the first ten years or so by simply introducing trout into a fishless

loch, and letting them take their chance. After a time the fish, unless there is an extraordinary food-supply—as, for instance, there is in Loch Leven—will certainly degenerate to some extent, and their average size will decrease year by year. If the fish seriously deteriorate, the inference is that the loch is much overstocked, and the remedy is obvious. Speaking generally, the higher the lochs lie the less fish-food[1] will they contain, and the smaller will be the trout; and this makes the results obtained by Mr Stewart the more remarkable, because the waters he has stocked so successfully lie some 1300 feet above sea-level.

Loch a Vadi, which is supposed to be the last place in that part of Scotland where a wolf (*vadi*) was slain, lies in a small hollow on the crest of the range of hills which separates Loch Moidart from Loch Aylort. It is about a mile and a half in circumference, is shallow, has for the most part a rocky bottom, and did not appear to me to contain that amount of weed and mud necessary to provide food for any large number of trout. From it flows an insignificant burn, following the course of which one comes, in something less than a quarter of a mile, to Loch na Paitchen (the Loch of the Crab), very properly so called. If some mammoth crustacean had fallen on the earth and left the imprint of its claws and body, the depressions, when filled with water, would have somewhat closely resembled the contour of this peculiar loch. The outline is most irregular. From the south side stretches out a narrow isthmus, which widens into a large peninsula, almost filling the loch, and reducing it for the most part into a series of narrow channels and tiny bays, none of which exceed 10 feet in depth. Nowhere is the water above 30 feet deep. In several of the bays are extensive reed-beds, and here and there one comes upon floating islands of moss, weeds, and peat. As the loch rises and falls, so, too, do these islands; and on my attempting to walk on one, I found it closely resembled what are known in Ireland as quaking-bogs.

At the time Mr Stewart commenced his fish-cultural operations, the burn, which comes down from the lake of the wolf, flowed through and left the lake of the crab, by a series of natural cascades and falls joining the river Moidart 1200 feet below it, and yet not more than a mile distant. The abruptness of the descent no doubt accounts for the fact that no trout were ever able to ascend from the river to the loch.

It was in January 1884 that Mr Stewart obtained 30,000 (two boxes) of eyed Loch Leven trout-eggs from Howietoun. They were despatched on a Tuesday in charge of an attendant, reached Kinlochmoidart on the following day, but were not removed from their moss-covered beds of swan's-down to their resting-place at the side of the burn till the Thursday, no redds having been previously prepared for them. An artificial

[1] Many lochs and other waters may be vastly improved by the introduction of various kinds of water-weeds which favour the growth of insect-food. In his Surrey fish-ponds, Mr Andrews actually cultivates fresh-water shrimps and snails, the larvæ of flies, and various water insects, with the result that the growth-rate of his trout is remarkable.

redd, it should be understood, is a little trench cut by the side of and parallel with a burn, into which the water flows at one end and out at the other. The eggs can of course be placed in a burn, but there is always the possibility of a spate washing them away or covering them with stones, sand, and *débris*. If, on the other hand, they are in an artificial redd, only so much water can flow over them as can pass through the inlet to that redd. High up among the hills it was found impossible to obtain any gravel on which to place the eggs, so this had to be brought up with great labour from the valley. The difficulties of the amateur fish-culturist were also immensely increased by a dense fog. But by Thursday afternoon the redds had been dug, their bottoms strewn with gravel, the eggs laid in them in 3 or 4 inches of water, and wire-netting stretched over them to keep out the wild-fowl.

All this was done, as I have said, in January 1884. The following year no trout were observed in the loch, but in August 1886 a shepherd informed Mr Stewart he had seen a few fish rising, so a fly-rod was taken up and twelve well-conditioned trout, averaging about half a pound, were caught. Many more could have been killed had they been wanted. From that time onwards Mr Stewart fortunately kept a very careful record of the numbers and weights of all fish taken—a record which possesses considerable scientific value and interest, as it shows the rate at which trout may grow in a loch so far above sea-level as this one. In September 1886 larger fish began to rise, and four were killed in Loch na Paitchen, weighing 4 lb., the largest $1\frac{3}{4}$ lb., a weight which is rarely attained even in North Country fish-culturists' ponds, where the trout are lavishly fed, in so short a time as two and a half years. The average weight, however, for the year 1886 was about half a pound. In the same year it was found that numbers of trout had *ascended* the burn to the upper loch, which yielded a fish weighing $14\frac{1}{2}$ ounces, measuring in length $12\frac{1}{8}$ inches, and in girth 7 inches.

In the fourth year the red-throated divers discovered that the hitherto fishless loch of the crab had become tenanted, and so deemed it not injudicious to make their nests on one of the floating islands above referred to. In this year some remarkably large trout were taken. On August 4 one of 2 lb. was killed, and on August 20 one of 3 lb. 2 ounces, both of these being monsters for their age—three years and eight months. Except on days when such fish as these were killed, the average weight per fish was a little under 1 lb. During the season the lochs were fished on six days, and 142 trout were killed, weighing in all 113 lb. All this time the trout were at liberty to pass freely from the lower loch to the river Moidart, and a few fish were caught in the river which resembled those in the lochs. Many went up to Loch a Vadi, but the great majority appear to have descended to Loch na Paitchen and remained there. This is noteworthy, because it has been said that *Salmo levenensis* was originally a sea-trout which by some convulsion of nature was shut off from the sea in Loch Leven, and that, retaining its migratory habits, it will as often as not leave any river or water in which it is placed and make its way down to the sea. In this case we have undoubted descendants of trout taken from Loch Leven,

which, with every opportunity for reaching the sea, remain for the most part in two small lochs at the top of the Moidart hills.

In 1887 Mr Stewart determined to light his house by electricity, generated by means of water taken from Loch na Paitchen. A channel was cut from the lower loch to the house, and across the outlet of the burn was thrown a dam, which thenceforward effectually prevented the descent of trout from the lochs to the river. The dam raised the level of the water in the lower loch about 5 feet, with the result that some acres of low-lying lands and islands were flooded, affording still more extended feeding-grounds for the fish. The following year (1888) the lochs were only visited on a few days, when bags of from one to two dozen fish were made in a few hours' fishing. The average weight now increased to over a pound, the total catch for the year being 137 trout, weighing 149 lb. The largest fish killed weighed 3 lb. 4 ounces. In 1889 the average weight increased to about a pound and a half, 105 trout being killed which weighed 142 lb. On one day a brace of trout were taken which weighed 3½ lb. and 3¾ lb. respectively. From that time, however, the average weight of the trout seems to have slightly decreased. In 1890, 245 fish weighing 293 lb. were taken; in 1891, 202 trout weighing 264 lb.; and in 1892, 281 trout weighing 250 lb.

The average last year, therefore, was slightly under a pound, but a splendid fish of 6 lb. was killed, and also one of 5½ lb. These two large fish would each be about eight years old. The total number of fish killed up to the end of 1892, from the time the lochs were first fished, was 1262, weighing 1186 lb., the average being a fraction under a pound each. It should be mentioned that the lochs were not often fished, and that no trout were returned. Of course, if the small ones had been replaced in the loch the average could have been made much larger. Mr Stewart holds the opinion, with which I fully concur, that the return of fish to the water gives them that liberal education in fish-hooks which is most undesirable in the interests of sport. No doubt the stock may be better maintained by the return of undersized fish, but dead men tell no tales, and those who wish for free-rising trout are well advised to kill everything they land, and to re-stock by artificial means from time to time. Much of the bad sport obtained at the present day is owing not so much to the scarcity of trout as the fishes' great knowledge of artificial flies and silk-worm gut. Of course, in public or semi-public waters, which are never artificially restocked, small trout must be returned to the water, or, as has happened in many rivers near large towns, the fish become wofully scarce.

My last visit to the Loch of the Crab was paid late in July this year. The rain had fallen heavily the previous day, which made the climb to those high-lying waters somewhat difficult. It was hot and close in the valley below, but as I ascended I met a cold, refreshing breeze from the north-west, which, however, was by no means favourable to sport. As I crossed a small glen, a hind, and a stag with velvet-covered antlers, cantered up the hillside and stopped on a rocky ledge to eye me curiously. A hen-grouse, too, was thrown into a state of consternation by my inadvertently walking through the middle of her brood which were even then

—the season being so early—strong on the wing. Before I reached the altitude of the loch one of the most glorious scenes on the west coast opened out before me. Stretching away to the westward was beautiful Loch Moidart, its blue waters divided by wooded islands. Farther distant were the mountains of Mull; and right in front of me, winding through a great plain, was a silvery streak of water, looking at this distance no larger than a small river, which I knew to be Loch Shiel. Beyond the plain rose mountain after mountain, some golden almost in the sunlight, others black and lowering under the shade of clouds, and others again almost hidden from sight in fleecy white banks of mist. There was that ripple on this lonely hill loch which maketh the heart of the fly-fisher to rejoice, but there was a keenness in the air which would keep every sensible insect at home. No flies being abroad, it was hardly to be expected that the trout would be on the look-out for winged food. But the fly-fisher never knows what Fortune has in store for him; so, quickly launching the boat, I paddled up to the more shallow end of the loch and took a series of drifts among the sparsely growing reeds. It would have been unwise here to fish with more than one fly, for, as some of the fish run large, the second hook would certainly have caught in the reeds when a trout of any size was being played.

As I had expected, the Loch Levens were not feeding well. Every half-hour or so I obtained a rise, nearly always under water, which almost invariably resulted in my landing a fish. Out of curiosity I began counting the rises, and at the end of the day I found that fifteen rises had resulted in twelve trout weighing 12½ lb. Most of the fish were caught on a small Jock Scott,—a little salmon-lure which, when the trout are not rising to the natural fly, will often tempt them beneath the surface. The incident of the day happened about four o'clock. My craft had drifted within a few yards of the bank, and I was making a last cast when I saw a swirl and felt a vigorous tug at the point of my rod. Evidently a fish of some size was fast, but he played most unlike the lively little fellows of ¾ lb. to 1¼ lb. or so which I had been previously catching. He disported himself more after the fashion of a pike or ancient kelt, possessing great strength but little vigour. It was ten minutes or a quarter of an hour before I could induce my friend to enter the landing-net, and then I found I had captured what evidently must have been one of the oldest inhabitants of the water—one of those which had been hatched in the redds by the burn in 1884. He was long, lanky, and lean, with head large enough for a 5-lb. fish. By the time I had him in the boat he was thoroughly exhausted, and gasped like a stout old gentleman who has been running to catch a train. It is no slur on a loch to contain a few such fish; and Loch Levens, when they cannot obtain sufficient food for their size, are apt to deteriorate in this way. I think I may say without fear of contradiction that *Salmo levenensis* requires, for its size, more food than any other trout. Leanness and lankness come to all trout in old age, but commonly the much-abused but useful otter removes the ill-conditioned fish. Most of the other fish caught that day were beautifully conditioned. No two were marked alike. Some had black spots, others black and red; on a

few the spots were as large as a threepenny-piece, with a halo round them; in others they were small and regularly placed; in others again most irregular and close together. I mention this because it so often happens that gillies and gamekeepers will tell us that this is one kind of trout because it is marked in a certain way, and that another because its markings are different. As a matter of fact, colour and spots tell us less than is generally supposed as to variety or species.

I must not forget to refer to the good sport afforded by these Moidart fish, and their excellence after they had passed through the cook's hands. In fact, I found myself quite unable to distinguish between Loch na Paitchen trout and sea-trout when on the table. One was as pink as the other, and in flavour they were also identical. When hooked, they played almost as fiercely as their cousins of the sea, and were game to the last. I cannot, indeed, imagine better trout to have in any water, provided the food-supply is sufficient and the local conditions are suitable.

It is the exception rather than the rule to find really good brown trout-fishing on Highland properties. Lochs and trout there are in plenty, but the fish are usually very small. Fish-culture opens up great possibilities in the way of sport with the fly-rod, rendering the angler independent of the uncertain migrations of sea-trout and salmon. Nor should it be forgotten that trout-fishing such as I have described largely increases the value of Highland estates, while the necessary outlay is comparatively insignificant. In the evil times which appear to be coming upon owners of land, improvements of this kind are well worthy of consideration. But before attempting to stock lochs with trout, or rivers with salmon, the advice of a practical fish-culturist should be obtained and followed. Where such advice is not forthcoming, the details given in this paper should be of some service.

JOHN BICKERDYKE.

POPE ALEXANDER VI. AND CÆSAR BORGIA: WERE THEY POISONED?

"Let us meet
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further."
—*Macbeth.*

Among the most conspicuous figures in Italian history of the latter half of the fourteenth and the early part of the fifteenth century were those of Roderigo Borgia, who was made Pope under the name of Alexander VI., and his son, Cæsar Borgia, who are both as famous in history as they were infamous in life. In those days celibacy was not deemed a necessary incident to priestcraft or the papacy, and the lusts of Alexander were scarcely surpassed by his crimes. Among his children his special favourite was Cæsar, and to aggrandise him and his other relations he stopped at nothing. His election to the papacy he obtained by the most corrupt and open bribery. His life was shameless before he became Pope, and equally shameless during his pontificate. He was guilty of every kind of crime and vice, and did not attempt to conceal his deeds even under the flimsiest veil of decency; so that in history his very name has become the synonym of cruelty, avarice, dishonour, atrocity, and shameless debauchery. The life and character of his predecessor, Innocent VIII., had been so abominable that it was thought at the time of his death no one could be found to surpass him in baseness; but Alexander soon proved that they were mistaken. Bad as Innocent was, Alexander was worse.

Alexander at first administered justice with rigour on all offenders; but in firmness of character and energy he was utterly wanting, and he soon relaxed all disciplinary measures. What he was constant to was his own evil passions, and to them he gave full rein. Smiling of aspect, merry, gay, and dissolute of disposition, careless what was thought of him and said of him, strong and vigorous in health, thinking solely of his own gratification, he committed all his crimes without hesitations or scruples of conscience or subsequent remorse, enjoying life as far as he could without a thought of the suffering he might inflict in carrying out any of his caprices. The popular masquerades and spectacles which he got up and enjoyed to his utmost were often shameless in their indecency; and at his gambling-tables, where large sums were staked, he spent many a night. One of his favourite ways of removing any obstacle in his path, and of ridding himself of any one who either opposed or seemed to oppose his designs, or to interfere with his enjoyments, or who was possessed of money which he needed, was the very simple one of poison. But he did not hesitate to make use of the dagger, the axe, or the halter, if more convenient.

Rome swarmed with assassins during his reign, but the most treacherous of them all was the Pope himself. In all religious matters he was shameless. On the 27th of May, when pilgrims were thronging to Rome to cele-

brate the jubilee, and the streets and churches echoed to the religious rites, ceremonies, and processions then performed, he openly sold countless indulgences and receipts, and scarcely a night passed that corpses of murdered persons, many of them prelates, were not found in the streets; while no less than eighteen bodies of alleged thieves were, by order of the Pope, strung up on the bridge of St Angelo one morning.

The King of Naples says of him: "He leads a life which is the abomination of all men, has no respect for the chair which he occupies, and cares for naught but to exalt his children by hook or by crook. This is his sole desire." "In all things he proceeds with fraud and dissimulation, according to his nature; and to make money he sells every smallest office and benefice." [1]

Muratore praises him for his genius and remarkable memory and eloquence, as well as for his persuasive powers and skill in Government. But he goes on to speak of "his immodesty, infidelity, cruelty, and ambition as almost beyond belief, and says that his pontificate remains, and will always remain, a deplorable memory for all future ages. Rome, under him, had become a sink of iniquity. No one was safe, and the least word might cost a life."

Let his treatment of Cardinal Orsini stand as a specimen of his perfidy. The Cardinal, who was very rich, was simply in his way, and he wanted his money. So he determined, with the utmost good-humour, and laughing as it were at the joke, to remove him. He accordingly seized him and threw him into the Castle St Angelo; then stripped his house, and drove into the street his mother and two young maidens who were with her, allowing them to take with them nothing but the clothes they had on. Vainly all his fellow-Cardinals petitioned for his life, and offered a large ransom of 25,000 ducats. The Pope simply laughed. His mother, who at first was allowed to send the Cardinal food, was finally denied even that small privilege. She then sent by a woman beloved by the Pope to offer him a large pearl—which he was known to covet—to obtain the pardon of her son. The Pope accepted it, but did not grant the pardon. Meantime, while the Cardinal languished in prison, Alexander amused himself with races and plays and masquerades and carnival pleasures; and the Venetian ambassador, going to confer with him on business matters, found him laughing on his balcony, as he watched the tricks of the maskers under his window, and being invited to a supper-party in the evening, found him again enjoying the performance of plays, and surrounded by his Cardinals, "some in their Cardinal's dress, and a few in masquerade, together with several companions of the kind most pleasing to the Pope (!!!), some of whom lay stretched at his *Holiness's* feet." [2] On the day succeeding this festival, Cardinal Orsini expired in prison by poison, as all men said. "According to the general opinion," says Giustiniani, "he had drunk of the cup poisoned for him by the Pope." Whether this be a fact or not, it shows at least what was the Pope's reputation—and the fact has never been refuted.

"No wonder," as Giucciardini says, "that all Rome received the news of the Pope's death with

[1] Codice Arragonese, vol. xi. part xi., Letter, June 7, 1493.
[2] Giustiniani, Despatch of January 8, hora 2 noctis.

rejoicing, and could not satiate their eyes in gazing on this dead serpent, who had poisoned the world with his immoderate ambition, perfidious perfidy, horrible cruelty, monstrous lusts, and incredible avarice, selling without distinction everything, whether sacred or profane."

But without delaying further, for we here can but give a hurried glance at the character and career of Alexander VI., let us pass from the father to the son.

Cæsar Borgia was bold, ambitious, crafty, able, handsome, and remarkable for his physical strength. But he was as false and cruel as his father. He early formed large schemes for the extension of his dominions, and his plans he might have carried out, had he not been arrested at a critical moment by the death of the Pope and his own illness. He had indeed foreseen the death of his father, and so arranged matters as to establish the state of Romagna and overcome his enemies, notwithstanding such event. But he had not foreseen his own illness, which incapacitated him from all action. "He told me himself," says Macchiavelli, "that he had anticipated everything, and provided for everything save for being sick unto death at the time of the Pope's decease." In Macchiavelli's own treatise on 'The Prince,' Cæsar Borgia was his model and hero, and all that can be suggested in justification of his character and conduct may there be read. But it must be confessed that Macchiavelli's own principles of life and conduct, as therein set forth, are not of a high moral cast, and in that remarkable book he upholds, or seems to uphold, acts of cruelty and bad faith which are ordinarily considered to have the stain of dishonour. "Experience," he says, "has proved in our own times that the princes who have achieved great deeds are those who have held good faith of small account, have known how to bewilder men's brains by cunning, and have succeeded better than those whose actions have been ruled by honour."[1] And in another passage he says of Cæsar Borgia: "Putting together all the actions of the Duke, I could not blame him. On the contrary, it seems good to me to propose him as an example to be imitated by all who through good fortune and the arms of others have attained to supreme command." To which statements we can only hold up our hands in surprise.

What Cæsar's ideas of life and honour were he who runs may read, and he who reads will probably run. We can but glance here and there at some of his acts. He was the favourite son of his father, who had scarcely been placed in the pontifical chair when he consecrated him, at only sixteen years of age, first Archbishop of Valencia, and shortly afterwards gave him the dignity of Cardinal. On him he constantly lavished all the gifts and emoluments and dignities in his power, and to him alone he showed affection and fear. Cæsar was equally unscrupulous as his father, but of greater force and talent. At twenty-seven years of age he was virtually master of Rome, and did as he pleased. All Rome feared him, and the Pope himself dared not to oppose him.

As an evidence of his atrocity may be cited, among his other cruelties, his conduct at the siege of San Quirico. When he approached that town to attack it, he found that the inhabitants had

[1] Il Principe, chap. xviii.

all fled before him, with the exception of two old men and nine old women, and these he immediately seized, unoffending as they were, strung them all up by their arms, and lighted a slow fire under their feet, to induce them to reveal the hiding-place of the town's treasure. But this they were unable to do, and they were slowly burned to death in the flames.

Nor were such atrocities exceptional. His acts at Viterbo, Acquapendente, and Montefiascone were of a similar character; and though absolute proof is wanting, he was generally believed to have murdered his brother, the Duke of Gandia, who was found thrown into the Tiber, and with his throat cut. The facts of this case were that, on the night of the 14th of June 1497, the Duke of Gandia never returned to his house. The day after his groom was found wounded, and the mule ridden by the Duke was caught running about the street with only one stirrup left. After supping with his brother, the Duke of Valentino, on the preceding evening at his mother's house, they both rode away together, but soon separated — the Duke Cæsar being followed by a man in a mask. This was all that was known at first; but one of the Sclavonian charcoal-mongers on the Ripetta being summoned and examined, deposed that he had seen a gentleman on the night of the 14th ride by with a corpse behind him, and accompanied by two men on foot, but that all disappeared as soon as they had thrown the body into the Tiber. When he was asked why he had not mentioned this sooner, he answered that he had seen hundreds of times on different nights bodies thrown into the river in the same place, and no action was taken, and he did not think this was worth reporting.[1] The river was then dragged, and the body of the Duke of Gandia was found, with nine wounds on his body and head, his throat cut — with his purse still in his pocket, and containing thirty ducats, showing that at all events robbery was not the object of the murderer, whoever he was. Several persons were suspected of the crime, but no kind of proof was given, and the general opinion which was entertained at last was that the assassin was his own brother, Cæsar. The Pope, when he found that his son had been murdered, and "thrown like offal into the Tiber," as Burchard says, was at first very deeply moved, and said that he had never experienced so great a sorrow. But he soon recovered his spirits, and the first time he met Cæsar in the Consistory of Cardinals (for, monstrous as it seems, Cæsar was himself a Cardinal), in spite of the strong and general suspicion which attached to him as being the author of this crime, saluted him with a kiss, and not only accumulated honours on his head, but bestowed upon him all his murdered brother's treasures and jewels.

These are but glimpses into the life and character of these two Borgias—Alexander VI. and his son Cæsar, Duke of Valentino. What more concerns us here, however, and is the main object of this paper, is to examine carefully into the question, which of late has been much debated, as to whether their simultaneous illness, ending in the death of one of them, is to be attributed to poison, as has been continuously asserted by the main body of historians of the time, or was occasioned by a violent tertian fever

[1] Burchard's Diary, cod. 2, fol. 43.

or apoplexy, or other form of legitimate disease. Gregorovius, after a full and careful examination of all the authorities, is of opinion that he died of poison administered to him and his son Cæsar Borgia by mistake at a banquet held at the villa of the Cardinal Adriano of Corneto. Mr Charles Yriarte, in his late work on the Borgia family, on the contrary rejects this story as being a mere fable, and attributes his death to a tertian fever, or *perniciosa* as it is called in Italy, brought on by the great heat of the season. The same view has also been taken, and supported by elaborate argument and criticism, in an article in 'Harper's Monthly' of June 1886, written by Professor T. F. Crane. The question is a curious and interesting one, and well deserves a careful consideration. I purpose, therefore, in this paper to examine the testimony that we have on the subject, to weigh well its character and value, and if possible to determine what are the real facts of the case.

Of course the testimony of contemporaries, and specially of those who were on the spot and connected with the Papal Court, and therefore in a position to be best informed, is of the utmost value, and carries with it a weight far greater than can the opinions or views of any others who followed after them. The farther the testimony is from the time and the place of the death of the Pope, the weaker naturally it is. In the examination of the question, I propose to consider—1st, the testimony of those who were absolute or nearly absolute contemporaries, who attributed the death of the Pope to poison; 2d, the testimony of those who attributed his death to other causes, as to tertian fever, apoplexy, or some form of fatal and insidious disease not connected with poison.

Now the first striking fact is that all or nearly all his contemporaries, and especially those around the Court and connected with it, and having peculiar opportunities of information, agree in believing and stating that he was poisoned. As to the particular incidents of the poisoning there are differences and variations, but in the main fact of poison they, with a few exceptions, unanimously agree. Among the most important of these witnesses may be mentioned Guicciardini, Bembo, Giovio, Cardinal Egidius, Burchard, Raffaelle Volaterrano, Sanuto, Panvinio, Tomasi, the notary de Mesiis, and Masson, all of whom clearly affirm that the Pope died of poison; and certainly it must be admitted that if any persons were in a position to know or to be able to ascertain the real facts of the case, they were these persons.

On the other hand are those who attribute the death of the Pope to simple tertian fever, and among these are Oderico Rinaldi, Giustiniani, Alessandro Sardi, Beltrando Costabile (ambassador of the Duke of Ferrara at the Court of the Pope), Muratore, and Baronius.

In respect to this last list some reductions are to be made when the weight of their evidence is considered. In regard to Muratore it must be remembered that he was not born till 1672, or 169 years after Alexander VI.'s death, and his 'Annali d'Italia' were not printed till 1744, or 240 years after the Pope's death. Whatever view he may take is therefore of no value as a contemporary statement. We can reason upon all the facts as well as he. His testimony, therefore, carries with it no original weight; but such as

it is, we shall have occasion to examine it later.

Again, Baronius was not a contemporary, and had no special means of information more than we all have now. He was not born till 1538, or thirty-five years after the Pope's death, and his 'Annals' were not written and published till nearly a century after it. Nor was Oderico Rinaldi a contemporary. He was not born till 1595, or ninety-two years after the death of Alexander VI., and his first book of 'Annals,' which was written in continuation of Baronius, was not published till 1646. More than a century and a quarter had passed, therefore, since the Pope died before his book appeared. Alessandro Sardi and Beltrando Costabile were contemporaries, and as such their testimony is of value. But Sardi seems to have founded his opinion as to the cause of the death of the Pope solely upon the statement of Costabile, and not upon his own knowledge. And in the same manner Muratore founds his judgment of the case on Costabile or Sardi.

There would, therefore, remain of this list only three at most—viz., Giustiniani, Sardi, and Costabile—whose statements and opinions would carry any original weight at all. What weight these three do carry we shall see later.

What, then, is the story of the poisoning of Alexander VI., as told by Tomasi and Guicciardini, confirmed by Giovio, Cardinal Bembo, Panvinio, Volaterrano, Burchard, and others? It is this: that the Pope and Cæsar Borgia invited the Cardinal Adriano of Carneto to a banquet in the Belvedere Casino of the Vatican, on the 12th of August—they having the intention to rid themselves of him there and then by poison, and thus get possession of his property. With that view a supply of poisoned wine was sent there by the Pope and Cæsar. But by mistake they themselves partook of it, were thus poisoned, and fell down senseless, and were carried off to bed. The Pope himself in a few days died of the effects of the poison; but Cæsar, after lingering for a long time, finally recovered.

All relate the same story, though not in the same words. Guicciardini says that the poisoning took place in "a villa near the Vatican, where the Pope had gone to sup and to *ricrearsi dal caldo*, and that the Pope was brought in hurriedly, as dead (*per morto*), into the Pontifical Palace, and was immediately followed by his son Cæsar, also brought in as dead (*per morto*), and on the succeeding day [?], which was the 18th of August, his body was carried, according to the custom on the death of Pontiffs, into the Church of St Peter, black, swollen, and hideous, manifest signs of poison (*nero, enfiato, e bruttissimo, segni manifesti de veleno*). But Valentino, through the vigour of his age, and from having immediately used potent drugs and appropriate antidotes to poison, saved his life, but remained oppressed by long and severe infirmity. It is constantly believed that these results were produced by poison, and it is related, according to the most commonly accepted accounts (*secondo la fama più comune*), that these were the circumstances of the case. That Valentino had arranged at this same supper to poison Adriano, Cardinal of Corneto, in the villa where they were to sup, for it was a well-known fact (*cosa manifesta*) that it was the frequent practice of his father, as well as of himself, not only to use poison in order to avenge them-

selves against their enemies, or to secure themselves in cases of suspicion, but also, for motives of wicked cupidity, to despoil of their property such rich persons as cardinals, or other persons connected with the Court (*cortigiani*), notwithstanding that they had never received any injury from such persons—and this was the case with the Cardinal Sant' Agnolo, who was very rich. Nor did it matter that such persons were on the friendliest terms and in the closest relations with them, as was the case of the Cardinals of Capua and of Modena, who had been their most useful and faithful ministers.

"It is said that Valentino having sent forward some bottles of wine infected by poison, had them consigned to a servant (*ministro*) who was ignorant of the whole matter, with orders not to give them to any one; but before the hour of the supper the Pope by chance arrived, and, overcome by thirst and the excessive heat, ordered drink to be brought to him; and the other provisions for the supper not having yet arrived from the palace, and the servant (*ministro*) supposing the wine that had been consigned to his care was reserved for the Pope as being particularly precious, brought it to him, and while he was drinking it Valentino arrived, and also drank of it. A great concourse of people crowded round the dead body of Alexander when it was exposed in St Peter's, and his death was received with great rejoicing by all Rome."

This is the literal translation of the account of Guicciardini, and as he was born in 1482 and died in 1540, he was not only a contemporary, but was twenty-one years of age when the death of the Pope occurred, and by his position had every means of informing himself of what happened as it were under his own eyes, and of hearing the accounts given of the case by all who were in or about the Court.

We may next cite the authority of Paolo Giovio. Giovio was born in 1483 and died in 1552, and was in the flower of his early manhood when he went to Rome and began to write his History, and this first volume he read to the Pope and various cardinals and ambassadors, at the request of the Pope himself—or so at least Benedetto says. Others think that he did not go to Rome till he was thirty-three years of age. However this may be, there is no question that he was connected and on the most intimate terms with the Papal Court, and especially with Clement VII., and lived at the Vatican, and had every means of thoroughly informing himself in regard to the facts and opinions and judgments of the time in respect to all matters. What then does Paolo Giovio say? After enumerating a long series of murders by Cæsar Borgia of dukes and cardinals and persons of high family, in order to obtain possession of their property, he says: "But not for a long time did fortune favour this ribald (*questo ribaldo*), who shed the blood of the Italian nobility, and aspired to reign over Italy; for having been invited by the Pope, his father, to supper in the Belvedere, he there drank poison, which had been prepared to give to some rich Cardinal who was supping there with him, the butler having inadvertently changed the bottles. . . . But Alexander was not able to resist the fury of the poison; and Cæsar survived his father," &c.

In his Life of Consalvo, Giovio also relates that "he heard from the lips of this same Cardinal di Corneto that he was himself poisoned at this supper, and was

afflicted by an inexplicable internal burning, and afterwards lost all his skin" (*con incendio inesplicabile interno, e poi perduto tutta la pelle*).

Giovio also goes still further, and in the second book of his History he states that the "poison used by the Pope Alexander to kill others, and by which he himself was killed, was a white powder not very disagreeable to the taste, which slowly by degrees entering into the veins, did its work with a mortal slowness" (*pian piano entrando da le vene lavorava con mortal tardanza*).

It would seem from this account that it may have been a preparation of arsenic; and this would agree with the apparent facts of the case, as we shall see — the poison not having immediate mortal effect. It is well also, in this connection, to keep in mind that we have in this matter of the poison and its slow action the testimony of an expert, Giovio having practised medicine for years.

The next witness I shall call is Onofrio Panvinio. He was a contemporary writer, and certainly had remarkable opportunities and means of informing himself as to the real facts of the case. He was employed in the Library of the Vatican, lived with Alexander Farnese the Cardinal, wrote shortly after the death of Alexander VI., and his reputation is that of a very careful, exact, and learned man. In his continuation of Platina's 'Lives of the Popes,' which Platina had only carried down to Sextus IV. (1473), and which Panvinio continued down to Pius V., he says of Alexander VI.: "He created for money many Cardinals, and this not sufficing to his great expenses, and fearing lest he should become poor, he determined to make away by poison with the richest prelates of the Court, and among these of certain of the richest Cardinals, in order, by means of all their goods thus confiscated, and his own most profuse nature, to satiate the insatiable cupidity of his son, with the intention to take the same course with the other rich princes and prelates at the Court. But the wonderful providence of God prevented this. For while he, who was born for the ruin of Italy, every day promised himself great power through his son, he was by an error of his cup-bearer taken from the world, and his son placed in an extreme danger. At a banquet which took place near the Fountain of the Belvedere, they had invited, under pretence to do them honour, the richest Cardinals of the Court, and in bottles of the most precious wines they had put poison in order to kill them all. But the cup-bearer, in carrying about the drink, made a mistake of the bottles, and thus poisoned the Pope and his son. Cæsar Borgia, through having immediate remedies administered to him, and through the strength of his youth, although he suffered terribly, nevertheless came off clear with his life; but he could not, on account of the severity of his illness and his sufferings, make use in time of his army nor his arms, so that the army became disbanded, and within a few days he saw two Popes made who were his ancient enemies. The Pope (Alexander VI.), who was already old, could not endure the violence of the poison, and died in the Vatican the 18th of August MDIII."

Panvinio's History was continued from the time of Sextus IV. by various authors after his life was ended—by Giovanni Stringa, Antonio Ceccarelli, Abramo Bzovio, Antonio Bagatti, Cav. Girolamo Brusoni, and others, and no note,

or indication, or question is made by any of these writers that entire dependence is not to be placed on the narrative of Alexander VI.'s death.

The next witness I shall cite is Tomasi. He was a contemporary, and the author of a Life of Cæsar Borgia, and in his capacity of biographer would naturally have sought in every way to inform himself as to the facts relating to the illness of the Duke and the death of the Pope. He tells the same story as the others above cited. According to him, the Pope and Cæsar Borgia invited the Cardinal Adriano di Corneto to a banquet at the Belvedere Casino of the Vatican on the 12th of August, with the intention to rid themselves of him by poison, and that to accomplish this design Cæsar had previously sent there a supply of poisoned wine; that both he and the Pope coming in hot and thirsty, desiring something to drink, the butler administered this wine, and then by mistake having drunk of it, they were both poisoned and immediately fell down senseless, and were carried to bed; and that the Pope died of the effects of the poison, while Cæsar, after lingering a long time, finally recovered from the effects of it. The Pope, he says, after he was brought home, came to himself again and was bled, and an emetic was given him and other remedies, but in vain. The pain and the fever were so great that he died immediately after having received the sacraments of the Church. He also says that the Pope always carried about his person a consecrated wafer in a golden box, because a certain astrologer had told him that this would preserve him from death. But on this day he had by mischance left it in the Vatican. As soon as he was aware of this fact he sent Caraffa to seek it and bring it to him, and while he was gone the Pope drank the fatal draught.

The poison itself Tomasi describes "as a kind of white powder, which somewhat resembles sugar," and adds that "it is one of the most subtle, and had never failed to produce death." This description, it will be observed, coincides with that given by Giovio.

Cardinal Bembo, whom I shall next cite, and who was also a contemporary (born 1470, and died 1547), and connected of course with the Papal Court, gives the same version of the facts relating to the Pope's death. He says: "Pope Alexander, through the imprudence of the butler (*ministro*), drank the poison which he had secretly ordered to be given to the Cardinal, in whose gardens he and Cæsar his son were supping. On the 18th of August he passed from this life. Cæsar, from having partaken the same beverage, nearly died, and fell into a dangerous illness. The object of the Pope was to secure the great wealth of the Cardinal, but he failed, and thus 'God Himself was the avenger.'"

The next witness is the notary de Mesiis, of the College of Rome, who, in a protocol written on the day of the Pope's death, says: "Die Veneris, xviii. Auguste 1503, hora xviii., Alexander Papa Sextus anno suo undecimo a creatione, *ex veneno ut diciter* et in facie sua manifeste demonstravit et ex conjecturis Collegii potuit, obiit." So it seems that, at all events, this story of his having died by poison was believed by all about him, and was to their minds *manifestly proved.*

The version given by Sanuot, who was also a contemporary writer, differs very much in the incidents and mode in which the poison was administered. In its

other features it is the same. The banquet, he says, took place at the vineyard of the Cardinal Adriano, his Holiness supplying the viands and the wines. The poison was to be administered to the Cardinal in confections,—three boxes having been prepared, one with poison for the Cardinal, and the other two without poison for the Pope and Duke. The Cardinal, suspecting that his death was designed, bribed the Pope's steward with an offer of 10,000 ducats to avow the plan. The steward yielded, and agreed to serve to the Pope and the Duke the poisoned confections, and did so. Here there is no question of the fact of the poisoning, but the mode by which it was effected is entirely different. This version of the story has with some modifications been adopted by Mr Astor in his interesting historical Romance of Valentino.

Volaterrano (whose real name is Raffaello Maffei) follows the version of the story as it is generally given. He states that the Pope was poisoned by wine administered to him by mistake at the supper at Cardinal Adriano's. He was a contemporary writer, was born in 1450, and died in 1522, and wrote, among other works, 'Vitæ Summorum Pontificum Sexti IV., Innocentis VIII., Alexandri VI., et Pii III.' Paolo Giovio says of him: "You must not seek the truth in the historical works of Volaterrano, who was of a timid spirit, and prone to falling into adulation through fear of rendering himself offensive to those in power." This, if it be true, makes every statement by him which is injurious the more to be trusted.

The testimony of the Cardinal Egidius Burchard is to the same effect. He was made Clerk of Pontifical Ceremonies in 1483, and died in 1505; and it was to his hand that the corpse of Alexander VI. was intrusted for exposition at the altar in St Peter's. He wrote a Diarium and 'Specimen Historiæ Arcanæ, sive Anecdotæ de Vita Alexandri VI. Papæ,' and was on intimate relations with the Pope himself, as well as with all the household and body of Cardinals, with whom he was brought into close contact by the offices he held, as well as for other reasons. His testimony, therefore, is of great value on this question.

It seems unnecessary to cite more witnesses in support of the view that the Pope died of poison. It will be clear that at least the great majority of those about the Court, and in a position to inform themselves accurately as to the fact, were of this opinion. In later days doubts were thrown upon the case by writers of eminence, not contemporaries, such as Muratore and Baronius; and in our own time still more strenuous efforts have been made to discredit the contemporary witnesses, and to explain the death of the Pope as resulting, not from poison, but simply from a tertian fever. In the support of these views reliance has been placed upon the testimony chiefly of Giustiniani, Sardi, Costabile, and Rinaldi. As for the opinions and views of Muratore and Baronius, they are of course of value as coming from men of distinction and authority, but as contemporaneous evidence in regard to facts they are worthless; for, as has already been said, Muratore's 'Annali d'Italia' were not written until more than two hundred years after Alexander VI.'s death, and Baronius's 'Annals' were not written until nearly a hundred years after the Pope's death, and all the sources and facts upon which their judgment of the case was founded are equally open to us as to them. Let us

therefore look into the evidence of such of these writers as were contemporaries of the Pope Alexander VI., and see what value it has.

Sardi, who was a contemporary, says that the Pope died of tertian fever after eight days' illness; and he states that he founds this opinion upon the fact that Beltrando Costabile, who was the ambassador of the Duke of Florence at the Court of Rome, in his letters dated and written during the illness of the Pope, says that he died of tertian fever.

As his opinion is founded, not on his own knowledge, but solely on the statements of Beltrando Costabile, the ambassador of Ferrara, let us see what Costabile relates. Writing on the 14th of August 1503, he says: "Yesterday from a good source I learned that his Holiness vomited on Saturday green bile (*una collera citrina*), and was not without alteration by fever (*e non senza alterazione di febbre*). The Illustrious Signore Duca is very ill with two tertians and vomiting and spasms of the stomach (*passione de stomacho*)." And he concludes his letter with the statement "that it is not surprising that both the Pope and the Duke are ill, for nearly all the persons of note in Rome are ill, specially in the Palace, on account of the bad condition of the air." On the 16th he writes: "From various men from the Palace, although not from any who had been inside of it (*che penetrano*), I hear that the illness *is called* a known Tertian (*sì nomina una Tertiana nota*)." On the 19th he writes: "The corpse was a hideous thing to behold, black and swollen; and by many it is doubted whether poison has not been used (*e pure molti dubitano non le sia intervenuto veleno*)." And he adds: "*Lo più brutte morte non si è visto mai—nero più che il Diavolo.*"

From this it would seem that Costabile was by no means finally persuaded that the death was not occasioned by poison, whatever might have been his first impressions; and it will be observed that those first reports of the illness being a tertian fever came from nobody *in* the Palace or who could know anything, but were mere idle reports. As we shall see, nobody was allowed to go into the Palace, and whoever by chance was in was not allowed to come out.

Under these circumstances, there seems to be little weight in the opinion and statements of Costabile, who had no relations at the Court save purely formal ones, and who knew nothing that was going on in the interior. As Sardi's opinion is founded upon the statement of Costabile, his evidence also is of no special value —certainly of no original value.

There remains then the evidence of Oderico Rinaldi, who produces a MS. diary in which it is stated that "the Pope was taken ill on the 12th of fever; on the 15th, 13 ounces of blood or thereabouts were taken, and a tertian fever supervened. On the 17th he took medicine; on the 18th he passed to another life, *probably* by one of those pernicious fevers." It was not, it will be observed, until the 15th that the tertian fever set in, and not till two days afterwards, on the 17th, was any medicine taken, and on the 18th he died—*probably* (*probabilmente*) of a pernicious fever. Certainly this does not look all right. *Febbre* in the mouth of an Italian means anything, any kind of indisposition or illness, and not what is meant in English by "a fever." *Terziana* and *perniciosa* both mean serious fevers. That he was taken ill on the 12th is plain, but that is all that is plain. Even suppos-

ing him to have been poisoned then, if he lived to the 15th, nothing would be more according to Italian practice than to bleed him.

A far more important witness than either of these to show that the death of the Pope was occasioned by a tertian fever is Giustiniani; and indeed he may be said to be the only important witness for this side of the case. Let us therefore carefully look at his testimony. In his first despatch in relation to the illness of the Pope he writes on the 13th of August 1503 as follows: "This evening I have learned from a good source that the reason why our Lord did not yesterday hold *signatura* according to custom, and as he had given notice that he should, is that after eating he was seized by a fit (*gli venne un accidente*, are his words), and he vomited his food with feverish symptoms (*alterazione de febbre*), which lasted all night, and even to-day he has felt the effects of it, or suffered from it (*ne ha sentito*). In consequence the Palace—that is, his rooms—have been locked up, and no one has been allowed to enter. Not that the real cause for this was stated, but only that his Holiness was occupied with the Duke for certain affairs of his, and did not wish any interruption from any one for to-day. The Duke himself is also in bed with a fever, and it seems that the origin of the illness of both of them was that one of these days, eight days ago (*fa oggi otto dì*), they went to sup at a *vigna* of the Reverend Adriano, and stayed there until night, and other persons also were there, all of whom were affected by it, and first of all the Cardinal Adriano."

If the Duke, as he says, was in bed with a fever, how could he be engaged with the Pope on business affairs, and how could this be known, no one being allowed to go in or come out? All this is manifestly without foundation of fact.

On the 14th of August he writes: "The fever of his Holiness still continuing, this morning he was bled; and although the quantity of blood taken from him is variously stated by some as being 14 ounces, and by some as 16 ounces, I believe that it was 10 ounces, which even seems too much and wonderful from a man of seventy-three years of age. The Duke has been worse to-day than he was yesterday."

On the 15th August he writes: "To-day I have been most vigilant, and with every possible means I have investigated and endeavoured to understand the state of the Pope. There is no one who is permitted to penetrate into the place where his Beatitudine lies, and those who get in are not allowed to come out; by conjecture matters are thought to look badly rather than well."

On the 16th August he writes: "Remaining in continual vigilance to understand how the illness of the Pope and the Duke progresses, from a good source I understand that as yet the fever has left neither of them, but that the Duke's fever is the lightest of the two."

On the 17th of August he writes: "This morning our Lord has taken medicine, and as the fever continually molests him he is not out of danger. One of his physicians, Master Scipio, writes that the Pontiff is very ill with continual and severe fever, and that they almost place their every hope in to-day's medicine. This evening late the whole Palace was upside down, and *every one was trying his best to carry off what belonged to him.*" Does not this show that the Pope was dead?

On the 18th August he writes: "Our Lord, feeling the danger of his illness, this morning early had Communion, and it was administered *secretly, because all about him strive as much as they can to keep his illness hidden* (*tener il mal suo occulto*)." One cannot help asking, Why?

"*Hora* 19, August 18. The latest news is that the Pope is worse, and is in the greatest danger."

"*Hora* 23, August 18. Between 16 o'clock and now, the lifting the Pope for *beneficio del corpo*, a catarrh moved in him (*il catarro se li mosse*), and he suffered agony, and from then to now he has gone from bad to worse. So that this night will terminate his life, and Master Scipio, the physician, tells me that in his judgment the beginning of his disease was an apoplexy, and of this opinion is this physician, an excellent man in his profession."

"*Hora prima noctis*, August 18. At this moment Don Albarotto has come here, to inform your signoria that our Lord has just died."

Baronius, in his account of the death of Alexander, says that this notion that he died of poison was set on foot by an unknown author (*incerto authore*), and has since been the common belief. He cites Volaterrano, Bembo, Guicciardini, Panvinio, as being of this opinion, as well as many other writers (*plurimi scriptores*) who agree with them, and relate the story of the poisoning at the Villa Belvedere. But all these accounts Baronius attributes to calumny and envy—or, to use his words, "I should easily have thought could be so attributed (*facile putaverisi*)"; and he goes on to support his view that the Pope died of a tertian fever by citing certain manuscripts most worthy, as he says, of credence (MS. Diar., Arch. Vat., sig. lit. L.), giving the circumstances of his death. He then cites as follows:—

"Sabato Die xii. Augusti *in mane*. Papa sensit se male habere; post horam vesperorum xxi. vel xxii. venit febris quæ mansit continua. Die xv. Augusti extractæ fuerunt ei xiii. unciæ sanguinis vel circa, ac supervenit fibris tertiana. Die Jovis xvii. hora xx. accepit medicinam. Die Veneris xviii. Augusti circa horam xii. vel xiii., confessus est Domino Patro Episcopo Culmensi, qui deindo dixit coram eo missam et post communionem suam dedit Papæ *sedenti* in lecto sacramentum Eucharistæ—quo facto complevit missam. Interfuerunt quinque Cardinales, videlicet, Arborensis, Casentinus, Moritus regalis, Casanova et Constantinopolitanus, quibus dixit deinde Papa se male sentire. Hora vesperorum data sibi extrema unctione per episcopum Culmensem expiravit, presentibus datario et episcopo."

This seems to satisfy Baronius, notwithstanding all the accounts by other contemporaries. But this account does not agree with that just cited from Giustiniani. This MS., for instance, says the Pope was taken ill on the 12th *in mane*. But how about the banquet, if he was taken ill in the morning? Giustiniani says it was after eating that he had a fit,—in this agreeing with others. Then the MS. says that on the 15th he was bled, and 13 ounces of blood were taken. Giustiniani says it was the 14th that he was bled. Besides, whence came this MS.? by whom was it written? what is its history? —apparently it is the same as that brought forward by Rinaldi—and, finally, what does it prove? That the death was not by poison? Not at all! Certainly, if it was a tertian fever simply, the treatment is extraordinary. It is not till five days after the attack that medicine of any kind is adminis-

tered, and for three days apparently nothing was done, and then the Pope was bled; and even on the 18th—the day of his death—the Pope, according to this MS., after confession — about twelve o'clock—was able to hear Mass, partake of Communion, and to receive the sacrament *sitting up in bed*, and at vespers he was dead. Where were the *potenti rimedii* in this case, which it is said were administered? They do not appear. Besides, it is to be remembered that the Pope was for his years a most robust man, and as Muratore says, "Egli per la sua robustezza senile si promettesse molta più lunga camera de vita."

Besides, it appears from this MS. that there were five Cardinals present when the Pope said Mass on the 18th. If this be a fact, why did they not come forward to give their evidence? and why did not the bishops who administered extreme unction also give theirs? That, at least, would have settled the question as to when he died, and what were the attendant circumstances. But, as far as we know, they gave no testimony as to any of these so-called facts.

Muratore admits that the ordinarily received story of the Pope's death by poison is so rooted in the public mind (*talmente divulgata et radicata*), that it would not be easy to eradicate it. He cites the authorities on which it is founded, and acknowledges that they are very strong — "Guicciardini, Volaterrano, Bembo, and Giovio," not to speak of "many others" (*per tacere de tanti altri*). It is impossible, he admits, to disprove the supper at the Belvedere, and the illness of the Pope and the Duke, and also of the Cardinal; but he says perhaps the Pope did not go to this supper, and perhaps if he did he did not partake of the poison, and the idea of the poison was suggested by an *incerto authore;* and probably it was, as Sardi and Costabile say, a tertian fever, to which, at that time not having quinine, the physicians did not have any antidote. He gives special value to Costabile's opinion, because he says he represented at Rome "the Court of Ferrara, where, as there was one of his daughters, it is difficult to believe that they were not specially well informed as to this matter." But, on the contrary, one would naturally think that if the death was by poison, and the circumstances of the case were as reported generally and believed, every pains would be taken to conceal the real facts from the daughter, and to invent a pleasanter explanation.

It is difficult to believe that such a story could have been invented without any substratum of fact, or without any such combination of facts as at least would be apparently sufficient to support it. We must, I suppose, accept the fact that there was a banquet at the Cardinal Adriano's, and that it immediately preceded the illness of the Pope, because, if this had not been so, the story of any poisoning there could not have lived a day. Besides, we have the testimony of Cardinal Adriano himself, as given to Giovio, that he was poisoned then, and in consequence "lost all his skin"—to use his words—and was disfigured just as the Pope was. As to the exact date of this banquet, there is an apparent difference of statement, just as there is in respect to the death of the Pope. Giustiniani, writing on the 13th, states that it occurred "one of these days—a week ago to-day," which would have made it the 7th. But in this he is manifestly wrong, as appears from a passage in this same letter, in which he states that he

visited the Pope on this very day, and found him in good health, but was taking precautions in consequence of the prevalence of illness at Rome. Now, if we hold Giustiniani to exact strictness of dates, this very day when he visited him was the day when the banquet took place. If this be so, we must conclude that the day when he was secluding himself for fear of illness was that selected by him for an open-air supper in the *vigna* of Belvedere, which is not very probable. Again, the very words he uses are singular, as showing at first that he did not know with precision the day, "*Uno di questi giorni.*" But, however this be, there is no doubt that there is a general agreement among all the annalists of the period that the banquet took place on the 12th. And when the date of the banquet is not given, it is distinctly asserted that the Pope's illness began on the 12th, and was the immediate effect of the poisoning at the banquet, from which he was carried home for dead, as well as the Duke. Mr Charles Yriarte, in his interesting work on Les Borgias, refers to a letter of the 22d of August from Giovanni de Florence to Luigi Manelli, in which he speaks of the supper as having taken place on the 5th of August, and says the Pope and Cæsar fell ill on the 10th. So also Sardi, on the faith of Costabile, asserts that the Pope fell ill on the 10th; though he says nothing as to the date of the supper. Others there are, as Tomasi, who say the Pope was poisoned on the 2d of August and died on the 10th. All these varieties of dates, however, are easily reconciled by recognising that some are according to the Julian Calendar or ancient style, and some according to the Gregorian Calendar, while some are the result of mere carelessness. But whether they can be reconciled or not, it is plain that the whole story was founded upon the fact that there was such a banquet, and that the Pope and Duke were brought back from it ill, and supposed at least to be in a dying condition on account of something taken there. If, in point of fact, the banquet had not then and there taken place—and this the simplest inquiry would have shown — the whole story would at once have been discredited in the minds of all, and never could have obtained general credence. How would it be possible for all the persons belonging to the Court to be deceived into the belief that such a banquet did take place immediately previous to the illness of the Duke and Pope, if, in point of fact, it never did take place, or took place so long before that it was impossible to attribute the illness to anything occurring there? There was the Cardinal Adriano himself among them to refute such a story. Did he ever refute it? On the contrary, he not only admitted the banquet and all the reported facts, but insisted that he himself had also been poisoned at it. Had he simply said to his friends at the Vatican there was no such banquet, or it was so long before the illness that nothing that occurred there could have occasioned it, there would instantly have been an end of the whole matter. No one at that period ever seems to have questioned that possibility of the poisoning there might have caused the death of the Pope. It was reserved to us, centuries after, to discover that this was impossible, because the banquet had taken place too long before to have had anything to do with it.

How did any suspicion arise as to the mode of the Pope's death? The story was set on foot, it is

said, by an unknown author. But on what grounds? What indications were there of poison? Surely there must have been some very singular facts and appearances pointing to such a conclusion even to justify suspicion, much less to persuade all connected with the Court. And what could point to such a suspicion more clearly than the facts which we absolutely know? In the first place, the extraordinary conduct of all in the Palace; the hiding of the Pope from sight; the exclusion of all persons from his apartments; the general lying as to his condition; the denial that he was ill at all; the ransacking of the Palace; and finally, the overwhelming fact of the appearance of his dead body. How could the corrupted and horrible condition of the corpse be otherwise explained than by a suggestion not only that the Pope had died of poison, but had died many days previous to his exposure?

Let us look simply into the undisputed facts and see what they clearly show. Let us take the facts as exhibited by Giustiniani, who is certainly as favourable as any of the annalists to the view that the Pope died of tertian fever. Writing on the 13th, he says that the Pope had been taken ill the previous day after eating, had had a fit, and had vomited, and been attacked by fever, which had lasted all night; that the Duke also had been taken ill; and that the illness of both, as well as of the Cardinal Adriano, originated in a supper in the Belvedere; that after he was brought home the Palace had been immediately closed and locked, and no one allowed to enter or come out; that the real reason for this was concealed; and it was asserted that his Holiness was engaged on business with the Duke, and did not wish to be disturbed by any one, which is manifestly untrue. This goes on day after day. No one, he again says on the 15th, is permitted to enter the Pope's apartments; and if any one gets in by chance, he is not allowed to come out. There is a mystery, a secrecy, a diversity of statements in regard to the Pope, which is, to say the least, singular and suspicious, and one can only guess what is going on behind those locked doors, as Giustiniani says. To all inquiries his attendants say that he is well and has no fever; but this, as the ambassador says, "is a thing not to be believed." He learns on the 15th from others that the Pope sent for his physicians, who were not in the Vatican, and kept them with him. At last it was admitted that fever had set in. Blood was then said to be taken repeatedly, and the Pope relieved. On the 17th, Master Scipio, the Pope's physician, sends a note to the Cardinal of Naples, stating that the Pontiff was still very ill with severe and continual fever. At a late hour the same night the Palace was in utter confusion, every one taking away anything he could lay his hands on, and the physicians and attendants still asserting there was no great gravity in the case; but even Giustiniani gives no credit to these assertions, and says that in their endeavours to conceal the facts they succeed so poorly that it would be better to tell the truth. The next day, the 18th, it is said that the Pope took Communion, but in *secret*, and some of the Cardinals were admitted. (Let it be here remarked that if these Cardinals and these physicians who were admitted had not been aware that all that was reported was a lie and a pretence to cover the actual facts, they could have put a stop

in an hour to all the stories of poisoning and tertian fever.) Then the Bishop of Venosa, the Pope's chief physician, comes weeping from the chamber, and lamenting that the medicines had not produced the desired effect, and that there was great danger. The same afternoon the Pope, it is said, grew worse, and all hope was abandoned. A messenger was then sent to the Castle St Angelo, and the garrison was put under arms, and the cannon loaded. Master Scipio has an interview a little later with Giustiniani, who says: "From what he told me, and his description of the whole disease, attack, symptoms, and remedies, *one would judge* that the beginning of his disease was apoplexy, and of this opinion is this physician, an excellent man in his art." Excellent indeed, who could not distinguish between a tertian fever and apoplexy! It is not surely possible that he could have believed this? He is plainly playing upon the credulity of the ambassador, and intentionally deceiving him, knowing, of course, that all he said would be reported, and desiring to conceal the true state of the case. The same night at vespers the death of the Pope is announced, and the next day at noon his body is taken to St Peter's, and exposed to the faithful.

And what is the condition of this corpse? Here at least there is no doubt or difference between all the witnesses. Giustiniani says: "On account of its being the most loathsome, monstrous, and horrid corpse ever seen, without any human form and figure, from shame they kept it covered a while, and then buried it before sunset in the presence of two cardinals from the Palace."

In a document written at the time, we are told that "in the evening the body was carried to the chapel by six porters and two carpenters, all jesting and laughing; and having made the coffin too short and narrow, they pounded the body with their fists until they forced it in, first having removed the mitre and the robes, and put over it in exchange an old and dirty piece of carpet, and then they placed the coffin at the left corner of the altar of St Peter's."

"The Pope," it also says, "was scarcely placed before the altar when it became black and hideous, and by twenty-three o'clock it had become so deformed that it looked like a very black cloth. The face had become so very black that it frightened whoever looked at it. The nose was filled with fetid matter, the mouth was enlarged, and the tongue so swollen that it covered entirely the lips in a way that was horrible and fearful."

Branca, describing it, says: "Never in the time of Christians was there seen a more horrible and terrible thing."

Beltrando Costabile says: "The corpse was hideous to behold—black and swollen,—and by many it was suspected that his death had been occasioned by poison. A more hideous corpse never was seen,—it was blacker than the devil."

And this, we are asked to believe, was the condition of the body of a man who was not only of a remarkably vigorous constitution, and who had enjoyed perfect health up to the previous week, but who only a few hours before had been strong enough to sit up in bed and assist at a private Mass, and partake of Communion, &c., and who had only died the preceding evening. *Credat Judæus Apella!*

To any one who carefully sifts this evidence, with all its contradictions and mysteries, and lies

and concealments, is it not plain that during all this time, or at least the greater part of it, a horrible tragic comedy was being enacted in the Vatican; and for reasons of state and policy, and in view of the fact that Cæsar Borgia was so ill that he was thereby prevented from assuming the command of everything as he had expected, and imposing his will upon the College of Cardinals, and carrying out his designs, the endeavour was made to conceal the fact of the Pope's death until Cæsar should be able to rise from his bed and assume the command of his forces, and so regulate events? But when the corruption of the body had so far gone on that it was impossible to keep it longer, and when, as the days went by, it became evident that the Duke was in such a state that it was hopeless to expect an immediate recovery, then it became necessary to admit and proclaim the fact of the Pope's death, and then immediately the garrison of St Angelo was put under arms.

That the Pope was really dead, and known to be dead by his attendants at least, as early as the 17th, is clearly indicated by the confusion which Giustiniani reports as having then taken place in the Vatican. Whenever a Pope dies his attendants are in the habit of ravaging his apartments, and carrying off whatever spoil they can lay their hands on. It is evident that whenever he died the secret of his death could not be kept longer than the 17th, and this was the signal to his household to appropriate all that they could seize upon.

In fact, it would seem as if, at the Vatican, the same horrible farce had been going on that centuries before had been played by Agrippina and Nero after the poisoning of Claudius. The dead emperor was, as the reader will recollect, dressed in his imperial robes and propped up in his bed, with his face painted; and questions and petitions were addressed to him, and orders were pretended to be taken from him, and all the pomp and pretence of the Court was carried seriously on until the proper time should come to announce his death. Suppose that this same farce was carried on at the Vatican with the corpse of Alexander VI., and many things would be explained which are now, to say the least, strange and inexplicable.

For instance, if the Pope was simply stricken by fever, why were all persons excluded from the Vatican? Why were the few who were admitted not allowed to come out again? Why did his attendants affirm that he was quite well, and had no fever—that he was engaged on business with the Duke, when it was well known that the Duke was ill, confined to his bed, and incapable of attending to business? Why, of his physicians, did one affirm that he had a stroke of apoplexy, and another that he had tertian fever? Why did Master Scipio, "an excellent man in his art," pretend to explain his illness as resulting from an apoplectic attack? Why was no medicine given until the 17th? Why violent vomiting on the first attack of a simple tertian fever? How happens it that we have no hint even that the Duke ever was carried to the chamber of the Pope, or ever had any communication with him, if he was really living? If he could not go himself, he could easily have been carried, and it was evidently most important that they should see each other and concert together. But no; he not only never visited him, but never seems even to have inquired about him. Why? Probably because he knew

that he was dead. Michelotti was indeed there, but not the Duke, and Michelotti, by his order, killed Cardinal Casanova, and took from him the keys of the papal treasure to carry to the Duke, while all the rest of the valuables and money, &c., were carried off by the servants, who plundered everything, even to the carpets and the hangings on the walls.

Then, again, as to the pretence of tertian fever. We all know what the word *febbre* means in an Italian mouth. It means anything —everything. The Pope's illness, according to all accounts, had been occasioned by something he had eaten or drunk. Even Giustiniani asserts this plainly. What was this something that was followed by a fit, and then by terrible vomiting, and that brought about the death of the Pope, and the serious and prolonged and simultaneous illness of the Duke and Cardinal Adriano, and which overthrew suddenly all the Duke's plans at this most inopportune moment, and reduced him to impotence at the great crisis of his fortunes? Is it not strange that all these three were simultaneously attacked, and that one of them at least should have insisted to Costabile that he had been poisoned? Grant this poisoning as a hypothesis, and it explains everything, and this is the hypothesis which has been generally accepted. Suppose that these cases were of simple tertian fever, and nothing is explained.

Is it possible, after an attack of apoplexy, followed by a fatal fever, under the circumstances stated by Giustiniani as reported to him by Master Scipio and others, that the corpse only a few hours after death should have been in the loathsome condition described by him, and indeed by all? Read the appalling accounts that are given of it, and then recall the description of Alexander as given by his contemporaries. He "is tall, of medium colour; his eyes are black, his mouth somewhat full. He is the picture of health, and endures fatigues of every kind beyond all conception," says one. Another praises the "elegance of his figure, his open forehead, his kingly brow, and his expression of liberality and majesty, his genius, and the noble and beautiful form of his whole body." Is it credible that this majestic, powerful, and beautiful person should, after an illness of six days, only of simple fever, become "the most loathsome, monstrous, and horrid corpse ever seen, without human form and figure;" that he should have become so hideous in a few hours after death, that it was with difficulty two servants could be found willing to carry his body down into St Peter's; that there no one would touch his slippered feet to kiss; and that his body had to be carried off, contrary entirely to all custom, and buried at once, it was so intolerable? How are we to account for this sudden and hideous change? Let us suppose for an instant that the story of his death as told by Guicciardini, Bembo, Tomasi, Sanuto, and others is true, that the poison administered at Cardinal Adriano's had occasioned his almost immediate death, that he had lain in the Vatican a corpse for some five or six days, and that the poison had been of such a virulent nature as to engender horrible humours, in addition to the natural corruption incident to the heats of summer, and have we not a clear explanation of the case? Is it easy or natural to explain it by any other hypothesis? Is it strange that, as is said, the suspicion of poison should at once have been provoked by the appearance of the corpse?

But whence comes this objection of later days to accept the general opinion of the principal annalists and men of importance surrounding the Papal Court, and having the best means of knowing the facts and judging of them? Why this strong opposition to the generally received opinion of poison? Was it an unusual practice of the Pope himself or the Duke? On the contrary, nothing could be more in the spirit of those days, or the character and practice of the actors, than this very drama. Alexander and Cæsar were both of them above all scruples of conscience in removing by the sword or by poison, or in any other way, a supposed enemy, or even an inconvenient obstacle. Neither would have hesitated a moment to take the life of any one, if they desired his property or had any object to gain, and by so doing could obtain it. Their murderous hands were even raised against their own family. Remember the fate of the Duke of Gandia, of the Duke of Bisceglia, of Astorre Manfredi, of Cardinal Orsini, of Messer Pierotto, and of the list, too long to recapitulate, of cardinals, bishops, prelates, and lay persons who fell by their knife or cup. Scarcely a day passed without an assassination, and through it all the Pope jested and feasted, and laughed at the Jews on the Corso, and led a strange life of debauchery, wantonness, and crime. Nothing stayed his hand, nothing touched his conscience. "It was a well-known custom, both of the Pope and the Duke," says Guicciardini, "not only to use poison to revenge themselves against their enemies or to secure themselves from suspicion, but also for accursed avarice to despoil of all their property the rich among the Cardinals and the others about the Court, although no injury had ever been received from them—as, for instance, was the case of the Cardinal St Agnolo. Nor did it matter that any one was closely related in friendship or blood, or, as in the cases of the Cardinals of Capua and of Modena, that they had been most useful and faithful ministers." No wonder, therefore, that Cardinal Adriano feared to accept the Pope's invitation to the banquet at the Belvedere, knowing, as he did, how little Pope or Duke were to be trusted, and how, in accepting it, he played his life on a card. He had every reason to fear. He was not in favour. He was in the way, he was rich, and the Pope wanted his money; and he knew that his life would count for nothing if they wished to remove him. But "this even-handed justice commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice to our own lips;" at all events, one can only say in this case, *se non è vero, e ben trovato.*

For the Duke this sudden illness was as fatal to all his plans as it was to the life of his father. He had taken Cesena, and made alliance with the Bentivoglio, who had surrendered to him Castel Bolognese, and was on the point of throwing off the mask which he had thus far worn and attacking Bologna. All his plans, not only in regard to his conquests but also to the direction of the new Conclave, had been matured with great skill. Even the possible death of the Pope had been provided for. Every point had been foreseen, every apparent possibility of accident forestalled, but one, and that was what actually occurred—that his own illness and consequent powerlessness should coincide with the death of the Pope; that at the very moment when all his abilities and energies were required for immediate action and personal supervision, he should be confined to his

bed, and incapable of any action whatever. Stricken down to the verge of death, and disabled not only in body but in mind, so that he could not even order and guide his subordinates — tortured by almost intolerable pain and disease, and hopelessly imprisoned— he could do nothing but impotently toss upon his bed and rave. Vainly Bonafede exhorted him to action while he was wrestling with death. In the intervals of his torture he gathered himself together and ordered Michelotti to seize the treasury of the Vatican, and Michelotti obeyed. He broke into the chamber of the Cardinal treasurer, with his dagger at his throat forced him to deliver up the keys of the treasury, and then took from it 100,000 ducats according to Sanuto, or 300,000 according to Burchard. In the meantime his enemies arose and got head against him. The Orsini, profiting by his illness, took the field, and Fabio Orsini, accordingly, meeting one of the Borgia family, slew him on the spot, and washing his hands and face in the blood of his victim, openly cried that this was the fate that all the sons of Alexander VI. should meet. Unable to resist, and utterly at bay, Cæsar was forced at last to make a treaty with the powers that surrounded him. By this he agreed to withdraw all his troops, and to assure to the Conclave their full liberty of choice; and on the 2d of September he was carried out of the city on a litter, borne on the shoulders of his halberdiers, and followed by his family. This was the beginning of the end. Thenceforward little by little he declined in power. He had to ask the permission of Pope Pius III. to return to Rome, and this he asked on the ground that he was a miserable man, ruined by fever, and near his end, and desired to return to die in Rome. The permission sought for was accorded out of pity for his sufferings. What a fall! what a fate! "I should never have believed," said the Pontiff to his ambassador, "that I could feel commiseration for such a man, and yet my pity for him is profound."

Doubtless, to a certain extent, this was mere pretence. Weakened as he was, he had not lost hope to retrieve his fortunes, and, once in Rome, he thought it might be possible for him again to dominate it. But in this he was deceived—all his efforts to recover his lost power were vain. There was indeed a passing gleam of sunshine and hope, but it vanished, and the storm broke upon him. On all sides he was betrayed. All his professed friends fell away from him. He was surrounded and besieged, and had neither the power to resist attack where he was, nor to flee from Rome. The gates were all barred against him by his enemies. Once he attempted to break through them and gain the open country, but he was foiled in this. His very companions betrayed him; and returning, he shut himself up in the Vatican. Thence he was forced to flee secretly by aid of some of his friends through the subterranean passage to the Castle St Angelo and take refuge there. His palace in the Borgo was sacked. He had no one to support him but the Pope, and even this support failed him. The Pope suddenly died only five days after he had entered the Castle St Angelo. Like a lion in the toils, he struggled to free himself, but all his struggles were vain. Della Rovere was then elected Pope under the title of Julius II., and Cæsar was forced to seek his favour and protection. Then came the rising in the Romagna,

and the nobles took forcible possession of all the towns and castles which had been under the rule of Cæsar. Enraged at this, he then sought permission to leave the city and carry his forces out to chastise these rebels. But the Pope refused and dissimulated. Cæsar then threatened to make a treaty with the Venetians, or even with the devil, as he said, and to play a last card with the Florentines. Permission was at last given him to leave the city and to join his galleys, which were lying at Ostia; but scarcely had he arrived there, and was about to embark, when, by order of the Pope, he was arrested, taken prisoner, carried back to the Vatican, and then imprisoned in the Castle St Angelo. Here, though he strove to keep a brave face, he felt that he was a ruined man. Everything had crumbled away before his steps. Death stared him in the face. "No one could guarantee him even his life for an hour," as he said. He was friendless and hopeless.

Finally, on the 14th of February Julius II. set his prisoner free; and Cæsar, after surrendering all his fortresses, embarked for France, and left his country never again to return. From prison to prison he went in Spain. A process was instituted against him at the instance of the Pope for the murder of his brother, the Duke of Gandia. He was checkmated at every point. Yet, though a prisoner, driven from his country, and persecuted on all sides, he was still a power, and the mere report that he had been set free was sufficient to agitate all Italy. But the report was unfounded. On the 20th of October, however, he escaped—by miracle, as it was said—having thrown a rope over a deep ravine, on which he crossed. Thence he made his way to Pampeluna, where he arrived on the 31st of December, and took command of the royal troops of the King of Spain. The sun of prosperity seemed again to burst out upon him from the cloud for a moment; but it was but for a moment. On the 12th of March 1507, while he was leading an attack upon the Castle of Viana, he fell into an ambuscade and perished, pierced with twenty-two wounds, and was stripped and left naked on the field of Mendavia. Thus fell Cæsar Borgia, a power that held the world in awe—one of the ablest, the handsomest, the strongest, the most dissolute, the most unscrupulous men of his time or even of all time, a terror to all who came in contact with him, who stopped at no crime by which he could advance his interests, who seemed to have no conscience and no heart, who fell almost from a throne to die in a ditch: and this man, who had so astonished the world, was only thirty-one years of age when he died.

"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
Oh that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!"

W. W. Story.

HOW TOMMY ATKINS IS FED.

"You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all."
—*Barrack-room Ballads.*

I SUPPOSE there is a general idea that poor Tommy is both ill- and under-fed, and that, on the whole, he has a very hard life. As far as the hard life is concerned, I think a short stay in Aldershot might dispel some myths. Some time ago, an officer who has been through the ranks told me he considered the soldier's life a very "happy one." And that is a fair test; the smart soldier—the superior man—who has it in him to rise, is far more likely to find many things distasteful to him than his average comrade. I spoke to him of the disadvantages and drawbacks of barrack-room life, and he aptly reminded me of the crowded dwellings many of them come from. "The soldier," he added, "hasn't a care. He is clothed, housed, and fed; and he has a little pocket-money." He might have added that he is doctored, or spiritually advised, or amused, and gets his music for nothing. And certainly a large garrison like this of Aldershot is a very paradise for soldiers; with its strong, fresh, healthy air, its recreation rooms and recreation grounds, its institutes and entertainments, its missions and classes, its little band of deaconess-sisters, its hospitals and nurses, and last, not least, its churches and large staff of chaplains.

But we travel away from that inner man, with its physical yet not despicable needs.

"We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilised man cannot live without cooks.
We may live without books,—what is knowledge but grieving?
We may live without hope,—what is hope but deceiving?
We may live without love,—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?"

—I do not know. I quote the lines for what they are worth.

That Tommy has never been badly fed, or that throughout the service the method of feeding leaves nothing to be desired, I will not say; but this I maintain, that the system now established at the Army School of Cookery at Aldershot, and destined, I trust, to take effect ere long throughout the service, is a sound one, based on thoroughly economic principles, and eminently satisfactory to "that very strong man," apostrophised by Tommy's ardent friend and admirer, Rudyard Kipling.

The British soldier's Government ration consists of 1 lb. of bread and ¾ lb. of meat, including bone. A "stoppage" of from 3d. to 3½d. a-day provides him with vegetables, tea, sugar, &c., the regimental groceries being kept under lock and key in the cook-house in charge of the sergeant-cook, who is responsible for them. (With regard to this stoppage, I may add that there has been, and is still, a very strong feeling throughout the service that it is an imposition, and that the soldier ought to have a free breakfast- and tea-table). The net cost to the Government

per man per diem, including fuel, is estimated at 5¾d. Colonel Burnett, C.B., D.A.Q.G. (then A.A.G.), to whose valuable lecture on economic cookery I shall have continually to refer, has, by the system he has so successfully organised, given the most practical proof that, with careful and judicious management, this small sum is amply sufficient for the purpose of providing, as he says, "a good, substantial, and varied dietary," and, moreover, one eminently satisfactory to the person most directly concerned.

The schedule[1] on the opposite page gives a specimen of military diet for one week.

We have so often heard how Tommy Atkins is *not* fed,—old soldiers could still give accounts of the wretched fare to which bad management, and criminal neglect and waste, have formerly condemned him,—that the following schedule may be read with not a little pleasurable surprise. And the improvement is all due to the observance of the simplest and most elementary economic principles,—principles, however, which, if enforced by private housewives, would certainly effect an exodus of the domestic cook from half the kitchens in the kingdom, to the no small diminution of the household expenses. When that exodus finally does take place; when mind—the feminine mind—shall be brought to bear with practical effect on matter—the momentous matter of domestic economy; when the "lady" or "loaf-giver" shall be, not only the dispenser of that with which the bread-winner has intrusted her, but shall also be proud to prepare, like the women of old, that which is to be set before her lord; when her hand shall supersede that of her present *bête noir*, *then* shall the woman who is also a gentlewoman have found her proper sphere, and a natural and legitimate subject for her cultured intelligence: she shall be saved half her worries, and much perversion of valuable talent.

What happens to the bread? Instead of being, as formerly, served out once on the day before, it is now issued twice on the day it is wanted for use, and cut up by the mess orderly, as it is required, in slices, and placed on the mess-table, the residue being carefully looked after. This plan has not only rescued from staleness and the refuse-tub a very important item of poor Tommy's diet, but has benefited him in other ways. Colonel Burnett says[2] that when the bread became uneatable, its place had to be supplied out of the Company grocery-book, with money which now goes towards providing little extras. Odd pieces are made into puddings, some of which I have had the pleasure of seeing in process of baking.

The greatest secrets of success are to be found in the stock-pot and the dripping-pan. The management of the latter is so perfect that I shall take a very real pleasure in showing the process. Imagine a big bowl-shaped boiler, with a little fire all to itself, the enamelled interior containing nets full of bones at various stages

[1] From 'The Messing of the Soldier,' . . . "issued by the direction of Lieutenant-General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., &c., Commanding Aldershot Division."

[2] Lecture delivered by Colonel Burnett, A.A.G., Aldershot, to the students of the Technical Institute, Westminster, on the 9th December 1892, at the request of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

SCHEDULE II.—COMPANY DIET

OF ONE COMPANY OF AN INFANTRY BATTALION QUARTERED AT ALDERSHOT FOR THE CURRENT WEEK ENDING 7TH MAY.

"A" COMPANY, 1st BATTALION NORTHAMPTONSHIRE REGIMENT.

SCALE OF DIET FOR WEEK ENDING 7TH MAY 1892.

Coy.	Approximate No. in Mess.	Meals.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
"A"	90	Breakfast	Tea, porridge and milk.	Cocoa, bloaters.	Tea, rissoles.	Tea, fried bacon.	Tea, brawn.	Tea, corned beef.	Tea, boiled bacon cold.
		Dinner	Pea-soup, roast-meat stuffed, potatoes.	Irish stew, plain suet-pudding.	Barley-soup, meat-pies, potatoes.	Brown curry, rice, potatoes, currant-rolls.	Lentil-soup, baked meat, haricot-beans, potatoes.	Sea-pies, rice-pudding.	Pea-and-lentil soup, roast-meat, Yorkshire pudding, potatoes.
		Tea	Tea, marmalade.	Tea, dripping.	Tea, soused herrings.	Tea, cheese.	Tea, kippers.	Tea, dripping.	Tea, jam.

Place—ALDERSHOT. Date—30*th April* 1892.

E. G. BENNETT, *Major, Commanding Company.*

					d.	
COST.—TUESDAY	£1	2	5	or per man	2·988	
WEDNESDAY	1	2	0½	"	2·936	
THURSDAY	0	19	6¾	"	2·608	
FRIDAY	1	2	6½	"	3·005	
SATURDAY	1	3	3½	"	3·105	

The above shows an average cost of 2·928d. per man per diem, exclusive of the Government ration, valued at 5½d.
Total nett cost per man per diem, including fuel . . . . . 8¾d.

90 men in mess 5 days, at 3d.	£5	12	6
Money from Refuse Fund	0	0	10½
Total	5	13	4½
Total expended	5	9	10
Balance Cr.	0	3	6½

N.B.—The above diet was prepared and cooked each day by the staff of the Army School of Cookery at the Sixth Exhibition of the Universal Cookery and Food Association, London, May 3d, 1892, and following days, as a practical illustration.

of usefulness, and which had been extracted raw from the rations. From each net depends a small "tally," which shows how long the bones have been yielding their juices to the already excellent stock before me. This has been found necessary, "because," says Colonel Burnett, "as soon as you have extracted all the gelatine from the bones, they commence to give out some substance which has a strong earthy taste, and though it is not unwholesome, it is not palatable." As fresh bones are constantly being added, some sign is needed to show the order in which they are to be removed. From four to five hours daily the bones are kept simmering. When removed, they are drained and put on a dish in a cool dry place until again required,—vegetables and other ingredients being then added to the stock, which not only serves as a nucleus for all soups and stews, but is also used instead of water for gravies, pies, curries, &c. In obedience to the motto, "Skim, simmer, and scour," the stock is constantly skimmed. I was able to apply a very complete test to the wisdom of this method on proceeding to instructional kitchen No. 2, when some very excellent soup was handed to me from one of a row of large boilers in which peas, lentils, &c., severally combined with the carefully prepared liquor in most satisfactory results. I may add that the bones are ultimately sold at 2s. per cwt. Now, if there be any among the readers of 'Maga' who do not know the value of stock made in this way, with the due proportion of vegetables—who doubt the nutritive qualities of bone-soup—though many of them live among the most thrifty folk in the United Kingdom,—let him—or, what is more to the point, let *her*—come and consult with Sergeant-Major Thompson of the Army School of Cookery at Aldershot; or ask Tommy Atkins what *he* thinks about the matter. Failing this, I refer her to Colonel Burnett's lecture aforementioned. Or, better still, let her put it to the proof in her own kitchen.

From the bones I naturally pass to the meat, and will deal with the dripping later on. At one of the light, clean, sanded kitchens, with their cooks in white caps and aprons, we pause to inspect. "'Tion!" says Sergeant-Major Thompson (an officer being present), and they "'tion." On the right is one immense range of much the same pattern as those familiar to us in ordinary dwelling-houses. On the left stand a row of great baking-ovens, the doors of which are opened to reveal the boned, rolled, and stuffed joints, the meat-pies, the "brown curry" (a very favourite dish). Here is a joint surrounded by baked potatoes, nice and brown; here is one with haricot-beans,—cooking in the stock. When these are removed with the meat, some of the fat is skimmed off before more gravy is added.

And here I joined, and still join, issue with Sergeant-Major Thompson, and trust that if in this small matter—though convinced (somewhat against my will) that his plan is the one best suited to his purpose (the feeding, at a low cost, of a large body of men)—I am, womanlike, of the same opinion still when outside the walls of the Army School of Cookery, I trust, I say, that he will forgive me. On hearing what it was that formed the liquid round the meat, I asked whether the stock would have been put there if no vegetables had been cooked

with the meat, and was answered in the affirmative. The only choice that presented itself to his mind was between stock and water, and the superiority of the former to the latter appeared to him quite obvious. Francatelli, who would have been horrified at the notion of adding alien juices to any joint, was quoted, only to be refuted by Sergeant-Major Thompson's favourite authority, Professor Mattieu Williams, whose book, 'The Chemistry of Cookery,' he carries more in his head than in his hand. It stood to reason that the flavour and nutritive qualities were enhanced by the addition. But why add either water or stock till the meat is cooked? Having seen a German cook put water into the baking-tin, and having noticed, when in Germany, the stewed appearance of the joints that come to table, I felt I should like to moot this point, and described how a joint is roasted, or rather baked, at home. The meat is carefully "looked over," peppered and floured, and put in dry, where there is a reasonable promise of dripping in its own fat; and, what is more to the purpose, it comes out with a comparatively dry, or at least a sealed and juice-resisting surface. The dripping is carefully poured off on removal of the joint; water is added to the brown accumulation under the meat, also a little pepper and salt. This being stirred, and having come to the boil, results in excellent gravy—the diluted and limited juices of the meat which is to be eaten with it.

"Then," said Sergeant-Major Thompson, "you don't baste till the fat runs out of the meat?" Which I admitted. Then he assured me that the hard-and-fast rules of fuel allowance would not admit of the adoption of such a course. The meat would burn, for the ovens are in the first instance heated to a high degree of temperature; afterwards, the fire being partially removed, the meat is cooked by the stored heat. "Well," said my commanding officer (who was also present), "I think you are answered!" Being a soldier's daughter, and therefore one under authority, I subsided. Only, before I left, I managed to say, "Then roasting with you is practically stewing?" which was really a little unfair, for the juices are of course sealed in the approved and scientific manner by the extreme heat that greets the entrance of the meat into the oven. "All meat," said Sergeant-Major Thompson, again citing his great authority, "is, as Professor Williams has shown, virtually stewed, or cooked in its own juices. There is no such thing as cooking by dry heat, even if you roast before an open fire." And then (as now) I conceded to him the last word.[1]

The same economic principles as regards fuel are observed in the process commonly called "boiling." As a matter of fact, the meat is plunged into boiling water in order to seal its juices; afterwards a portion of the fire is removed, and the meat is allowed to simmer gently, on the principle "that," as Colonel Burnett says, "once

[1] Later. When a woman says *that*, she is generally gathering strength for a fresh onslaught. Again I have had it out with Sergeant-Major Thompson, and he says I am quite right!—only the Government baking-dishes being of galvanised iron, and soldered, could not stand the great heat, without stock or water. So he is right, too!

water has reached its boiling-point, not all the fuel in the world will, under ordinary circumstances, raise it to a higher temperature."

"I don't like them furrin meats," said an old cook on making the disgraceful discovery that we not only ate, but were requiring her to cook, Dartmoor mutton! In the Army School of Cookery prejudice has been beaten, even on the vexed question of "furrin" meat.

"When you think," says Colonel Burnett, "that our producers cannot afford to keep their sheep more than a year or so before killing them, whereas the New Zealand and Australian mutton is not killed until three or four years old, which is just in its prime, its superiority over home-fed mutton becomes apparent. . . . Some short time back I was talking on this question with an English farmer who is a noted breeder of sheep. He frankly admitted the superiority of the imported mutton, and said, 'It is only prejudice that saves us.'"

Now, as to that great source of wealth, the ancient perquisite of the sovereign-cook—the dripping-pan. Time was when in the army, as in private houses, this valuable and important item did not command the attention it undoubtedly merited, and now increasingly receives. When one learns[1] that the dripping returns of the whole Home army should show a saving of £20,000 per annum, the subject no longer presents itself as despicable. Below, I subjoin the dripping return of an infantry battalion for three months:—

1891.	Average Daily No. in Mess.	Dripping saved.	Value at 4d. per lb.	Issued Free to Companies.	Value at 4d. per lb.	Surplus sold.	Value Cr. to Messing Fund.
		lb.	£ s. d.	lb.	£ s. d.	lb.	£ s. d.
January . .	342	367½	6 2 6	279½	4 13 2	88	1 9 0
February .	507	445½	7 8 8	382½	6 7 6	63	1 1 0
March . .	592	531½	8 17 2	458¾	7 12 11	72¾	1 4 9
Total for quarter .		1344½	22 8 4	1120¾	18 13 7	223¾	3 14 9

In the official issue, 'The Messing of the Soldier,' the dripping saved by a regiment of 800 men is quoted as representing £160 per annum. This mine of wealth, when I inspected it, was presided over by a substantial-looking magician in white. On the cool zinc shelf reclined the shapely blocks of clarified fat, which in my opinion are preferable to butter for the making of pastry. But I saw it not only in its perfected aspect. On one side were some brown and skinny remains from which all the liquid fat had been extracted. In the window were tall specimen tumblers of dripping with the clarifying water shown below.

How is it done? Two slightly varying processes are employed, according to the nature of the fat treated. Thus, the skimmings of the soups, stews, stock, and of the baking-dishes, as well as what remains in the latter on the removal of the meat, &c., are put in a baking-dish,

"melted down, and allowed to come to the simmer; a small quantity of water is then added and the fat allowed to cool; the water is then

[1] *Vide* 'Lecture,' and 'The Messing of the Soldier.'

removed. The residuum, forming a solid block, is turned out, and the bottom of the block carefully scraped, so as to ensure that none of the particles remain which have sunk to the bottom of the dripping during the process of cooling."

The raw surplus fat of the meat ration is treated somewhat differently. The official pamphlet just quoted directs that it

"be cut up into small pieces and put into a pan or baking-dish with a small quantity of cold water; the pan should be then placed in the oven and allowed to simmer slowly, until the water evaporates in steam, or until the small pieces of fat become a dark-brown colour (this process may take from two to four hours); the contents of the pan must then be withdrawn, and passed, whilst in a liquid state, through a colander into a second pan containing a small quantity of clean water; the contents will be then allowed to cool, after which the dripping should be turned out in a solid block, and any particles of grit and impurity adhering to the bottom should be carefully scraped off as before described."

"Why, in many houses," said Sergeant-Major Thompson (and how many housewives will not feel a guilty pang!), "you will see dripping added to the same pot day after day, and used as it is wanted, just as it is poured in." He is nothing if he is not practical. A most satisfactory block was then and there removed from its tin, when the Sergeant-Major, in demonstration, began to scrape off with a knife the impurities, which afforded a clear proof of the reasonable necessity of the process.

Now none of this is lost: the strict account kept by the quartermaster, balanced daily, and shown to the commanding officer, precludes that; and it is clear gain to the men. They eat it with bread instead of butter, and also in pies and puddings, while the residue, as the return just quoted shows, is sold. The following[1] is a scale of the proportion in which dripping is issued with the rations, at the desire of officers commanding companies:—

	Oz.		Men.
Plum-pudding . .	8	per	12
Jam-rolls . . .	6	,,	12
Meat-pies . . .	36	,,	60
Fruit-tart . . .	30	,,	60
Syrup . . .	30	,,	60
Plain pudding . .	1	,,	1
Sea-pies . . .	36	,,	60
Meat-pudding . .	36	,,	60
Frying-liver, fish, &c.	16	,,	60

In the same room with the dripping, I saw some clear and delicately prepared brawn, for which I subjoin the recipe[2]:—

Ingredients.—One bullock's head, one set of cow-heels, one packet of spice, 1 oz. saltpetre, 2 lb. of salt, 1½ oz. of pepper, 2 gallons of water if boiled, 1 gallon if steamed.

Trim the head, removing the skin round the outside of the mouth, also the nostrils, and well wash in cold water; then saw it in two, lengthways, and through the lower part of the cheek-bone; also through the thick part of the skull (avoid the use of the chopper, as it is nearly impossible afterwards to remove the small splinters from the bones), thus leaving the head in six pieces. Scald and clean the heels, splitting them lengthways, removing the large bone above the fetlock; place the whole in cold water, in which 1 lb. of salt and 1 oz. of saltpetre have

[1] *Vide* 'The Messing of the Soldier.

[2] This and following recipes are taken from 'The Messing of the Soldier.'

been dissolved, and allow it to remain for ten or twelve hours. Place 2 gallons of cold water in the boiler, add the head, heels, and bones, and as soon as it boils allow it to simmer gently for five or six hours, the fat or scum being frequently skimmed off; remove the bones from the liquid, and if necessary, chop or mince any large pieces of meat that may remain; add the remaining salt, pepper, and spice; stir the whole well together, seeing that the meat is equally mixed with the liquor. Dish up in basins, baking-dishes, &c., and allow it to cool. If the heels be tough or old, they may be simmered for one hour before adding the head.

RESULT.

Cost—5s.	s.	d.	38 to 40 lb. brawn.	s.	d.
Cost of above ingredients .	4	9	Sale of 38 to 40 lb. brawn, at 1½d.	4	9½
Coal	0	3	Sale of 2 lb. dripping, at 4d.	0	8
Balance credit . . .	0	8½	Sale of bones . . .	0	3
Total .	5	8½	Total .	5	8½

Here are the ingredients on a scale for 60 men! For *plain stew:* mixed vegetables, 6 lb.; onions, 3 lb.; flour, 1 lb.; pepper, 1½ oz.; salt, 3 oz. For *curried stew:* onions, 3 lb.; mixed vegetables, 6 lb.; flour, 1 lb.; curry, 5 oz.; pepper, 1½ oz.; salt, 3 oz. For *Turkish pillau:* rice, 5 lb.; cayenne pepper, ½ oz.; onions, 3 lb.; salt, 5 oz.; sweet herbs, one bunch; flour, 1 lb. For *hotch-potch*—(there is a great deal "intil't"): blue peas, 3 lb.; barley, 3 lb.; mixed vegetables, 6 lb.; onions, 3 lb.; flour, 1 lb.; celery-seed, one packet; pepper, 1½ oz.; salt, 6 oz.; cabbage-lettuces or cabbages, six heads; packet of sweet herbs and small bunch of parsley. For *date-pudding:* dates, 12 lb.; flour, 10 lb.; sugar, 3 lb.; dripping, 3 lb.; salt, 2 oz.; six nutmegs.

Every respect is paid to Tommy's prejudices, and no new dish is forced upon him to his distaste. The course pursued in introducing something new is one which might with advantage be followed elsewhere. Let me again quote Colonel Burnett:—

"The dish I have now in my mind's eye was a fish-pie. I had a small one made and put on one of the men's tables free of cost—this I did three or four nights in succession. First one man tasted it, then another, and so on, and on the fourth night it was completely eaten up and relished. Shortly after, the whole company asked for it, and it rapidly became a favourite dish with the entire battalion. Their prejudices vanished like a shadow, and I had no further difficulties when introducing other improvements and innovations."

The variation of the diet is a point which receives special attention. Indeed Colonel Burnett considers this of even greater importance than its more scientific regulation, and every care is taken to ensure it. By the weekly scale of diet forwarded to the quartermaster, he is able to regulate the issue of meat to companies according to their requirements—joints going to those who require them for roasting or baking, while other portions are more suitable for those who have arranged to prepare stews, pies, &c. By the same means the sergeant-cook is enabled

to make the most suitable arrangement for the due disposal of the cooking accommodation; while the N.C.O. in charge of the groceries receives a like warning.

"Pease-pudding hot, pease-pudding cold,
Pease-pudding in the pot nine days old."

Colonel Burnett quotes Professor Williams in support of his contention that oatmeal porridge and pease-pudding form an exception to the general rule that "once your dish is cooked it does not improve by keeping;" and the passage is so interesting that, though I am unable just now to verify the quotations for myself, I am tempted to give it with the Colonel's comments.

"Every one," he says, "is familiar with the couplet" . . . (which I quote above); "we have hummed it from childhood, but I do not think we ever attributed any importance to it. I most certainly did not until I read 'Mattieu Williams.' After quoting the couplet, he says, 'Regarded from my point of view, it expresses a culinary and chemical principle of some importance, and indicates an ancient practice that is worthy of revival.' He goes on to point out that oatmeal porridge is greatly improved by being made some days before it is required, then stored in a closed jar, brought forth and heated for use. Further on he states: 'The classical nine-days-old pease-pudding is a similar anticipation, and I find rather curiously that nine days is about the limit to which it may be practically kept in a cool place before mildew—that is, mouldiness—is sufficiently established to spoil the pudding.'"

Colonel Burnett adds:—

"I have not tried either of these experiments, but the author is so sound and clear in all he says, that I am sure we may accept the above as perfectly correct."

A recent development of the Army School of Cookery is the course of cookery lessons for married women. The classes were formed last year, with the idea of ensuring to the married soldier a bill of fare equal to that of his bachelor comrade. The course has just recommenced, and seventy names have already been entered, exclusive of ladies.

It is gratifying to find that H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught is quite prepared to lend his support to, and carry on, the excellent system inaugurated under the command and admirable administration of his predecessor, Sir Evelyn Wood. On November 7 he made a personal inspection of the kitchens, and expressed his complete satisfaction with the arrangements. "And what, sergeant-major," I said, "was the 'high compliment' paid you, and mentioned in the 'Morning Post'?" "Well," said Sergeant-Major Thompson, "he thanked me, and said everything was very satisfactory. And he gave me his photo for our dining-mess."

Scottish readers will be interested to learn that Sergeant-Major Thompson is a Scot, and was in the Scots Greys. His talents are greatly and widely appreciated, and the last time I saw him he was on the eve of a journey to town to receive a special silver medal and a diploma from the Universal Cookery and Food Association. A still greater mark of appreciation was the splendid testimonial presented to him by the National Artillery Association at Shoeburyness, which took the form of a handsome silver salver and tea and coffee service,—a recognition of his services in superintending their cooking arrangements for the last twelve years.

And here I conclude. If the

hungry, cold, and friendless men who miserably and idly throng the corners of our streets could see what is being prepared this very morning as I write for Tommy's dinner to-day, would they not gladly accept a portion of it, along with the "Queen's shilling"? Yes, Tommy will have a good dinner to-day, and he is not without a greatcoat. He may—he sometimes does—drink more than is good for him, but he will not be driven to it by hunger, cold, and destitution. His life has a meaning, and it is an ordered and disciplined life. On the whole, he is often a better-off man than his civilian brother. There is virtue in soap and water, and those who have tried it would probably add that there is some in a "clean shave." And the outward tokens of respect count for something. The soldier is a man under authority. He has learnt the meaning of the word Service. He feels that he has a place in the world, and it is one "where work," as it has been finely said, "bears the nobler name of duty." Moreover, Tommy is no solitary unit—rather the member of an ideal commune,—a link with the past with its noble heritage of traditions of glory and self-sacrifice, crystallised in the memory of deeds and names connected with a corps to which he is proud to belong; among whom he stands a dignified and picturesque figure in a shoulder-to-shoulder comradeship on which he has claims in sickness and in health, and which, the last "lights out," shall, with muffled drum, conduct him even to the grave.

B. W.

THE RISE OF OUR EAST AFRICAN EMPIRE.

"HAPPY is the country that has no history." Regarding interior Africa we are disposed to grant this at once; and we congratulate ourselves that we are in ignorance of what preceded the special epoch of barbarity in Nyasaland when Livingstone revealed the doings of the Portuguese amongst its tribes. Again, Speke's personal experiences of Mtesa of Uganda are sufficient for us, without our knowing the peculiar legacy of brutal customs left him by his predecessor, Sunna.

Still it is well for the land, if its history has eventually to begin, that it falls into the hands of true and just men. With a less solid foundation than the absolute integrity of Livingstone in matters of description, the magnificent spectacle of the developments in Nyasaland would not catch the eye to-day. Speke felt his responsibility, and to him and to Grant we owe it that there has been a sustained interest in the nation whose capabilities they reported as great and remarkable.

Captain Lugard takes his place in this worthy company. The very title of his handsome volumes is fraught with importance and dictated by courage.[1] Here we have a firm believer in the irrepressible destiny of our country, and its capacity for expansion in commerce and colonisation.

The call upon a man's courage is no slight one when he is aware that what he repeats to his countrymen will yet be put to the proof in distant lands. To a generous nature the responsibility is very great, when, as in Captain Lugard's case, he realises that his statements are set forth at a singularly important moment, and that the lives of millions will be affected by his words for good or evil as he spreads out before the world the baseness of their destroyers and their appeal for friends.

No one can hide from himself that what is needed at the present juncture is reliable evidence to show whether Great Britain, in the interest of her many industries, is justified in adding an African empire (composed of countries like Uganda and its surrounding states) to her present cares; or whether she must obey voices which would fain bid her remember that she is not so young as she was, and had better assume the comforter and goloshes of declining vigour.

Are our manufacturers to make further ventures? Can these African tribes develop tastes beyond a change of beads? If stock-men are to raise herds under the "line," are they justified in going to Africa? Can coffee-planters make it pay? These and a hundred other questions are answered by Captain Lugard, after investigations which do him infinite credit.

It is a large capacity which not only realises that an "Empire" ought to be raised, but resolves to make a study of all materials which will have to be incorporated in the edifice. One-man-power has generally proved to be the desideratum in such cases. When the reader has finished his *tête-à-*

[1] The Rise of Our East African Empire: Early Efforts in Nyasaland and Uganda. By Captain F. D. Lugard, D.S.O., Hon. F.R.G.S.; Diplom. F.R.S.G.S. 2 vols. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

tête with our author, he may probably suspect that this will be another case in point.

If Lugard has to ransack the lore of his school-days for the proper apology with which to confront him on the fly-leaf, he has been happy in his choice. Since his name first became known to us here, it has been associated with a controversy upon which official judgment has yet to be passed. He is compelled to speak of himself, because it is only thus that he can bring out the salient points of what is a really marvellous history, and in which the fates of masses of human beings are concerned.

There are some who sicken you when they have reached their tenth "I" or "my," but others also who you feel all the time have intense belief in their own powers, who fill you with this, but whom it would be ludicrous to associate with a scintilla of self-seeking. To them one can listen for hours, and we have here a writer of the latter class. Captain Lugard is right in putting personal inclinations on one side, and frankly showing what one man can do.

And now to the narrative itself. His training fitted him thoroughly for that which fell to his hand. If the jungles of Burmah, the dank mist of the Peshawur Valley, an Afghan campaign, and subsequently service in the Eastern Soudan, had been taken advantage of by the various malarial microbes which infest these countries in such a manner as to shake his constitution severely, we do not find him at all inclined to let them settle their differences on a sofa. So in 1887 he threw physic to the dogs, and set about seeking better health in his own way—not altogether unlike Colonel Hawker, who used to shake off a fit of the gout by a wade in the Test river, or a night in a duck-punt off the Lymington mud-flats! Lugard found that he was paying the penalty of "distinguished service" in the regions aforesaid. The victim of climatic exhaustion is like a clock with its pendulum unhitched. What the long hand is to the short, such is the mental condition to the bodily strength. There is no rest for either. *Bongré malgré* the one chases the other round and round the clock. Nothing would do in this case but Africa, and the more adventures in it the better.

Lugard first offered his services to the Italians who were engaged in fighting the Abyssinians. Though they could not enlist him, they gave him all facilities for mastering the details of their campaign, and early in his book we notice the entirely unprejudiced mind at work, which renders these volumes so valuable when referred to on problems very rarely set out without licence being given to preconceived notions. He thus speaks of the Italian soldiers:—

"The thing that struck me most in this trip to the Italian outposts was the extraordinary capacity of the Italian soldier for field-work. The whole of the railway, which in some places had involved very heavy embankments, necessitating the carriage of enormous quantities of earth and stone, had been made entirely by the soldiers. The country was one endless series of interminable small hills, yet every height of importance was crowned with a strong masonry fort, with larger ones at Mikullu and Otumlo, and a very strong masonry wall frequently ran along the crestline and down the side of the slope. The Italian soldier worked in the great heat with apparently the utmost goodwill, and most effectively; nor could I help contrasting in my mind—much to their disadvantage—the capacity of our own soldiers in this respect.

"I recalled the long months in Afghanistan, where I had so often superintended working-parties at road-making, and levelling of forts, &c.,—work of a far lighter nature than this, executed in a climate where the bitter cold (the ground was frozen and covered with snow) made work a pleasure, to say nothing of the stimulus of extra 'working pay.' Yet the results were almost *nil*, and no interest was taken in the task. In the Sudan we dare not even attempt to get our soldiers to construct field-works. Special corps of engineers undertook even the smallest redoubts, and gangs of the idlest of navvies, paid at extraordinary rates, and fed and pampered, and generally drunk, were imported by Messrs Lucas & Aird to begin the construction of the Suakim-Berber railway, through a country offering far fewer natural difficulties than this. There is something wrong in our system, when a contrast so painfully to our disadvantage as this can be drawn between our soldiers and those of Italy, in a matter of such great moment and significance. The Italian soldier works willingly and contentedly, and requires very little supervision. Discipline is very strict, yet there exists what seems to an English officer an almost extraordinary familiarity between the officers and men."—Vol. i. pp. 8, 9.

Touching at Zanzibar, he stood on southwards, and found in our Consul, Mr O'Neill, at Mozambique, just the friend in council he had been in search of, and one who took the measure of his man at once. Lugard had seen enough of the slave-trade on his passage down the coast to realise that we are trying our best at "how not to do it" in our show of repression.

"Slavery is laughed at here by every one. . . . As regards the root of the question, whether slavery *is* the evil it is represented, my opinion is that the liberation of men who are once brought down from the interior is of minor importance. They cannot return, and if they did, would find everything lost and ruined. We must go to the root of the evil, and crush the traders. Doubtless the difficulties of exporting slaves have hampered the trade, so our work is good; but the *best* work will be the operations inland *where they are captured.* Liberating them on the coast or at sea is useless *to the slaves*, and only indirectly good as involving loss to the traders and throwing obstacles in their way, while the grave matter of the disposal of these liberated and starving men then remains, and this is one of the difficult questions of the day here."—Vol. i. pp. 16, 17.

"O'Neill told me of the fighting which had recently been taking place at Karonga's, to the north of Lake Nyasa, from whence he had just returned, and of which events he could truly say, *quorum pars magna fui:* how that a body of slave-raiders had gratuitously attacked a small British station, after ravaging and laying waste the country; how a gallant defence had been made; and how even now an expedition was being prepared to prosecute the war. He added, 'You would be a god-send to them.' Here, I thought, is the very opportunity I have sought, of taking part in a good cause against the slave-raiders, 'in the place itself where the slaves are captured.'"—Vol. i. p. 18.

Needless to say, his mind was made up—not too hastily, for the pendulum was now in its proper place when it came to cross-questioning, and careful sounding in difficult political navigation. He is soon under the spell of the great fish-eagle's cry as he passes at last into Africa's savagedom—for had ever savagedom such a herald's voice as that? and so on and on till he has traversed the navigable portion of the Zambesi and Shiré rivers.

The point to which Lugard was now hurrying was the missionary settlement, surrounded by its coffee plantations, called Blantyre, which needs no description here. On arrival he had the whole case

laid before him, as it concerned the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, and the tribes with whom their missionaries had cast in their lot.

Was it justifiable or was it not to thrust away the Arab slave-raiders from the throats of their victims? It was an old, old question. When Livingstone led Bishop Mackenzie into these same highlands in 1861, days and nights were passed by the members of the Universities' Mission in trying to solve it. They sat surrounded by fugitives from a great raid organised by the Portuguese, and if they went outside their settlement it was to see villages in flames. The wretched natives told them that if they would, as white men, put themselves at their head, the whole thing would stop, so potent would be the charm of their presence and the belief in their power.

In another form these good men, so exercised about the Arab raid at Karonga's, were puzzled at the same question. What if the good Samaritan had happened on the prostrate Jew in the act of being wounded and robbed and half-killed—would he have moved off till the robbers had gone, or would he have done his best to see that more than half his life was left in him? Again, would the Levite have been justified if, with pious ejaculation, he had obeyed the robbers' behest to recollect his particular business, and to mind it accordingly—and so passed on?

One repeats that it is curious to watch the same problem violently dividing men at the present moment. It is really identical as a problem when we consider the right or wrong of thrusting the Matabele off, when, but for such action, the weaker Mashona tribe must perish.

We find Lugard and the missionaries at last in accord. H.M. Consul, Mr John Buchanan, C.M.G., had no force to send against the slavers; so safeguarding himself by refusing all responsibility—if Captain Lugard undertook to head an expedition to relieve Karonga's and save the Wankondé tribe, he expressed his hearty approval of the project.

The campaign and desperate fighting there was when once the sphere of action was reached, forms one of the most interesting portions of Captain Lugard's work, and it almost passes comprehension how a man survived to tell the tale. A memory of "Rorke's Drift" seems to steal in between the lines of the narrative, whilst the shocking sickness each man in turn underwent only enhances the deeds of the garrison. They were pitted against tough Arabs — men to whom fighting was second nature, grey-headed at it, and highly versed in a system of fortification which Vauban himself could not have improved upon in such a country, and with like materials to rely upon. Here is the account given by Captain Lugard of the assault upon Kopakopa's stockade, led by himself:—

"It was still too dark to see anything distinctly, but flashes of flame in the wall showed us that it was loop-holed, and manned on the other side by the Slavers, who had been sleeping on their posts with their guns beside them. I asked Sharpe where were his axes, powder-keg, &c.; but the men carrying these were not to the front, and apparently no other company had kept sight of theirs either. (Had we been able to insert the tubular explosives in the loop-holes, it is possible we might have blown down the wall and effected a breach.) There was a very heavy fire kept up through these invisible loop-holes; every now and then a

flash in front of one showed that another step forward would have resulted in a ball through one's body. Passing a loop-hole a gun was discharged full in my face, almost knocking me down, and the smoke of the gunpowder nearly choked me. I suppose there was either no bullet, or else it must have passed in front of me.

"It was difficult to know what to do. I thought the only way was to go straight over; so I shouted to every one to clamber over, and began to do so myself. I had laid hold of a thorn bough to pull myself up by, when a shot struck me, and I fell in a heap in a sitting position, feeling the stinging, burning sensation of a wound at the base of my chest, — both arms being completely paralysed, or rather having fallen useless by my side. I thought I was shot through the body, and of course mortally wounded. Had I reached the top of the stockade-work, I should have had my head riddled with bullets. . . . I said to Sharpe that I had 'got it.' He asked me 'where,' in great distress. I said, 'Right through the stomach,—both arms are paralysed.' I added that I was done for, and could be of no more use. . . . Sharpe showed much emotion, and would not hear of allowing me to go away alone, and it was only when I begged him to take command in my place, and asked it 'as a last request,' and said I was all right, and quite able to get to the doctor, that he consented. . . . I so well remember that scene! Dear old Sharpe felt several bullets whizz close past his head, and instinctively turned up his coat-collar and pulled down the brim of his broad felt hat, as though to ward off driving rain! . . . After shouting for some time, I got my native servant Mahéa, and we started off to the hospital tree. We forced our way without a path, on and on through thick jungle and long spear-grass and thorns, and at last got into very broken country, where I had to cross steep ravines, and could not protect my face from the boughs of trees or long grass, both arms being useless. I had lost a great deal of blood, and a parching thirst set in; but there was no water nor living object, and my fellow appeared to have quite lost his way. I was at first very much astonished at being so strong on my legs, and expected every moment to collapse; but finding I did not do so, and looking at my arms, I could see that I had been shot through both of them. I now guessed that the wound in the chest was a graze, and that, therefore, I was probably *not* mortally wounded. But it was too late to turn back, for already we were lost in the bush, and I was much exhausted; so I could only regret the misconception which had caused me to leave, and to ask Sharpe to take command. After walking thus for, I suppose, two or more hours, we at length struck the road about a mile below the hospital tree. Mahéa ran on to get me some water, . . . while I walked up and down. Firing still continued in the distance, and I began to fear the ammunition would run out completely.

"I sat down till Mahéa returned with water, and I then started off to walk to Karonga's (seven miles). I was in a sorry plight, for I had dropped my cap, and the sun was fiercely hot on my bare head. I continued to bleed heavily, and began to find the distance to Karonga's more than my strength could manage. A native whom we met wearing a scarlet 'Tam o' Shanter' woollen cap, transferred it to my head, and I had already covered about half the distance to Karonga's, when I found the dizziness was becoming so great that I had to pause frequently to pull myself together, and I was right glad when the doctor and others came by with a spare stretcher. Ague, arising from loss of blood and my saturated clothes, added to my troubles by shaking the fractured bone in my arm. . . . At Karonga's my clothes were cut off me, and I turned in, having been on my legs for some thirty-three hours consecutively." — Vol. i. pp. 114-117.

Out of this handful of men two other Europeans were wounded.

"Jones, who was still alive, was shot through the centre of the head, and Rolfe had a scalp-wound over the right eye. The bullet had passed out. . . . As to myself, I found I had received a very singular wound.

The muzzle of the gun must have been placed a few inches from my body, for the coarse grains of 'trade powder' had entered the right arm (which had been bared to the elbow) like a charge of shot, and could not be dislodged, while two big lumps of wadding were extracted from the wound. The bullet had entered the elbow-joint (which fortunately escaped fracture, or I should have lost my arm), had struck the main artery, but pushed it aside without cutting it, —or I must inevitably have bled to death; it then struck my chest, apparently in a direct line for the heart, but, glancing off a rib, passed along under the skin, and came out at the top of my breast-pocket, making a long, tearing flesh-wound in its exit. Then it struck the wrist of my left hand, carrying into the wound a portion of some letters which were in my breast-pocket. It 'pulverised' the main bone of this arm, cutting also a minor artery. This latter wound is—even now in 1893—still open, and pieces of bone still come away, though it is five years since I was hit.

"It was a curious coincidence that the previous evening we had been talking about wounds, and I had then lightly said that a fatal wound was preferable to mutilation, and I would sooner lose my life than my right arm. Cross, like an enthusiastic surgeon, began to explain the wonderful surgical operations lately performed by Dr M'Ewan of Edinburgh, and added that modern surgery could almost certainly repair a wounded arm more or less effectively. 'There is only one spot,' he added, 'where a bullet would be disastrous.' I bared my arm, and he laid his finger on the centre of the elbow-joint. 'If hit there,' he said, 'we *must* amputate, or excise the elbow-joint.' On the precise spot on which he laid his finger I received the bullet next day!" —Vol. i. pp. 117, 118.

If our author has further work to do in Africa, it must, one fears, be done as Livingstone did his through some twenty-five years—viz., with a partially crippled left arm. Midst these hideous surroundings he nevertheless gradually gained strength, and fortunate for him and his comrades was it that they had such surgical skill at their command as that possessed by Dr Kerr Cross and Dr Laws.

The Wankondé tribe had received an object-lesson, and clung to their white allies in a manner easily to be understood when we read how they had been previously misled into putting their trust in these villanous Arabs. The incident referred to serves as a specimen of the tactics employed in the slave-fields. When folks find it hard to understand how one can complain of the lot of the Nyassa slave—say at Zanzibar—it is well to remember that they have never witnessed the massacres which accompanied the collection of these poor creatures. The extreme value of Captain Lugard's dissertations upon the slave-trade in the chapter devoted to this purpose (and to which we shall presently refer) will be quite lost on the reader if he does not do as the author evidently desires. He must see the curse that slavery really is when, in order to supply slaves at all, scenes like the following are inseparable from the operation. The raid took place close to Karonga's, and shortly before Lugard came to the aid of the people:—

"At length these barbarities culminated in an act of singular brutality. The Wankondé who had fled were decoyed by promises of peace and friendship to a place near an arm of the lake called the Kambwé Lagoon. The banks of this bay were fringed with dense reeds, now dry in the hot weather; its shallow waters swarmed with crocodiles. The wretched Wankondé were treacherously attacked, and volley after volley was fired into the dense crowds of men, women, and children, who had fled to conceal

themselves in the reeds. To these the Slavers set fire, and gave the wretched people the option of rushing into the bay to be devoured by the crocodiles, or of being roasted alive, or of coming out to be shot down wholesale, or captured and enslaved, while their assailants climbed the trees to watch the butchery, and fire with more advantage on the terrified masses among the reeds."—Vol. i. p. 54.

Space forbids the full expansion of the campaign's history. His recovery was of course slow. There is a small island at Deep Bay, and to this he repaired for fresher air. The lake narrows very much at this place, and with a fair wind dhows rapidly cross from the western shore. It would seem that an attempt was to be made by their Arab allies to throw in a body of men to relieve Mlozi's garrison and to convey to them a quantity of arms. It speaks a great deal for the natives when we see the twenty-five Atongas willing to attack this formidable party if only Lugard would lead them. Few passages are more stirring than the account he gives of the fight which ensued :—

"I lived on the little island at Deep Bay, and spent my time in shooting on the mainland. On Dec. 23d, the day after the steamer had gone, messengers came running after me when I was roaming about with my rifle, to say that the enemy were upon us. I hastened back, not knowing whether my camp had been captured. I found on arrival that a large Arab dhow was lying to, out at sea, waiting for night to approach the shore. There was no doubt that she was hostile, for, had she been friendly, they would undoubtedly have sent messengers ahead to announce their arrival. Moreover, the native chief Mandovi now informed us that he had news that the Slavers thought there was now no European here, and intended to bring war, and reoccupy the island — ousting and killing the native garrison. Their arrival immediately the steamer was out of the way was a further confirmation. So I prepared to receive them.

"I posted sentries at the various points where a landing could be effected, but the night was pitch dark, and the rain came down in torrents. The men were paralysed with cold and wet, and would do nothing but coil themselves up and sleep. As more even than our own lives depended on the result of the watch we kept, I threatened to blow out the brains of any man I found asleep on his post, and arming myself with a portentous club, I went from post to post. About 2 A.M. a faint moon showed, and the rain ceased. The dhow got under weigh, and I lined the beach in readiness. I had twenty-five Atonga with some eighteen rounds apiece only, so I armed five others (servants, &c.) with my sporting rifles. Behind each great rocky boulder crouched a man, ready to resist the landing of the Slavers on the island. However, they passed us, and made for the lake shore, where a sandy bay offered a landing-place. From the mainland jutted out a long promontory a mile or so in length, and some 500 yards from the point of this cape was our island. Seizing our canoes we paddled rapidly across, and ran along the cape, through the dense forest and tall grass which covered it, to reach the little bay at its base, for which point the dhow was making.

"Arrived on the spot, we found the dhow was still a good way off. I aligned the men behind bushes, and we awaited the event. The dhow anchored, and the crew got out in the shallow water, and began unlading her. It was hard to judge of her exact situation in the faint moonlight. When once I heard the anchor chain let go, I was convinced she must be close in shore, knowing that a dhow would only anchor in shoal water. I therefore advanced to attack. Firing as we went, we rushed into the lake, and I found to my disgust, when I had already got up to my chest in water, that a very deep channel separated us from the dhow, which otherwise I had hoped to capture by a

charge. Undoubtedly the Slavers had been ignorant of this (as they were unlading to carry their cargo of arms ashore), and had accidentally anchored on a sandbank, which proved their salvation.

"On this occasion, owing to the small numbers of my force, I had, as I have said, brought my sporting rifles into requisition. The heavy 3-oz. bullets of the elephant rifle riddled the dhow, while my little .450, in my own hands, tore up the boarding with its express bullets. The enemy were panic-stricken at first, but presently returned the fire briskly. Afraid of exhausting my few rounds of ammunition, I drew off my men. They were eager to pursue the dhow in canoes, so we sent for them. But the plucky fellows implored me not to come, saying that, if the canoe were upset when boarding the dhow, I should be drowned with my wounded arms, while they could swim like fish, carrying their rifles out of water. Of course I would not assent to this, and stripping off my dripping clothes, I entered the canoe in bathing-drawers only, among my naked men. It was a droll way of spending Christmas (for this was Christmas Eve), and surely the day dawning on Lake Nyasa had never opened on a picture more quaint. Sitting in the bottom of a canoe half-full of water were a row of naked savages and a naked white man!

"Flashes of smoke from the disabled dhow marked the shots they continued to fire at us. Small craft as she was, viewed from our cockle-shell in the trough of the waves, she towered aloft like an ocean vessel above a shore-boat. As we neared her, the firing became so heavy that the natives, finding there was more opposition remaining than they anticipated, no longer showed any eagerness for coming to close quarters, and I myself looked on the attempt merely as suicidal. We therefore left her to struggle back across the lake, and we heard later that she only just arrived—the holes of the bullets being plugged with cloth—to sink in the port, and though afterwards hauled up was very badly damaged. Twelve were killed and six more fatally wounded and dying; among the dead was the 'White' Arab in command (Kapandansaru's brother). There were, I heard, thirty-five fighting men on board."—Vol. i. pp. 138-140.

Towards the end of the first volume Captain Lugard sets us thinking that if he had given way to his own predilections he would have added one more—and a charming one—to the books on African sport. On p. 549, vol. i., the description of the habits of a large hunting-dog as related by him are, we think, quite new. Other species are known, but not this. The man who can dab a fire-fly on the end of his rifle—there to kick out sparks as he lies prone on his back, serving as a fore-sight—must have a provoking store of hunting dodges in reserve (vol. i. p. 548). Elephant hunting had brought some of these fearless men into the land, and dangers were always with them in one shape or another.

The camp-fire after the hard day is done has its old charms, and it is evident that Lugard's comrades knew that with tact he could be drawn. We owe something to them for the following story:—

"Prompted by questions, I relate how once, in the Central Provinces (in India), my brother and I went after the Lohighur tiger, who had but recently baffled the efforts of a large party of hunters. We made our plans, as we flattered ourselves, in a more sportsmanlike and judicious way, with the result that we marked him down successfully. A line of hills debouched sharply on the plain, in a series of horse-shoe-shaped indentations; the slopes of these were steep and covered with thick forest, but a sheer wall of rock—12 to 20 feet—surmounted the slope, and formed the edge of the plateau above. In one of these recesses of the hills the tiger had taken refuge, gorged to repletion with an ox he had eaten. We had an elephant with us, on

which I was mounted. My brother took his station at the point of the rock above. I, on the elephant, guarded the foot of the slope below. The beaters, starting on the further side of the horse-shoe, hurled down rocks from above and beat their drums, &c., to drive the tiger out, when he would of necessity pass round the point we guarded, to gain the shelter of the next horse-shoe. Nothing transpired, and it was said he had broken away up a small water-course on to the upper plateau.

"We left our posts to inspect it, whereupon the tiger, who had been lying watching us in thick jungle, tried to slip past and get round the point. We caught sight of him, and my brother arrived at his former post, out of breath, barely in time to get a rapid shot at the tiger, which was almost vertically below him at the base of the cliff, and only some 30 feet distant. He thought he had shot him through the head, for he rolled down the slope, but recovering himself, turned round, and went slowly in the direction he had come from. I was hastening back on the elephant, and he gave me a clear view. I drew a careful trigger on him, and was convinced I had hit him fair behind the shoulder. Still he gave no sound, but went slowly on. A number of native shikarries with guns were on the cliff above, and as he walked slowly along at its base, only some 30 feet below them, one after another they fired at 10 yds. distance! Thirteen shots I counted. Standing up in the howdah I saw him go into a dense thicket of thorns on the hillside, and he did not come out beyond. We concluded he was riddled with bullets, and had crawled in here to die. I hastened up. My brother and the natives above threw down great rocks and boulders, which went crashing through the thicket, but the tiger did not come out. We concluded he was dead.

"The elephant began to ascend the steep slope. No one who has not seen it can credit the extraordinary manner in which an elephant can make its way in apparently impossible places. The steep slope was covered with loose rocks and boulders. Going down on her knees she would gain a firm footing with her hind legs. Then rising on her fore legs she would again bring up her hind, and take the forward step up the slope on her knees. Thus slowly and with immense difficulty she at length neared the thicket. This I now saw consisted of a gigantic black rock festooned with dry thorns, under which bears had scooped a small cave. I fired into the mouth of the cave, reserving the second barrel for the tiger if he charged; but had he done so, there is no doubt whatever that the elephant, balanced on her hind legs and fore knees, would have flinched and rolled to the bottom of the hill, crushing us in the howdah; for even on level, open ground I had known this same elephant try to bolt from a tiger when it spoke, even before it charged.

"We were so close that the elephant with her trunk, at the command of the mahout, drew away the thorns from the entrance of the cave. The howdah, owing to the slope of the hill, was on the same level as the cave, and the tiger could have walked out of it into the howdah! But we thought he was dead, and he gave no sign. As the elephant drew away the bushes I saw between the crevices of the rock two green eyes looking at me. I shouted to my brother that the tiger was not dead, since he was slowly blinking; had he been very severely wounded he would not be placidly blinking. I had been on the point of descending from the elephant to enter the place, but I shouted that I must shoot first. 'Fire if you must,' said my brother, 'but his skin will be so riddled with bullets it won't be worth a cent.' I 'drew a bead' on the eyes and fired at about four paces distance. There was no reply any more than there had been to the previous shots into the cave. The strange supernatural beast neither moved nor spoke! The smoke hung in the mouth of the crevice, and as it slowly cleared away I saw the eyes were no longer there.

"I got down, and taking my knife in my teeth, I lay flat on my stomach and proceeded to try and wriggle under the ledge of rock into the

cave. The passage was barely large enough for my body, and it was extraordinary how a large tiger had got in. I was wedged in, and could not move except by wriggling, and propelling myself by the points of my toes. The tiger was in front of me. I took hold of his toe and pulled it, for though convinced he was dead, I felt what a very awkward predicament I should be in if he had even strength to move a paw. He did not resent it, and took no notice of a small pebble I jerked forward with my wrist, and which hit him on the head, so I gathered courage, wriggled in, and lifted his head. He was stone dead. We dragged him out with difficulty, and found that my brother's bullet had only touched the tip of his left ear, and he had no other bullet whatever in him except my final one between the eyes, which had killed him stone dead! It had been a curious escape for me, for had I not caught sight of the eyes, or had I missed a fatal shot in the darkness of the cave, I should have encountered in the cave an absolutely unwounded tiger."—Vol. i. pp. 253-256.

As particularly interesting to the sportsman and the naturalist, we would here draw special attention to the delightful chapters dealing with the fauna of the country. Captain Lugard has also much to say on the domestication of such animals as the African elephant, the camel, and the zebra, for the important uses of transport and rapid communication, as well as of the bullock and buffalo for agricultural purposes. By the careful training of these animals for such uses, he is confident that a new era would dawn on East Africa. Some animals now becoming rare in the country are also treated of in these chapters, as the white rhinoceros, and that monarch amongst the antelopes, the kudu. Of his many thrilling shooting and hunting reminiscences, here is one regarding buffalo-hunting:—

"I have killed many buffalo, both in Nyasaland and in East Africa, and have had some intensely exciting moments with these animals. To follow a wounded buffalo into dense cover is as dangerous a performance as any that a sportsman can undertake. The nerve-tension on such occasions is too great to be called pleasure; but success, if achieved, brings a feeling of elation—of imminent danger faced and overcome—which perhaps only the hunter who has followed dangerous game into their own fastnesses can realise and appreciate."—Vol. i. p. 524.

Determined to carry out their plans to rid the country of the Arab horde, supplies of men and arms were got from Natal, and at last victory seemed certain. That all came to an ignominious end, and from an unlooked-for quarter, is to be regretted. Mr H. H. Johnston, H.M. Commissioner, with an infatuation for making alliances with these raiding African Arabs which is all his own—and likely to remain so—proposed a treaty to the enemy in lieu of continued hostilities. It is not very pleasant reading to see what Captain Lugard has to say in tracing out the very natural results of this way of settling matters. But it afforded an opportune moment for the doctors to get in a word, and by following their advice, he returned to England for five months, there to find how very opportunely Uganda affairs had developed under Sir William Mackinnon's hands.

Perhaps the chapters relating Captain Lugard's experiences in the Imperial British East Africa Company's service will engross more attention than any others, and when the inevitable fight over the future fate of Uganda is resumed, their great importance will be manifest. But nowhere has more pains been bestowed in the attempt to guide public opinion

than when, in a masterly way, he brings our discreditable entanglements in the slave-trade up to date.

It is quite certain that we are within measurable distance of an explosion, when the public care to give attention to the scandal.

Here, for instance, is the direct result of twenty years' dilly-dallying on the part of our Foreign Office :—

"In 1873 Seyyid Barghash, by treaty with Great Britain, made illegal 'the export of slaves from the coast of the mainland of Africa,' whether to the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba or elsewhere. In 1876 an edict went further and forbade 'the arrival at the coast of slave caravans from the interior.' It has been proved fairly conclusively that the length of life of slaves in captivity rarely exceeds eleven years, also that slaves do not have children born to them to any appreciable extent. Consequently eleven years after this edict—viz., in 1884—the previously existing domestic slaves may be assumed to have practically died out in Zanzibar—and three years later on the coast—for the edict of 1876 was in effect an application of the 1873 treaty to the coast. It is now twenty years since the first edict was made, and therefore the slaves now held legally in Zanzibar—viz., those alive and in captivity in 1873, and their children—must be so reduced as to be practically non-existent. *The whole of the domestic slaves in the Zanzibar Sultanate, therefore, are illegally held.* The owners have no claim whatever to any compensation, and no just ground for complaint should abolition be enforced to-morrow."—Vol. i. pp. 176, 177.

Be it remembered that these islands now form a protectorate of Great Britain. As far as one can see, the determined stand taken by the Foreign Office against the suggestion to do away with "the legal status of slavery" augurs very badly for the tens of thousands of slaves, torn from the interior by men like Tippoo-tippoo's agents, illegally smuggled into our protectorate, and now under the English union-jack, to all intents and purposes.

But Captain Lugard will let the smugglers down easily. He does not advocate that which most would be inclined to urge — immediate emancipation wherever our flag flies. It is very singular, by the by, to find that within a few days of his death this year the late Mr Edmund Sturge proved to demonstration — or shall we say re-demonstrated, after forty years' lapse?—that the decay of our West India plantations did not really result from negro emancipation at all. Earl Grey, who was primarily connected with the measure in 1833, thoroughly supports Mr Sturge's contention, and the clear-headed dictum of Lord Brassey is to the same effect (vol. i. p. 179). But the present advice is to apply the remedy which cut down slavery in India silently, surely, and without any disturbance.

"To appreciate this we must recall for the moment what the status of slavery means. A slave is under special restrictions and is subject to special disabilities. He has no civic rights, and cannot sue in a law-court. He is held to be the legal property of his master, equally with his horse or his camel. He can be severely punished for running away. If stolen, the thief must render him up, and is liable for theft: so also the master of a slave is liable to others for the wrongful act of his slave; just as you would prosecute me and not my horse, if the latter trespassed on your estates.

"The abolition of the legal status, then, means that a slave at once acquires civil rights. He can sue his master for ill-treatment. He can leave his master, and the latter has no power to seize him. A case comes before the judge, and the owner pleads

his right to capture his runaway slave. The judge replies, 'We know of no such thing as slavery in the eye of the law.' If the slave has been ill-treated, the owner is convicted of assault and battery. Should a master seize a runaway, the slave obtains his liberty and redress from his late owner on the same grounds. The holding of slaves *as such* thus ceases, and the law treats the institution as non-existent. Slaves, on the other hand, who are happy and contented, and have no ground of complaint, and no wish to leave their masters, remain of their own accord *in statu quo ante*. Such an enactment would affect the kind master but little; it would be most potent against the cruel one."—Vol. i. pp. 180, 181.

It appears that it is the decided belief of Sir John Kirk (than whom no one knows so much of Zanzibar life) that events have long since ripened so as to make this process desirable. One is tempted to ask what really do the Arabs and tribes of Africa conceive us to be about, after we read passages like the following:—

"Analogous to this question is that of the purchase of slaves, especially children, by the Missions, for religious education—a system I hold to be entirely illegal, and also unfitting. 'Illegal;'—because if a slave is bought, no matter if freed five minutes after the purchase-money is paid, the purchaser, being a European, is liable to prosecution for participation in the slave-trade. . . . 'Unfitting;'—because (as I have already said) I hold that redemption from slavery should not be made a vehicle for compulsory religion. It seems to me a farce that Europe should be told that a mission has 'freed' so many slaves, when, as a fact, they are as forcibly detained (in order to be 'instructed') as ever they were when 'slaves.' The French Mission largely employ this system of purchasing slave-boys, as Père Brard repeatedly told me; and Mr Ashe, of the Church Missionary Society, writes: 'We had a good number of little boys, some given to us by chiefs, some sold to us, . . . some were redeemed by us,' &c. Thus both missions are equally included in the remarks I have made; but whereas it is the acknowledged custom of the R. Catholic Mission, approved, as Père Brard told me, by their authorities, it is little done by the Church Missionary Society, and I was not aware it had been done at all, till I saw the passage in Ashe's book."—Vol. ii. pp. 58, 59.

How is it that these well-intentioned people do not see that where there is demand, supply will follow? If they are willing to buy slaves—never mind for what purpose—we have Tippoo-tippoo, Mlozi, and the whole gang actively at work to furnish them at once.

But this is not all. It is shown that after we promised the Zanzibar slaves that they could free themselves if they carried in their hands their redemption money, we immediately felt ashamed of it, and in twenty days cancelled such a hysterical piece of generosity (vol. i. p. 187)!

However, it appears that some East Coast slaves have better luck than others:—

"While we have been busy smothering the real state of the case in edicts and philanthropy, the Germans have taken practical steps to make it easy for slaves to obtain their freedom. A writer from German East Africa (Magila) says that applicants can usually obtain their freedom, and even the *liwali* (Arab magistrate) can free any who have just cause of complaint."—Vol. i. p. 188.

We believe that Bishop Smythies was the writer referred to: he is loud in his praise of the German *régime*, and he is on the spot to judge. The reader will probably draw his own conclusions when he reads what the fate too often is of slaves hired out to British caravans.

Considering that the most of

our Uganda perplexities turn, alas! upon "religious differences," acting upon highly wrought temperaments, in a world which alternately the Church Missionary Society and the "White Fathers" of the Roman Catholic Church would have to themselves and to their own ways of thinking, it is fortunate that Captain Lugard has had so much to do with them, and one says this advisedly.

Able to see—nay, like Gordon, always on the look-out for—good in every man, be he Moslem or missionary, his own religious convictions (and he is noticeably chary of exposing them) can never be taken hold of by either of the contending parties. He was probably accused in their inmost hearts by both factions of "scattering" and being "against" them, because with neither would he side. And it is this which gives weight to every word he writes upon this painful subject. It is not the intention here to touch the disputes as they stand revealed in newspapers, debates, and blue-books, except with the lightest hand. Nothing is more remarkable than the avidity with which these Waganda—men of a highly nervous temperament—grasped Christianity when placed before them, first by the Church of England and subsequently by the Roman Church. This was brought out, in a way which seems to belong to other ages, when the fiendish fool Mwanga posed as a nineteenth century Nero:—

"On one occasion as many as thirty-two were burned on one pyre; but in spite of martyrdom by torture and burning, the religion grew, and converts came to be baptised, though they knew that the profession of the Christian faith might cost them their lives on the morrow. Those who fell victims to the king's bloodthirstiness died with the praises of God on their lips, and met their death fearlessly. The heroism inspired by religion in the early history of our own Church was repeated here in the heart of Africa, and the story caused a strong feeling of admiration and sympathy among those who heard it in England. Men asked what kind of people were these who would thus brave death for their belief, and ceased to scoff at the reality of conversions which could stand so terrible a test."—Vol. ii. p. 7.

The establishment of the Waganda as a great nation may take many years. Our own interference with them, as shown in these pages, has been marked with confusion of purpose, with intense individual courage, and astonishing collective mistakes. Betterment-by-Charter is on its trial, and the verdict may not be far off. But come what may, these lives, or deaths, will never be denied; and few problems will prove more interesting for the observer to notice than the positions which martyr and charter are finally to take on the pages of Africa's history. One thought recurs again and again as we turn over the leaves already devoted to Uganda's story. Why, with all Africa before her, could not Rome send her men to some other region and tribe rather than interfere with what the Church Missionary Society had already been working at for more than two years?

The opposition of creeds once set up, the methods adopted by the factions were extraordinary. Some allowance must be made for men who, in the midst of excited masses of natives, were forced—although missionaries in their various orders—to put on as it were French and English uniforms, and to wave the flags belonging to their respective nations continually in each other's faces. *Wa-Fransa* (French) and *Wa-Ingleza* (English),—they were on every tongue, and never more so for distinction sake than when the third great foreign force, the

Moslem, faced one or other in intrigue or in assault.

And, again, let it never be forgotten by those who wonder "how men can go on so in Africa," that all took place in a malarious country. Let those say who know what that means! Fever poison (and who was free from it?) will make men quarrel with their own shadows. They who can uphold discipline, curb temper, and dwell peaceably in tropical Africa are few, but they are heroes, and Lugard had several such with whom he boldly faced the situation. He says:—

"As a result of international negotiation, Uganda and the countries round about had been ceded to the influence of Great Britain. I, myself an officer of the army, had been deputed, as the representative of a great chartered Company, to make a treaty with a semi-savage king noted for his cruelty and incapacity. I sought no unfair advantage, no acquisition of territory, no monopoly of trade, no annexation of revenues. My task was to save the country from itself; and for such a treaty as I proposed to make, I saw no need to stoop to bargaining by presents (of arms, a Maxim gun, &c., as had at first been suggested), and no cause for obeisance or deference. It was for this reason, as well as to hasten my arrival before any crisis between the factions took place, or the expected munitions reached Uganda, that I crossed the Nile without waiting for permission, and, marching rapidly on the capital, selected my own camping-ground. Mackay and Ashe relate how they knelt before the king, when praying for permission to leave the country. Such an attitude seemed to me to lower the prestige of Europeans, and I determined to make my own methods the more marked by contrast." —Vol. ii. p. 21.

As a consequence, his position became embarrassing enough. He stood in the triangle of a three-cornered duel. When it suited their fancy the English, French, and Mohammedan antagonists turned their fire inwards upon him—either the three at once, or consecutively. Nor was this all. As home tidings arrived there was only too much evidence to show that Imperial British East Africa directors, French diplomats, and religious enthusiasts of all sorts would pepper him if his back were turned. If ever an "Order" be established for those who have meritoriously kept their tempers in Africa, may Captain Lugard be put at the head of it, say we.

With their instructions in his hands, it is evident that the Company's agent was never rid of the sense of grave responsibility in carrying out one particular portion of the programme committed to him. Equally with the honour of the various directors of the Company, his own, as an officer and a gentleman, was at stake when, in consideration for receiving rights to trade, build, and mine in their various countries, he assured the chiefs that they might rely upon protection against their enemies. To go to a distracted tribe merely existing by its wits in the neighbourhood, for instance, of a ruthless ruffian like Kabarega of Unyoro; to promise that tribe "protection," with all the outward visible paraphernalia of the ghastly sacrament of "blood-brotherhood," so binding on the savage mind,—is not undertaken lightly by one bearing her Majesty's commission.

It is for the reader to judge what must be the feeling of an honourable man when, having accomplished all this, he opens a despatch from his employers, bidding him retire from the scene, for they cannot go further in their projects or promises.

In Blue-book Africa, No. 4, 1893, one sees eighty-four of these treaties set forth, all of which

received the approval of the Foreign Office after they had been tendered to chiefs and rulers by the several agents of the "I.B.E.A." Company. In the case of Mwanga there was a good deal of by-play regarding the expiration of the treaty made with Captain Lugard, owing to the suspicions of the king. If a "bigger man" than our author subsequently arrived, a new one was to be drawn, and so forth. But again the position must have been wellnigh intolerable, as the Company was felt to be wobbling.

As a specimen of the predicament, here is treaty-making with Ntali, King of Ankoli:—

"Zachariah . . . overtook us on the 30th, bringing the most cordial and friendly messages from the king, who had sent with him his son Birinzi —a nice-looking and intelligent boy —to make blood-brotherhood with me. With him came Ntali's chief councillors, saying that the king held himself solemnly bound by all they undertook in his name. Ntali himself was, I believe, too fat to walk, and avoided all locomotion. I made a very formal ceremony, drawing up all the Sudanese in a hollow square, which I had cleared of grass and bushes. I greatly pleased them by consenting to go through the full ceremony according to their own rites, and I founded upon our mutual pledges the treaty which I submitted to England. I had this treaty read and most carefully translated to them. Its main provisions were, that the British were to be free to pass through Ankoli, or to build and settle in it, and that the king would do all in his power to suppress the import of arms and powder, by the Waziba traders in German territory to Kabarega and the Mohammedan Waganda, and would seize and confiscate all he could.

"In return, I gave him a flag and a copy of the treaty, and promised him the protection and the alliance of the Company. We exchanged presents, and the ceremony was complete, and this large country of Ankoli was added to the Company's territory."—Vol. ii. p. 160.

One has called particular attention to this important matter because we take the liberty of believing that our countrymen will yet really perceive (1) how deeply English honour is involved, (2) how dastardly it is to deceive trustful savages by seductive promises, and (3) what fearful reprisals will be made by exasperated and powerful chiefs when they find that "protection" has really evaporated, and is no longer a bar to the continuance of their brutalities.

The account of the march to Lake Albert Edward is delightful reading for the soldier, the naturalist, the sportsman, and the ethnologist. How oddly extremes meet! When it comes to matters of superstition, the human race appears to have held to various forms and ceremonies that must have had a common origin. Your yachtsman becalmed on the Clyde whistles for a wind; the native in a hollow tree floats on an African river, spreads his blanket on a paddle for a yard, and does the same!

"The Ankoli folk live on the flesh and milk of their cattle, and, until driven by starvation, they would not, I believe, even touch the flesh of goats and sheep, still less of fowls. The latter are kept for purposes of divination only; and, as in the days of the foundation of the Roman empire on the continent of Europe, so here in the heart of Africa, some 2600 years later, you may find auguries taken by the entrails of fowls. As you follow the winding path you will see small limbs of the euphorbia laid across it, and bunches of herbs and various fruits, all offered as propitiatory gifts or as charms for luck. Tiny little huts like bee-hives are at the crossings, festooned with I know not what *dawa*.

"I thus describe the people in my diary: Tall, thin, and lithe, with

high foreheads and most intelligent faces. The eyes piercing, the features sharp, the nose often aquiline. In colour they vary, as do the Somals, some being very pale, others black. Some are remarkably handsome men. They wear a loose skin, beautifully cured, thrown over their shoulders, and so are mostly naked, but the women are clothed.' Dualla, describing these people, said they had a 'beautiful future,' by which he meant 'fine features'! Mr Pilkington had made many inquiries about them, and told me that the custom of kissing, as we know it in Europe, was practised among them, and that their standard of morality was very low. I cannot verify either statement from my own knowledge."—Vol. ii. p. 158.

The partially crippled arm, of course, had to be borne in mind, but the old Indian zest had not diminished in Africa. He who essays to lead a string of native porters from day to day is a poor thing if he cannot at times let them loose on the carcass of an elephant or hippopotamus,—then he is, of course, a hero, and his praises are droned out far into the night in impromptu verse, till nature, tired inside and out, brings the feasting to an end. Lugard records the death of his first elephant:—

"On the way we had sighted a solitary bull elephant feeding on the plain. There was no cover, but, having his wind, I got within about 80 yds. and fired. He turned towards us at once, and spread out his ears as though to charge, and my gun-bearers fled. I fired my second barrel, and he made off, which was lucky for me, as the thick grass would have prevented my running a yard, and I had no second heavy rifle; so he would have 'had me on toast.' He fell dead within 100 yds., and turned out to be a magnificent beast, with tusks weighing 80 and 82 lb.! He was my first elephant—often though I had hunted these animals—and I secured him without delaying the caravan at all. Later in the day, as we neared the Semliki, we came on great herds of elephants, which would not move out of our way. Shukri and I went after them, and it was on this occasion that he was caught by an elephant."—Vol. ii. pp. 175, 176.

One rises from the perusal of the narrative with many varied convictions. Turning to the map which Captain Lugard composed — for that is the only word — as a guidance for the Chartered Company bent on occupying the country, we are struck with its originality and the information enfaced upon it. Soil, people, capabilities, form line—here along latitudes, there upon altitudes where temperatures speak almost of eternal snows.

But there is even a more delightful conclusion than that which assures us we deal with a born geographer: it is the enthusiasm and loyalty which Captain Lugard won to himself. If the reader, here and there, in these pages asks, Was he right? let him turn to the scene where Lugard and Williams receive their orders to scuttle:—

"I told Williams the orders I had received, and we neither of us breathed a word about them to any other person. Like myself, he heard the news with utter consternation, and exclaimed that it simply *could not be done!* He said he would be ashamed to hold up his head in any society of gentlemen if he were involved in so gross a breach of faith, after his declaration to the king, and asked me what I intended to do. I replied that if I detained the men here, the Company would of course decline to pay their wages, for they had peremptorily ordered their withdrawal. In that case I should myself become responsible for their payment; and as I had no money of my own to command, I should be guilty of a gross fraud and breach of faith to them if I detained them. I was thus on the horns of a dilemma, for I must either break faith with the Waganda or deceive my own men, and detain them

under false pretences. For though in such a case I confidently *hoped* that generous folk at home would come to our assistance, I did not think it right to forestall such hopes as though they were certainties. I told Williams of my plan of holding Toru at any rate. He now told me, in confidence, that he had some money of his own which he could command, and he would give that, and every penny he had in the world, sooner than consent to break faith by leaving the country after our pledges of protection."—Vol. ii. pp. 291, 292.

Take, again, the staunchness of Messrs Grant and Wilson; the willing devotion to duty on De Winton's part—which led to his lamented death—and the fidelity of the ever-to-be-applauded Dualla. Here is a loadstone, indeed, when steel sticks to it thus—all of steel, to a man, were his comrades!

The fate of Selim Bey, whose death, under regrettable circumstances, has been reported in the last few weeks, may give rise to discussion. But it must be borne in mind that when he met Lugard, soldier and soldier stood face to face, and this had much to do with the situation. Selim had spent a life in the Khedive's pay. He had risen to the post of Bey—no mean order, be it remembered, as things go in the Egyptian army; he had fought the Dervishes; and grown grey in the Khedive's service. His one perplexity now (and he had had plenty before with Stanley!) was how could he be true to his colours and take up arms under the British too. That he was a brave man, and in a sense distinguished, Lugard knew; that he had not long to live was apparent from the nature of his disease,—and the one soldier scored all the points he could for the other. We don't get many details about his death (which occurred long after Lugard left the country), but quite enough to show us that there are singularly different methods pursued in dealing with native troops, and that those who have led and managed them in all parts of the world perhaps enter into their feelings best. We commend p. 219, vol. ii., to the notice of those who would draw their own inferences after reading the last reports from Uganda.

Nothing is more certain than that we shall require administrators of rare qualifications in Africa. It is to our army that we must look, and to the naval service. Some of the most important positions have already been held by officials who gave time, health, and long service for the work intrusted them — then all has gone well. But it has not always been thus. There have been breaks of continuity, and Africa has suffered much in consequence. A hearty desire has prevailed at times to cut the connection—backed by detestation of diplomatic work without display.

It is impossible to suppose that the career of Captain Lugard will be overlooked. Diligent search, we repeat, will have to be made for the right men to fit into the difficult places which have to be filled — to lead others into the breaches which are being opened in the hitherto close fortress of African savagedom. When the highest attributes of the gentleman are required to win over the suspicions of the natives, or, if needs must be, "the steel head to the bamboo," when actual force has to be employed against the parasitical evil-doers who desolate the unhappy continent, it is probable that the antecedents of the man who has told his tale so well in the pages under review will claim and gain their proper hearing.

STEALING A SESSION.

TIME is money, and political discount as well as pecuniary may lead us into serious scrapes. Reports are already in circulation that the autumn session is to be converted into a winter one, and, for our part, we believe that it has been all along intended. The present situation of affairs is certainly peculiar. Parliament, says Mr Gladstone, was called together in November for the sole purpose of passing two bills, for which the regular session, though protracted to an unusual length, was found too short. They are both measures of the first class, affecting principles of the highest importance, and pregnant with results in which both industry and property are deeply interested. Parliament has not been summoned to meet any grave and exceptional emergency; neither has it met to wind up merely some necessary and unopposed business, which could be allowed to stand over for a month or two without inconvenience. The session of 1893 will be extended to Christmas, and most probably beyond it, simply to enable the Government to do what they ought either to have done within the ordinary period allotted to parliamentary deliberations, or not to have attempted at all. We wish to call special attention to the fact that an autumn session has been imposed upon us by no public necessity of any kind, but simply to save Ministers from the consequences of their own mismanagement. Hitherto they have had to put up with these; and if their calculations were proved to be erroneous, or their pledges insincere, they had to bear the blame till the next session gave them an opportunity of righting themselves. The consciousness of this responsibility made them exercise some degree of caution and moderation in filling up the Queen's Speech. But if they now find that they have the whole autumn to draw upon, they will be more and more tempted every year to undertake a great deal more than can possibly be accomplished within the six or seven months which is the recognised duration of the parliamentary session, and then to ask for a supplementary sitting to make good their deficiencies.

A system so easy and so convenient for the Ministry of the day, when it has once succeeded, is pretty sure to be repeated, and our immediate object is to indicate its probable fruits, if permitted to proceed unchecked. In the first place, it will obviously have the effect of hurrying legislation through Parliament much more quickly than before, leaving much less time for the public to digest the Government proposals. In the second place, it will cause a good deal of business to be transacted in a thin House and in the absence of many of those members—country gentlemen and professional men—who are acquainted with the wants of the country and skilled in the work of legislation: thus leaving Parliament in the hands of professional politicians, perhaps the least qualified of any to keep a watchful eye upon Governments, or to regard the spirit of the constitution. Thirdly, it will clearly give the Minister of the day quite a new hold over the House of Commons, where already many

checks on him have disappeared. The longer Parliament sits, the greater the power accruing to the Government of exhausting Opposition. If time is to be no defence, one of the great safeguards against the tyranny of majorities is destroyed. If an autumn session is to be the recognised penalty of legitimate criticism, the free play of the party system is at once arrested, and parliamentary government passes into a new phase. This thing ought not to be done in a corner, or without the public being aware of the great change that is in progress.

It follows directly from these premisses that if this system is habitually resorted to by Ministers, we shall be drifting in the direction of continuous sittings — sittings, that is, which shall last the whole year round, with only short vacations at long intervals. Let us take the case of the Parish Councils Bill, waiving for the moment all consideration of the stage it has already reached, and regarding only what Ministers must have had in their minds when Parliament reassembled. The bill was read a second time on Tuesday, the 7th of November. It went into Committee on the 16th. It had previously been computed that the Committee stage could not be completed under three weeks. There would then remain the report and the third reading, so that at the very earliest the bill could not reach the House of Lords till about one week before Christmas Day. If the Lords took it up at once, and granting, what on the face of it is absurd, that they took only a week for all its stages, it could not be returned to the Commons till the 26th, who would then almost to a dead certainty be engaged for another week upon the Lords' amendments. This would carry us into January, even if Parliament did nothing else, and took no holiday whatever at Christmas. But it must have been well known to Ministers that so rapid a progress as we have here sketched out was practically impossible. They knew they had the Employers Liability Bill upon their hands as well; and they must have been well aware that when they spoke of an autumn session, they meant one in reality which would last into the New Year.

Now supposing Parliament prorogued about the middle or end of January, when would it be summoned to meet again? If on the 1st of March, a broken recess would only have lasted altogether about twelve weeks; and as the financial year ends upon the 31st of March, the first month of the session must unavoidably be given to money business. There would then remain only nineteen weeks and a half, including vacations, up to the middle of August, the usual time for prorogation. That period would certainly not be enough to satisfy the Radical appetite. If nearly eight months was required for one bill, how much would be required for more than one equally sure to provoke the most strenuous opposition? Nor would matters be much mended were Parliament to reassemble in the middle of February, and sit till the end of August. Would either the Radicals or the Government be satisfied with the work accomplished in *that* time? Almost certainly not. An autumn session would again be resorted to with the same results the year after, and so on till it gradually became the regular practice of Parliament to sit nine months out of the twelve instead of six, to be increased most pro-

bably to ten at no very distant date. The temptation to issue large promises held out by the facility of borrowing time from the autumn would speedily become irresistible, till Government had run so deeply into debt that even autumn sessions would be insufficient to wipe off their arrears, and Parliament must either sit the whole year round, or Ministers call for a wet sponge and confess that the new method of legislation had been a total failure. The effect upon the public mind of such a consummation as this may easily be estimated. It is by no means impossible that such a complete break-down of the legislative machine might usher in a demand for provincial parliaments, or at all events separate legislatures for the different divisions of the kingdom—of course including Home Rule for Ireland, if that had not been carried long before.

Continuous sittings may or may not be an inevitable development of democratic Parliaments; but the change would be one of primary importance so deeply affecting the conditions on which the parliamentary system has hitherto been conducted, that it would be intolerable to see it accomplished except by the deliberate agreement of both Houses, after the public at large had enjoyed ample time to reflect upon it. To allow ourselves to drift into a revolution of such magnitude, recasting, so to speak, the whole conception of public life which has prevailed in England since the Revolution, would argue a degree of political apathy which we do not believe to exist, and which, if it does, would certainly prove us to have become unfit for representative institutions altogether. It may be said, we know, that in the same irregular fashion the British constitution itself has grown up; that it has been adjusted to circumstances as they arose; and that, as regards such matters as procedure, duration of sessions, and the like, the House has only made arrangements from time to time to suit the occasion, without looking into the future. We are told that the business of Parliament is conducted in accordance with certain general understandings which have for members themselves the force of law, and that these are sufficient to prevent either the Government or the dominant party from taking undue advantage of the powers which necessarily reside in them. But it will be noted that this answer is then only valid when the House of Commons is for the most part drawn from those classes which have been brought up with a respect for prescription, and in whose eyes the customs and traditions which have governed generations of Parliaments have acquired a kind of sanctity. Such is not the composition of the present House of Commons; and the experience of the last dozen years ought to be sufficient to convince us that the force of these unwritten laws is fast wearing out, and that we can no longer rely on them to control the impatience of democracies, which, like women, are the slaves of impulse, or to hold at bay the doctrine, so seductive to numerical majorities, that might is right.

We feel, therefore, that nowadays we have little to trust to but the vigilance of the public at large to save the House of Commons from itself. We are very well aware that in some quarters the question is already asked, whether it is worth saving. We take no such view as that question must imply. But what might come to be the prevailing opinion on the

subject, if the House were to sit all the year round, is another question altogether. It is not very deeply venerated even now. What would be its fate then, it is painful to contemplate. It would gradually come to be esteemed the greatest bore in the universe,—worse even than the London County Council. It would descend from its former high rank as the greatest senate in the world, to the level of an overgrown vestry,—part of the descent, indeed, has been already accomplished; it would be less and less frequented by men of liberal education and knowledge of affairs, and more and more by wrangling agitators and mercenary partisans, anxious only in the first place to secure their salaries,—for we should of course have paid members,—and in the second place to creep into a berth. Fancy a debate on foreign policy, or any great constitutional question, in such a House as that! The mother of Parliaments would have lived to be the laughing-stock of her children.

At the same time, we see no reason why some portion of the autumn should not be used for parliamentary purposes, though no one but a member of the House, no one perhaps who has not had some experience of official life, is entitled to speak with any confidence on the subject. But it certainly does seem to a large portion of the public that the time at the disposal of Government is very badly economised, and this by all Governments alike. There is a great deal of business of one kind or another which it is the fashion to call non-contentious—or, in better English, not the subject of dispute; and we would ask whether it would not be possible to hold a short autumn session when necessary, for the transaction or completion of this. Suppose the House to meet on the 8th of January, and rise on the 1st of August; then to reassemble on the 20th of October, and sit till the 20th of November: this would give two hundred and thirty-five days, or thirty-three weeks and a half, for parliamentary work, and deducting three and a half for Easter and Whitsuntide, just thirty weeks. Would not this be enough? If the autumn sitting were reserved exclusively for business such as we have described, only members need attend who were specially interested in it. If members of the House were willing to act in a spirit of accommodation towards each other, could not such a system be arranged—an autumn session of four or five weeks to work off arrears of non-contentious business, so as to leave the spring and summer clear for more important work? Of course it would be understood that a sitting in October and November was strictly confined to measures which were unopposed, and that no entirely new bills should be introduced while it lasted. But to devote an autumn session to such bills as a Parish Councils Bill and an Employers Liability Bill, when Parliament had already been sitting from the 31st of January to the 22d of September, seems to us wholly indefensible, and to establish a precedent which, should it gradually develop into a custom, would lead to most mischievous results, disastrous to the dignity of Parliament, and, with its dignity, to its authority, its utility, and perhaps even its very existence.

The two alternative courses are, either to carry the Parish Councils Bill straight through by means of the closure, or to withdraw the poor-law clauses and some of the

acquisition clauses, and come to an understanding with the Opposition as to the remainder. The first, however, would meet with marked public disapproval, and would ensure the rejection of the bill by the House of Lords; while the second would be so bitter a pill for Ministers to swallow, that they may be expected rather to risk the odium of a session more than twelve months long. It will then, however, be for the House of Lords to consider whether they will be a party to any such arbitrary innovation. It seems to be forgotten that it will be quite useless for Mr Gladstone to keep the House of Commons sitting by itself. In the House of Lords an adjournment may be moved and carried which would clearly defeat Mr Gladstone's project. We do not say that this will be done. We do not offer any opinion on the policy of such a step. But it is at least upon the cards. Attention was called to the possibility of such a course being adopted in the columns of a leading daily journal, and the bare mention of it was received with great merriment by certain Radical boasters in the Lobby. They knew no better: but they will do well to remember that they laugh best who laugh last; and we are in a position to assert that the expediency of bringing Mr Gladstone to a halt by the only means which seem to be immediately practicable has been under consideration in quarters where the power to act on it resides.

The character of the House of Commons has undergone so complete a change within the last quarter of a century, that the old watchwords and the old shibboleths concerning it are no longer applicable. The resisting forces of the constitution, which were practically dormant when the popular Chamber made no pretension to ride roughshod over all precedents and principles, or to treat the rights of minorities as so much dirt beneath their feet, may be expected to revive under the new *régime*. The Radical party in the House of Commons make an open attempt to intimidate the Government, requiring the Government in turn to intimidate the House of Lords. If this new conception of representative government is to be resisted and repelled, the sooner the struggle is resolved upon the better. The deputation to the Lord Chancellor on the 15th of November is an excellent example of the extent to which a party in the House of Commons is prepared to usurp the functions of Government. The Chancellor, we are happy to see, sent the deputation away with its tail between its legs. This barefaced attempt to encroach on the province of the Executive, and reduce Government to the position of a mere bailiff, has received a well-merited snub, and every little village tradesman, "licensed to sell tea, coffee, tobacco, snuff, pepper, and vinegar," will not be held qualified for the bench of magistrates, at all events while Lord Herschell is on the Woolsack. But such attempts as these, by so large a number as two hundred and eighty members of the House of Commons, show very clearly the change that has passed over that Assembly, creating a corresponding change in the relations between the two Houses, and calling for more, not less, vigilance and firmness on the part of the Upper Chamber to preserve the balance of the constitution.

The House of Lords is now placed in a position to which the course of events ever since 1832

has been gradually bringing it nearer and nearer, and is about to exercise its constitutional powers on a wider field of action and at a crisis of far greater magnitude than was presented even by the first Reform Bill. We are apt both to overrate and to underrate the importance of events which are passing before our own eyes. But in politics, and in a country like England, the latter mistake is probably the more common of the two, and we only hope the country at large will not be guilty of it during the next few months. Whether the Radicals and Home Rulers shall be ultimately allowed to triumph "all along the line," or whether they shall be discomfited and driven back, is "in the lap of the gods." But the fact will remain, that issues of the gravest character hang on the turn events may take during the next twelve months, and on the willingness or unwillingness of the British people to support the House of Lords and the Conservative party in general, in every move they may think it necessary to make for the safety of our free constitution, for the preservation of the principle of authority, and for the defence of the National Church, the monarchy, and the aristocracy. All will go, violently or gradually as the case may be, unless their appointed guardians show that degree of spirit and resolution in which we will not believe that English gentlemen can be deficient, and which, when opportunely exhibited, frequently meet with a success hardly anticipated even by the combatants themselves. The interests at stake now are infinitely greater than were fought for sixty years ago. We are now at the verge of that final conflict between property and numbers, between the graduated order of society and the democratic level, which in the whole history of the world Dr Arnold had never known to end happily. Will England be an exception? If it is true that the question will be determined one way or another by the struggle now immediately before us, can we imagine any situation better calculated to call up from the depths of every man's heart an almost passionate sentiment of patriotism,—to fill every one who has in any degree the power of controlling events with a solemn sense of his own responsibility, and steel him against all considerations of ease, comfort, or convenience in the performance of a sacred and heroic public duty.

And he would be a bold man who should say that it was *not* true. A general election cannot be far off. It is said that Government will not face the budget; and if the Radicals win on the next appeal to the country, on the strength of measures passed during the present session, the Newcastle programme will be in a fair way of being completed in the next Parliament,—and if it is, power will be lodged in the hands of our opponents which it will be impossible afterwards to wrest from them. How they will use it, they have already told us. Can any sober-minded Conservative think the language we have used too strong, or the warning we have uttered an untimely one?

Mr Morley describes the House of Lords as a dead-weight of ignorance, prejudice, and bigotry. Is that like a Minister of the Crown? Lord Rosebery, Lord Herschell, Lord Spencer, Lord Kimberley, Lord Ripon, are members of the House of Lords: if Mr Morley includes them in his sweeping condemnation, is that like a colleague?

If not, and if he only includes the Conservative peers, it comes to this, that everybody who differs from himself is a fool or a bigot. Is this like a philosopher? But whether Mr Morley is right or wrong, he may rest assured of this, that in the House of Lords the Radical party will find that they have a hard nut to crack. The aristocracy is not now divided against itself as it was in 1832. No one section of it has any prospect of advantage from the Radical measures now proposed, as the Whigs had from the abolition of the nomination boroughs, which had then fallen almost exclusively into the hands of the Tories. If the Peers were not evenly divided on Lord Grey's Bill, it was supported by a very powerful minority. The majority against the second reading in 1831 was only forty-one. The majority in favour of Lord Lyndhurst's amendment in 1832 was only thirty-five. These are not the majorities the Radical party will have to contend with in 1893. They have a practically unanimous House of Lords to deal with; and even the Peers who are supporters of the Government, are so in obedience rather to political traditions than to any genuine convictions. But party ties, unsustained either by faith in any great principle or by the prospect of material benefits, will not long endure the strain to which Mr Gladstone is exposing them. If there does come a struggle between the two opposing forces, it will be an affair of campaigns,—

"And many a banner shall be torn,
And many a knight to earth be borne,"

before the British constitution is destroyed. We only hope the Peers will see the wisdom of grasping the nettle. It is their only chance.

Of the two bills for the sake of which this disturbance of our parliamentary system has taken place, the Parish Councils Bill is the more important, and will doubtless give rise to the greater embarrassments hereafter. The debates on the Employers Liability Bill are chiefly remarkable for the complete submission of the Government to the dictation of trades-unionism, which was revealed by their refusal of Mr M'Laren's amendment. The bill is one for making compensation in certain accidents compulsory on employers, and enabling the servant so injured to go before a jury to decide the amount to which he is entitled. As it is, some of the large railway companies have established mutual insurance funds for the same purpose, with which their servants appear thoroughly well satisfied. The London and North-Western contributes £22,000 a-year to such a fund. And the object of Mr M'Laren's amendment was to enable men now working under these agreements to exempt themselves, if they chose, from the operation of the bill, as it is not likely that the companies will continue these contributions if liable to be sued as well. The large majority of the men employed by these companies are anxious to be able to "contract out," believing that they are much better off as they are than they would be under the Act. Mr Cobb, the Radical member for Rugby, said—

"He was as much in favour of trades unions as any one in the House, and supported them when they were not so popular as they were now; but it could not be contended that a union that only had one-fourteenth or one-fifteenth of the whole number of a particular trade was to control the arrangements of that trade. The Amalgamated Society of Railway

Workers numbered, according to its president, 30,611 members, whereas it was estimated by the chairman of the Midland Railway Company that there were 500,000 railway *employés* in the United Kingdom. Was it fair that such a union should claim to dictate to the 70,000 men in the London and North-Western and Brighton Companies, the enormous majority of whom undoubtedly wished the present system to continue? Mr Harford's statement, that the men of the London and North-Western were incapable of expressing a free opinion by ballot on account of being overshadowed by officialism, was a libel on the ballot, and a libel on the London and North-Western. He knew the line longer than Mr Harford did, and there was not a better or more independent class of men in the country than those *employés*, and they were not such fools as not to know how to vote by ballot for their own interests."

Mr Jesse Collings, whose life has been devoted to the cause of labour, argued in great detail that the men must be better off under the mutual insurance fund than they would be under the Government bill; and it may be honestly affirmed that no substantial effort was made by the Government to demonstrate the contrary. Their only argument was that there might be a class of smaller employers who would put pressure on their men to contract themselves out of the Act without holding out to them any commensurate advantages in exchange. But the working men themselves do not seem to be afraid of any such abuse. "Are the Government," asked Mr Collings, "to say to the working men—you do not understand your own business, and we are going to compel you to do what we think best for you." That is treating them like children. That is not Liberal, but paternal, government.

The meaning of the opposition to Mr M'Laren's clause is not, however, very far to seek. It was sufficently revealed to us in the course of the debate. Mr Keir Hardie flatly told the House that the trades unions would not accept the clause. This is a pretty state of things certainly, if Parliament is not to legislate for the working classes, but only for the trades unions. "Trades unions," said Mr Collings, "must exist for the good of the people, not the people for the good of trades unions." But why will not the trades unions accept a provision approved of by the great mass of working people? The answer is clear enough, and here comes in the most instructive part of the whole discussion. They are afraid that the insurance system will "undermine trades-unionism," —that the arrangements permitted by the clause will tend to bring masters and employees more closely together. But even a still more important witness to the same truth is to be found in the Home Secretary himself, whose good genius must certainly have deserted him when he spoke these words:—

"What," said he, "is the real motive of the railway companies in establishing these insurance societies? It is, as my hon. friends have frankly said, to establish a good state of relations between the masters and the men. It is to gather all the persons in their employ within an industrial ring-fence. It is to exclude the operation of outside influences which might sow dissension between the masters and the men. It is to secure for the companies—and I do not say that it is an improper motive at all, it is one which might well weigh with prudent men of business—it is to secure for them a hold over the men in their employ which shall make the men think twice and even thrice be-

fore they resort to strikes or other labour organisations."

Here is Balaam to the front with a vengeance! And it is these good relations which the trades unions are anxious to prevent, preferring a state of things which enables them to sow dissensions between the masters and the men. Thank you, Mr Asquith; you may sit down.

These, then, are the conditions of the contest: the working men, on the one hand, in favour of arrangements which will preserve good relations between themselves and their employers, and prevent such widespread misery and such heavy pecuniary loss as are entailed by strikes; the trades unions on the other, struggling to maintain a system which enables them to sow dissensions between employers and employed, and to enforce a strike whenever they choose to hold up their hands. It is this party whose banner Mr Gladstone follows; nor need it surprise any one who reflects that the despotism of trades unions in England is just the same in principle as the despotism of the League in Ireland.

Of the Parish Councils Bill, which did not reach Committee till the 16th November, we propose on the present occasion to indicate only the salient features, reserving our remarks on its passage through the House of Commons to a future number, when the points round which the conflict is finally to centre shall have plainly disclosed themselves. At the present moment it is uncertain to what extent Government is prepared to give way on the most important of the clauses to which the Opposition take exception. On two of them they have already made some slight concessions,—some indications have been given of a willingness to reconsider one very important point affecting the election of guardians.

As the law stood before the accession of the present Government to office, and as, with one exception, it stands now, English parochial administration may briefly be described as follows. The principal civil officers of the parish, the overseers of the poor, are annually appointed by the justices. Churchwardens, in parishes where there are any, are associated as overseers with the persons nominated to that office. Overseers must be substantial householders, and their service is compulsory. They have other duties besides those relating to the relief of the poor. Thus they make out the lists of jurors, and of parliamentary voters and burgesses.

For the union, the authority is the board of guardians. This board consists, firstly, of the county justices residing within the union, who sit *ex officio;* and, secondly, of guardians elected by the constituent parishes. Small parishes may be grouped for purposes of representation, but every parish with three hundred inhabitants must have at least one representative. A large parish may for the same purposes be divided into wards. The electors are the owners and ratepayers of each parish, but the owners have to claim their votes. As owner or as ratepayer each elector may have any number of plural votes not exceeding six, one vote for every £50 rating. If qualified both as owner and as ratepayer, he may vote in both capacities, and, on the most favourable footing, give twelve votes. Non-residents may vote by proxy, and corporate bodies by their officers. A guar-

dian's qualification is fixed by the Local Government Board, within the limit of £40 rating. The usual officers of a board of guardians are a clerk, a treasurer, registrars of births and deaths, medical, vaccinating, relieving, and workhouse officers. The board may also employ a paid valuer and paid collectors.[1]

By ratepayers are meant all the inhabitants whose names are borne upon the rate-book, including those who do not pay their rates personally as well as those who do. But under the present system this is a matter of little consequence. The presence on the board of *ex officio* members, the property qualification for guardians, and the system of plural voting, are sufficient guarantees that the business of the union shall be under the control of practical and business-like men. Besides, as it is unnecessary to say, the Boards of Guardians possess no such extensive powers as it is now proposed to confer on District and Parish Councils—powers cutting deeply into the ownership of property, and necessitating the levy and expenditure of large sums of money. Thus, while the poorest class in the community, who practically pay no rates, and are totally indifferent to their incidence, are intrusted by the bill with new and most important functions, conferring the right of dipping their hands to any extent into the pockets of their neighbours, it is proposed at one and the same time to remove, by a stroke of the pen, all the salutary checks upon them which exist at present, preventing the extravagance to which all men are prone who are only spending the money of other people, and leaving the whole property of the parish practically at their mercy. Had one thing been done at a time, it might have been less intolerable. Had the parochial franchise been changed while parochial government remained on its present footing, or had parochial government been reformed while the old franchises were maintained, the danger would at all events have been diminished. But to do both at once—to give new and wide powers of expenditure to a class of men totally unused to the management of money, and at the same time to knock away all the machinery which might have exercised a wholesome restraint upon them—does seem something like infatuation. Yet this is what the Government propose. The same men who have votes under the present system—that is, men who pay no rates, and never feel the pressure of them—are to have votes under the new.

The degree in which this wild and reckless scheme affects the great question of outdoor relief must next be glanced at. One of the first acts of the new Government was to reduce the qualification for guardians to £5 rating value. But, while *ex-officio* members and plural voting remained, the change was robbed of half its evil. Now, however, that every person, male or female, may be either a guardian or the elector of a guardian, uncontrolled by *ex-officio* members or plural votes, what is naturally to be expected? The English peasantry hate the workhouse. Many among them may still dislike the idea of coming upon the parish in any shape or form; but when it comes to be a

[1] *Vide* 'Local Administration.' By Messrs Albert Pell, Rathbone, and Montague. 1885.

question between outdoor relief and indoor relief, can we suppose for a moment that they will hesitate between the two? They will certainly choose for guardians men who will sympathise with themselves, and who can be thoroughly trusted not to carry out "the workhouse test" with much rigidity. A great deal is said of the independence and self-respect of the British peasant, and nobody has greater faith in them than we have. But what does experience teach us? Just the same things were said of the independence and self-respect of the peasantry a hundred years ago. Yet what happened? With the Act of 1796 placing the system of outdoor relief on the footing which lasted down to 1834, the demoralisation of the peasantry began. What had been meant as a legislative blessing turned out to be a legislative curse. The labourers had been demoralised by Act of Parliament, and to the condition in which they were in 1834 they will assuredly return again if we revive practically the same abuses of the Poor Law to which the Act of 1796 gave rise. We have no right to expose the labourers to such temptations, which it is hardly in human nature to resist. We need say nothing of the unhappy payers of rates. To see what their condition will be, we need only refer to the Report of the Poor Law Commissioners, on which the new Poor Law was based.

No doubt the bill contains certain nominal restrictions on the expenditure of parish councils. But as these consist chiefly in the veto of the district council, composed of the same materials, and under the influence of the same motives and interests, as the inferior assembly, they will be found, we think, practically worthless. The only effective safeguard will lie in making the personal payment of rates universal and compulsory. The Radicals have argued, and will argue, that the agricultural labourer pays rates indirectly, because the farmer, who pays them for him, considers them as part of his wages. But this is nothing to the purpose. The object of making personal payment a condition of the franchise is to create a sense of personal responsibility. If the full effect of parochial expenditure upon his own income is ever to be brought home to the labourer, the collector must come to him note in hand, and show him how the amount varies with the varying requirements of the council. Then, when he has to pay the money out of his own pocket, he will begin, perhaps, to consider whether he has been turning his newly acquired powers to the best account. But not before. The farmer cannot always be lowering or raising his wages every time a rate is made. It will be nothing therefore to the labourer whether the sums levied by the parish are large or small. Extravagance will do him no harm, and economy no good. The time must come, of course, when the costliness of the new system will begin to tell upon his wages, and then, as a natural consequence, more and more pressure will be brought to bear upon the guardians. But the effect will not be felt all at once, or till irreparable mischief has been done. And if the council continues to be elected by irresponsible voters, who have no direct interest in keeping down the rates, parish after parish will be on the verge of bankruptcy before the eyes of the peasantry are opened.

The Government rejected Mr Stanley Leighton's amendment in

favour of personal payment, and finally had under consideration another plan, proposed by Mr Rathbone, which, though not, we think, equally efficacious, would be a step in the right direction. He proposed that ratepayers should be divided into owners and occupiers, and that the former should be separately represented —one-fifth of the number of the council being assigned to them. Mr H. Fowler, in opposing the amendment, said that when clause 19, concerning the election of guardians, was reached, it would be for the Committee to say whether they would accept the parochial elector —*i.e.*, the elector as proposed in the bill—for Poor Law purposes or not. Mr Goschen thought that something would have to be done to protect the owners of property, but was rather doubtful whether Mr Rathbone's plan was the best that could be devised.

It is to be remembered that the parish meeting will have large and undefined powers, and that the policy of the council (heaven save the mark!) cannot fail to be largely determined by the direct and immediate action of its constituents. The council, in fact, even if disposed to be economical, could hardly be expected to reject proposals coming from the parish meeting, in which the whole non-ratepaying population of the place would be the dominant element. There are certain disqualifications for the office of parish councillor which are intended as safeguards against some of the abuses to which such bodies are peculiarly liable. But the most important of them is neutralised by a saving clause of a very amusing character, reminding one of the words of the old Highgate oath. A person shall be disqualified for being a member of a district or parish council "if he is concerned in any bargain or contract entered into with the council or board, or participates in the profit of any such bargain or contract, or of any work done under the authority of the council or board." A most proper provision, the reader will exclaim. But, gently! What have we here? Such person is to be disqualified unless the district council would rather that he wasn't. The disqualification may be removed "if the council are of opinion that the removal of it would be beneficial to the parish." We may safely predict that in a vast number of instances they will be of that opinion. The guilty participator will be the personal friend of half the members, and we need only a very slight acquaintance with such matters to appreciate the delightful opening for jobbery and corruption hereby considerately provided for our new rural administrators.

As the grouping clauses have already been made optional by the Government, and as the Conservatives profess themselves satisfied with the securities given for Church property — though the clause affecting closed churchyards will require examination—we need not dwell at any length on either of them. But we must be allowed to observe that ecclesiastical property is not the only thing to be considered in estimating the effect of the bill upon the Church of England. The parson, as *ex-officio* chairman of the vestry, is the legal head of the parish—a note of establishment to the loss of which it is idle to attach no importance. No doubt the clergyman, if a man of energy and ability, would be able to take a lead in the parish. But so would the butcher. A legal and official status, and one depending exclusively on personal

qualifications, are two totally different things. Anybody possessed of exceptional energy and ability can take a lead if he chooses, wherever he is placed. But the clergyman could never regain by mere force of character the position which he now occupies by the law of the land, as the visible representative of an estate of the realm.

It is needless to say that the bill makes a dead set at county magistrates. A justice of the peace is no longer to be an *ex-officio* guardian, though the chairman of every petty district council is to be a justice of the peace; the magistrates are no longer to appoint the overseers; and, in fact, every provision whereby a blow would be struck at the remaining influence of both the clergy and the gentry has been studiously inserted in it. If it is not a bill "for the disestablishment of the squire and the parson," as its Radical friends fondly term it, we own it is something not unlike it.

It remains to say a word on what we have called the acquisition clauses, which no doubt will be contested inch by inch as stoutly as the poor law clauses. They are too long to quote *in extenso*, but we give the most important ones. A parish council, then, shall have power—(1) to provide or acquire buildings for public offices, and for meetings, and other public purposes; (2) to provide or acquire land for such buildings, and for a recreation ground, and for public walks; (3) to utilise any supply of water within their parish; (4) to acquire any right of way, easement, or other right, *whether within or without their parish*, the acquisition of which is beneficial to any inhabitants of the parish. In order to obtain land, either for allotments or for any of the above purposes, the district council may apply to the Local Government Board for an order to take it by compulsion, and the order, if made, shall not require confirmation by Parliament. Finally, in determining the amount of disputed compensation, the arbitrator shall not make any additional allowance in respect of the purchase being compulsory.

Such is the precious scheme which the Government are trying to force through Parliament with the help of their Irish brigade, no one of whom either knows or cares anything at all about it. To confer on such bodies as the proposed parish councils the power of seizing land against its owner's will, of appropriating to public use running streams or lakes which belong to private property, and of carrying footpaths wherever they choose through woods, parks, and pleasure-grounds, is only on a par with the clauses which enable men to tax their fellow-parishioners for any whim they may take into their heads, though they themselves contribute nothing to the parochial purse. Such powers, it is obvious, are liable to the most shocking abuses, and may be prostituted to the gratification of personal spite or jealousy to an indefinite extent. They must be met by a direct negative, or else by amendments constituting Parliament the sole judge of the justice or necessity of such applications. To leave them to the discretion of the President of the Local Government Board for the time being, who might be, and very likely often would be, "a gentleman of extreme views," would be as bad as leaving them to the district council altogether. The right to seize private prop-

erty for public purpose is one of those exceptional violations of a great principle which nothing but the strongest necessity can justify, and only the High Court of Parliament is competent to authorise.

Lord Salisbury is in favour of the extension of local self-government as a useful check on the spread of bureaucratic tyranny. The remark was made with special reference to the conduct of the Education Department, which has shown how two vices not always found together—impiety and hypocrisy — can be happily united under the name of philanthropy. But it admits of more general application, and is the best apology that can be offered for the new administrative machinery which has already in part superseded, and seems destined to supersede altogether, our ancient form of rural government. But it does not follow because parish councils may be good things, that the particular parish council set before us by Mr Gladstone's Government is a good thing. "Brandy," said Mr Dempster, "is a good thing, though this particular brandy"—referring to the bottle set before him—"is British, and tastes like sugared rain-water caught down the chimney." So we say of this measure. It may represent a sound principle; but in its actual form it is detestable, at variance with all received theories of property, economy, and popular representation; the offspring of social jealousy and selfish ambition, thinly disguised behind a veil of democratic enthusiasm.

INDEX TO VOL. CLIV.

Alexander VI., Pope, sketch of life of, 843—cause of death of, examined, 846 *et seq.*

America Cup, the Story of the: International Yacht-Racing, 189.

"America," the schooner-yacht, challenge by the owner of, to sail any yacht afloat, 189—wins a £100 cup, 190—description of the yacht, 191.

American brook-trout, *Salvelinus Fontinalis*, some facts concerning the, 256 *et seq.*

Amiens cathedral, a visit to, 249, 250.

Animals, companionship of, 710, 711—wild, the law regarding man's right of property in, as laid down by Blackstone, 747.

Arbitration, our Latest: the United States in International Law, 479.

Armed Europe: How Coming Events cast their Shadows before, 755.

Army School of Cookery, the, at Aldershot, preparation of soldiers' food by, 865 *et seq.*

Asia, advantages to, through the aggressions of Russia, 199.

Asia, Eastern, Balance of Power in, 397.

Australia and India: their Financial Conditions and Mutual Relations, 64.

Australia, necessity for greater trade relationships between India and, 70 *et seq.*—value of irrigation for, 72—how the bonds between India and, may be strengthened, 73.

Austrian army, the, forces of, in peace, 761—and in war, 762.

Autumn session, disadvantages of an, 472 *et seq.*, 892 *et seq.*—some advantages of an, 895.

Balance of Power in Eastern Asia, 397.

'Balmoral: a Romance of the Queen's Country,' by Alexander Allardyce, notice of, 119.

Baron Hyde de Neuville's Memoirs, 90.

Beam-Trawlers, Line-Fishers *v.*, 693.

Bear-hunt, ludicrous mistake at a, 624, 625.

Bear, hunting the, 635 *et seq.*

Behring Sea question, the, outline of, 490 *et seq.*—result of the decision on, 493 *et seq.*—a loophole in award in, 749—the regulations contained in award in, quoted and criticised, *ib. et seq.*

Ben Jonson in Edinburgh, 790.

Bernhardi, Lieutenant von, the first German into Paris in 1871, 610, 611.

Bird-shooters, boys employed as, in fruit-gardens, 110—become good shots in course of time, 111.

Bismarck, Count, with the Germans in Paris, 613, 614.

Boar, Bengal, hunting the, 501—his courage, 502.

Borgia, Cæsar, sketch of the life of, 845 *et seq.* — illness of, from supposed poisoning, 850, 862—subsequent fate of, 863.

Bourget, M. Paul, his 'Cosmopolis' reviewed, 378.

Brouwer, Adrian, the Dutch painter, 692.

Burns, a French Study of, 215.

Burns, Robert, by Auguste Angellier, review of, 215.

Cæsar Borgia, Pope Alexander VI. and: were they Poisoned? 843.

Cathedrals, among French, 249.

Catholic Church, the, state of, in France, early in the seventeenth century, 644.

Cheetah, the domesticated, and the wild, 634.

Cherbuliez, M. Victor, his 'Le Secret du Précepteur' reviewed, 390.

China, a living archaism, 401—state of her army, *ib. et seq.*—and of her navy, 403—need for the extension of railways in, 405 *et seq.*—importance of

Korea to, and to Russia, 409 *et seq.*—might become more than a match for Russia, 414.
China, Murders in, 592.
Chinese and Irish crime, comparison between, 593.
Chinese, the, severity of the Russians towards, 208—murder of two Swedish missionaries by, 592—proper mode of dealing with, 595, 596.
Coleridge, Hartley, his early religious impressions, 9—his shortcomings and remorse, 10—how he spent a summer Sunday, 11—never depreciated those from whom he differed, 12.
Comedy of Errors, a, 518.
Constabulary, the Irish Magistracy and, under Home Rule, 145.
Constabulary, the Royal Irish, position of the officers of, 150, 151—salary and promotion of, 152—loss incurred by, under the provisions of the Home Rule Bill, *ib. et seq.*
Copyright, the law of, Americans and, 488.
Cosmos, Man's Place in the: Professor Huxley on Nature and Man, 823.
Coup d'État, the, 310.
Criminals, the extradition of, treaties regarding, 486.
Cruise to the Dutchman's Cap, a, 439.
Currency Commission, the Indian, 293.
Death of Sir Anthony d'Arces de la Bastie, the: an Episode in Scottish History, 132.
Decadence of Parliament, the, 605.
De Quincey, his love of children, 16—his firm belief in the Bible, 17.
Desghur, the district of, described, 618—man-eating tigers in, 619 *et seq.*
Diary of an Idle Doctor.—iv. 1. Italy in Paris, 706—2. Zoology, 710.
Divide, the Great, 543.
Drummond of Hawthornden, visit of Ben Jonson to, 801—correspondence of Ben Jonson with, 802.
Dual Alliance in Europe, the, 755 *et seq.*—military force of, in peace, 763—and in war, *ib.*
Dunbar, William, 416.
Dunbar, William, biographical sketch of, 417 *et seq.*—estimate of, as a poet, 424 *et seq.*—his poems criticised, 426 *et seq.*
Dutch School, Rembrandt and the, 675.
Dutchman's Cap, a Cruise to the, 439.
Earlscourt: A Novel of Provincial Life, Chapters xxv.-xxvii., 74—xxviii.-xxxi., 233—xxxii.-xxxiv., 353—xxxv.-xxxvii., 546—xxxviii.-xl., 658—xli.-xliii., 805.
Edinburgh, Ben Jonson in, 790.
Edinburgh, Ben Jonson made an honorary burgess of, 789.
Elephant-hunt in India, story of an, 882.
Elephant-shooting, unsuccessful, 639.
Employers Liability Bill, debates on the, 898 *et seq.*
English scenery, beauty of, 373, 374.
Errors, a Comedy of, 518.
Europe, Armed: How Coming Events cast their Shadows before, 755.
Europe, neutral States of, outlook of the, 764.
Evenings with Madame Mohl, 41.
"Evolution and Ethics," Romanes lecture of Professor Huxley on, criticised, 823 *et seq.*
Father Ohrwalder, a Talk with, 341.
Fish-Culture, Successful, in the Highlands, 835.
Fish, Odd, Chance Shots and, 110.
Fishermen, hostility of, to trawlers, 694—are their troubles due to trawling? 695 *et seq.*, 703, 704.
Fishing, the essence of sport in, 259.
Fontinalis in Scotland, 256.
Forbes, Mr Archibald, assaulted by the French in Paris, 616.
France, relations between America and, 482—policy of, in the East, 577 *et seq.*—preparations of, for war, 759—army of, on peace footing, 760—and for war, *ib.*
French Cathedrals, among, 249.
French Lesson, a, 574.
French Novels, recent, 378.
French Study of Burns, a, 215.
Fur-Seal, the, and the Award, 745.
German army, forces of the, in peace and in war, 761.
Germans, the, account of the entry of, into Paris, 613 *et seq.*—scene at their departure therefrom, 617.
Gladstone, Mr, his letter to Mr Cowan of Beeslack noticed, 465, 466—his difficulties brought on by his disregard of parliamentary usage, 469—his conduct highly censurable, 472.
Glengarry and his Family: some Reminiscences of a Highland Chief, 323.
Glengarry, adventure of, at the coronation of George IV., 333 *et seq.*—his welcome to George IV. when he visited Edinburgh, 336—his sad death, 337—and funeral, 338—his death-song by Sir Walter Scott, 339.
Glens, the, and their Speech, 367.
Gloaming, the, 457.

Great Divide, the, 543.
Green Dragon, at the: an Episode, 159.
Hamley, Sir Edward, 446.
Hamley, Sir Edward, his military career sketched, 449 *et seq.*—in command of the second division at Tel-el-Kebir, 452—his hair-breadth escapes in the Crimea, 456—sketch of his literary life, 454 *et seq.*—his affection for cats, 460—his last illness and death, 447-449.
Highland Chief, some Reminiscences of a: Glengarry and his Family, 323.
Highland games, description of, seventy years ago, 329, 330.
Highland keepers, sportsmen and, 263.
Highlands, life in the, at the beginning of the present century, 325 *et seq.*
Highlands, Successful Fish-Culture in the, 835.
Home Rule Bill, the, effects of, on freedom of speech, 321—Parliament compelled to pass most of it without examination, 462, 463—Mr Gladstone driven to effect changes on it for the worse, 466, 467—the bill not a sham, 477—injustice inflicted on the British taxpayer by, 591—analysis of the Lords' votes on, 597—Lord Rosebery's speech on, criticised, 598 *et seq.*
Home Rule, the Taxpayer under, 587.
How Tommy Atkins is Fed, 865.
Hunter, a dangerous, 500, 501.
Huxley, Professor, Romanes lecture of, on "Evolution and Ethics," reviewed, 823 *et seq.*
Hyde de Neuville, adventurous career of, 91 *et seq.*—early exploits of, 93—his efforts in behalf of Marie Antoinette, 96, 97—his "mental earthquake," 99—becomes an ultra-Royalist, 100—causes which led to his change of front, 101 *et seq.*—his personal action in the political entanglements of Europe, 104 *et seq.*
India, Australia and: their Financial Conditions and Mutual Relations, 64.
India, the financial difficulties of, 68, 69.
Indian Currency Commission, the, 293.
Inscribed Stone, Yarrow and its, 648.
Institute, the Imperial, objects of, 64.
Insurance societies, railway companies', attitude of trades unionists towards, 899.
Ireland, her contributions to revenue, and amount spent on, analysed and compared with those of England and Scotland, 587 *et seq.*
Ireland, Priest-ridden, 264.
Irish Magistracy and Constabulary, the, under Home Rule, 145.
Irish priests, power of the, over their people, 265 *et seq.*—deterioration of, in social and educational qualities, since the foundation of Maynooth College, 270.
Italian army, the, forces of, in peace and war, 762.
James I. of England, visit of, to Scotland, in 1617, 790 *et seq.*
Jesuit Father, a Novel by a, 49.
Johnson, Dr, religious feelings of, 57.
Jonson, Ben, in Edinburgh, 790
Jonson, Ben, pedestrian expedition of, to Scotland, 793 *et seq.*—his lodging in Leith, 795—he is made an honorary burgess of Edinburgh, 798—his visit to Drummond of Hawthornden, 801—his return to England, 802.
Kinloch-Moidart, experiments in fish-culture at, 835 *et seq.*
Korea, kind treatment of the natives of, by the Russians, 207, 209—diplomatic negotiations between Russia and the rulers of, and their result, 210—importance of, to China and to Russia, 409 *et seq.*
La Bastie, a French knight, account of, 132 *et seq.*—nature of the challenges issued by him and his comrades, 134 *et seq.*—his tragic end, 142 *et seq.*
Lamb, Charles, his love of London, 12—his religious feelings, 13, 14—his filial affection, 14—his indignant letter to Southey, *ib.*—and expression of penitence therefor, *ib.*—his description of an empty village church, 16—incident regarding his epitaph, 17.
Lesson, a French, 574.
Letters, the Religion of, 1750-1850, 1.
Line-Fishers *v.* Beam-Trawlers, 693.
Loch Leven trout-eggs, introduction of, to Highland lochs, 838 *et seq.*
Lords, the House of, attitude of the country to, 602—and of the Government to, 603—present critical position of, 897.
Lugard, Captain F. D., his 'Rise of Our East African Empire' reviewed, 875 *et seq.*
M'Corquodale, Messrs, the Government printers, treatment of, by Parliament, 474.
Macdonell, Miss, of Glengarry, reminiscences of, 323 *et seq.*
'Maga's' Library, in:—
November: *The Letters of Lady Burghersh from Germany and France during the Campaign of* 1813, 1814, 713—*Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa*, by Frederick Courtney Selous, C.M.Z.S., 719—*Stray Sport*, by J. Moray Brown, 725—*My First*

Grouse, and other Memories, by T. E. Kebbel, 730—*Catriona: A Sequel to Kidnapped, &c.*, by Robert Louis Stevenson, 731—*The Scallywag*, by Grant Allen, 734—*Glimpses of Church and Social Life in the Highlands in Olden Times, and other Papers*, 738.

Magistrates, Irish resident, appointment, duties, and emoluments of, 145 *et seq.*—valuable services of the, 148—their pension scheme as provided by Mr Gladstone's bill, 149.

Manchuria, Russian Progress in, 199.

Manchuria, tiger-hunting in, 205, 206.

Manchus, description of the, and their territory, 200 *et seq.*

Man's Place in the Cosmos: Professor Huxley on Nature and Man, 823.

March 1st, 1871, 609.

Margrédel, the Story of: Being a Fireside History of a Fifeshire Family, Chapters i.-v., 765.

Marriage Bells, 155.

Marriage, the Romantic, of Major James Achilles Kirkpatrick, sometime British Resident at the Court of Hyderabad, 18.

Methodism, reception of, by the various classes of society, 2.

Mohl, Madame, Evenings with, 41.

Mohl, M. Jules, Sainte-Beuve's description of, 41—touching incident at his death-bed, 48.

Molière, the object of his comedy of 'Le Tartuffe,' 643—its appearance on the stage, 647.

More, Hannah, her religious zeal, 3, 4.

Munchausen, a modern, 505.

Murders in China, 592.

Neutral States of Europe, outlook of the, 764.

New Books:—

August: *Annals of My Life*, 1847-1856, by Charles Wordsworth, D.D., 272—*A Sketch of the Life of Georgina, Lady de Ros*, by her Daughter, the Hon. Mrs Swinton, 275—*My Contemporaries*, by Wm. Arden Shee, 277—*Out of Doors in Tsar Land*, by Fred. J. Whishaw, 278—*Where Three Empires Meet*, by E. F. Knight, 281—*Round the Black Man's Garden*, by Zélie Colvile, F.R.G.S., 283—*The Prose Works of Rev. R. S. Hawker*, 288.

New South Wales, the recent bank failures in, 67, 68.

Novel, a, by a Jesuit Father, 49.

Novels, recent French, 378.

Novels, Three, 119.

Ohrwalder, Father, sketch of his career, 341 *et seq.*—his personal appearance, 343.

Oliphant, Laurence, witnesses the entry of the Germans into Paris, 609 *et seq.*—is assaulted by the French, 611—views the departure of the Germans from the Arch of Triumph, 616, 617.

Orcadia, in, 224.

Orkneys, the, boating in, 225—a Sabbath in, 230.

Our East African Empire, the Rise of, 875.

Panther, hunting the, 508, 509—various methods of, 625, 626.

Parish Councils Bill, the, stages of, in Parliament, 893—salient features of, 900 *et seq.*—acquisition clauses of, 904.

Parliament, members of, local candidates preferable as, 606—classification of, 608—probable continuous sittings of, 893.

Parliament, the Decadence of, 605.

Peers, the, and the People, 597.

'Pequeñeces,' a Spanish novel, reviewed, 49.

Pig-sticking expedition, a great, 504.

Pirates, Chinese, outrage by, 203.

Pope Alexander VI. and Cæsar Borgia: were they Poisoned? 843.

Pope, the, his rescript to the Irish archbishops and bishops, 267 — and its reception by them, 268—his influence in international affairs at one time paramount, 480.

Potter, Paul, the great Dutch animal-painter, 678.

Priest-ridden Ireland, 264.

Privateering, refusal of the United States to assent to the abolition of, 487.

'Refugees, the: a Tale of Two Continents,' by A. Conan Doyle, notice of, 125.

Religion of Letters, the, 1750-1850, 1.

Rembrandt and the Dutch School, 675.

Rembrandt, his career sketched, 682 *et seq.*—criticism and estimate of his work, 686 *et seq.*—his masterpiece, "The Night-watch," 689.

Rheims Cathedral, notice of, 251.

Rhys, Professor, his reading of the Inscribed Stone of Yarrow, 653.

Rise of Our East African Empire, the, 875.

River, a flooded, animal life in the vicinity of, 116—successful fishing in, 117.

Rod, M. Edouard, his 'La Sacrifiée' reviewed, 384.

Russell, Miss, of Ashiestiel, her reading of the Inscribed Stone of Yarrow, 652, 653.

Russell, Mr W. H., nearly killed by the mob in Paris, 612, 616.

Russia, progress of, in Asia, 398—vast problem confronting her on her Chinese frontier, 399 *et seq.*
Russian army, the, disposition of, 756 *et seq.*—peace footing of, 757—numbers of, for war, 758.
Russian Progress in Manchuria, 199.
Salmon and a Wife, a Night-long Strife with a, 567.
Salmon-fishing, example of a woman's ignorance of, 568—her practical lesson in, 570.
Santhal rebellion, the, 512 *et seq.*
Scott, Sir Walter, his religious feelings, 2—and his stag-hound, "Maida," 329 — Glengarry's death-song by, 339 — his localisation of the scene of the ballad of "The Dowie Dens," 649.
Seal-hunting in the Hebrides, 442 *et seq.*
Search, the right of, dispute regarding, between Great Britain and the United States, 482, 484.
"Sea-Wrack," 591.
Sforza Book of Hours, the, 128.
Shikar, Thirty Years of, 498—ii., 618.
Shots, Chance, and Odd Fish, 110.
Shudderman Soldier, 560.
Siam, tactics of the French in, 582 *et seq.*—British interests in, not sufficiently safeguarded, 586.
Slave-raid in East Africa, description of a, 880.
Snipe-shooting in India, 505 *et seq.*
Soissons cathedral, ceremony of "washing the feet" in, 252—architecture of, 253.
Soudan, the: a Talk with Father Ohrwalder, 341.
Soudanese Refuge Home, the, charming view from, 346, 347.
Spain, the territorial rights of, in America, 481.
Stealing a Session, 892.
Steen, Jan, the Dutch painter, 692.
Story of Margrédel, the: being a Fireside History of a Fifeshire Family, Chapters i.-v., 765.
Strife, a Night-long, with a Salmon and a Wife, 567.
Tale of Two Studios, a, 30.
Tartuffe, what was? 641.
Taylor, John, the Water-Poet, visit of, to Scotland, 794—meeting of, with Ben Jonson at Leith, 795.
Taxpayer, the, under Home Rule, 587.
Thirty Years of Shikar, 498—ii., 618.
Tiger-hunting, perils of, 503, 515, 632.
Tiger-shooting from a *machan*, account of, 628 *et seq.*
Tigers, man-eating, their habits, 619—the hunting and slaying of four, *ib. et seq.*
Tommy Atkins, the feeding of, 865 *et seq.* —comfortable circumstances of, 874.
Tongking, conquest of, by the French, 580.
Trawling, the destruction of fish-spawn by, a disputed point, 702.
Treason, the New, 462.
Triple Alliance in Europe, the, 760 *et seq.*—military force of, in peace, 763 —and in war, *ib.*
Trout-culture, experiments in, at Kinloch-Moidart, 835 *et seq.*
United States, the, in International Law: our Latest Arbitration, 479.
Victoria, the land boom in, and its results, 66.
Vladivostock, the fortress of, 202—danger to life in the town of, 204——coasting trade carried on by steamers between, and Nikolaefsk, *ib.*—reckless destruction of trees by the early settlers in, 205—the town of, described, 211—its municipal and police administration, *ib.*, 212 — trade and commerce of, 212—its increasing strength as a war-port, 213—nature of the training of the naval brigade in, 214.
'Voice of a Flower, the,' by E. Gerard, noticed, 124.
Walsh, Dr, and the cardinalate, 269, 270.
Water-Poet, John Taylor, the, tour in Scotland of, 794—visit to Ben Jonson in Leith by, 795.
Wolves, the hunting of, 626, 627.
Wood-pigeons, very wary, but apt to get bewildered, 113.
Working classes, the, and the House of Commons, 316.
Yacht-Racing, International: the Story of the America Cup, 189.
Yachts, racing, various types of, 194 *et seq.*
Yarrow and its Inscribed Stone, 648.

Printed by William Blackwood and Sons.

AP
4
B6
v.154

Blackwood's magazine

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY